

A BIOGRAPHY
OF
JAMES M. PEEBLES, M.D., A.M.

By EDWARD WHIPPLE



*Lost are not the hours of thy life labors. O book!
Beautiful halls of memory thou openest to those who would tread
the highway which wisdom prescribeth. Ye are made as the
repository of many wealths. O volume; as the holy
receptacle where loved ones may lay their
treasures and find them again in
long life of increase.*



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SACRED TO THE ANGEL,
Madame Elizabeth Philippine Marie Hellene,
OF FRANCE



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PREFACE

IF not true that wisdom sprang perfect from the forehead of Jove, it is true that emergencies bring forth strong characters, and that crises under Divine Providence largely determine who shall be the teachers and leaders of men.

It is with considerable diffidence that I submit this book of biography to the public, knowing that other veteran workers in the line of the spiritual philosophy and reform were more closely connected with the details of this eventful life than myself. His first choice for this biographical writing was the erudite author, Prof. S. B. Brittan, of New York; and the second was that able writer, A. E. Newton, of New England, both of whom have ascended to the higher courts of immortality.

It was in the spring of 1896, when writing medical correspondence in the Doctor's study, that he came to my side, laid his hand trustingly on my shoulder, and said, "You must write the story of my life." I was overwhelmed with surprise and foreboding! I protested I was unfit for such a task; but as gracefully as promptly, he overruled my objections.

My love for and interest in the man are certainly sufficient to inspire an earnest and faithful effort, but the execution of the work is somewhat embarrassed in two important particulars,—first, on account of a partial lack of proper material covering a period of several years, when the Doctor's sanitarium was burned, together with his fine library and other valuable documents relating to his personal history; and second, my own labors during the past thirty years have not been in sufficiently close touch with my friend's daily life and work to generate that perfect familiarity essential to a faithful portrayal

of this worker and his magnificent work for humanity. True, I have been acquainted and more or less familiar with my hero for the last thirty-five or forty years; have spent months at a time under his hospitable roof, and occasionally acted as amanuensis in his literary labors; but our labors for the most part have been distributed in widely different fields.

The biography of Dr. Peebles published in 1878, and written by his personal friend, Rev. J. O. Barrett, is almost the sole source of material accessible to me down to 1871, and I here acknowledge to having made quite a free use of the text from the "Spiritual Pilgrim," after smoothing down the eccentricities of style — especially covering the period from 1861 to 1871.

The career which I have here endeavored to delineate has been almost an exceptionally brilliant one, and although the setting forth of this has been imperfectly done, still, on account of the charm and stateliness which have uniformly attached to Dr. Peebles's public and private life, many readers will certainly be attracted to these pages.

The major portion of this biographical sketch was written in the summer of 1896, while the three concluding chapters were added in the autumn of 1898 and spring of 1899. It is sent forth with the prayer that it may become an inspiration and example to young men and young women, who, standing on the threshold of life's activities, behold the possibilities which hope, fortitude, and unwearied industry will enable them to achieve.

EDWARD WHIPPLE.

Lakeside, California.

April 21, 1899.



I

LINEAGE AND BIRTH

As breaks the gold sunlight — when heroes and sages
Were coming and going like meteors in space,—
A new glory broke on the gloom of the ages,
And love warmed to birth in the glow of thy face:
The wars of the Old Time are waning and failing,
The peace of the New Time o'erarches our fears;
The orbs of the Old Time are fading and paling,
The Sun of the New Time is gilding the years.

The mist of the ocean, the spray of the fountain,
The vine on the hillside, the moss on the shrine,
The rose of the valley, the pine of the mountain,
All turn to a glory that symboleth thine;
So, I yearn for thy love, as the rarest and dearest
That ever uplifted a spirit from woe,
And I turn to thy life, as the truest and nearest
To Infinite Goodness that mortals may know.

—*James G. Clark.*

Whatever may be the original source of that quality in man known as Personal Character, it is an undeniable fact that the strain of blood derived from our ancestors, and the immediate physical environment in which we were cradled, are important factors, having a large share in the subsequent life and activities of the individual. In outward form and feature, in personal traits, and in the various peculiarities of genius and disposition, we copy after our ancestors. Each individual is a link in an extended chain of causes, and these causes are intimately associated with the macrocosmic mechanism. If we knew how to properly interpret the cosmic laws as they declare themselves in the microcosm, or universe of

man, we should be able to read the promise that is potential in every child as soon as it is born. We should see foreshadowed — as did the ancient psycho-astronomers — the part which the newcomer is destined to play on the stage of life, and so be able to intelligently supplement and fortify that mission with a corresponding preparation and discipline.

It is always interesting to study the history of families that have produced distinguished persons, and to trace the influences that have resulted in the formation of organic peculiarities, moral powers, and intellectual attainments. The elements that enter into remarkable characters are often discernible in their remote ancestors; or they may be traced to a combination of physical forces, mental faculties, and temperamental conditions, resulting from the intermingling of blood of different families in the marriage relation. But it must be conceded that, as a rule, when such combinations are fortunately expressed in the production of an individual that is generously endowed, it is rather the result of accident than of either a recognition of physical and psychological laws, or of any accurate knowledge of a profound and intricate subject. Hitherto, our presence has scarcely darkened the vestibule of that temple of mystery in which the subtle principles and essential elements of individual life are blended, the character of nations fashioned, and the history of races determined.

Peebles is a Scotch name, traceable back to the seventh century. In the eleventh century the name was one of the most distinguished in the north of Europe. Scotch blood and Scotch energy have made their impress upon the historic annals of Britain and America. The Peebles clan displayed a marked predisposition to medicine and theology. They nearly all run now to doctors or preachers. A Scotch colony of sturdy citizens settled on the northern bank of the Tweed, inland from the sea, and twenty-two miles south from the beautiful city of Edinburgh. The town of Peebles, the ancestral family home, is at present the county town of Peeblesshire. The situation is elevated and picturesque, and the

historic associations of the place interesting. In Scotland the progress of commerce and the prospective advantages of trade are the usual considerations that determine the creation of royal boroughs. But it appears from authentic history that it was rather the generous sacrifices of the inhabitants of the district—and the fact that the kings and royal families of Scotland made Peebles a summer resort—that the place in 1341 secured this eminence. The name of the Peebles family became distinguished. With the blood of the old Romans and the warlike Scots in their veins—peoples whose history illustrates the extremes of barbarism and civilization—they, naturally enough, exhibited some strong characteristics; and John Peebles, a Scottish earl, is described by Sir Walter Scott, as a person whose daring nature and irresistible impulses found expression in rash purposes and impetuous action.

When Alexander Smith slept in the old borough, he

“— heard something more in the stream as it ran
Than the water breaking on stones.”

His muse came to him before he was up in the morning, and made him sing thus of “The Tweed at Peebles”:

“I lay in my bedroom at Peebles,
With the window-curtains drawn,
While there stole over hills of pasture and pine
The unresplendent dawn.

“And in the deep silence I listened,
With a pleased, half-waking heed,
To the sound that ran through the ancient town,—
The shallow, brawling Tweed.

* * * * *

“Was it absolute truth, or a dreaming
Which the wakeful day disowns,
That I heard something more in the stream as it ran
Than water breaking on stones?”

* * * * *

Something more than two hundred years ago a branch of the Peebles family from Scotland settled in the north of Ireland. They were staunch Protestants of the Scotch type, having very pronounced religious convictions. It was a period in which most intense and bitter religious controversies were waged, and as this little colony were surrounded by papists, they endured much persecution. In 1718 they crossed the ocean and settled in Massachusetts. Here also religious controversies ran high. Indeed, they became so bitter that their differing neighbors gathered in a mob one night and burned their meeting house.

After this, under the charge of Rev. Abercrombie, they began a settlement in the town of Pelham. Bringing from Londonderry "the necessary material for the manufacture of linen," they were, as the historian avers, "industrious, frugal, and peaceful."

One of these adventurous Peebles penetrated into Vermont, and "drove down his stakes" in Whitingham, Windham County, near the Green Mountains. His name was James Peebles, the father of the hero whose career these pages are designed to sketch. He was a marked character, public spirited, zealous, patriotic, benevolent, popular with the yeomanry, being captain of the militia.

The maternal side was English, belonging to the ubiquitous race of Browns. Miss Nancy Brown was a daughter of "Deacon Brown," a prominent citizen of Whitingham, Vermont. Nancy was tall, good-looking, refined, and intellectual. Though a "Deacon's" daughter, she was a prominent figure at the village dances. She broke her father's colts, and was a general favorite in her own and adjacent villages. Being endowed with vivacity, wit, and good common sense, Miss Brown was deferred to as a social leader in her own village, of which she was the schoolmistress.

Under the shadows of an ancient elm the vows were plighted. A homestead on the hillside was established. At the foot of this hill a crystal stream babbled, fed from perennial

springs which came out from little nooks and ravines away to the south. Altars of unhewn stone rose from this quiet hillside, and often during the mornings and evenings the mists settled with a soft halo over the rugged rock-giants. Nature here was a good mother, tenderly caring for her own. Here was a pure, sweet New England life, with its atmosphere of health and quiet joy. Here the birds nested and became familiar, forgetting for the time being that man was their enemy and destroyer.

The paternal side was Presbyterian and conservative of the social and religious traditions. The good which was handed down through a long ancestral line was carefully guarded against the encroachments of "new-fangled" notions. But on the maternal side there was a tendency to break through conservative restraints. The soul of that prospective mother was free-born. As the trees lift their noble trunks, defying all forces that tend toward the earth, so the thoughts of that mother were lifted toward their native heaven worshipping the Divine Natural. But this natural spontaneity was chilled in the atmosphere of creeds and traditions, and so the thoughts were turned within, there to make their record and put their seal upon one which was to come. The "Money-Kingdom" had not extended its borders to that quiet hamlet. There was no superabundance of this world's goods. The garments worn, were spun, woven, and made in the household. Painstaking industry was required to evoke sufficient subsistence from the soil.

The silent heart struggling in the life of that mother gave the pure running stream of love to the soul of her son. Waves of unrest crossed the threshold of her inner life. Tears were shed in solitude. But at last these pent-up fountains poured their precious treasures into a wailing receptacle, and found their fitting expression in the eventful life of her son, James. Here Conservatism and Freedom became in a sense, reconciled, and inwrought into a personality which has made its mark on the present age and generation. From the paternal side was

derived prudence, steady poise, sensitiveness to public opinion, unflinching purpose, endurance, kindheartedness, and unwearied industry. From the maternal side was given an inspirational temperament, versatility of talent, imagination, hope, vivacity, bravery, a passionate love of flowers, and a perennial sparkle to the literary style. These were the antecedents. This was the immediate environment. Here the playhouse of the first-born was builded.

James Martin Peebles was born March 23, 1822, at the old homestead in Whitingham, Vermont. He was the oldest surviving child of a family of seven children — five sons and two daughters — of whom two brothers and one sister still remain. These children were so diverse in character that it might be said different manners of people had collected under one roof-tree. James, however, was the only child in this family group that seemed to possess the genius for a public and literary career.

There are extant but a few meager scraps touching the childhood and youth of this boy. These may be briefly summarized. The physical build was slender, but the constitution was elastic and enduring. From early childhood this boy was magnetic, genial, benevolent, and witty, but stubborn and capricious withal.

“Jimmie” had many devices for amusement, into some of which his father did not readily enter. A number of objects about the house which the boy regarded as essential to his happiness were forbidden things. Among these was a trough which had served both as Jimmie’s cradle and a bread trough. As his father had denied him a sled such as other boys had, he bethought him he would make the old trough cradle serve for one. So one afternoon the lad stealthily got it out to take a slide. The deep snow was crusted and glary. The start was made from the top of quite a long and steep hill. Jimmie was too young and inexperienced yet to form much of an estimate of the probable speed and momentum he would acquire before reaching the bottom. The start was made in great confidence,

however, and in grand style. The speed augmented. Rocks jutted here and there above the crusted snow, and against one of these the career of the bread-trough was finished! Jimmie continued his journey a few rods further unhurt. A moment of sad gazing enabled him to take in the situation. He had been "tasting forbidden fruit," and fearfully realized that when his mother would go out to get the bread-trough to knead the next batch of bread, it would not be there. So with eyes full of tears and with an aching heart, the lad rushed into the house to make a confession. What a grand opportunity was there presented for a wise parent to teach an impressive lesson to the awakened moral apprehension of the repentant boy! But New England theology said: "Spare the rod, spoil the child." The rod was therefore produced and the child given a lesson in stern justice.

One more little episode may here be mentioned. When James had grown a little older, with the assistance of other boys in the neighborhood, he succeeded in constructing a rude sled, which often did service after the snows had departed. At the end of maple-sugar making, his father made a barrel of sap-beer, and he found James' sled very convenient to place the barrel on during the stage of fermentation. James regarded this as a serious encroachment upon his right. So one day, while his father was absent, James bethought him to rescue the sled, and with the aid of a long stick of wood which he used for a lever, he succeeded in rolling the barrel off. The bung had been left open on account of fermentation, and as fate decreed, the barrel rolled with this downward, allowing all the beer to escape! James was unhappy. He remembered the episode connected with the bread-trough, and logically concluded that he would have to come to judgment later in the day. It was impossible now to take any comfort with the sled. The hours seemed impressively long, and the day wore away gloomily. The sled was laid aside and James walked about in moody silence, for all gladness and elasticity of spirits had departed. At last the father returned. This

time the boy did not go to his parent with a voluntary confession, but admitted the act when confronted with the facts. He was then given another stern example in juvenile training.

This restless boy did not take to "applied" industry. For axes, hoes, and churns he contracted an early dislike; nor did he ever learn to make a dexterous use of tools. Mechanism never possessed any charms for him. "We can never make anything of James," was a frequent exclamation of his father. The truth was, the parents did not touch the pulse of genius that was latent in the boy. But birds' nests and flowers and water brooks and fishes — these he could seek during the live-long day. Though he displayed an intense dislike for set tasks, he was by no means lazy, or averse to action; but he wanted the freedom of the woods and fields, where he could get close to the heart of nature. That wild country of rocks and mountains enchanted him. The flowers and birds were his companions, birch and maple poles his ponies, willow branches his whips to drive them with, and pieces of dried bark were his sailing vessels in the neighboring brook. He used pin fish-hooks to capture the minnows, and made free with the butterflies and robins' eggs. Unwearied were the swift hours as he climbed his native hills, and sought acquaintance with the wealth of nature spread out before him. He was a somnambulist and often talked in his sleep. A genius seemed ever to attend him in his rambles, an undefinable feeling, a mystic consciousness, and when locked in slumber on his rickety bed close under the roof in the attic, a face bent benignantly over him.

"While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And star-lit wood, with fearful steps pursuing,
High hopes of talk with the departed dead."

II

SCHOOL DAYS

"All things are engaged in writing their history; the air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent." — *Emerson*.

Down the valley from the old homestead, about one mile away, just "round by the pond," was a little red schoolhouse. A second growth of maple and birch occupied the outlying grounds. A clear, limpid brook meandered on the further side of the little valley, abounding with fish, lamper-eels, and fresh-water shells. To childhood's eyes the saplings were tall trees, the neighboring hills towered up like mountains, and the little brook seemed like a respectable river. Names were carved on those saplings,— that of James among the rest. The brook where the boys and girls fished, and built dams and water-wheels, still winds like a silver thread among the fields, but how diminutive compared with what it once seemed! The landscape still remains. The same moon casts its silver shine on the laughing face of the little brook, and the silent constellations look down upon this local scene as in "days of yore." But the boys and girls of the "olden days" are no longer there. They have all been transplanted from this early lesson school,— some to peaceful industrious homes in the far West, some to active participation in the world's great movements, and still others from the visible arena to a home in the heavens.

In this little red schoolhouse James acquired those rudiments of written speech which were essential to open to him the book lore he was to master in his prime. His early tutors did not cast his horoscope, however. They knew nothing of

the quality of genius they had taken in hand to train. Child education in those days — and for that matter, largely at the present day — took no account of the specialty of genius, or of the diversities of talent and temperament. Every child must be fitted to the same "Procrustean bedstead." Nevertheless he acquired the necessary rudiments of intellectual training.

James was not more than six years old when he went to school to his uncle, Dr. Corbitt Peebles. The preceptor was a firm believer in Solomon's philosophy, and practiced his principles with an unflinching fidelity. The Doctor did not allow the internal organs of his pupils to become congested, for the reason that he rarely failed to bring the circulation to the surface. Under his régime James had his jacket dusted about every day, and all because of his well-directed efforts to promote healthful mirth and amusements in school hours, which were not duly appreciated. It was no fault of his that he had inherited a very active temperament. True, he may have manifested a restless disposition; and who has not the right to cultivate his inheritance? The truth is he was so constituted that he required some constant and agreeable occupation, though he hated all forms of dry manual labor.

But James appears to have been, in the main, a well-disposed boy, faithful to his friends, governed by generous impulses, and even willing to be sacrificed when necessary in the interest of his young companions, for the glory of Solomon or in his efforts to shield the mute creation from the causes of suffering. His humane disposition was manifested at an early age, and the lineaments of the Reformer were revealed in the child. In the spring, before the snow had disappeared from the shaded valleys and the northern slopes of the hills, he was wont to go out early in the morning to look after the young lambs of his father's flock to see that they were not chilled. He was brimming full of sympathy. His tender solicitude for all innocent creatures prompted him to care for them at his own cost, for it was not always that his father provided him with shoes, and in spite of the revelations of the horoscope, Jupiter

had never so much as once warmed the little bare feet that were quick to run over the frosty ground on such errands of mercy.

In his childhood James had a serious impediment in his speech which was the occasion of many hours of sadness. On account of this misfortune he was almost continually tormented by the larger boys in school. For this reason he would not read aloud in his class. He came almost to hate the school-room, and especially the hard and high benches from which his feet hung dangling for hours each weary day. A sensation of bondage came to be associated with his daily tasks. A child never takes kindly to set tasks. But at last the school-room was converted into a center with delightful associations, when, through the aid of Professor Hurlburt, James succeeded in conquering his stammering difficulty.

The next summer Elizabeth Godfrey taught in the little red schoolhouse. One day she sent James with a tin pail for some water. The path led by Aunt Zuba Martin's garden. Through the picket fence the boy beheld some delicious ripe currants. They were too tempting for the youthful appetite to resist, and again and again the little hand plucked the "forbidden fruit." Upon entering the schoolhouse his face betrayed embarrassment, and the stains upon his hands revealed the nature of the mischief he had perpetrated. The teacher was quick to convict him in the presence of the pupils.

"Go right to Aunt Zuba and confess you stole the currants," sternly commanded the teacher.

Snail-like, he dragged his heavy feet back to Mrs. Martin, the most humble and self-blaming lad, much ashamed, half-crying. Aunt Zuba caught sight of him, as he entered the gate, and, greeting him with a smile, seeing his sadness, said very patronizingly,-

"What, my little man, come after more water a-ready?"

"S-s-sch-school-ma'am t-t-old me t-to come, and-and tell you I-I-I-st-stole your currants; and I-I-am sor-s-sor-*sorry!*"

“Why! come here, my darling. Were you hungry? You should not steal, dear boy; but, when you want any more, come and ask me, and you shall have all you wish.”

Then she patted him tenderly on the cheek, and laid her hand upon his brow soothingly! The good aunt understood a boy's heart. A faithful teacher's promptness in correcting the first mistake, and a loving motherly sympathy from Aunt Zuba, impressed at the right moment, gave a moral direction to his restless and persistent spirit,—not to stain the hands with stolen juices, and always confess a fault where it is due. Both these good women are in the higher school of angels now.

Beneath a vein of light-hearted mirth and mischief, James had an undercurrent of deep feeling and serious thought. His imagination was deeply excited by the death of his Aunt Sally Corkings, who had suddenly passed away. As she lay in her coffin his mother pointed him to the face of the dead. The sight terrified him, and he implored his mother to take him straightway from the room. It should be remembered that a child is almost invariably terrified and appalled when it for the first time looks upon the features of a deceased person. James thought it a mistake that Aunt Sally should be shut up in a coffin, as it might be difficult for her to get out at the proper time. At that early period he was disposed to take a very natural view of the resurrection. He thought his Aunt, having been duly planted, would in due time sprout and come up like the vegetables in the garden. It was winter time and the snow was deep. They put the coffin on a stone-boat and dragged it with oxen to the grave; the white mantle of nature and the black drapery of the mourners forming a strange contrast, weirdly impressive to the lad.

“What did they put her in the ground for?” he silently asked. After the dismal funeral, he soberly went to his mother—always his oracle—with the inquiry:—

“Will Aunt Sally sprout again, like corn and beans?”

“Her body, my son, will come to life again at the resurrection, in the end of time.”

“ Well, what makes 'em put her in a coffin? She can't get out ! ”

“ The coffin will rot away, my son.”

“ And not the body rot, mother? Won't something then eat Aunt Sally up, so she won't live again? ”

The mother and child were alike here confronted with a great mystery, and she could only answer in the usual orthodox way.

“ Oh well, my son, these are God's mysteries. We must not ask too many questions.”

The next spring there was a “ revival of religion ” in Whittingham, and “ Aunt Betsey ” was converted. Whilst witnessing her baptism James clung to his mother, and in a trembling voice asked,—

“ What are they doing with Aunt Betsey, drowning her? ”

“ She is to be saved, my son.”

“ Saved? What is that, mother? ”

She then told him how God had prepared a hell of fire and brimstone for wicked people,—and even for people who were not wicked if they did not believe right, and do certain things which God required, one of which was to dip them in baptismal water. All of this was very mysterious to the boy.

When his mother informed him that a solemn angel kept a complete debt and credit account of his daily transactions, he readily inferred that he alone, might be able to keep the “ Recording Angel ” exceedingly busy by giving him constant employment. Whether the balance of that account would be in favor or against him was a problem, however, and his young mind struggled with it in secret until the merry voice was hushed and a shadow came over the sunny face of the child.

How dreamily prophetic were the successive sabbaths, when this youth walked beside his mother to church, holding her by the hand, inquiring what it all meant. B. F. Taylor paints the picture of those “ meeting-times ”:—

“For a sprig of green carraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir;
When, clear of the floor, my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet praise of the song as they sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God’s temple begun.
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down;
And the dear Sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place;
And, where old ‘Coronation’ exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes.
To the land of the leal they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
Oh, be lifted, ye gates! let me hear them again!
Blessed song! blessed Sabbath! forever, *amen!*”

The social hive in Whitingham was now becoming too contracted. The means of subsistence failed to keep pace with the increase of population. James’s parents began to feel the narrowing limits of the little valley and the stony hillside, and so yielded to the impulse which was becoming quite common in those days, to try their fortunes further west. So the Peebles family pulled up stakes and moved to Smithville, Chenango Co., N. Y. Here new hardships were presented, and for a time it was quite a struggle to school the children and make the “ends meet.” James was now about twelve years old. To him this new location was quite a different world from the one where his cradle was laid. The social scenery was completely changed. New acquaintances were formed, and he soon became a favorite with the young people. As we have already seen, under the tuition of Professor Hurlburt he was cured of stammering. This was a great joy to him. His natural exuberance now began to brim over the surfaces of his character, and he sought acquaintances where once he shunned contact with jeering schoolmates. The propensity of the average schoolboy to heap ridicule and insult upon a school fellow who has inherited some defect or misfortune, is well-nigh irre-

pressible and universal. The cases are very rare where such a misfortune elicits tender pity or sympathy from the young.

James was now not only becoming a general favorite with the young people, but the damsels, especially in the country round about, began to be aware that the boy, now just beginning to fledge toward early manhood, was a very charming young fellow. And he, exuberant over his stammering victory, and not knowing just what to do with himself, became pierced with an arrow from Cupid's bow. He was now thirteen. If poetry is potential in the boy, a first love will be pretty sure to call it forth. The poetry was precipitated. After sending the palpitating verses to the bashful girl, who, it seems, was "going to sea," the psychological effusion suddenly vanished. The animus of the poetry indicates at this age the musical genius of the man: so we snatch it from oblivion. The first poetry and first little shoe should always be preserved.

"When the storm-god wildly rages,
And the foaming billows roar;
When thou art far away, my lady,
I'll think of *thee* the more.

Often friends in life deceive us,
Till we know not whom to trust;
But the links of love that bind *us*,
Oh! may they never, *never* rust!

Though oceans may between us roll,
Still will fancy love to trace,
In thy true, devoted soul,
Ever thy remembered face.

I'll think of thee when evening's ray
Is gleaming o'er the sea;
When gentle twilight's shadows play
On mountain, vale, and tree."

At Smithville James attended a select school taught by Amos H. Bedient. Here he made rapid progress in grammar,

composition, geography, rhetoric, and elocution. Between school hours there was much mischievous roguery perpetrated in the neighborhood. A few examples will suffice: A certain deacon whom the boys regarded as very stingy of his fruit and melons, had an orchard and melon patch near his house. Just beyond the house was a narrow and miry swale, below a spring, across which the deacon had a plank walk. A plank projected from either bank with long legs inserted in one end, which went down into the mire. A gap in the center of about eight feet was closed by a loose plank. One night during the fruit and melon season James plotted a little fun at the deacon's expense. Taking two companions with him he went forth in the "stilly hours," removed the loose plank from the walk across the swale, and then sent his two companions up a tree that was loaded with fruit, near the house. Here they made sufficient noise to awaken the deacon, who came out in too great a hurry to don his pantaloons. The boys dropped down out of the apple tree and ran around by the head of the swale by the spring and then doubled toward the path. The deacon took a "short cut" to head them off, making directly for the plank walk, which he did not stop to inspect. The next moment he was nearly up to his arm-pits in the center of the swale, and the boys made good their escape.

On another occasion this same deacon was pulling a crop of flax a mile up the road from his residence. He left his one-horse wagon by the roadside under the wide-spreading branches of a second-growth walnut tree. James passed that way in the evening, and seeing the wagon, it occurred to him that he might again have a little fun at the deacon's expense. So when night came on, he gathered together a half dozen boys, and returning to the wagon, they proceeded to hoist it into the tree, twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. While this was in progress the deacon came that way on foot, returning from an evening chat with a neighbor. He quietly stopped under the tree and watched the proceedings. The boys tugged away until they got the wagon in position so it

would not slide back again, and when about to descend they were confronted by the deacon at the foot of the tree! who sternly demanded what they were up to. The boys were completely taken by surprise, but James hastily explained that they were trying to "tree a coon."

"Well, boys," replied the deacon, "I think I've got you treed, and if you wish to get away with a whole carcass, you put that wagon down where you found it; and mind ye, if I catch you in mischief again you will not be let off so easy."

The wagon was soon restored to its place by the roadside, and the boys beat a hasty retreat.

The next victim was a Methodist class leader given to "shouting," who resided one and a half miles from the village church. In those days the Methodist "Quarterly Meeting" was an important affair, holding over Saturday and Sunday. This sect was very unpopular then. Sunday at nine A. M. was the hour for their "love-feast," at which everybody was expected to be present. A number of brethren from adjacent towns went home with the aforesaid class leader on Saturday night. The good brother greased his wagon and had everything in readiness for an early start to the "love-feast" Sunday morning. This was another opportunity for James. Taking a couple of boys with him, he went on Saturday night, removed a linch-pin from the Methodist brother's wagon, took off a fore-wheel and placed it on top of the sign post at the village tavern. The good brother and his family had a lesson in "Christian patience" on Sunday morning. They failed to give in their testimony at the "love-feast."

Eugene Field must have had just such youngsters as James in his mind when he wrote his "Jest 'Fore Christmas":—

"Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls and things, that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!

Most all the time, the whole year 'round, there ain't no flies on me.
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yellor dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she don't know where she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart, and we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, " Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin: " What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: " How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes and toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids and not for naughty boys;
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
And don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say " Yessum " to the ladies, and " Yessur " to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Just 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!"

Notwithstanding these little episodes, James made great proficiency in his studies during the following winter. He was

also very active in the Literary Society and Debating School. He even persuaded himself that he was quite a proficient orator. Indeed, so well satisfied was he with his intellectual acquisitions, that he resolved in the spring to return to his native country, Vermont, and make money by teaching elocution. Returning, he was warmly received in Whitingham, and congratulated by his friends for his marked "lingual improvement." The elocutionary school he opened there was really his first business venture. As a pecuniary success it fell far short of his expectations. After paying all expenses he realized for several months' work but fifteen dollars. The disposal of these hard earnings is the sure index of his sweet sympathies, running then quite at random, as do mountain streams, to bless the jagged fern. Meeting a poor, unfortunate traveler one day, lame, ragged, and sorrowful, his heart was touched, and he impulsively emptied the whole fifteen into the beggar's grateful hand, saying, "I am even now better off than he, the poor lame man!" Here is the key-note to his nature,—sympathetic; sometimes imprudent in giving. No money, no home, hungry and weary, he sat by the roadside, and ate a raw turnip for a supper, the tears flowing freely.

"Look up! the skies are blue, the night unbinds
 Her starry tresses; all the holy air
 Cradling within its breast the infant winds,
 Sleeps dreamless in her frame's diffusion there;
 Till Morning, on his minaret shall stand,
 And sound the call to prayer, from land to land."

—Harris.



III

RELIGION — INFIDELITY — MINISTRY

“What would'st thou have, aspiring soul?
Claim it, for 'tis already thine.
Thy wish is born of what thou hast,
Concealed within thy soul divine.”

“Come, Fear and Doubt:
Come, horrible dread of that which awaits the dead.
Leer and grin at me, ye imps of darkness, brood of hell!
Chatter and mew. Twist your features more horribly!
Ye can not frighten me, I stand stock-still,
Laughing at all your horrors!” — *Lauer.*

Misfortunes in Vermont taught James a wholesome but bitter lesson. He did not however sit down by the willows and weep, but resolved that he would hereafter mix prudence with impulse, and again take up the battle of life with some sort of purpose in view. But for the present, that purpose was provisional, since he had only a hazy, ill-defined idea of what his profession or occupation in life should be; but he saw plainly that an education must be a fitting preliminary. So for the time being, he resolved to apply himself with the utmost assiduity to his studies. Returning to Smithville, he again placed himself under the tuition of Prof. Bedient, and soon won for himself a high recommendation. But he was poor and must supply his own needs while pursuing his studies. This he did by teaching a portion of the time each year. He was now sixteen. Securing a certificate without trouble, he entered with high hopes upon the experiment of teaching his first school in Pitcher, Chenango Co., N. Y.

Some of the pupils in this school were older than himself, but gifted with tact he was soon on good terms with them all,

enlisting a deep interest and enthusiasm in their studies. Each morning the school was called a few minutes before nine o'clock, to give the pupils a little talk on the objects in life and the importance of acquiring an education. Soon a debating school was organized, and evening spelling schools were frequent, into all of which their beloved teacher heartily entered. In the debating school he was a leading spirit, and even thus early gave some promise of those brilliant gifts which became so conspicuous later in life. A natural joy and exuberance abounded through all the early years of his manhood, and we may add through middle life, and still continues unabated through his old age.

Evangelical religion became a very active factor in Pitcher during his first winter's school, and James' emotional nature was tested in a manner he had hitherto little dreamed of. The acquisition of such a social and brilliant young man by the church was considered very desirable, but his observation and reflections during his first week's stay did not incline him strongly in that direction. He boarded with a Baptist deacon who — on account of the original sin which his son had inherited — found it necessary, one morning, to abruptly suspend prayer that he might chastise the boy, after which he resumed at the point of interruption and wound up in regular form. This sandwich of incongruous elements — corporal punishment and fervent prayer — somewhat diminished the young teacher's respect for religious ceremonies. But about that time one of those religio-magnetic fevers, otherwise described as "a revival of religion," was raging in Smithville. A great pressure was brought to bear on the young schoolmaster. He was earnestly prayed for and warned in the most emphatic language. All the while the Spirit of Sinai thundered from the pulpit; and hollow voices rehearsed the terrors of the law with frightful emphasis. He was besieged by the young converts of both sexes, who exhorted him in passionate language to close in with the offers of mercy. Suiting the action to the words of supplication, his neck was

encircled by delicate arms. In the ecstasy of faith, and hope, and love, they held his hands and wept, and prayed for the conversion of his soul. Skepticism could hold out no longer. How could an ordinary sinner resist such sisterly overtures? Could he refute the preacher and close his ears to the awful thunders of Sinai? No. And how could he coldly shrink away from the loving presence of gentler ministers? Of human nature — ever since the fall — we may not expect so much. The young pedagogue was forced to surrender without terms. *He said he believed.* Then the preacher declared there was “joy in heaven;” and the assembly shouted, *Gloria in Excelsis!*

When the meeting terminated, the magnetic spell was broken. A little exercise in the open air and the holy fervor subsided. James subjected his experience to a more searching analysis. True, there were pleasant associations connected with his religious awakening, but he began to doubt the genuineness of the conversion. He could not comprehend the supernatural. And then, he was not certain that the clergy were sincere. Often their preaching and their practice did not correspond. Within a few months, this pious Elder Bush, under whose revival preaching this youth was supposed to have been “born again,” abandoned his wife and four children and eloped with his maid-servant into an adjoining State. Immediately, James’s religion fell to zero. He was all at sea, tossed hither and thither by the passing waves. He read infidel authors. Paine’s “Age of Reason” and “Volney’s “Ruins” charmed him. Drifting into this open sea of skepticism, he was disposed at times to regard all religion a sham, and worship a priest-invented farce.

And yet, young Peebles inherited a lofty ideal of religion and a supreme love of truth. Some sort of equilibrium between these rash extremes was sure to be found. In his early religious training the tares grew up with the wheat, and in his haste to root out the tares, he pulled up much of the wheat also. The mental soil by no means became barren, but gave assurance of golden harvests that would be reaped in later life.

About this time Universalism began to attract public attention in Western New York. As usual, the old established sects waged an unrelenting war against it, and persecuted its followers. One winter where young Peebles was teaching school, notice was given that Rev. N. Doolittle (Universalist) would preach in that locality the next Sunday. If interest be wanting, curiosity may bring us. Always defending the persecuted party, he resolved to attend. When Mr. Doolittle rose to speak, our "infidel" noticed a becoming modesty and sincerity in his countenance, which charmed him to strict attention. The text was, "The Lord is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." The delivery was easy, the style poetic, the inspiration fervent. The purpose was to show the harmony of the God of nature with the God of the Bible, when interpreted in the light of reason. It made a happy impression; a ray penetrated the inner darkness; a more charitable spirit sprung up in his heart. He now read the Bible with candor; read "Ballou on the Atonement," and other Universalist works, and, within a year, became a convert to the "new faith."

This time he was drawn by what both reason and religious sentiment could accept as truth. In those days the Universalist denomination contained some able and persuasive speakers. The orthodox considered them heretics and infidels. James availed himself of all the meetings and Universalist conventions that came within his reach, and often thought he would like to take a hand in demolishing old ecclesiastical dogmas and theological errors. On one occasion Mr. Doolittle left his desk, came direct to young Peebles's seat, took him by the hand, and looking deep into his soul, said: "My young friend, you have a fine forehead; you should make your mark in the world; you have an important work to do." This speech sank deeply into the young man's heart, and kindled the fires of inspiration and ambition. He now resolved to prepare himself for a public career. When the soil is once properly prepared, it is truly wonderful how a single sentence

dropped from a sage of wisdom will kindle aspiration and become a source of inspiration for the execution of a life-long work. All life is from within. God creates from spiritual centers. That speech touched the inner fountains of this youth, and the living waters came forth to gladden human lives and restore hope in the breasts of the sorrowing.

Scholarship now became James's immediate aim — a means to an end. Teaching a high school at Upper Lisle, N. Y., he was flushed with hope and courage. For several successive spring, summer, and fall terms he was a close student at Oxford Academy, N. Y. By persistent application to books, while yet teaching, he kept along with his classmates, who were not compelled to provide for their own physical needs. Here, though poor, boarding himself, he studied the higher English branches, Latin, and Greek. Charmed with classics, he secretly resolved that some day he would visit those far-off lands of art and heroism.

Nor should it be omitted to mention that through all these early years young Peebles included medicine among his studies, commencing with the well-known Dr. O. Martin, of New Braintree, Mass., and keeping this up with his other studies. Subsequently he attended the prescribed courses of medical lectures, and graduated from the Philadelphia (Pa.) University of Medicine and Surgery.

A Universalist church was established in Oxford, over which the Rev. Mr. Goodrich presided. James was a constant attendant upon his ministrations. At last his parents became identified with the rising Star of Universalism, and added greatly to his enthusiasm. He frequently walked ten or fifteen miles to a Universalist meeting, esteeming it as a delight. He was often ridiculed and upbraided by pleasure-seeking young men, who would have been glad to have him join them in their night revels — their drinking, smoking, and fast lives; but he had neither time nor inclination for these. He was not living alone for the present, but working toward an ulterior end. Where are those "Young Americans" now? Dissipation

sapped their young manhood, and at the end of their days, one word will sum up their life-work — “Failure!” The few who are left linger in obscurity; but the student, James, frailer in constitution, by a life of temperance, industry, and with a high life-purpose to work out, became confirmed in health, and has devoted a vigorous prime to useful labors for the benefit of mankind. Our inspired Belle Bush fortells the harvest:—

“Sow ye on earth the blessed seeds,
That, springing up and whitening in the field,
A hundredfold shall yield
Of fruits for human needs;
And men will bless you for those golden seeds,
And angels call you poet of good deeds.”

“When Life came to this man with gifts, holding in the one hand Freedom, in the other Love, and said, ‘Choose!’ he waited long, but at last said, ‘Freedom.’ And Life said, ‘Thou hast well chosen. If thou hadst said “Love,” I would have given thee that thou didst ask for; and I would have gone from thee and returned no more. Now, the day will come when I shall return. In that day I shall bear both gifts in one hand.’” — *Olive Shreiner*.

About this time he had occasion to play the part of the lawyer. Two lads were arrested for disturbing a revival meeting. James volunteered their defense, partly because the boys were orphans; partly too, because from past experience he did not feel very friendly toward revivals. Addressing the court, he said, “These boys are orphans, deprived of parental counsel. They are not naturally bad. They have good hearts. They were thoughtless rather than malicious. This is their first offense. Justice may condemn, but mercy and forgiveness are more beautiful; for we are commanded to forgive even seventy times seven to save a brother.”

The plea was effective. After reprimanding, the justice dismissed the boys, who felt a lasting gratitude to the young attorney for the valuable services he had rendered.

In the summer of 1841, a student came to the Oxford Academy, between whom and young Peebles a lasting friendship sprung up. His name was J. H. Harter. Being poorly dressed and having a Germanic accent, the students made fun of him. But he, too, was seeking an education as a means to an end, and came only with such equipments as he was able to command. His clothes were dusty and seedy. James gave the young student his hearty sympathy and encouragement, introducing him to his school-fellows. He made rapid progress with his studies. This young man possessed an inexhaustible fountain of tact, wit, and humor, which subsequently became his most effective weapon in public life. Through James's influence young Harter became interested in Universalism, and later became an efficient minister in that denomination. As Mr. Harter says in a letter touching their friendship: "We roomed together, studied together, slept together, prayed together, wept together, worked together in reforms." Revs. J. B. Gilman and J. J. Austin were associated students at Oxford during these years of studious application. Later young Harter attended the Clinton Liberal Institute, and finally entered the Universalist ministry, serving with marked ability. His ready wit always made him a welcome guest in social circles. He became interested in Spiritual Philosophy soon after the Rochester knockings startled the world, and thereafter largely spiced his sermons with the gospel of angel ministry, for which he suffered much persecution by his sect. Many Universalists are consummate bigots. Though they reject the dogma of an endless hell, some of them carry about a little pocket hell to persecute those more liberal than themselves. About 1869 he resigned his Letter of Fellowship and became a free man.

In a letter to J. O. Barrett concerning those school days, there is contained an affectionate testimonial of his early and lasting friendship with Mr. Peebles: —

“AUBURN, N. Y., April 8, 1870.

“*Rev. J. O. Barrett.*

“DEAR BROTHER: I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Peebles in the summer of 1842, when we were both students in the Oxford Academy at Oxford, Chenango Co., N. Y.

“We soon became warm friends, and have been so from that time to the present, and, without doubt, will so remain throughout the endless ages of eternity. During an intimate acquaintance of nearly thirty years there has never anything arisen to darken or stain the bright chain of friendship that has bound us together. We have both passed through bitter and severe trials, but have been mutual aids to each other. He is one of the most genial, companionable, and conscientious men I ever knew; strictly honest and upright; and, to be fully appreciated, he is to be fully known.

“He was popular as a man and a minister, when among the Universalists, as our papers and periodicals abundantly show. I hope he may long remain on earth to benefit and bless mankind.

“Yours truly, J. H. HARTER.”

Many years subsequently — 1879 — these two friends met in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Peebles had recently returned from his second voyage around the world. They were both lecturing in Cleveland, and both had rooms at the house where the writer was stopping. The dark shadow of poverty had settled heavily upon Mr. Harter. He was then identified with a church which had a large geographical area, but of which he was almost the sole minister. He called it the “Church of the Divine Fragments.” The criminal, the intemperate, the fallen, the sorrowful — these were the unrecorded members of his Great Church. Notwithstanding his unremitting labors in behalf of this church, Mr. Harter’s salary was entirely inadequate for the support of his little family. He was the friend of the prisoner and the outcast, and made common cause with those who suffered by reason of oppression, injustice, and fraud. On one occasion he petitioned the authori-

ties of Auburn that he might suffer the death penalty as a substitute for a prisoner who was condemned to die, though on the principle he was emphatically opposed to capital punishment. Extreme opposites met in this man. In one respect of character he was a man of sorrow,— while in another aspect he was the soul of wit and good cheer. The breath of slander never touched his garments. His sweetness of temper, his vivacity, his patience, his resignation and devotion to humanity, — these were the qualities which inspired the lasting attachment of his friend, James. His body now sleeps beneath the green sod in the town where he had offered himself as a voluntary sacrifice!

In the year 1842, on Christmas Eve, the church in Oxford was tastefully adorned with evergreens and burning tapers. The services were impressive, being led by Rev. Mr. Goodrich, who preached from the text,— “Who hath believed our report.” The discourse thrilled the audience, and the whole house seemed pervaded with ministering angels. The soul of young Peebles was stirred to its depths. A voice seemed to come out from the silence saying: “Claim thy possibilities and they shall be realized. Now thou hast received the secret of power. Use it for the welfare of thy fellow-men.” And so, then and there, the purpose was distinctly fashioned in his mind to enter the Universalist ministry. And with him a purpose once formed was the prelude to its persistent execution. He, therefore, immediately commenced his theological studies with Rev. A. G. Clark, of McLean, N. Y., and subsequently read with Rev. A. O. Warren. In the meantime he kept his oratorical powers in training whenever occasion offered. He was a frequent attendant at debating schools, and even sought opportunities to speak in orthodox revival and experience meetings. He went with a friend one evening to a revival several miles away on the Chenango River. Long cloaks were the fashion in those days, and James and his companion were each provided with one. They were both strangers at the meeting. At length the minister became

hoarse, and invited any exhorter or clergyman present to come forward and assist.

"That means me," whispered Peebles to his friend, and rising with much dignity he gracefully marched straight to the desk, and fell upon his knees and prayed. He then walked the aisles, put his hands on the heads of the young converts, exhorting and encouraging them to persevere in an upright and religious life. There was much weeping and emotional fervor, and the minister cordially thanked him for his very "effective work." But there was a buzzing and much commotion in the air when it was afterward learned that the young preacher was a Universalist student at Oxford.

High hopes now beat in the young man's breast. He was soon to become a gentleman of the "cloth." He was to walk upon the high plane of professional life and officiate as a minister of the gospel. He was to point the way of life which bringeth peace to perturbed spirits, and joy to the hearts of the afflicted. He stood on the threshold of a promising career, confident, strong, brave, somewhat aggressive, determined to consecrate his best energies to the upbuilding of humanity. Little did he realize, however, how much was involved in the everyday life of a clergyman; how he was to be locked in, chained, starved, pampered, loved, slandered, flattered, rebuked, tempted, and betrayed by a capricious church and public. He did not then realize how single-hearted unselfishness would be discredited; how petty jealousies would divide the flock which he was trying to make a unit for humanitarian service. Indeed, he had not thoroughly analyzed the multitudinous motives that actuate the members of an average church organization.

He was only twenty years old when he acquired the title of "Reverend," being tall, slim, having light hair, red cheeks, charming in the eyes of the young maidens, wearing a white cravat, tall silk hat, and tight-fitting kid gloves. Thus caparisoned and qualified he walked seven miles to a conference meeting in Gridley Hollow, and on the way got his boots

muddy, which was very mortifying to his clerical dignity. He preached his first sermon in McLean, N. Y., in the presence of his preceptor. That was an ordeal over which he spent a few sleepless nights, but he passed it successfully and felt that he had acquitted himself creditably. The McLean church evidently thought so, too, for later they made him its pastor for five successive years. But his first permanent settlement was at Kelloggsville, N. Y., for three years. He had charge, also, of two other societies at the same time, Genoa and Mottville, engaging Rev. Harter and others to supply his pulpits.

Whatever the Rev. Mr. Peebles undertook he prosecuted with enthusiastic zeal. He put his soul into his work, and always found a ready way of access to the hearts of his hearers. He gave untiring devotion to make himself proficient in his profession. He was enthusiastic. A stray leaf from his diary will serve to show his whole-souled earnestness:—

“TUESDAY, May 25, 1849.

“Started about eight o'clock for Scipio. Had a pleasant ride; reached there about eleven o'clock. Put up with Bro. Hudson, a noble, good soul.

“Had a fine session of the Sabbath-school this afternoon. Bro. O. A. Skinner's and J. M. Austin's remarks were excellent. Bro. Sawyer preached this evening, and a glorious sermon it was,—*plain, logical*, yet eloquent. His delivery is calm—*sang-froid*—yet impressive. Stayed with Malachi Fish, one of God's best specimens of humanity.”

“WEDNESDAY, May 26, 1849.

“A fine morning, with Malachi Fish. Bro. O. A. Skinner preached this morning an excellent discourse. I admire his fervidness. It seems to come from the heart. Bro. L. S. Everett preached this afternoon; a good sermon. Oh, how many warm hands I have grasped this day! *Confident I am* that few love their friends as I love mine. Bro. Skinner preached this evening. He is a splendid speaker and a *good man*. There is rich music in his voice. Went home with Selah Cornell. He is a glorious soul.”

Rev. Mr. Peebles received his "Letter of Fellowship" at a session of the Cayuga Association of Universalists, held at McLean, on the 25th and 26th of September, 1844. For several years thereafter he was standing clerk of the Association. On the 24th of September, 1846, in Kelloggsville, he was ordained to the "work of an evangelist." The following was the order of the services:—

- I. Prayer by Rev. J. H. Harter.
- II. Sermon by Rev. J. M. Austin.
- III. Ordaining Prayer by Rev. C. S. Brown.
- IV. Charge and Delivery of Scriptures by Rev. D. II. Strickland.
- V. Address to the Church by Rev. J. M. Peebles.
- VI. Benediction by the Candidate."

IV

THE RAPPINGS—RADICAL PREACHING

“ Be not cast down, my soul,
But sing thy song in peace;
The God that is over all
Hath granted thee to sing,
And the music of thy soul
In the harmony of life
Shall rise to the Oversoul,
The Master of us all.”

It was only two years before the “rappings” startled the world that Mr. Peebles’s ordination occurred. Universalism was then the hope of the Liberals. It was the advance outpost of Protestant Christianity, and its ministers were confident that it was to be the final rallying point and stable ground whereon the everlasting church was to be builded. Vain hope! No sect seems to have ever dreamed that it was a “half-way house” for pilgrims in search of something which may serve as a ground of reconciliation between the permanent and the variable,—between the final deposit of traditional belief and advanced knowledge.

Our young preacher, however, was not yet crystallized and ossified. His opinions were on probation in the formative stage. He was not yet sure how far he should accept tradition as a finality, nor yet what limits he should impose in deciding the truth or falsity on theories predicated on scientific discoveries. But he possessed an intimate love of truth, and was open and receptive to the inspirations of the new time that was dawning. Though approbative and very sensitive to public opinion, in the final test and trial hour, his love for truth would claim the victory. He had already heard the

voice, "Thou art thine own redeemer. Within thee sleeps the power to achieve thy highest wish." Nor had he yet realized that it was a species of "Procrustean" bedstead he had consented to sleep upon when he took orders in the Universalist Church. This sect had and has a creed.

When Spiritualism came and planted an outpost beyond the Universalist station; and when the guardians of that station saw the ground was shifted for another rallying cry, leaving them in the open desert without water—or even a green shrub! then the creedal spirit of bitterness and persecution came promptly to the front and showed its hideous lineaments. This same denomination that had so recently suffered persecution from the older sects, now justified itself in turning persecutor that it might stamp out the detestable thing which was disturbing its peace. It was attempting not only to destroy the hated young rival, but also to repress the spirit of freedom and desire for expansion that was becoming manifest among the young ministers of the denomination.

The Western world had reached a stage of thinking where the organized church no longer ministered to its religious needs. This church was full of hollow pretenses and eaten with dry rot. The thinkers were becoming skeptical, tired of creeds and rapidly drifting toward agnosticism. It was plain to be seen that a renaissance could not come through a further multiplication of creeds founded on the old theological concepts. But when the darkness had become complete, and the fervent were beginning to fold their hands in silence, the heavens suddenly became alive with tokens! The seers beheld the dawn of the new morning. Already had the new light begun to sift into the quiet homes of the Shakers. At length it touched the shores of the great Human World. It came quietly and unobtrusively,—came to a humble cottage and announced its message in the form of a simple concussion. But the world was thrilled—electrified with that unobtrusive sound from the silence, because it immediately divined its wonderful import! It brought us news from that "far

country," which we had come to regard as a mythical country, like the "Isle of St. Brandon," or the "Lost Atlantis." A winged Pegasus now sped into every American home, and the hearts of millions were thrilled with a new joy. The beams of morning rested upon the mountain slopes. The people were happy, for they had discovered the abiding places of their dear departed.

For a brief period the people did not realize that they were quaffing a "forbidden cup;" that they were still held fast in the bonds of tradition. They did not fully realize that the public officers at the head of all our institutions, both religious and secular, were the constituted guardians of those traditions, and that they defend them against all innovations whatever. Even our public schools were essentially conservative, and jealous of all encroachments upon their established routine. So it was not long before the clouds spread like a dark pall against the clear sky, and old Conservatism rallied his forces to stifle the breath of the young child.

The priests came from the recital of their creeds and stood before the people. A dark frown was upon their faces. In one hand they held a whip of "small cords," on the handle of which was written "Public Opinion!" In the other hand was held a book, and on one cover of the book was written "Authority!" On the opposite cover was the picture of a young priest with tied hands. The whip of small cords was applied vigorously, and with every descent of the lash the people cried aloud, for the sting of Public Opinion was too grievous to be borne; and so, many put on the "sackcloth" and returned to the enclosure which the priests had provided. Then these same priests held the "book" aloft in the other hand, and solemnly proclaimed that, "That which was broken loose and gone abroad was wholly unauthorized by them! It was a lunatic at large, without leave of absence, menacing the welfare of the community."

For a little time our young preacher stood in the doorway of his church, one foot on the inside, the other on the outside,

undecided, but for the time being quite satisfied with the prestige which his clerical position guaranteed. He loved truth, and yet he loved popularity. The testing season had not yet arrived, though he was very emphatic about his independence. Yet, withal, he was tardy about investigating the "spiritual phenomena." He would hardly admit to his own conscience that he stood in "fear of the Jews." He was bold and free in his pulpit, but discreet in word and action when he went out among his people.

During the last year of his pastorate in Kelloggsville, Mr. Peebles was invited by the Hon. Vincent Kenyon, a Universalist of Quaker descent, spiritually inclined, to ride with him to Auburn, and hear the spirit rappings. He consented, with the reserve, "that the appointment must be fixed for some evening." Nicodemus! The medium was Mrs. Tamlin. The raps heard, he whispered to his friend, "A splendid trick!" "Suppose you expose it," responded Mr. Kenyon. "Please rap on the wall," said Mr. Peebles. To his astonishment, the wall seemed to speak. On his coat collar, on his boots, on his heart strings! "What?" he asked. That *what* meant a great question. When his spirit-cousin gave thus an intelligible communication, he attributed it to thought-reading. Well, thought-reading is —

"The end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate,
That invitingly opes for all."

A seed had been dropped into soil where it was certain to sprout and advance to fruitage. In due time he was induced to go and hear an uneducated boy deliver a lecture in a trance state. The subject was his own selection, "The Philosophical Influence of the Nations of Antiquity upon the Civilization and Science of Modern Europe and America." Reporting it, he said:—

"The boy at once stepped forward and commenced, and

for one hour and three-quarters one continual stream of history and philosophy fell from his lips. The beauty of the language was astonishing, and the names of well-known and little-known sages of antiquity fell glibly from his lips. He began by speaking of the old Aryan race, and spoke as if he had the whole history of India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome at his fingers' ends. I knew the work necessary to get up sermons before they are preached, and was perfectly astonished at the address given by the boy. I went home thinking that there must be some power at the root of Spiritualism."

Astonished and interested by what he had seen and heard, he ventured to preach a sermon from the text, "Go on unto perfection," in which he deftly and cautiously alluded to angels, and to spiritual gifts as evidence of continued inspiration. His heretical leanings were immediately scented, and he was taken to task by the Rev. Mr. Austin, who informed him that: "Our denomination will not stand such sentiment. You will have to leave it. You can fight but poorly in Saul's armor, and you had better cast it off." This advice was both startling and unexpected to our young preacher.

"The crust o' the letter cracks; new life takes wing;
A strong ground-swell will heave, a wave will break;
The Eternal grows more visibly awake!"

The bed of "Procrustes" was becoming a very uncomfortable couch to lie on. It was now apparent that the book of law and custom by which the daily life of the church people are guided, contained no blank pages upon which to write newly discovered truths. He was beginning to realize that the church rested on tradition, and was essentially, conservative; that it was adverse to being disturbed, and therefore would not tolerate any innovations. Too much light will dazzle us to blindness. "Liberty needeth a cautious driver." The greatest virtue often needs to be qualified and specially adapted for practical use. "Prudence uttereth her caution against making too great haste for angelhood." Give the bird its allotted time to hatch from the shell.

"Those who greedily pursue
 Things wonderful instead of true,
 That in their speculation choose
 To make discoveries strange news,
 And natural history a gazette
 Of tales stupendous and far-fetched,
 Hold no truth worthy to be known,
 That is not huge and overgrown,
 In vain stern nature to suborn,
 And for their pains are paid with scorn."

In a sermon preached in Kelloggsville, March 3, 1845, our young minister, after discoursing eloquently about God's "ministering angels" in old Bible days, makes the following application to modern times:—

"Now if it were in harmony with the divine laws of Deity to employ angels as mediums of spiritual truths; if in the economy of God's mercy in the olden times, and in the days of Christ and the early Christian Fathers, the Divine Being permitted angels from the higher spheres to appear to men, to converse with them, to cast off their chains, to open prison doors, minister to their wants and become guardian angels, why may he not now? If it were possible then, it is possible in this age of the world. If it subserved a good purpose then, it may subserve a good purpose now, under the grace and wisdom of the everlasting Father."

His spiritual experiences unconsciously gave Mr. Peebles a radical tendency of sentiment and belief. He read all the new lights,—Swedenborg, Emerson, Parker, and the like, and so became enthused with the very spirit of modern reform. Indeed, he was rapidly being spoiled for any sectarian church. He now began to make his sermons out of materials that lay all about him,—from the morning panorama of daily life, and fitting the text afterward. He selected the text, not as a foundation, but merely to illustrate the subject he had in hand. When a minister puts a text on a sermon after it is written, look out for breakers!

During the years 1853-55, Mr. Peebles was pastor of the Universalist Church at Elmira, N. Y., where he found a boon companion in Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, half-brother of Henry Ward Beecher. Here were a Universalist and a Congregationalist yoked together, bathing together, lecturing together on intemperance, and even together marrying folks; Peebles marrying one of the couple according to Universalism, and Mr. Beecher according to Congregationalism. A clipping from an exchange says:—

“Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, one of the Beechers, who is pastor of a Congregational Church at Elmira, N. Y., has been disfellowshipped by the Ministerial Union of that place.”

Mr. Peebles, in chronicling this disfellowshipped brother, thus reviews those novitiated days of the ministry:—

“Being warm personal friends, both of us were considered by the denominations to which we respectively belonged a little ‘shaky,’ theologically. Brave enough to read different periodicals and reviews, we frequently talked of the progress of ‘free thought,’ and the disturbing element of Spiritualism. Friend Beecher always said there was ‘*a fish at the other end of this line;*’ but of its real character — saint or demon — he was not so certain.

“Pleasant and sunny the memories of those times. Together we rolled balls in ninepin alleys, practiced gymnastics, took baths in Dr. Gleason’s water-cure, hurled stones into the valley at our feet, told mirthful stories of eccentric Christians, lectured on temperance, attended social gatherings for conversation and culture, and mutually, laughingly, accused each other of being the rankest heretic. A dozen years or more buried in the abysmal past, and lo! we are both outside the ‘camp of the Philistines,’ and the reach, too, of all such theologians as feed on the crusts and crumbs of a cold, formal, creedal Christianity. Over this chasm of time, we extend the warm right hand, and welcome our old friend Thomas K. into the good and growing fraternity of the ‘*great unchurched.*’ May his shadow lengthen, and his heresy *strengthen!* Amen.

“ ‘Humanity sweeps onward! where to-day the martyr stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands:
 Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fragments
 burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return,
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History’s golden urn.

* * * * *

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
 Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above his own.’ ”

The brief epistle we here transcribe reveals the expanding force of “our minister’s” soul, from loving one to loving all. “Thus in our first years,” says Emerson, “are we put in training for a love which knows neither sex, person, nor partiality; but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom.”

“ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1853.

“REV. D. S. B.—. *Dear Brother:* . . . Will you now lay aside your commentaries and clerical duties for a few moments, and listen to me? I have been writing upon a sermon from this text, ‘Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel’s, but shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life.’ (Mark 10.) What was Jesus’ real meaning in this passage? It quite puzzles me. Like the young man who had ‘kept the law,’ I am ‘sad at the saying:’ for I love my brothers and sisters: there are six of them,—Emery and Elmer (twins), Leonard and Lorenzo, Lovira and Luana,—all good, though in different ways and degrees; and in my very heart I love them with a true fraternal love. Must I, as Jesus commands, leave them? Memories of them are blissful. Are all fleshly ties of kindred temporal and fading? Is spiritual love alone immortal and eternal? Love is the very life of my soul. . . .

J. M. PEEBLES.”

During all his public career, Mr. Peebles has been an earnest and unflinching friend and apostle of temperance. He was one of the select committee that drafted the degrees of the Good Templars, and was the National R. W. Grand Chaplain of this order. At an early period he also espoused the antislavery reform, Odd Fellowship, the dress reform, and woman's rights. He has a way, peculiar to himself, of enforcing unfashionable truth in the pulpit, without offending to any great extent. Of all men he is the greatest adept in the art of cutting your head off without hurting, and then growing it on again in better shape.

In May, 1855, resigning his pastoral relations in Elmira, Mr. Peebles felt a rising force to question his *ism*. There is a vein of spirit-life underlying these brief words, addressed to his Brother Harter, to whom he confided many heart secrets. Were the spirits burning up his theological rubbish? "Don't glory, my brother, in my independence. I want a long talk with you about Universalism, as an *ism*, particularly as taught by the old school."

Mr. Peebles takes to dignity as the pine to the mountain. His pride is in the way. While he was preaching in Oswego, N. Y., vigorous efforts were made to obtain a capacious Orthodox church for the celebrated Mrs Bloomer, wherein to lecture upon "dress reform." The officials refusing it, of course, Mr. Peebles secured the Universalist house of worship. To give it more respectability, he was voted into the courtesy of meeting her at the cars. When on a mission of duty, Mr. Peebles is thoughtless of reputation. This is a marked trait in his make-up. He is of the Fremont stamp, not Lincoln. In his zeal, he sometimes blunders into a pit, but is out ere he touches bottom. He met the lady: she was attired in "*bloomers*." Why had he not thought of her costume before consenting to escort her into the city? But there was no backing out. Arm in arm they walked through the principal street, followed by an accumulating crowd of rowdies, who encored them with shoutings, whistlings, and jeerings, to the

hotel. He, however, bore this "great cross" quite manfully, and had the compensating satisfaction of seeing an enthusiastic congregation gathered in his church, swayed by a woman's eloquent appeal for emancipation from the thralldom of fashion. The victory over rowdyism and Orthodox conservatism was splendid, popularizing his moral independence.

He pressed in his "Literary Herbarium" this floating thistle-flower:—

"Learn for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bauble that comes and goes,
And that proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation."

It was now daily becoming more apparent to the young preacher that he was talking to a people who had objects in life quite distinct from his own,—people who gave back no answering response to his best thought. His soul was drinking in the spirit of the new time that was dawning, while his church was becoming more conventional, time-serving, and politic. And this talking to unresponsive hearts was both exhausting and disheartening. The manna that fed the Israelites is not befitting the nineteenth century. Thinkers demand knowledge rather than faith or tradition. He would fain approach his people with the brightest truth-pearls he had found, but the walls were too thick and the locks too strong. He felt the need of counsel and companionship, and so sent for Brother Harter, offering to pay his expenses if he would come and cure him of a fit of the theological "blues." He came, and the two tried friends rehearsed the happy hours they had spent together at the Oxford Academy. The ready wit and never-failing fund of stories with which Brother Harter's arsenal was always supplied, restored equilibrium, and caused our young minister for the time being to forget his worries.

"My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where priest-worn creeds, like Rome's gray Senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse.
The time is ripe, and rotten ripe for change;
Then let it come."



V

MARRIAGE

"The Sun-God, wantonly kissing his loves, the flowers,
Making them to blush and droop,
Has gone over the hills to other lands.
In the darkness and mists we are left,
You and I, sad voices."

... "Ah, wait in faith
God's self-completing plan;
Receive it not, but leave it not,
And wait it out, O man!"

The social nature of every man and woman comprises a very considerable segment of their existence. As we merge toward manhood or womanhood, our thoughts turn to the momentous question of a life companionship and a home center we can call our own. We do not feel self-centered until we have reared a family altar and shrine, where our dearest loves may find their proper objects. Nor would a biography of any public man be regarded as complete without some account of his social life, of his family ties and domestic relations. But the present chapter must needs be brief, since we possess but scant materials which throw any light on this portion of our friend's personal history. We possess no correspondence, no documents — or but a very few documents — of any kind which answers the question whether our brother's home has been uniformly a sunny one, or how much of inspiration for public work was drawn from objects which cluster round the domestic hearth; or how far, indeed, the lives of husband and wife were blended and mutually helpful, one to the other; nor yet how far both are devoted to the same ulterior aims. We can not even definitely locate the month or

year when his marriage occurred; nor does he himself distinctly remember, for he never kept a diary or record of any kind of his passing experiences. The probable date, however, was the year 1850, when Mr. Peebles was twenty-eight years of age. He was then married to Mary M. Conkey, a teacher in the Clinton Liberal Institute. She was considered intelligent, well-educated, refined, and very artistic in her tastes. As a painter she was said to excel. In a "Pen Sketch of Reformers," published in Moses Hull's "Spiritual Rostrum," Mrs. H. F. M. Brown writes:—

"Mary Conkey, the wife of our brother, has tried to keep pace with him in all his progressive ideas. However dark and rough the outer world has sometimes seemed, there has always been light, and a loving welcome in a home that Mary has beautified by her own artistic hand. Clouds have overshadowed the home, but they were the shadows of angel wings.

Three children in germ life were born to this union, neither of which matured, and one or two frail children, which Mr. and Mrs. Peebles adopted, died while yet in their childhood. In a letter to Mrs. H. M. F. Brown, written from Sacramento, in 1861, referring to the death of little "Louie," we find these words: "He has gone to join and become a companion of our three little ones, who left the mortal ere earth's ills had tinged the gossamer of their spirit-garments with a single stain."

For the rest, we must depend upon our own observations and impressions. We do not think, however, we should be too curious to invade the private sanctuary of domestic life for the purpose of gratifying any individual or public curiosity. Such facts as may be useful and conducive to the general welfare we may properly interrogate and set forth. The probabilities are that very few young people get really acquainted with each other before marriage. They can form no rational judgment regarding their mutual fitness—or lack of it—for real helpmeets and companions through the various struggles incident to married life. People must be housed for months, if not years, under the same roof before

they can become thoroughly acquainted. The romance accompanying courtship is far more conducive to gallant attentions and mutual courtesies, than to the stern struggles of after days which call for self-denial and mutual sacrifices.

Now, although Mr. Peebles was twenty-eight years of age when he married, it is very doubtful whether he was acquainted with his wife, or she with him. It is doubtful, too, whether either found in the other the conditions that were helpful for living each their ideal life. A thorough acquaintance must needs have brought mutual disappointment in certain regards, for their lives were not attuned to the same keynote of the universal harmonics. Of this, sensitives are conscious. When much together, they unconsciously put a mutual check on the otherwise untrammelled outflow of intellect and feeling. The dove sent out from this ark must have oft returned with no place to rest her feet, and their souls must have cried out in the darkness of the night-season for a soul companionship they have never found. O mystery of life! what are thy purposes? But the mystery shall not be lightly solved. Both of these people are intelligent; both refined and carefully observant of the social obligations. What is there lacking here?

The writer spent two weeks at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peebles, in the late autumn of 1862, at Battle Creek, Michigan. An air of culture and refinement pervaded that home. Mrs. Peebles impressed us as a lady that possesses strong domestic ties, good common sense, neatness and order; naturally conservative, sensitive to public opinion, strictly observant of all social proprieties, averse to contact with the public, select and very cautious in her friendships, faithful in her attachments, doubting rather than trusting, and centered in her home as the place above all others where her heart had made its shrine.

Mr. Peebles's center has always been in his library more than around the domestic hearth, being supremely devoted to his literary work. He belongs as exclusively to the public as his wife does to the quiet domestic sphere. He becomes

inwardly impatient when his literary work is interrupted, though he is cordial and genial if the interruption is not too protracted. He has neither time nor inclination for society, except as he meets it in a public way, and still less time for domestic chit-chat. Visiting and novel-reading he abominates. He is in manner self-contained and independent,—a world unto himself. He chafes under trammels of any kind. His home can not be found in any house, however large or splendidly furnished, but is to be found in the great throbbing world of a teeming humanity. In that he finds the sacredness of solitude essential to his work. But few understand how exclusive a man of letters must become if he would serve the public royally with his voice and pen. For such, the hour given to meals is quite as much as can be spared for social communion. Mr. Peebles has long felt that he can strictly be a public man only through the most private and solitary manner of life; alone in his study? People do not know how many guests he daily entertains there,—Emerson, Victor Hugo, Plutarch, Plato, Shakespeare; these are more to him than Smith and Jones across the street, and these recuperate his mental fund for larger service, when he shall again go before the visible public.

A divided allegiance is difficult if not impossible. The husband can not be in the highest sense a companion to his wife unless his thought and life run on similar lines with hers, nor can the wife be a companion to her husband unless her natural impulses, broadening, go out to include his province in a manner that he shall be inspired and uplifted by her presence and counsel.

From the writer's standpoint this mutual communion and helpfulness was lacking, for a reason which was beyond reach of either to remedy, without a sacrifice on the part of one or the other, which would involve the surrender of their marked individualities. She has probably been the greater sufferer of the two, for the reason that her sphere was domestic, confined and circumscribed; and also because social companionship to her was as the vital breath to her being.

This companionship lacking, the fountains of her life murmured their plaintive music in the minor key. The deep lines in that face tell the story of heart struggles, incompatibility, and self-denial. To how large an extent this all was due to temper, to conventional leanings, to the bondage which custom imposes, to the worldly standard which public opinion sets up,—it is impossible to estimate. The unhappiness from which mortals suffer, however, is more often due to their lack of conformity with the universal laws than to derelictions on the part of their associates and companions. Upon these home matters Mr. Peebles's lips have ever seemed sealed in silence.

In the summer of 1879 the writer spent two or three months with Mr. Peebles at his residence at Hammonton, N. J. There were two or three boarders in the family, including an Episcopalian minister. A high degree of culture and refinement were features in that household. In his study — where his center was established — Mr. Peebles abounded with geniality, spontaneity, and inspiration. But when the family were all seated at the family table, personal spheres were brought in contact which seemed difficult to interpenetrate or harmonize. Spontaneity and hilarity were vanished! An oppressive reserve seemed on every lip. The little conversation indulged in was labored and mechanical. An air of orthodox solemnity pervaded the place, while no member of the group seemed directly responsible for it. Back to the study again, a sunny equilibrium and cheerfulness were soon restored. How far the presence of the Episcopal priest contributed toward this social paralysis, it would be difficult to say.

There is no doubt but that each member of this partnership strove to be just, the one toward the other, and to make the best of conditions as they existed. No blame is imputed to either side. Two excellent people embarked in the same boat for a long life-voyage; one preferring that it should traverse a peaceful, narrow, and quiet stream; the other preferring the bounding billows of the wide, blue ocean. But at length when the bound life shall be released; when the winter chains shall be broken and these two souls shall emerge from

the sepulchre gates, then the wisdom of those limitations imposed by the human will be so clearly understood by both that no censure will be indulged in, no blame will attach; neither will accusations be preferred, but the restraints and crosses which intruded into the path their weary feet have trodden, will then be recognized as stepping-stones to that higher freedom which every soul will ultimately achieve.

In one of Mr. Peebles's publications we find these eloquent passages:—

“Marriage in the divine plan, is as natural as sacred. It is not a sacrament, but contract. There should be less of it as a form and more of it as a mating. There should be less children born and better ones.

“It is not expected that any two rational persons, in a wedlock or out, can always see the same star, the same shimmering sunbeams, trace the same outlines of the purple clouds, read with ecstasy the same books, or cognize or enjoy at all times the same mental emotions. Charity was pronounced the chief of the Christian graces. It should never fail. And yet, when the great throbbing soul, afire with genius and craving for beatitudes, finds little, save moral defects, dregs, ungracious incongruities, it shrinks in sorrow from the eclipse, shrinks from that raven shadow that sees in the over-arching vault, dreamily bright with the galaxies of glittering lights, only the skeleton of a gaunting despair. . . .

“Freedom is the soul's inalienable birthright, and in the enjoyment and practical pursuance of this God-given right, it should feel no icy shackles, be saddled with no unnecessary burdens, press no crimsoned thorn-paths, drink no wormwood draughts, nor breathe the socially poisoned, pestilential air of dark, dismal dungeons.”

“The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn;
And tears that from love's torn heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn,
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born;
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.”

VI

STEPS TO FREEDOM

“Go from the East to the West, as the sun and the stars direct thee,

Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.
Not for the gain of gold,— for the getting, the hoarding, the having,—

But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.
Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

“Go; say not in thy heart, And what then were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use or the good!
Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is accomplished,

What thou hast done and shalt do shall be declared to thee then.
Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit
to thyself: It is good; yet is there better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little;
Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it.”

In January, 1856, Mr. Peebles accepted a call to the pastorate of the Universalist Society of Baltimore, Md. At that time the agitation of slavery was at a white heat, and the query arose in the minds of some of his professed friends how he would shape his public utterances. Some thought he had the “gag on;” others were persuaded that he had lost his “Northern heart.” Writing himself to a friend about this time, he said:—

“I have *not* lost my Northern heart, nor Northern principles. You *know* I can neither love nor apologize for human slavery. What I believe, I must speak out. There are open opponents of slavery here, as in New York. It was the un-

derstanding from the first, that I should be a pastor free and independent."

Certain of his parishioners were very "touchy" about introducing the topic of slavery into the pulpit, and Mr. Peebles felt constrained for a time to touch the subject lightly, if at all. To steer between "Scylla and Charybdis" was both a delicate and difficult feat. The Universalist Denomination, too, discouraged the discussion of political and secular topics in the pulpit. About this time he also became the defender of a certain phase of Spiritualism. It was Biblical. But being still wedded to his denomination, he was prudent in his language, and always careful to put the prefix "Christian" to his Spiritualism. Yet with all his prudence he was occasionally taken to task by the denominational organ—"The Ambassador." Note a private epistle dated from Baltimore:—

"I hear many complaints that 'The Ambassador' is filled with such trash as 'Tangle-Town Letters!' The last two articles of the editor are down on the Spiritualists. Brother Reynolds ought to know, and Brother Austin *does* know, that hundreds of Universalists, and patrons, too, of 'The Ambassador,' are *Spiritualists*,—not fanatical Spiritualists, nor 'free-love' Spiritualists, but earnest, candid, *Christian Spiritualists*; such as are Rev. T. J. Smith and Rev. S. Cobb, of 'The Freeman.' I met several intelligent Universalists in Western New York, that have stopped 'The Ambassador,' and commenced taking 'The Spiritual Telegraph.' This grieved me; because I love 'The Ambassador' and *Brother Austin*, and will continue to do all in my power for its advancement among *Universalists!* We have some old foggy Universalists among us, who treat Spiritualists just as the Orthodox have treated us! The truth will finally triumph, call it by what name we may. I can not be a bigot."

Successful, he was regarded by the other churches as "a most dangerous man." He issued several doctrinal tracts, which were circulated in the city and over the country, and received with general favor by liberal minds. The Orthodox had a "committee on Sunday appointments." Mr. Peebles, ad-

dressing a polite note to the same, solicited the favor of having his vacant pulpit supplied, one Sabbath, by a Methodist minister. It was refused! He then wrote Bishops Waugh, Scott, and Rev. L. F. Morgan, a pungent, yet kind epistle, comparing them with the rabbis of the Jewish synagogues:—

“Would to God that the narrow, proscriptive, sectarian spirit, so pointedly condemned in the Pharisees by Christ, had perished with them, instead of living, as it evidently does, the blight and curse of Christendom. Why not exchange pulpit services with Universalists and Unitarians? Can you not preach as much truth to their congregations as they can error to yours? Or are you so popish as to doubt the propriety of ‘private judgment,’ forbidding your people hearing all denominations, that they may form a correct judgment upon the doctrines of Christianity? If you have the light, why not let it ‘shine’ from Universalist pulpits? This reminds me of the following circumstance:—

“John Adams, upon being requested to give for the support of foreign missions, made the following pointed reply: ‘I have nothing to give for that cause; but there are here in this immediate vicinity sixty ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other’s pulpit. Now I will give as much, and more, than any other man, to civilize these clergymen.’

“The venerable Adams, with a severity that I would not employ, thought the civilizing of those Massachusetts clergy a pre-requisite to Christianizing them.

“But to the original inquiry, Why refuse a preacher for our pulpit? The apostle says that ‘Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.’ ‘And how shall they hear without a preacher?’ And yet you declined sending us one, when you certainly must have had nearly three hundred in the city unemployed, idling away their time. Had the Master visibly stepped into his vineyard on Sunday, would he not have repeated his language of old, ‘Why stand ye here all the day idle?’ And then how can you give an account of your stewardship at the day of ‘final adjudication?’ May not these neglected Universalists (who are to be damned, admitting

your theology true) confront you with the telling words: 'No man hath cared for my soul;' 'Our blood be upon your garments;' 'The harvest is ended, and we are not saved'?

"I believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Holy Spirit, in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the necessity of faith, repentance, the new birth, 'experimental religion,' personal piety, and that, 'without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.' I believe in moral freedom, in man's accountability, in a just punishment for sin, the teachings of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, and the restoration of all men, during the mediatorial reign of the Son of God. And, in all my ministrations, I press the importance of obedience to God, a compliance with the conditions of salvation, and a more thorough consecration of all the powers to the love and service of the Father.

"And yet I am not recognized as a Christian, nor permitted to receive the civilities and courtesies of civic life from the Methodist clergymen of Baltimore. 'Father, forgive them.' God looks not at denominational names, but the heart. I cherish no malice toward you. The spirit of my faith, with the Master's lessons, induce me to return love for hatred, good for evil, blessing for cursing, and to 'pray for those who despitefully use me.' I close by renewing the former request to the Conference, to supply my pulpit next Sunday morning and evening. Yours in the gospel of Christ,

"J. M. PEBBLES."

One orthodox minister, ashamed of his Baltimore brethren, Rev. H. C. Atwater, of Providence, member of the Methodist Conference, voluntarily supplied Mr. Peebles's pulpit with "power and eloquence," and we trust, "with the approbation of God."

The young minister was now wrestling with a serious problem,—the relation of the priest to society and the church. He daily realized that its methods contravened the divine procedure. His good genius bade him say to his people: "You are groping in the dark. Come, rally on the soul's side. Cast off these chains of conventionality. Stand free. I can not promise to preach the accepted dogmas. I must preach what

I see or keep silence." Yet withal, the mistletoe loves the old oak. Notwithstanding the soul of this young minister was struggling to be free, the pride of position still held him in a fashionable deadlock. He loved the applause of the world. His inmost being reached out to grasp the divine realities, but his outer life was held fast in the bond of custom and churchal conventionality. He was not yet self-reconciled; and for such the gods institute trials to compel the soul's emancipation. Moreover, he was still young, volatile, sanguine, companionable and playful. His excess of good nature bubbled forth like a mountain brook. His society was generously sought after and his personal favors courted. All this excited the jealousies and envyings of prudes and busy-bodies. "He is a mischief," said the staid old women; "very unministerical," said the old denominational iron-clads; "too radical," said the political conservatives,—and yet all loved the genial sunshine of his soul.

"The deepest ice that ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies deep below,
And flows, and can not cease to flow."

Free, jovial, heretical, affiliating with Spiritualists, of course, unwarranted suspicions sprung up. He even exchanged pulpit services with a Spiritualist lecturer. He also distributed Greeley's *Tribunes* and Fremont's anti-slavery tracts in this slave-holding city. "Stories," like snow-balls rolling down hill, gain in volume and momentum. The poor man was unprepared for this first trial: disheartened, he sank into an alarming sickness. Under the circumstances, he resigned his pastoral charge. *The Boston Trumpet* thought "all was not right." *The Ambassador* paid the following just compliment:—

"We learn that Brother J. M. Peebles has tendered his resignation to the society in Baltimore. He does not consider his health sufficiently good to enable him to perform the very great amount of labor required in Baltimore. For several

sabbaths past, he has held but one service in consequence. Brother Peebles is an excellent pastor, and therefore will not long be without a society suited to his strength."

The' Baltimore Sun noticed the resignation thus magnanimously,—

"We understand that the Rev. J. M. Peebles, pastor of the Universalist Church in this city, has handed his resignation to that society. Mr. Peebles has been forced to this step by declining health; and we are sure his society will regret the cause of this determination. During Mr. Peebles's short stay in this city, he has won for himself many warm friends; and the large and increasing attendance in his ministerial labors are sure evidences that his society fully appreciate his talents. He will rest from his labors for at least a year, hoping thereby to re-establish his health and usefulness."

Several leading clergyman, disliking the unwarranted suspicions breathed by *The Trumpet*, addressed the following letter to the editor:—

"BROTHER WHITTEMORE,—Having made inquiry concerning the report referred to in your paper of last week concerning Rev. J. M. Peebles, we beg leave to say, that we consider said report not warranted by the circumstances, and founded upon unauthorized and exaggerated statements.

E. H. CHAPIN.

G. T. FLANDERS.

A. ST. JOHN CHAMBRE.

A. C. THOMAS.

B. PETERS.

HENRY LYON.

EBEN FRANCIS.

And others.

"New York, Oct. 30, 1856."

Finding the report was founded upon "unauthorized and exaggerated statements," the ministerial busybodies began to fear they had gone too far for the good of the denomination. There is a point of traffic with unrighteous wares when "forbearance ceases to be a virtue." But Mr. Peebles was not

alone in his pilgrimage from bondage to freedom. Of the Universalist ministers persecuted, slandered, or excommunicated for the heresy of Spiritualism about that time, may be mentioned, Revs. T. L. Harris, E. B. Averill, J. M. Spear, J. P. Averill, S. B. Brittan, T. J. Smith, L. P. Rand, J. B. Dods, Wm. Fishbough, Adin Ballou, George Severance, B. S. Hobbs, J. H. Harter, Rev. Mr. Cravens, A. C. Edmunds, A. J. Fishback, J. O. Barrett, Joseph Baker, J. C. Crawford, R. Connor, etc. Mr. Connor was "cast out of the synagogue" for disbelief in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, the resurrection of the physical body of Christ, and other minor opinions.

After occupying his pulpit two or three months succeeding his resignation, Mr. Peebles and wife left for Canton, N. Y., the "old homestead," where he soon received letters soliciting him to return and build up a new society in Baltimore. Others urged him to accept his previous charge, as letters from J. L. Camp, Geo. T. White, E. L. Ironmonger, Marston, Marden, etc., at our disposal, testify; but he declined every proffer of the kind, when his old society passed unanimously the following resolutions:—

"BALTIMORE, Oct. 6, 1856.

"REV. J. M. PEEBLES. *Dear Brother,*—At a meeting of the Universalist Society of the city of Baltimore, convened in the church, Oct. 5, 1856, your resignation was received and the following action had thereon:—

"*Whereas,* It has become necessary for our pastor, on account of his declining health, to offer his resignation to the society over which he has held pastoral relations during the past nine months, therefore, be it

"*Resolved,* That the resignation of Brother J. M. Peebles, as pastor of the Second Universalist Society of Baltimore, be received and accepted.

"*Resolved,* That we sincerely deplore the occasion which has led Brother Peebles thus early to dissolve the connection which has so happily existed between us as pastor and people.

"*Resolved,* That, wherever his lot may be cast, when other friends are around him, and when other scenes meet his eyes,

our prayers will ascend 'to the Giver of all good gifts' to restore him to health and usefulness, and to lengthen his days on the earth.

"*Resolved*, That in all his relations toward this society, as pastor, friend, and guardian of the sabbath school, he has ever evinced a devotedness and untiring zeal, which have conduced to rivet the bonds of affection between us and him more close and firm; and we will not omit to say, that the cause of Christ has prospered in his hands.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be signed by the officers, and transmitted to Bro. J. M. Peebles.

"JAS. L. CAMP, *Secretary*. "RICHARD MARLEY,
President Board of Trustees."

Mr. Peebles never held a pastoral relation with any society or church that did not, at the dissolution, pass resolutions in his favor with unanimous indorsement.

At Canton the weeks and months dragged wearily. Mr. Peebles was slow in recovering from the extreme prostration incident to his labors in Baltimore. His cough seemed incipient consumption. The outlook seemed very discouraging. How depressing to ambition is an enfeebled body. In the midst of this despondency he resolved to quit the ministry forever. There were untried fields he would certainly find less harassing and more compensating. Minnesota was then rapidly settling up and offered fresh fields for business enterprise. Mr. Peebles had a cousin, Col. F. E. Peebles, banker and real estate dealer, in Winona, Minn. With his cousin he opened correspondence, and in a few weeks was on his way to the West. He was to enter upon a business career, for which he possessed the poorest possible qualifications, both by reason of natural fitness and training. This was indeed a pretty shift for a prophet! But he was not destined to travel far on that road.

On the way west Mr. Peebles stopped off in Cleveland to visit some old friends, whom he had known in Kelloggsville, N. Y. Among the subjects canvassed was Spiritualism, which had already appeared such an unmanageable element of church

discord. The subject had much attraction for Mr. Peebles, but as yet he was neither convicted or fully committed.

The Davenport boys were then performing in the city; and, fortunately, a *séance* was appointed in a hall that afternoon. Among the prominent lawyers, physicians, ministers, and other quizzing thinkers, sat Mr. Peebles, eyeing the machinery with silent suspicion. The ropes were securely tied upon the brothers, flour put into their hands, chalk marks around their feet, and the room darkened; when instantly the musical instruments moved swiftly round the room, played on by invisible hands. Dreamy suspicion changed to earnest curiosity. He was quite a philosopher now, thinking by what occult agency—odylic, magnetic, earthly, or spiritual—that strange phenomenon was produced. A few, more churchal, trembled, fearful that the devil was playing his tricks upon them; but James felt safe on his shaky plank of bibliolatry. When the circle was in good order, by request of the mediums, the light, subdued and mellow, shone just enough to reveal those instruments passing and repassing over their heads, playing a tune; and there sat the Davenports, snugly tied in their chairs. King, the hero-spirit, then spoke audibly through a trumpet, startling them with the assurance that he would reveal himself to them in bodily shape.

Of course this involved what we have later come to realize as “materialization.” Is not the whole domain of physical nature a materialization out of invisible states of matter? Matter is itself invisible to material vision. It is only when precipitated into concrete body that we are capable of apprehending matter. More than ninety per cent of the material in our forest trees is precipitated from the atmosphere through the action of the sun’s rays. The idea of the rose or the tree must precede the material embodiment; then with proper conditions the process goes forward. Why may not the spiritual identity of a departed denizen of earth serve as a germ-point or battery to invest itself with substances which are suspended in the atmosphere and aura of a spiritual circle, and so clothe itself,—organ for organ, function for function,—sufficient for a veritable spirit manifestation?

Emma Hardinge, in her great work entitled "History of Modern American Spiritualism," thus presents the analytical testimony of the spirits upon this subject:—

"In some long, but interesting, communications, written in the spirit-room, without human agency, it is said that spirits, in their communion with earth, manifest through two primitive elements; namely, first, an electro-magnetic element, of which the spiritual body is composed; next, a physical aura, which emanates from the medium, or can be collected from material substances, analogous, it is supposed, to the element of 'vitality' described in the preceding chapter. From the combination of these two,—namely, the emanations of the spirit and the medium,—a third, or composite, is formed, which is affected by the atmosphere and human emanations. From the preponderance of the electro-magnetic or spiritual element, the laws of cohesion and gravitation can be overcome; and, through this, spirits are enabled to dissolve and recombine substances with great rapidity, heave up and carry material bodies through the air, and cause them to float or sink, in proportion to the strength of the battery formed. It is this element which enables some spirits, highly charged with it, to come into contact with matter, and thus to use pencils, pens, etc., in writing, drawing, and playing on musical instruments. By aid of the physical or human aura,—animal magnetism,—they cause concussions, raps, shaking of furniture, and heavy ponderable bodies; by this, also, they produce spirit-light, gathering it up so as to form an envelope of matter around their own hands, condense sound so as to be heard, singing, and speaking, and strike upon the heavier instruments. 'The composite element is used more or less in all modes.'"

Mr. Peebles was "struck with conviction," but still trying to "climb up the old way." Scales were before his vision, and spirits were a wonder in a wonder-making world. He had at first doubted whether those instruments would fly around their heads without hands touching them: then the spirits permitted him to see them moving, as if themselves

things of life; yet more wonderful came the promise, that the spirit himself would be seen! He doubted.

The boys again were tied; all was dark, silent, gloomy; when, lo! a flickering glimmer shot out, as a star at midnight, swelling larger into nebulous mist, rolling up fleecy white, growing more and more distinct, till, opening as "a door in heaven," there appeared up in the air the spirit form of a strange man in large proportions. The spirits had done even more than they promised. Was he now convinced? Our confounded, confounding brother cast himself again into the "slough of doubt," to cogitate upon "occipital motion," on "force," "unconscious psychology," and the like,— the bed of spikes wilful skeptics delight to dream on.

Mr. Peebles said: "We read that an angel rolled away a stone from Christ's sepulcher, and another angel unlocked Peter's prison-door: if you be spirits, I defy you to do the same, or any thing like it."

At Mr. Odell's, that evening, the room brilliantly lighted with gas, the boys tied, he and all the company saw peacocks' plumes floating over their heads, and books with sheets of paper moving without visible hands. Sensing his mental reaction, the spirits approached him, and suddenly jerked him out of the circle, throwing him sprawling upon the floor. This trespass upon his clerical dignity enlivened the circle to a general merriment; which the spirits enjoyed by a more lively play, with the instrument whizzing musically around their ears. Did he now believe? He was sure of this much, that it was "no mesmeric hallucination;" for his side was actually lame.

The Davenport brothers, J. K. Brown, of Buffalo, and Mr. Peebles occupied the same room that auspicious night. Retiring, full of frolic, he playfully, yet seriously, challenged the spirits to make him a visit. When all was still, the blinds of the house open, the moon shining brightly, and balmy sleep began to fold over the eyelids, suddenly they were all roused at the sound of three raps upon the door. "Come in!" said our "chosen apostle,"—"Come in!" very respectful in tone of voice. But no one responded. "Come in!" loudly called

our brother. Then the door gently opened, and swung back to the wall. He looked up, gazed, scrutinizing through the wide aperture; but nobody appeared. Rap, rap, rap! on the floor, then on the walls. The boys exclaimed, "The spirits are here!" Just then Mr. Peebles remembered his challenge; when a heavy hand struck him on his stomach, and a smart crack on his head. "Oh, that hurts!" said our hero, in trepidation. The boys laughed, and encouraged an "evening entertainment." The clear moonlight itself seemed a saucy witness of Mr. Peebles's discomfort.

The clothes sprung off the bed, the bed itself rocked, and confusion generally ensued. "For Heaven's sake, Peebles," said Brown, "strike a light." Mustering courage, he sprang out; and, as he walked across the room, that same hand hit him solid on the back. The blow was overpowering; and, in alarm and pain, he shouted, "That hurts! Oh! Oh! I know you are spirits! I give it up! I will believe!" Frightened, he scrambled into bed, pulling the sheet over his face, like a child at sight of a ghost. One of the boys entranced, a voice from the air said, "You dared us. Get your light: we'll do you no harm." Mrs. Odell, listening joyfully in the hall below, exclaimed, "Good, Brother Peebles, good! they will convert you before morning!" Mr. Peebles inquired, "Why do you handle me thus roughly, if you be good spirits?" The intelligence replied, "To give you evidence of our power, and complete demonstration of conscious immortality, that you may walk no longer by faith, but by sight. You are appointed for a great work: gird up your loins, buckle on your sandals, grasp the sword of truth. Go forth!"

It was to him a genuine knock-down argument. The impression made by that *séance* was deep and lasting, awakening in after years a heart-gratitude to the spirits controlling the Davenport circle, for the solid proof of their presence when he was in most need of angelic light.

At length he resumed his journey and joined his cousin in Minnesota. The "Father of Waters" was covered with a mantle of ice, and the plains with a heavy body of snow.

His attempt at business was undefined and awkward. He had no heart in the occupation he was trying to adopt, and so was ill at ease. Real estate, litigation, speculation, money to loan; his soul revolted against the whole occupation. But the dry, bracing winds of a Minnesota climate were gradually restoring his psychic and vital balance; and with the return of mental elasticity his normal trend of character began to reassert itself. He once more longed for the old companionship with books and for the resumption of a form of labor in which he could reach the public through his voice and pen. A voice kept ringing in his soul, "Go and preach your highest convictions of truth and duty!" This soon became an inspiration that dominated his whole life and kindled an enthusiasm which he had never before known.

His resolution was taken. He would henceforth be independent and go forth a stirring agitator! The prophet should be willing to accept his fate if it should come to him. Let a man count the cost and then act. All things should be held delicately, subject to the demand of Duty. "When one has taught one's self to do without the benefits of the world, then he may safely accept and use them." The resolution, however, that he would become an agitator and a daring reformer was more easily formed than carried out. The journey from Egypt to the Promised Land is beset with difficulties. A sect holding us by conventional ties can not be easily cast off. To sever the ministerial ties is like turning one's self out of home. Nor is it a light thing to be unsalaried, with a family looking to one for bread.

Scarcely knowing what to do with himself, he half concluded to return to Canton. "What for?" he pondered. There is a time in life when the heart hugs its holy purpose with a fear and trembling; when a veil shuts over our vision, and we only feel destiny. Is there not an angel of the "Over Soul," who hides future prospects from us, lest our hopes may be too high, making us selfish; and hides adversity, lest we may, in our unschooled faith, refuse to advance?

“Oh, blindness to the future kindly given,
That each may fill his station marked by heaven!”

Liberty often hangs on a delicate pivot; the slightest touch will shift its center. To the candidate it is a fearful moment when he stands on the neutral ground between the old and the new. This was our brother's experience now. By a seemingly blind instinct, he had arrived at Chicago, where he received letters from influential ministers and other friends, urging him to return to the “Universalist ministry, where he belonged.” Why this pleading at this hour? Yes, why? Ask those “powers and principalities of the air.” What was the voice from Elmira, Jamestown, N. Y., Baltimore, McLean, Auburn? “Return to your first love! Be less radical: preach good old-fashioned Universalism!” Ah, James! had you known Delilah then as well as you do now, would you even *thought* of having your locks shaven, that the Philistines might conquer you?

This was Saturday evening. That night, sleepless, worrying, full of pleadings, will never be forgotten. The better angels recorded it; and it will be read, by and by, to note how close came a heavenly heart in an angel's hand to his troubled bosom, but could not enter, for the casket was not yet cleared of impediment.

A stranger in a city on Sunday morning is at liberty to go where his *instincts* lead.

Taking a humble seat in a *Spiritualist* meeting, he looked over the happy audience, noticing prominent citizens, whom he afterward learned to be such men as Seth Paine, H. M. Higgins, Mr. Green, etc. “Not all fools, I trow,” he thought. Soon a gentleman was entranced, and came direct to him. All eyes were riveted on him. Then the spirit calmly said, with a kind voice of recognition,—

“I see your devious and winding pathway of life,—thorns and craggy steeps. Recently, you have been on a rough and tempestuous sea: your craft was rickety and unsafe. You leaped from it into the deep! Ah, ha! you are in a better

vessel: you are alone in it,—nobody to guide you over all this vast waste. But look above: there it is, a strong hand that controls all! Nothing but a hand I see; and it guides you so safely! You touch the shore; and now your path winds up, up, over rocks! There are precipices and perils; but the hand guides, and you are safe! You are commissioned from ON HIGH! The Christ of Palestine is a living Christ! Go, teach the ministry of angels!”

“Methinks the air
Throbs with the tolling of harmonious bells,
Rung by the hands of spirits everywhere:
We feel the presence of a soft despair,
And thrill to the voices of divine farewells.”—*Dickens.*

That prophecy haunted Mr. Peebles night and day. The tumult of conflicting feelings now began to subside and settle into a calm purpose. He remembered having read a report to the effect that Rev. J. P. Averill, a Universalist minister of Battle Creek, Mich., had espoused Spiritualism. He felt he might receive wise counsel from this brother minister. So resuming his journey eastward, he stepped off at this ex-Quaker city and called upon Mr. Averill, in whom he not only found a wise and sympathetic counselor, but likewise, a life-long friend. Mr. A. was also passing through the fire. Notice, without his knowledge, was immediately given, that “Rev. J. M. Peebles would address the Liberalists of Battle Creek next Sunday morning and evening.”

“Why,” said Mr. Peebles, “I do not wish to preach!”
“Talk, then,” replied Mr. Averill, “talk from the freedom and intelligence of your own spirit—be, and feel independent.”

A fine audience gathered in the hall,—Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Quakers, Free Thinkers, etc., “all of one accord in one place.” The congregation intelligent, their greetings so cordial, he was inspired with the electric touch of soul to soul. His text was appropriate: “If the truth shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” It was handled in a masterly manner, said friend Averill, and found a happy response. Closing that ever memorable meeting, the congre-

gation gathering around him, Joseph Merritt and Eli Lapham, both Quaker ministers, and others, gave him their hands, saying, "We want to engage thee. Thee need not call it preaching. Thee shall be free." Then and there he engaged for a year; and he remained six years pastor of the "*First Free Church* of Battle Creek." His now happy wife had a home again. Here they lived many years, dearly affiliated with that faithful people who loved him better than themselves. He shared in their deprivations and sorrows,—always a harmonizer; and in all their troubles, sicknesses, and bereavements, he was the ministering angel.

As the wave on the still lake widens out, so did our brother's work, so arduous, augment upon his hands from year to year; first a town, then a county, then a State. He was a seed-sower; and some of the gardens he made are in blossom yet; and others are golden with fruitage.

While engaged Sundays for his society in Battle Creek, Mr. Peebles displayed much zeal in prosecuting missionary work in adjacent towns for fifty miles around. Much of this was a labor of love, since it brought no pecuniary reward; but where he sowed seed in winter, the spring and summer brought the increase. Many imagine they are doing a great deal when they consent to listen to a new "ism," having no thought that he who is the bearer of the message is entitled to further consideration, or that he has any claims on society for subsistence. Often did our Pilgrim travel miles on foot to reach his appointments, receiving not a "thank you" for his labor.

But through all these tribulations he faltered not. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

At Sturgis, forty miles south from Battle Creek, there was a large and influential society of Spiritualists. Here Mr. Peebles was most welcome, frequently devoting a Sunday at their meetings. To reach that point he traveled across the country by way of Leonidas, lecturing on Friday evening, and from there his friends would take him on to Sturgis to fill

his Sunday appointment. A gentleman resided in Leonidas by the name of Jordan, who was a fine singer. This man accompanied Mr. Peebles on many of his rounds, taking with him a small portable melodeon, his popular ballads, and spiritual songs, adding much to the attractiveness of the meetings.

Now many of the leading members of the Spiritualist Society at Sturgis were ex-Baptists, including a Baptist Deacon, and they compromised with the remaining members by turning the Baptist edifice into a Free Church. Here Mr. Peebles delivered his lectures, and under his ministrations the society was waxing so strong and becoming so influential that the Baptists became jealous, and peremptorily closed the church against the Spiritualists. Public indignation ran high. Mr. Peebles saw that the time to strike was when the "iron was hot" so he, with others, immediately circulated subscription papers, and soon had sufficient funds pledged to build a fine brick edifice for their meetings. The brick were hauled several miles. On the day appointed forty volunteer teamsters proceeded to the brickyard with a band of music at their head, and before night the most of the brick were deposited on the site of the Free Church edifice. In less than two months the building was inclosed. The dedication service was a great event. J. M. Peebles was chosen to deliver the dedicatory discourse, being assisted by Seldon J. Finney, Giles B. Stebbins, Joel Tiffany, and Judge Coffinbury. A yearly (June) meeting was thereafter established as an anniversary of this Free Church dedication, which has been faithfully kept up to the present day. These events occurred in 1859, or the previous year.

Located among a people who appreciated his radical sentiments, favored with spiritual associations, frequently witnessing new and convincing developments of spirit presence, our brother grew young again,— full of frolic and merriment, as in his school days at Oxford. How quick clouds vanish when a sensitive soul finds its social home! How grandly the sinking ship of life rises high on the waves, when an angel hovers over it! O blessed heaven! but for those who know and love

us, what were our changing world? The cross buds when love is bleeding on it.

“The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others grow more sweet.”

Mr. Peebles continued his well-begun work, winning friends everywhere to the standard of spiritual liberty. One, two, three years rolled on, each laden with seed-time and harvest. Then dawned the hour of reconciliation. Several Universalist ministers, instrumental in circulating “bad currency,” having grown more liberal, made the *amende honorable* in private letters to him, asking his forgiveness.

The flower blesses the foot that crushes it. What a joy was his, to give back a hand warm with generous feeling! Arm in arm again, joking over the past, they proposed that he return to his denominational motherhood! Aha! His Brother Harter proffered a hand and heart. Other clergymen wrote in similar style.

“CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR OFFICE,
AUBURN, N. Y., MARCH 19, 1859.

“BROTHER JAMES,—Why not come right back into the old Cayuga Association, and get a *letter of fellowship*? I will warrant one for you. I want the *true companion* of my boyhood to be a *Universalist minister*. Let me hear from you.

“J. H. HARTER.”

His brother, J. L. Camp, of Baltimore, suggested the same step. We extract from his letter:—

“O Brother Peebles! you did a wrong thing to leave B., where your usefulness was just about being developed; and let me assure you (though I do not want to pamper your vanity, but tell you the solemn truth) that, were your desk vacant to-day, and you could be had again, you could get the unanimous vote of the society (save perhaps *one*): and, if you do go back into the Universalist ministry, which I pray God you may, do not make any permanent arrangement with any society until we have a chance.”

What was Mr. Peebles's reply to these cordial invitations? When asked if he thought of returning to the Universalist ministry, he replied: "Do planets go back? Does the chick return to the shell from which it has emerged? Does the free-born soul volunteer to resume its slavery? Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth?"

During all his public labors, Mr. Peebles has never said anything against, but always for, progressive, liberal Universalism; among whose defenders he reckons some of his truest friends. No formal denominational charge was ever brought against him; no ecclesiastical tribunal ever arraigned him, neither did the Masonic or any secret society ever criticise him. He resigned his letter of fellowship in 1856.

Several years after, Mr. Peebles was invited to Baltimore by the Spiritualists; then he went. There he met old friends, — Danskin, Camp, White, and others. How changed! After speaking encouraging words of the spiritual cause, under the ministrations of Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, he wrote: —

"We bid Universalism, as interpreted by its better and broader-souled exponents, Godspeed; but this little picayunish, sectarian Universalism, that says, 'Thus far and no farther,' is only comparable to Martha's representation of Lazarus's body, four days dead. Theologically, it stinketh. We believe in Universalism still, as a *faith*; and, in becoming a Spiritualist, have only obeyed the apostolic injunction, 'Add to your faith . . . *knowledge*.' Whereas we have formerly walked by faith, seeing through a 'glass darkly,' now we walk by sight, *knowing* that, when this earthly house is dissolved, 'we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

"Shall the new corn put on the old ear's husk?
The withered foliage clothe the budding spring?
The healed cripple to his crutches cling?
Or day forever wear its morning dusk?
Eternal life still works eternal change;
If thou would nourish an abiding thing,
Make the great Past thy servant, not thy king,
And be thy field the Present's boundless range."

VII

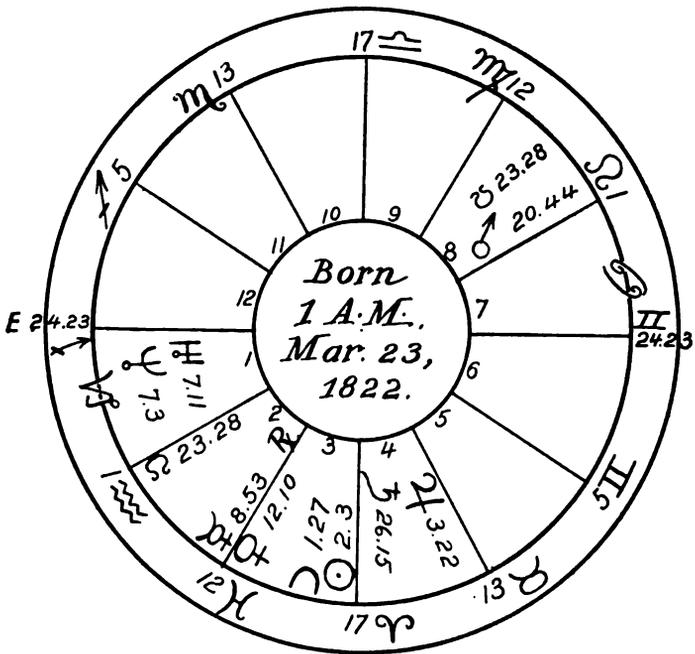
A HOROSCOPE — CHARACTER SKETCHES

“ Now constellations, Muse! and signs rehearse;
In order let them sparkle in thy verse;
First Aries, glorious in his golden wool,
Looks back, and wonders at the mighty Bull,
Whose hind parts first appear, he bending lies
With threatening head, and calls the Twins to rise;
They clasp for fear, and mutually embrace,
And next the Twins with an unsteady pace,
Bright Cancer rolls; then Leo shakes his mane,
And following Virgo, calms his rage again.
Then day and night are weighed in Libra’s scales,
Equal awhile, at last the night prevails;
And longer grown, the heavier scale inclines,
And draws bright Scorpio from the winter Signs.
Him Centaur follows with an aiming eye,
His bow full drawn and ready to let fly;
Next narrow horns the twisted Caper shows,
And from Aquarius’ urn a flood overflows.
Near their lov’d waves cold Pisces take their seats,
With Aries join and make the round complete.”

— *Manilius.*

It will now be attempted to draw our hero’s portrait in the parlance of the astrologers; to write his horoscope in the language of the stars. While we confess to a personal acquaintance with Mr. Peebles, we shall, nevertheless, endeavor to adhere to the rules laid down by the old writers on astrology, whose works we have read with some care. We preface this delineation with an astral figure which we have drawn, showing the planetary positions at date of birth. The date of this delineation is June 21, 1896.

*A Horoscope —
J.M. Peebles.*



Aspects at birth:

♂♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂, ♀♂♂.

At the hour and date above given the celestial sign Sagittary, was rising upon Mr. Peebles's Ascendant, and the noble planet, Jupiter, is the ruler of his geniture. Old Neptune and Uranus are stationed in his house of life, in close conjunction on the east angle of the figure, and being in trine aspect with the ruling star, foreshadowed a changeable and very eventful career.

Neptune, in the first mansion of a natal figure, invariably gives distinct traits of character, not of the ordinary kind, and generally disqualifies one for an ordinary business career. It insures a change of domicile many times during life, and predisposes to travel, adventure, and miscellaneous labors. Since this planet is joined in Mr. Peebles's figure with the changeable, occult, and eccentric Uranus, the effect is greatly enhanced. Being born under this double influence, Mr. Peebles is stamped as a romantic, unsettled, eccentric, and altogether an extraordinary character; noble-minded and magnanimous, withal, and endowed with a prophetic warning of what is going to happen.

"When the latter degrees of Sagittary rise at birth," the books say, "there is signified a native, tall, slender, with high forehead, chestnut-colored hair, long face, Roman nose; in age grows fat." This fits Mr. Peebles's corporature so well we may accept it as corresponding to his hour of birth.

Note again that the ascending sign, and also the sign in which the two lights — Sun and Moon — are posited, are "fiery" signs. These are the index to a warm, generous, and impulsive nature. Sagittarius people are born busy, and keep busy under all circumstances through life. The temperament is highly wrought and sensitive; the feelings are intense and the mental activities are inspirational and spontaneous, rather than deliberative and logical.

Mr. Peebles's ruling planet — Jupiter — being "unafflicted," not only denotes health, cheerfulness, and long life, but also imparts to the character a natural nobility, a sort of regal deportment, high-mindedness, scorning low actions, seeking acquaintance with people of authority and social influence,

laying little stress on titles, honors, badges of greatness; yet withal, generating or forming in his character impulses of love and fraternity toward all classes and conditions of mankind. Indeed, the dominating influence of the planet, Jupiter, in this character, rules out all that which is harsh, bitter, and revengeful. What seems bitter in his polemical displays, is only a temporary state or quality that incidentally floats on the surface of his argumentative mentality. He is always obliging, easy to be entreated, versatile in talent, forgiving of injuries, unobtrusive toward his friends, particular about his dress in public, conscientious in his feelings, and prompt in meeting his pecuniary obligations.

Mr. Peebles was born at the Vernal Equinox, when the Sun entered Aries — the head of the zodiacal man; the Moon also in Aries and in close conjunction with the Sun. Saturn is likewise found here, between which and Mercury there is an angular or “afflicting” aspect. From this general combination very positive and strongly marked traits are indicated. The Sun and Moon here impart to Mr. Peebles a warm and sympathetic temperament, with rare psychic and inspirational gifts. But the effect of Saturn and Mercury — with an angular aspect between them — is to impart an aggressive, sarcastic, and often seemingly bitter style of writing. This, be it remembered, is all on paper. With a pen in his hand, he will fight until the last ditch is in the hands of the enemy; but when you approach him on his sympathetic side, the supposed “tomahawk” is dropped, and palm-branches are immediately seen waving from his outstretched hands.

On one side of his nature, Mr. Peebles is a very independent character, self-contained, encompassed within his own sphere, with an invincible firmness even to the point of obstinacy. He possesses on a certain plane tremendous executive ability, and never backs out of a fight. With the Sun and Moon both polarized in the head, the circle is complete. This gives marked individuality, and a mode of procedure peculiarly his own. He must work in his own harness, if he works at all. If not permitted to do his work in his own way, he is

thrown into confusion. He was not made to be a servant or a lackey. When he serves, it must be voluntary and untrammelled. He understands without words the especial trouble that is weighing on the heart of a friend, and would die fighting for the oppressed class, or for a principle.

With the peculiar combination of planets in Aries and conjunction of Mercury and Venus on cusp of the third mansion, there is indicated a very emphatic bias toward a literary and public life. Note, too, that five planets are collected in cardinal or "movable" signs, which foreshadows a career that is notable, public, conspicuous — in close touch with the great world of thought and action.

The ruler of the second house in the horoscope — Uranus — takes Mr. Peebles quite outside of the arena of ordinary business. Money-making with him is altogether a secondary matter, his chief objects of pursuit being of an intellectual kind. Uranus — when strong in the horoscope — predisposes to change, travel, adventure, and especially to the study of antiquities; and Neptune joined with him, emphasizes this direction of the mental powers. Mr. Peebles's financial affairs have, therefore, been subject to considerable fluctuation. He accumulates much, spends much, but is a poor hand to hoard or lay up. He is benevolent and often imposed upon. He is sanguine in the pursuit of a prevailing idea, enthusiastic and unflagging in his enterprises, vehement and combative in the defense of his opinions, tolerant toward opposing views, and always hopeful that justice and love will finally supersede fraud and hate.

His tastes are peculiar, if not fastidious, in many things. Ideality is more active than his sense of sublimity. He loves his house and grounds and flowers, but cares less for the general effect of distant landscapes. The mechanical arts and general mechanism have no special charms for him, since his mechanical instinct is feeble. This quality is lacking, too, in his literary style. Instead of architectural proportion and logical coherence, his style riots in the spontaneity, exuberance, and richness of nature. Instead of serving us with dry philos-

ophizing, he provides a banquet for the multitude. Inharmonious surroundings worry him greatly. He likes to see the sun shine in the human as in the physical world.

The tenth mansion of the horoscope is primarily ruled by Capricorn and Saturn, but in Mr. Peebles's figure it is occupied by Libra and ruled by Venus. This house signifies power, popularity, authority, elevation, and governs the avocation or profession. When its planetary ruler is a "benefic," and well stationed, it opens the way to fame, honor, and public emoluments. Now Venus is a benefic planet, and in Mr. Peebles's horoscope is joined with the intellectual planet, Mercury, in the third house — the house of science, literature, and travel. The ninth house has a similar significance as the third, being its correlate, but on a larger scale. The ruler of the ninth is Mercury, which we have already seen is joined with Venus in the third. This not only gives an overmastering impulse to a literary and public career, but also provides that the public will recognize and support such a mode of life. Has not Mr. Peebles's life been a conspicuous illustration of this astrological premise?

The Sun, when well dignified in a natal figure, signifies rulership, and being "exalted" in Aries, it imparts to Mr. Peebles's character unlimited energy and a desire to plant his feet firmly on the high places of the world. He is always reaching out for opportunities above the ordinary grasp. He is, hence, high-minded, somewhat proud, and indisposed to toil with his own hands unless it be in a garden of flowers. He lives largely in the externals of the world, and the public know him chiefly on this visible side of his character. Few know him in his most private and interior moods. Interiorly he is conjoined with lofty spiritual ideals, and in his soul sets at naught the conventional opinions and artificial usages of a hollow and false social state. One born with Sagittary rising and with the Sun "exalted" in Aries, is certain to accomplish great things. It is as though the gates of the gods were thrown wide open, and the native bidden to enter and choose his own opportunities.

Mr. Peebles's house of marriage and of partnerships generally — the seventh house or west angle — is indicated as barren of important results. He, therefore, has no strong attachment for home and close companions, in the strictly local and domestic sense. His home is wherever he is able to command the proper conditions for the immediate work he has in hand. Neither is he disposed to any special or exclusive attachment, giving a supreme devotion thereto. Indeed, his seventh mansion is unoccupied and solitary, while its planetary ruler is joined with planets which draw the native out of the domestic into a public sphere of activity. Yet the manner in which Jupiter and Venus are inwrought into Mr. Peebles's character, makes hundreds of women silently adore him at a distance, and they would think themselves supremely blest if they could receive one ray from the radiance of his personality. But it should not be forgotten that his loves are general and platonic; that they have never been pivoted on particular individuals, but go out to the whole humanity — irrespective of race, color, sex, or degree of civilization. He inwardly protests against frequent or long visits, but prefers to meet people in groups and public assemblies; yet, withal he is a good entertainer.

The planet Mars is not a desirable factor in Mr. Peebles's character. Though it contributes to his grit, industry, and abundant vitality, its major influence is to prompt a hasty judgment, vehemence, and rashness. It has imparted a host of enemies, envyings, and evil reports. This planet is joined, too, with bad company, being in conjunction with the "Dragon's Tail," or south node of the Moon. Guido Bonatus says: "This makes the native expensive in his habits, subjects him to envy and malice from his enemies, and sometimes seriously menaces his personal affairs." These influences become active on particular years, when the Sun or Moon form angular aspects with the planet Mars in the horoscope.

We shall omit details touching the major events in life, signified by the shifting planetary positions in the horoscope, inasmuch as we are quite familiar with Mr. Peebles's history

in an independent way; but would briefly state that an astrologer who does not know him would say that eventful years and chief turning points occurred in the years 1843, 1847, 1851, 1860, 1866, 1870, 1877, 1894, and 1897. In a general way, the events that fell in 1870 will be repeated in 1897, as the Moon will then again form a conjunction with Uranus and Neptune. This will be the third time such a conjunction has been formed in his horoscope,—once in 1843; again early in 1870; and now again in the spring of 1897. These coincide with the most radical changes, and especially with long and pleasant journeys.

We do not venture to predict the year of Mr. Peebles's prospective transition; but when the "angel of change" comes his way, he will not be likely to tarry long. In the late autumn of 1898, and during the entire year of 1899 he will need to guard his health with particular care. Two eclipses will fall in June, 1899, the first solar, and the other lunar, and both will strike sensitive points in his natal figure, which will increase the danger of apoplexy, paralysis, or of some sudden collapse. But if this period can be tided over, there is no apparent reason why Mr. Peebles may not survive far beyond his eightieth year.

In the late autumn of 1897 Dr. Peebles sent us an astral reading of himself by "Hazelrigg," of New York City. A note accompanied it which read,—

"I never saw this man,—he never saw me, and he is not a Spiritualist, so I hear."

As this "reading" was from a figure calculated to the same hour and date as the one given above, we give it a place in these pages.

"106 E. 23d St.,

"New York, Nov. 26, 1897.

"J. M. Peebles, Esq.,

"Indianapolis, Ind.

"DEAR SIR: At the hour of your nativity the celestial sign Sagittarius was rising, with Capricorn intercepted in the eastern angle, and Libra culminating. Your significator, or ruling

planet, is, therefore, Jupiter, though Saturn, the lord of Capricorn, is an important factor in your destiny, as well as the mystic Uranus, who was rising in your house of life, in a movable or cardinal sign. This has brought you a life of many changes, journeyings of an extended character, and has contributed to your mind that restlessness and independence which chafes under the bonds of conventionality,—an ever-reaching out into the mystic Beyond, into realms far beyond the conception of the ordinary mind. Your nature is frank, open, honest, with the courage of your convictions, ambitious of doing and achieving, not so much in respect to the fruits of such action as to the imperative demands of a sympathetic temperament.

“It is possible for you to show two very different characters, one external and the other internal, being both bold, reckless, and daring, and at the same time very sensitive, impressional, and reticent. You often show a certain nervous irritability, which results from no apparent cause; but which in reality is the outcome of a feeling of restraint and is caused by your double nature coming into play at one and the same time. You are one who frets exceedingly in unsympathetic surroundings, though your nature would otherwise tend to hopefulness, joyousness, and even to youthfulness. Your sense of justice is very keen, and harshness to others would amount to a personal injury in your case. Your instincts are naturally humanitarian, and above all things you delight in independence, and would sacrifice everything rather than be under restraint. You are a friend of peace, truth, and justice, and seldom engage in strife without good cause. Your nature is complex and difficult to gauge. You like controversy. You are usually apt and clever in conversation, eloquent, with a natural fondness for theology and spiritual subjects; sometimes visionary, and frequently reclusive and fond of study and research. Your passions are numerous and ardent, but controlled by reason. You are quiet and reticent in the presence of strangers, but forcible and eloquent among friends.

“Your chart is not fortunate from a financial standpoint,

and I dare say you have passed through periods when the wherewithal has been a problem difficult of solution. Much good in this direction, which would otherwise have been realized, has invariably had deterrent influences to mar it. Thus, your Sun in connection with Jupiter in your 42d year, should have brought you much financial as well as worldly preferment. Saturn at the same time was transiting your mid-heaven, and prevented your realizing the full extent of the beneficence promised. Your life has been replete with things of a striking or marvelous character. You have had your ups and downs in swift alternation. There are some indications of benefit through a legacy. Gain is shown chiefly, however, through your own industry and enterprise.

“Disturbances in domestic life are shown, with more than one matrimonial union. Partnerships of any character, business or domestic, have proved inimical to you, both as regards felicity and finance. Much honor is indicated through Venus, ruler of mid-heaven, dignified in the sign of Pisces, in conjunction with Mercury. This is favorable for literary celebrity, and shows highly political and ideal instincts.

“Saturn, transmitting your mid-heaven in the fall of '93, the ensuing winter was not fortunate for you, though September and the early part of October of that year brought you something favorable. I do not know whether you can recall this, but I find it indicated in Saturn's fortunate aspect with the Sun at that time, though it was followed in by something not quite so good. June of that year was unfortunate, Saturn squaring both your Mercury and Uranus. Uranus formed this same unfortunate aspect in the summer of 1886. Mercury at present in favorable conciliation with Saturn shows fortunate for all matters of a mercurial character, literature, public speaking, mental pursuits, etc., while the Moon's recent passage over your ascendant coincides with your extended journeying. The new year is marked quite fortunate for you. Your Moon forms a good aspect with the radical Saturn in March, indicative of business gain, popularity, credit, and esteem, new friends, and the mind unusually serious, austere,

and contemplative; a good period for the furthering of metaphysical problems. June will be a most felicitous month for you in the home, or in dealing with the public, preferment of some character being indicated. Should you contemplate any important publication, it will be well to postpone it to that month, as an issuance at that time would bring you and any such work great popularity. These good influences extend throughout the summer and into the fall. In the early part of December, however, you come into a critical period as regards your health. Your Moon will form the conjunction of Uranus in your house of life, an evil opposition to Mercury, who rules the mansion of health, while Saturn will transit an evil opposition of your Sun, who rules the eighth, or the house of death. Mars at the same time will be transiting your eighth, in evil quadrature with Saturn's progressive place in the fourth (the grave). I leave you to form the deductions. It is not my custom to touch upon the *terminus vite*, but you are ready for such, besides any individual who has Mars in the eighth house, as in your chart, is devoid of fear as regards the 'Grim Monster.' Guard your health at the period mentioned, and though the warning may not be justified, have all your affairs in such shape as you would like to have them.

"You have well earned the reward which awaits you on the other side.

"Very sincerely,
"Hazelrigg."

"All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

— *Longfellow.*

To the "voices of the stars" we will add a few character sketches from psychometric, mediumistic, and phrenological standpoints.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, so well known in the early history of Spiritualism as a speaker and writer of rare ability, gave the following psychometric reading:—

"Mr. Peebles's leading characteristic is, perhaps, *individu-*

ality. He is independent in thought and speech; condemns cowardice and jealousies without stint: he commends where he can, never looking to see which way the tide is setting, or waits public approval. But he is quite willing that others should live their lives, if principles are not compromised. He is orderly, generous, social, mirthful, and a great lover of the beautiful. In personal appearance, he is tall, straight, of slender form, brown hair, blue eyes tending to hazel, his face is of Roman mold: his teeth faultless. He dresses with great care, avoiding alike the dandy and the sloven. . . . He is tall and slim as a May-pole; as fair and frail as a delicate woman. Consumption looks him in the face occasionally; but, by sailing the world half round, he has eluded the unwelcome phantom. But, after all, the mistake might have been in putting the right soul into the wrong body. Spirit-wise, Mr. Peebles is a mountaineer. He is calm in a storm, laughs at the lightning, and listens to the thunder as a friend to friend. His thoughts, like mountain-streams, gush forth with freshness, music, and originality. If he is a thought-borrower, his benefactions are the ferns, the dewy mosses, the wild flowers, the cloud-crowned hills, and green valleys of his native State. I said to my soul while listening to him, Emerson had this very man in his mind, when he said,—

“‘In your heart are birds and sunshine; in your thoughts the brooklets flow.’”

In 1858, J. M. Spear, entranced, gave Mr. Peebles the appropriate title of the “*Elucidator*;” because his “mission is to catch and elucidate thoughts, ideas, and principles.” In 1867, at Blue Anchor, N. J., Mr. Spear gave him another reading, discovering material changes in his spiritual organism during the interim of about ten years:—

“The elements of reconciliation is just coming into the bud state. It will so open that you will be able to reconcile apparent opposites, and to show the relation which disapprovals must and do bear to approvals, and how a course of the opposites helps open up into the divine and highest action. You admire woman, love children, and worship God in nature.”

In the trance condition, Mr. Spear also advised him to labor in the sphere for which he was then best fitted,—“the ministry of reconciliation,”—to harmonize the belligerent forces of Spiritualism, and in social and political life. Travel he must in the Old World, to study institutions, and trace the civilizing relations of nations,—to be no longer a nationalist, but a cosmopolitan. And here stands a prophecy:—

“At a later period, you will have your chair in a contemplated college, where, by your elucidative and reconciliative power, you will become a teacher especially adapted to young women from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. There will be your forte. You are therefore in process of culture for this closing labor of your life.”

In 1869, Mrs. S. A. Waterman of Boston, dating from the magnetism of the superscription on his letter, under spirit influence, gave Mr. Peebles a very lucid delineation, indicative of rare mediumistic powers and appreciation of a true life.

Being in Providence, R. I., in 1860, lecturing on Spiritualism, he one evening attended a popular course of lectures on Phrenology, by O. S. Fowler, who, at the close, permitted the audience to select individuals for examination, when Mr. Peebles, then a stranger to the professor, was loudly called to the platform, with results afterward written as follows:—

“You, sir, have an organization of mark, and can hardly fail to be a man of mark.

“Your largest single organ is firmness; are well nigh obstinate; would be quite so, but that large *caution* enables and disposes you to judge wisely before you decide, but, once decided, are like the laws of the ‘Medes and Persians.’ So be sure that ‘you are right before you go ahead;’ for you can turn your attention to almost anything but bargain-driving. . . . Are a practical skeptic; doubt everything until it is proved, and worship the Deity in nature, but not at all in *creeds* and *ceremonics*. Are eminently, even *pre-eminently*, *reformatory*, even radical. Have unbounded *benevolence*, and the greatest desire to do *good*, and make those around you *happy*. But, sir, your prayers are short. Are a first rate judge of *human*

nature; read a *man* right through; take your snap judgment of everything, of men included; do best on the spur of the moment; so 'take no thought what you shall say; for it shall be given unto *you*, in the hour thereof.' Are *logical, clear-headed*, good in *explaining, expounding*; especially good in arguing, by *ridicule*, and '*showing up*.' . . . Are terribly sarcastic, and will be one of the best *abused* and *praised* of men; for your enemies will hate you badly, and friends love you proportionately, even tremendously. Never stop; and, the greater the *obstacles*, the more determined you pursue your course: *obstacles only embolden you*.

"Have all the elements for becoming a soldier, and ought to be a commanding officer. I speak now of bravery, ambition, and endurance; would flinch at neither moral nor physical danger, but face them boldly: yet *moral courage* predominates. Are a most potential advocate of the *truth*; with you, *right and truth* are paramount. Are one of the *few* who dare to do their duty, and defy the *consequences*,—dare to speak right out. Are not naturally mercenary; have no regard for dollars and cents; should learn their value, and cultivate smallness. Ought to have a salary, so that you can graduate your expenses accordingly. Will be cheated every time you try to drive *bargains*. Ought to have an economical wife, and put the purse into her hands; for you are not fit to carry it. Can never 'Jew up or down;' have no commercial talents; could succeed in business only by intellect. Are infinitely better adapted to *intellectual life*; should be a professional man; ought to be a *speaker*. Have really superior *talents* for acquiring knowledge, and imparting it. Have fine descriptive powers; are a little too apt to overdraw your pictures,—I mean, are given to hyperbole; use very strong *expressions*; are versatile in talents."

James Burns, of London, England, in a philosophical dissertation upon climatic conditions as molding mind, writes in his excellent monthly, entitled "Human Nature," of July 1, 1870,—

"In America, we find a marked blending of the religious

views of the native Indian with the best parts of Aryan philosophy. The keen, natural intuitions of the red man, his monotheistic creed, and consciousness of the 'Great Spirit,' are engrafted upon the white man's culture and rationalistic tendencies; and, as a result, we have an improved combination of the primary and recent, the natural and attained, the intuitive and rationalistic, the spiritual and intellectual. And where do these influences come from? They have been derived from two sources: First, from the psychological influences impressed on the soil, atmosphere, and objects of the country by its former inhabitants, and unconsciously perceived and absorbed by the present population. Second, from the spirit-world, through the action of the spirits of the departed race upon those who this day occupy their places. We repeat, these considerations must become leading features in the investigations of ethnologists before the secrets of the wonderful transformations which are going on, and have taken place, among mankind can be accounted for. While anthropologists are merely physicists,—materialists,—they can only deceive themselves, and mislead the world. Their anatomical facts and incidental narratives are all good, so far as they go; but they are only children's stories and old women's fables, when compared with that form of knowledge which exposes the hidden causes from which objective phenomena proceed.

"We preface these remarks to a delineation of J. M. Peebles, as he is a well-marked example of the law we are endeavoring to point out. He is almost immediately descended from Scotch and English ancestors; yet, while he retains in the deeper strata of his character some of the features of both, but more particularly the Scotch, he very prominently exhibits peculiarities that belong to neither. The more we see of American mediums and Spiritualists, and the deeper we dive into their psychological experiences, the more are we impressed by the fact, that the unsectarian, natural, free influence of Indian spirits has much to do with the broad liberality and untrammelled love of spiritual truth which characterizes advanced Americans; and the work is yet going on,

intensifying from year to year. And, as new means of communications open up between the various countries of the earth, we shall behold a wider extension of this great principle of psychological action, which we believe is the great modifier of humanity.

“Your brain [speaking of Mr. Peebles] is exceedingly active. The organs are sharply developed, and few of them are in a dormant state. Your body is eminently fitted for action. It is the servant of the brain in every particular; and your bodily organs and passions are entirely under the control of the mind, and subservient to its highest behests. You are lacking in vitality; you do not love life sufficiently for its own sake. Physical wants and animal necessities are disregarded by you; and you are entirely removed from the sphere of sensuous pleasure and animal indulgence. You have scarcely sufficient lung power, or arterial blood; but your peculiar temperament enables you to derive more from spiritual than physical sources. You do not feel the want of these deficiencies of the vital apparatus in the same degree as others would of a grosser temperament. Your nervous system is excellently harmonized and balanced by your locomotive apparatus, which is long in development, and exercises much power of equilibrium over your exceedingly excitable nervous system; hence you can expend all your nerve power in useful acts, and are inclined to be busy, continually carrying your thoughts into action, and doing a great deal of work with a very little wear and tear.

* * * * *

“The social organs are very fully marked. This region of the brain is indicative of the feminine type. You have all the feelings of a mother, and, as it were, take a maternal interest in those with whom you come in contact. Your affections are more of the domestic than social type; hence you take everybody with whom you sympathize into the close relationship of brotherhood, and take a real interest in all with whom you become acquainted.

* * * * *

“ You are very considerate toward woman. You harmonize with her spirit very truly, and can influence the female mind quite favorably, if it is on the same plane as your own. You are capable of making many female friends.

“ Industry and promptness are striking characteristics. You are always busy, and can not waste time, or take sufficient rest. You would be better with more hardness and aggressiveness of character, to resist encroachments and protect self. Were it not for the fact that you have very little to fear and restraining power generally, you would not have sufficient resolution to accomplish the work of your life; but your mind is free from apprehension or fear; hence you can advance with very little friction.

“ You are exceedingly deficient in that which leads to policy, equivocation, and suspicion. You are too open and unguarded. You have moral forethought, which keeps you straight with your conscience. You likewise manifest that quality of reserve and depth of mind which keeps you from opening up your character at once to the greater number of those you meet with; hence, though familiar with many, they may not know you thoroughly, because of a certain delicacy which restrains you from manifesting yourself beyond the limits of strict propriety.

* * * * *

“ You are naturally proud and elevated, and conduct yourself with dignity and manliness; but you are somewhat deficient at times in self-reliance, and like to have a positive companion with whom you can associate and take counsel.

“ The summit of your character culminates in your great integrity and stability of moral principle, perseverance, and sense of duty; though you may, for a moment, feel absorbed in individuals, and apparently succumb to their opinions, yet you maintain a fixed inflexibility of purpose.

“ You are not one of those circumspect people, who make every day of their life accord with the others; but you are ready to renounce everything you profess, if your discoveries of truth indicate such a course. You never try to be consistent.

* * * * *

“You feel as if too much of the success of the world’s struggles depended upon yourself and upon your works. Thus you do not enjoy so much spiritual beatitude and divine fellowship as you find pleasure in doing the work and promoting the interests of humanity. Your benevolence is exceedingly large and active: your sympathies are susceptible, almost to an abnormal extent. You can not come within the sphere of necessity without feeling it as your own. Yours is the spirit of the true philanthropist.

“You have a prophetic and intuitive perception of the course of things, which leads you on when your want of faith and hope would cause you to flag, and give up the contest. Your mind is looking forward and backward at the same time. You see very clearly the relations between the past and the future; and the present is to you a sphere of progressive activity.

* * * * *

“Ingenious and versatile, you can readily turn your attention to a great variety of subjects. You have much taste and literary ability; and, as the inspirational faculty is very active, you readily find material to cover the necessities of your case. You gather knowledge accurately and to the purpose; and, having great power of recollection, you have an inexhaustible fund of literary matter to fall back upon. You readily distinguish special features of thought, and can make your selections according to your requirements.

* * * * *

“Your love of music and desire for harmony is intense.

“You are a great chronologist. Your sense of time, and your ability to determine the relative dates of events, is good. Thus you are historical, and can mark epochs and the lapse of eras almost intuitively. You are also a traveler: you love to peregrinate, and visit the various parts of the world to collect their mental products. You do not notice so much the phenomena of nature as you do those of mind. Your mechanical skill takes a mental form; and you readily sketch out a subject as a builder would a house, and see all the adjustments

of your work. Your sense of perspective, order, and arrangement are very good; and there is an exquisiteness and artistic beauty about your speeches and literary works.

“Your command of language is moderately good; but there is a greater fund of matter than there is a specialty of words in which to clothe it.

“Feminine and eminently spiritual in temperament, you are, from brain development, constituted to view spiritual and religious subjects from the secular or humanitarian side. Thus, while your inspirations are intensely religious and spiritual, your method is for truth against priestly devices, and favorable to the unity of all human interests.”

VIII

MEETS A NOTED SENSITIVE

“Thou Who madest all things,
Give each its place to be;
And its life is lived most truly,
When lived most true to Thee.

“All live in Thy great circle,
All in Thy being meet;
And great and small are needed
To make the whole complete.”

During his stay in Battle Creek Mr. Peebles came in social contact with a young man for whom he subsequently formed a friendship, which constituted a very important chapter in his life history,—a friendship, moreover, which elicited much comment and criticism from the members of the society over which he presided. The name of this young man was E. C. Dunn. At the time he was first brought under Mr. Peebles's notice he was generally recognized as an abandoned and dissolute character, a frequenter of the circus and an acknowledged leader of the dissipated classes.

His early history was grimly romantic. His birth was obscure, and while yet quite a lad he was stolen by a horde of bandits, and carried to their retreat in the great “Black Swamp,” of Ohio, to serve as their spy and chore-boy. Their business was to steal horses, forge money, and pillage the country generally. Active and clownish, intelligent and shrewd, he soon learned and excelled in all their tricks. He was schooled in the arts of joking, gambling, and forgery. Poor boy! he was not responsible for his early associations. When these fierce men scattered, he connected himself a while

with a band of traveling minstrels, and was a perfect adept in exciting the crowd, and procuring money. For two summers after, he was a circus-boy and ventriloquist. Educated at these popular colleges of vice, he became a "wild, gay, rollicking, good-hearted, demoniac, affectionate, fast young man." Having served such an apprenticeship, satiated with wandering, he settled down in Battle Creek.

Some time in the winter of 1858, Prof. I. Stearns visited Battle Creek, and commenced a series of popular lectures on Psychology. The interest increasing, this quizzing youngster, taking the world to be "a grand humbug," proposed to his coadjutors, that, the pending evening, he would "explode the whole thing;" and the programme was mapped out accordingly. He was to go on to the stand, the boys backing him, and feign magnetic sleep for a while, and then betray the professor.

When all was ready, he stepped to the platform with an air of resolution, and, facing the vast crowd, gave the boys the wink. The professor scanned him a moment, and ordered him off, stating that he wanted to experiment with his old subjects, whom he required to be immediately seated. Young Dunn gave the wink, so well understood, and took a seat with the rest. The professor ignored him entirely.

"But why not try me, sir?"

"Because I have a sufficient number without you."

"As I expected; you are a humbug,— you dare not try me."

"Sit down here, young man."

The operator made a few passes, and ordered him to close his eyes, exclaiming, "You can not open them!" They were, indeed sealed, and all the efforts of Mr. Dunn to open them were fruitless. He was then put through a variety of performances — made to hunt, jump the rope, fish, dance, and ride a broomstick for a horse. Presently he began to behave in a strange fashion, both unlike himself and quite foreign to the psychological influence of Professor Stearns. When the Professor shouted, "All right!" there was no response. Another influence had possession. In a moment he was in a "fit,"

or a species of trance peculiar to disorderly mediumship. His hand moved as if he would write, and a paper and pencil were placed before him, when he dashed off a sentence bottom side up. Mr Peebles stepped forward and read:—

“ I was killed on the Great Western Railroad, near Hamilton, C. W., a few hours ago. I have a wife and two little children in Buffalo.

“ JOHN MORGAN.”

Next morning the papers contained news of the accident, and two days later additional details were published in which occurred the name of “ John Morgan ” as among the killed.

Presently Mr. Dunn became more calm and seemed to be dominated by another influence, which beckoned Mr. Peebles to come forward again, when the influence said with much earnestness through the lips of the medium:—

“ We want you to invite this young man into your study to-morrow, when we will entrance him; and the object shall be made known to you. Have no fear.”

Upon recovering consciousness the young man appeared to be in a half-dreamy state. No significant glances were cast toward his companions. He had been intromitted into a new world of experiences, and he was half bewildered with the strange scenery which confronted him at his sharp, mysterious turn in his path of life. Mr. Peebles grasped his hand cordially, and addressed him kindly: “ You have a good head; you can make a man of yourself. Your traits are sympathetic and sensitive, and you are capable of acquiring true nobility of character.” Again and again he pressed his hand and tried to make him realize the influence of a disinterested regard for his soul's welfare. This was all new and strange to him, and though the inner chords were touched and vibrating with a sweet and nameless melody, the old companionships and force of habit made him outwardly suspicious. Dr. Peebles publicly invited him to call at his house the next day.

As the morrow came the old accustomed habits and mental states began to reassert themselves in this mediumistic temperament, and Mr. Dunn failed to meet his appointment at Mr.

Peebles's house. Mr. Peebles sought him in a grist mill where he was working, and asked him with great earnestness why he did not come. The young man was embarrassed and stammered out some trivial excuses about work. Finally Mr. Peebles induced Mr. Dunn to go on a walk with him, and improved this occasion to get more into his heart and confidence, making no allusion to his antecedents.

A few days later Mr. Dunn attired himself as best he could with his coarse garments, and knocked at the door of the man he almost dreaded to see. Mr. Peebles met him most cordially, and soon succeeded in making him feel at ease. As he passed the pictures and library in his study he felt the thrill of strange emotions, for it was indeed a new world to him. He had not been seated long when he passed into the trance state.

“ So gaze met gaze,
And heart saw heart, translucent through the rays,—
One same harmonious, universal law,
Atom to atom, star to star, can draw :
And mind to mind swift darts, as from the sun,
The strong attraction and the charm is done.”

A spirit then addressed Mr. Peebles as follows:—

“ I am a stranger to you, but not you to me. My name is Aaron Nite. My birthplace was Yorkshire, England. I departed this life when nineteen, and have been in the spirit-world about two hundred and seventy years. No fame attached itself to my career; but my ancestors were in high repute. My brother, Rev. James Knight, was a distinguished clergyman of the English Church. Some time hereafter, I will tell you of my present beautiful surroundings,—of the River Ouse, St. Mary's Abbey, York Minster, the old rocks, lawns, and hunting-grounds.

“ We have at last brought about this meeting of yourself and medium. Organically, he is mediumistic. His tricks and athletic exercises were aided by spirits on his plane. Through the psychological power of Professor Stearns, he was thrown into our sphere; and we have now a partial control. He is

susceptible of great improvement. We place him in your care, Be a father and elder brother to him on the earthly side; educate him; lift him up; he will stand by you in your old age; and many blessings will return to you."

Then a beloved sister of Mr. Dunn, who went to the spirit life when he was an infant, took control and pleaded with Mr. Peebles to be a faithful guardian to her "dear brother," whose feet she had long striven to conduct to some safe haven. In the presence of those ministering spirits, Mr. Peebles solemnly pledged himself to be to the young man a friend, a helper, a father, confident that he possessed redeeming qualities, and that the latent nobility might be evoked and that his life might be made immensely serviceable to mankind.

But in making these benevolent and worthy resolves, Mr. Peebles did not sufficiently measure the persistence of hereditary bias, nor the tremendous force of acquired habit and early associations. His moral fortitude was early put to test. Obsessing influences occasionally gained access to this poorly defended organic citadel, and made high carnival therein a good portion of the time. The new resolutions to reform the life were backed by a feeble will. The natural gravitating tendency was toward evil, and the resolutions to live a clean and upright life were shattered on the first temptation. Those good resolutions could no more be kept than those of the confirmed drunkard, who oft renews the promise to quit his cups. Moral stamina was lacking. He was like a weather-vane, swayed by every passing breeze,— a finely-strung instrument, thrummed upon by any passer-by, having no self-determining purpose to order his own life. He was often reckless. Many a time did this "spiritual father" sigh and weep over those unfulfilled promises; till, at length, he entered serious complaints against the spirits having the medium in charge, declaring, that, "were I a spirit, I would *compel* this young man to desist from such practices!" Then, in one of those deep trances, Mr. Peebles would get a lecture that always made him half ashamed of his own littleness and want of charity and of faith in God. Those wise, calm angels would say to him:—

“Remember, Friend Peebles, how much better were your early associations in life than those of this young man. Had your lot been cast in the same channel as his, over which you could have had no control, consider what might now be your character. He has his failings in one direction, and you yours in another direction. Who shall judge between you, as to moral worth? Measure his early advantages: measure yours. Are *your* garments all clean and white? Were your eyes open, you would discover as great distinction between an angel’s robe and yours, as between yours and the medium’s. Though *you* should sink into pollution, we will never forsake you. If you would have an angel lead you, be an angel to this young man.”

Such lectures, breathing a divine charity, melted the proud man to a meditative silence, awakening the holier emotions of the soul; when he would rise from such communion a wiser and broader-minded man.

One night, being at Hastings, Mich., in the beautiful home of Dr. Russell, the medium became clairvoyant. Far in the distance, he saw a star of intense brilliancy, magnifying and approaching him. When nearer, it widened out in the form of a cross with golden and silvery colors, held in the hands of an Italian spirit, who gave his name as *Perasee Lendanta*, and threw a magnetic, flowering wreath around his neck, saying:—

“In this, we emblemize the soul sympathy, uniting spiritual father and son in a lifelong fellowship. Walk hand in hand, thus encircled, and nothing shall separate you.”

When a mortal, or immortal, is quickened for a higher life, the consciousness of defect is most painful. The holiest angels have a soul agony inexpressible, when they discover in their affections the least stain; and rest not till it is bleached out by reform. Light only reveals darkness. So with our “chosen vessel.” Heavenly inspirations burned down into his soul, awakening a moral torture, followed by weeping.

“O Mr. Peebles!” he would say, “I am a poor, miserable fellow, not fit to be associated with you: your loftiness of character shames me.” Then a warm hand grasped his, and

another rested in benediction upon his head, with words so like the man, "No, my Charlie boy, you are not a bad fellow at heart, not a devil; you are my brother. Your tears are tests of virtue, capacity, and promise."

"There are poems unwritten, and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard,—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives,
Poems unnoted, and hidden away
Down in souls, where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold;
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us,
Written on lives all in letters of gold."

The following private letter to young Dunn, written about this period of his spiritual growth, is an index of paternal care and affection, breathing sentiments most encouraging to us all:—

"*My Dear Brother*,— For some reason, unknown to myself, I feel inspired to write you this morning. Nothing else can I think of. This thought comes to my mind: the certainty of success if coupled with effort, and directed by *wisdom*. You or I may choose any honorable calling in life, and we are certain of success, though that success may be reached only through poverty and thorny paths. Rogers, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, reached their success through a martyr's fire; Jesus, through the *tears* of Gethsemane to the crown of thorns; Howard, and Payne, the author of the song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' through persecution and poverty. Often what we, in our childishness, call success, is *defeat*. Ease, wealth, luxury, praise, flattery, are all guideboards on the road of defeat, and sometimes disgrace added thereto. Were there no ocean storms, there would be no skillful sailors. One of the grandest truths Jesus uttered to his discouraged disciples is this: 'He that

would *lose* his life shall *save* it.' You may have often asked yourself: 'Shall I succeed?' If you do not, with your exalted spirit circle, the fault will be entirely your own. No power in the universe can put me down but myself. Enemies can never defeat us. They often benefit us, by holding up our faults to public gaze: thus seeing them, they disgust us; and we forsake the wrong. The worst real enemies we have are within our own nonunfolded natures. Hence, he that conquers himself is greater in the eyes of angels than he who conquers cities, or wears kingly crowns. Accordingly, what are frequently termed defeats are eternal victories, and are so registered in heaven. Saplings would like to be oaks, without the pressure of wintry winds or snows. I have wished to stand on John's plane, without treading the rugged road of study, effort, and self-sacrifice that have made him an angel; but how childish the wish! Your dear angel guide, you know; in me, too, you will ever find a brother's hand, a brother's heart, and a brother's love, joying in your joys, and weeping in your tears. Added to these, my soul's desire is that you may ever have the approbation of your own conscience in every thought, plan, deed, act.

"Yes, Charlie, you will certainly succeed in every worthy undertaking of life. Every good deed done, every virtuous and beautiful seed sown, will surely germinate and ripen. I shall succeed, even though I walk through peril, poverty, and persecution. Then let us take heart, and be happy. 'We walk the wilderness to-day; the promised land to-morrow.'

"Good morning, brother,

"J. M. PEBBLES."

When it was generally known that Mr. Peebles had chosen young Dunn for his traveling companion as a medium in the ministry, there was a great cry against him in fashionable circles: "Your master eateth with publicans and sinners!" The Orthodox spoke of it very eloquently, trying to weep big tears, but failed, saying,—

"What a shame! — Well, he's a Spiritualist! the legitimate fruits of his teachings,—scapegoats and harlots for company!"

Even some of his own friends, catching the contagion, apprehensive that Spiritualism might react into disgrace, warned and entreated him "not to make so much of that medium." His prompt reply was,—

"I am pledged to stand by him till death; and all the powers in earth and hell can not sever this sympathy. It is spiritual and will be abiding."

The pupil now earnestly entered upon a new mode of life, and though the "flesh was weak," his spirit had caught a glimpse of better things, and so he struggled bravely to walk the rugged path which winds up the steep ascents into a purer air. His angel guides stood as helpers, strengthening all good resolves, sounding notes of warning when temptation assailed; but they exercised no arbitrary restraint over the young man's life. If redeemed at all, the redemption must come through liberty. They sometimes mortified him — for he was excessively vain — and they indirectly baffled him in many of his impolitic schemes. Mr. Peebles heartily entered into cooperation with the arisen teachers, and exercised over his charge all the fatherly care and solicitude which any parent could extend toward an erratic son.

For many years Mr. Peebles had suffered from weak lungs, one of which was nearly wasted away, leaving a considerable cavity in his chest. Consumption had unmistakably set her seal upon him. About this time young Dunn became subject to the control of a band of "healers," chief of whom was Powhattan, and through their magnetic art his lungs were comparatively restored, and his wonderful system renovated into vigorous action. Those healing spirits turned his dial back more than ten degrees, and promised him a "long pilgrimage on earth lands."

Powhattan had control of the medicine bags, and used the medium's right hand (in a trance state) to select the right kind of medicine, giving Mr. Peebles directions in preparing it for the patient. The woods, fields, and gardens were their laboratories.

“The silent ministers of healing crowd
 About the broken heart and spirit bowed,
 To stay the bleeding with immortal balm,
 And still the cries with wings of blessed calm;
 Out of the old death make the new life spring,
 Our earthly, buried hopes take homeward wing;
 And, to each blinding tear that dimmed our sight,
 They give a starrier self,— a spirit of light.”

Powhattan named Mr. Peebles “*Preach.*” One night he was quite ill; when this Indian, always on the alert, ordered medicine.

“Take times (three fingers), once great dark” (midnight).

Mr. Peebles objected, stating he could not wake at that hour.

“Me risk,” was the reply: “me wake you,” ordering him to put his watch on the table.

Just at midnight broke forth a voice, “*Preach! Preach! !* up get: time by the tick thing.”

Rousing, he at first thought he had been dreaming; when it spoke again in his wakeful consciousness,—

“Up get, Preach! tick thing, time up. *Preach!*”

Taking the medicine in hand, he drank a toast to the faithful spirit, and in a moment was locked in —

“Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

During the healing and lecturing peregrinations, the uniform custom was, after retiring, to have the spirits entrance the medium. “Be not disturbed,” said the spirits: “we know our own business.” Perfectly entranced, this medium would leave this physical form except by an invisible silver chord flickering over the silent body, Mr. Peebles holding the pulseless hand, the meantime deeply anxious lest death might rob its tenant. The spirits, taking the medium to lower planes, would teach him lessons of warning, and thence higher, into medical temples, instructing him in the laws of spiritual science and better modes of healing.

The true spiritual teacher is a physician of souls. The leaf is nourished by the root; so is the spirit world by our healthful conditions. The body is the crystal of spirit. Heal at the life springs. Bring the balm of an angel's love. This healing band, in cases of obsession, scattered the dark influences, regenerated the self-abandoned, brought wandering spirits into light. Being at Port Huron, Mich., Mr. Peebles was introduced to Dr. Hawkins, healing spirit for Dr. S. D. Pace, a successful physician, who purposely permitted several suicides to control him, that Mr. Peebles might address them from the earthly side to which they gravitated. With words of hope, tenderly he alluded to their early days under the paternal roof, to the moral uses of temptation resisted, closing with these words, "If you would be angels, you must seek to make others angels." They listened; and how hallowed was their joy!

The curative agencies for obsession are thus happily delineated by Mr. Peebles in one of his late pen productions:—

"Kindness and firmness, aspiration and self-reliance, pleasant physical, social, and mental surroundings, with gentle harmonizing magnetic influences from circles of exalted spirits, through noble, pure-minded media,—these are the remedies. Speak to the obsessing intelligences as men, brothers, sisters, friends; reason with them as members of a common Father's family; and at the same time, demagnetizing the subject, bring a healthier, purer magnetism, and calmer, higher, and more elevating influences to the patient's relief. This was Jesus' method; it should be ours."

Throughout his public career our brother has extended sympathy, charity, and helpful counsel to all who have appealed to him in their sorrow. He has a tender, forgiving heart, and an unflinching faith in the innate goodness of the human nature. He has never hesitated to minister to the least and lowest for redemptive purposes. He saw no reason why he should refuse to succor the outcast, counsel the wrongdoer, lift up the falling, mingle his tears with the sorrowing, and extend hope to the despairing, since the Christ extended his compassionate pity to all these unfortunate ones. There

is "joy in Heaven" when an erring mortal is reclaimed. The Infinite tenderness extendeth to every creature. None were abandoned of God. So our brother, when he found this young man drifting toward the maelstrom of vice and crime, threw about him his protecting shield, reclaimed his life, and restored him to a form of manhood by which he has rendered some useful service in the world.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, now an influential and wealthy citizen of Rockford, Ill., is a member of the city council, and enjoying a vigorous old age.

"Men call me 'Love' when bending down
I kiss the tears from Sorrow's face,
And 'Mercy,' when I change the frown
Of judgment to a smile of grace;
They call me 'Justice' when I shift
The weak man's burden to the strong.
But 'Vengeance' when my earthquakes lift
The tidal waves that drown the wrong."

—*James G. Clark.*

IX

CALIFORNIA

“ Weary souls

By thee have been led up unto the fountains
Whence the deep tide of living waters flow,
And into that fair light of heavenly truth
Which like a blessed rainbow spans the future,
And bridges all the dark abyss of death.”

— *Fanny Green.*

In 1861, from overwork, physical and mental, Mr. Peebles was thin, pale, nervous, and troubled with bronchial difficulty and lung trouble. He had now toiled in Battle Creek nearly four years, and felt that he needed rest and recreation. He had long cherished a desire to see California, which to him was a land of undefinable charm,—the Western limit of the modern race processions. To him this land is where the beginnings and ends meet, for tradition declares that the great city of the great mankind once existed where the ocean now expands—that golden land where the modern New and the prehistoric Old clasp hands, and where, mayhap, the birth of a new series of expanding nations will be known. At all events, the soul of our brother was drawn hither. To California he must go, and straightway he commenced his preparations.

Upon the temporary suspension of his pastoral relations with the “ Free Church,” resolutions were passed, speaking of him as “ a true teacher,” having “ purity of life and honesty of purpose;” and prayers were breathed upon him amid tears that welled up from many hearts.

The Jeffersonian, a secular paper of Battle Creek, thus noticed his departure:—

“ While we part with him, it is our desire to say that few better persons are found in this mundane sphere than Mr.

Peebles and his amiable lady; for we know that this resolution on their part will effect a vacancy in our midst quite hard to be filled."

During his absence, his desk was supplied by such personages as Warren Chase, Benjamin Todd, Bell Scougal, F. L. Wadsworth, of whose labors he spoke with grateful credit.

Amid farewells and waving of handkerchiefs, he embarked for California, on New Year's, 1860, in steamer "Ariel," sailing from New York and going by way of the Isthmus of Panama. He passed through the Golden Gate, and landed in San Francisco, March 25, 1861. To him this was a new world, for the Western coast is entirely unlike the East, and there was manifest among the people a far greater freedom and independence than anything he had hitherto been familiar with.

The ocean voyage much invigorated him, though he suffered from seasickness and a slight hemorrhage. He said in a letter to *Clark's Spiritual Clarion*:—

"While suffering from seasickness, I felt my spirit friends continually around me; and how delightful the delicate touches of their fingers upon my forehead; their impressions how calming!

"Crossing the Isthmus of Panama, ideally reveling amid those groves of lemons, cocoas, and palms, I coasted the Pacific, recalling the words of Shelley,—

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an *angel* sit
Beside the helm, conducting it."

At San Francisco, he made himself known to Rev. A. C. Edmunds, editor of *The Star of the Pacific* (Universalist), who represented him as a "Universalist-Unitarian-Spiritualist," with encomiums as follows:—

"Mr. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., arrived in San Francisco on the 25th ult. (March, 1861), and is now temporarily tarrying in Sacramento. We bid him welcome to

California. He comes among us, not as the bearer of parchments from ecclesiastical associations, but as one divinely commissioned by the Father to speak the truth according to the measure of his understanding, imparted by the Spirit and the inspiration which the Fountain of Good has given to every man. We admire the platform of Brother Peebles, believing that every man should think and act for himself.

“ Bound to no party, to no sect confined,
The world our home, our brethren all mankind;
Love truth, do good, be just and fair with all;
Exalt the right, though every ism fall.”

Among the friends that greeted him, there were Judge Robinson, Senator E. H. Burton, V. B. Post and family; Fanny Green, the poetess, who addressed him burning words of encouragement in his reforms; and T. Starr King, the patriot and spiritualist Unitarian, received him with heart warm as the baptism of that semitropical clime.

Mr. Peebles wrote several valuable articles for *The Star of the Pacific*, in which he gave spiritual interpretation to Biblical lore, for the benefit of the Universalist community, with a view of converting some to “ a knowledge of the truth ;” and was also a correspondent of A. J. Davis’s *Herald of Progress*, in which he reported his spiritual experiences in California. Seeing the favorable notices in *The Star*, the Universalist papers of the Atlantic States reported him “ as preaching Universalism in California !” *The Chicago New Covenant* (D. P. Livermore) noticed him thus :—

“ Rev. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., formerly of our communion, and now advocating a phase of Spiritualism that in no way conflicts with Universalism, is to leave for California in November or December. He will probably locate at Sacramento. His first object is health ; that restored, he will resume preaching.”

“ The Universalist Companion,” a statistical pamphlet, said,—

“ The Rev. J. M. Peebles was preaching Universalist sentiments in San Francisco, by last advices.”

This fling, "by last advices," Mr. Peebles reviewed in a letter to *The Ambassador*.

"Advices and reports are unreliable just in the ratio of individual negligence and depravity. The millennium will be near when advices are correct, and men *report* what they positively *know*. . . . The phrase, 'preaching Universalist sentiments' is correct, allowing the Protestant's privilege of private judgment and free expression. So do Unitarians proclaim 'Universalist sentiments;' so do most of the Swedenborgian clergy; so do lecturers upon the Harmonial Philosophy; so do all spiritualistic mediums, whether normal or abnormal; so does Henry Ward Beecher, when in his highest and happiest pulpit moments: and what of it? Simply this: It demonstrates the moral growth of the race, and a general tendency of the thinking masses to embrace broader theological views, touching the attributes of God, the administration of the divine government, the soul's educational capacity, and the final destination of humanity; and certainly no enlightened Christian gentleman, especially of the liberal school, would forbid the casting out of devils; i.e., the evils and errors of old sectarian theology, though under other names than the one he may have seen fit to adopt."

Seeing favorable notices in Universalist papers, certain Spiritualists alleged he had renounced Spiritualism; and he drew the sword also on such. Writing to *The Herald of Progress*, he said:—

"Supposing I had, the sun would shine, the stars glisten, the world move,—truth would be truth, and bigots bigoted. No! I have not renounced Spiritualism, Universalism, Unitarianism, Quakerism, or rather the *truths* that underlie them; for each symbolizes a central truth; and all truths manifest the harmonic law of unity. Octave notes do not jar; nor does unripe fruits contradict the mellowed fruitage of autumn. There are a few one-idea, one-sided 'Spiritualists,' who can perceive no truth in the universe, unless christened *Spiritualism*; and they seem to think themselves heaven-appointed watchmen, to gruffly growl around, and guard their imper-

fectly conceived notion of that '*ism*.' It becomes a 'hobby;' and they ride the poor thing hoofless. I would as soon accept the teachings of Pius IX, or sectarian churchdom, as *authoritative*, as communications from the majority of spirits. Many of them are earth-bound and unprincipled. . . . Every thinker, given to meditation, will discriminate between *use* and *abuse*. To affirm there have been no abuses, no 'froth nor scum,' under the name of Spiritualism, manifests not only a most deplorable ignorance and imbecility, but the very quintessence of impudence. . . . I am indebted to spirit intercourse for my knowledge — I say *knowledge* — of immortality, the location of the spirit world, the condition of the immortalized, the occupation of the loved gone before, and their progress toward the infinite. Those love messages that have greeted me from the thither side of death's peaceful river — messages from the angel world — I cherish above all price, and shall till I reach the sunny shores of that 'island home.' Still, I can be the exponent of no *ism*, to the exclusion of other and all great reforms that begin to glow upon the brow of this illustrious age."

California in those days well illustrated the slang phrase,— "The wild and woolly West." Society here was the very antipodes of New England Puritanism. Here the conventional restraints of Eastern civilization were quite effectually thrown off. Human nature rioted in this "happy hunting ground," the abode of "Manitou." What a wild and glorious nature was here spread out! The magnificent mountains and cañons, and waterfalls, and fertile valleys bordering the peaceful stretch of the calm Pacific waters; with neither heat nor cold, but just such weather as the angels might petition for in heaven. Here the morning and evening sun flings its glory on the brown raiment of the hills, and the Spirit of the seasons seems to rejoice as if a new springtime were here, which shall be the opening of a new cycle for mankind.

But these incipient arrivals from the restless, adventurous classes in the East but faintly prophesied the great Commonwealth that will eventually be built up on the Western Coast. This new population, suddenly released from the restraints of

the church and from woman's society, added license to its newly found liberty, and so gave almost unrestricted rein to the animal instincts. Of course, the saloon and the brothel were unfailing accompaniments of this societary state. What of our brother there? Commissioned a district deputy of the Good Templars,— a great temperance movement that he aided in organizing — he stormed the strongholds of Bacchus. The votaries of pleasure felt the force of his arrows, and by these he was unmercifully slandered and reproached. On the other hand he was warmly applauded for his valiant labors. He did not hesitate to take hold of the live questions of the hour, and declaim against popular vices wherever he found them presenting their hideous front. In no country was he ever charged with moral cowardice.

Traveling in coaches, steamers, and on mules' backs, among representatives from all human races, he lectured all up and down those mountain fastnesses; and his trumpet voice seems to be re-echoing in San Francisco, Sacramento, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Sonora, Santa Cruz, San José, Stockton, Montezuma, Jacksonville, Columbia, Auburn, El Dorado, Clarksville, Folsom, and other cities, villages, and mining districts. Speaking of his strange experiences there, he writes: —

“I have slept under the nightly sky, and the roofs of almost palatial mansions; have collected specimens for a choice cabinet; have descended into mining-shafts; visited vineyards, one Colonel Haraszthy's, containing five hundred acres, with three hundred and fifty thousand vines; and roamed amid the ruins of old adobe cathedrals, erected by the Spaniards long prior to the gold discoveries. I have met scores of noble souls; in brief, have been blamed and blessed, occasionally 'damned,' and quite often enough defied. Such is pilgrim life. Lights and shadows are indispensable to pictures. Our enemies work by inverse methods, to benefit us. Joseph's brethren, meaning evil, made him a hero. Perfection precludes progression and yet we ever meet self-voted saints, who, in their 'imputed righteousness' and excessive piety, are apt, as Artemas Ward says, to '*slop over.*' To

wit, a Tuolumne County editor, in October last, complimented me thus highly:—

“ A long-bearded, crack-brained fellow calling himself *Peebles*, has been edifying our citizens upon the new-fangled philosophy, that men sprang from trilobites and tadpoles; that ghosts range the earth, muttering through mediums; and that the salvation of the soul comes by lifting one’s self upward, regardless of the grace of God, the blood of the Lord Jesus, and church ordinances. . . . Such doctrines can only demoralize. Has not Stockton Lunatic Asylum recently lost an inmate? ”

Being invited to lecture up in the foot hills of the Sierra Nevadas,— a mining town ten miles from Stockton,— he mounted a small mule, and rode off with much dignity, his feet dangling near the ground, and his whole appearance so provokingly ludicrous that the miners shouted after him: “ There goes old Pilgrim’s Progress! Old Pilgrim’s Progress on a donkey! ”

A few extracts from private letters to confiding friends are the openings of an El Dorado in his very soul:—

“ SACRAMENTO, July 25, 1861.

. . . “ On the 4th of July, I delivered an oration in Yolo City, and made the Secessionists quite angry. Yet I do not justify the war. I am opposed to all war. It brutalizes men and nations, and places a low estimate on human life; arouses a degrading martial spirit in our children; inspires our youth to employ firearms; creates standing armies; increases taxation; rushes thousands prematurely into the spirit world, to say nothing of the widows’ groans and orphans’ tears. . . . All bloody wars are wrong; only dogs and animal men delight in blood, battle, and death. The devil can not cast out devils.”

“ COLUMBIA, CAL., Nov. 12, 1861.

. . . “ My California life is strange. Hundreds of miles among the mountain ranges have I wended my way on a Spanish horse, dispensing words of truth to the mountaineers, sometimes not paid a cent, and then again fairly remunerated.

In Sonora, they called me the 'Prince of Fools.' So goes the world with the reformer. . . . Only a few weeks since, I talked with a learned Chinaman upon theology and the sacred books of the Chinese. His name is Le Can. He made me ashamed of our boasted American civilization and religion, when we claim, as we have, that it is so superior to the ancients. I feel that I must travel in Oriental lands, to learn the rudiments of Spiritualism."

"CLARKSVILLE, CAL., Dec. 17, 1861.

"*My Brother, A. Smith*,—Thy very welcome epistle of September reached me after five weeks. It was thankfully received, and perused with a greedy gusto; for a friendly letter from a friend and brother is ever a wellspring of pleasure to my soul. Nellie's was so excellent, bearing the marks of inspiration, both *celestial and terrestrial*. My good letters I tie up in a package with a ribbon, now soiled with frequent handlings; and during these long evenings, I untie and reperuse them, and, for the time, live with *loved ones* far away: and my affectionate nature, tuned sensitively as the wind lute, alternately weeps or smiles. Human *hearts* are little known. Only the Infinite can sound their deeps of bitterness, count their pain throbs, plumb their wells of agony. Man is a strange entity. He only partially comprehends himself and his surroundings. Had you looked hither the 9th of December, three o'clock, P. M., you would have seen me in the city of Sacramento, numbering sixteen or eighteen thousand, upon a housetop, with the water rapidly approaching the edges of the shingles. There were twenty-two persons in the upper chamber. The whole city was flooded, the water ranging from four to twelve feet deep, caused by a three-days' rain and the bursting away of milldams, embankments, levees, etc. A million and a half of property and some lives were lost. My trunk, with contents, was submerged two days. I lost all my books and nearly all my manuscripts, lectures, etc., with a part of my clothes. But I have my *head* left me, and good *health*; so it will all end well. It made me a little sad for a few days. Oh, the charms of home and loved

friends! A ranger in foreign lands appreciates such. Well said the poet,—

“ Take the bright shell from its home on the lea,
And, wherever it goes, it will sing of the sea:
So take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved to the ends of the earth.’

“ I feel that my mission to this country has not been in vain.

“ I know that I have made some souls glad. . . . Poor Mrs. Munson (the trance speaker here), how much she suffered from slanderous tongues! She has since married Dr. Webber, and retired. Sorrowingly the poet sings,—

“ ‘ Many a friendship has been broken,
Many a family’s peace o’erthrown,
Many a bitter word been spoken,
By the slander-loving tongue.’ ”

About this time bereavement entered the home at Battle Creek. Already had the angels transplanted to their heavenly nurseries the three undeveloped buds of our pilgrim, too frail to bloom on earthly soil. Mr. and Mrs. Peebles thought an adopted child might live; so the Rev. J. R. Sage, a Universalist minister, made them the precious gift of his little son, Louie. While recuperating in California, news came that his boy had suddenly passed to the spirit world. He was nearly prostrated with grief, and mourned exceedingly over his loss.

“ Oh, I loved Louie!” said he.

“ So did we,” was the reply of the angel.

“ But he was necessary to my happiness.”

“ So he was to others.”

“ I had superior claims.”

“ You think so, brother? Where is your philosophy in the superiority of the spiritual over the material?”

“ I could have made him spiritual here.”

“Suppose it be proved that Louie’s departure is a mutual and eternal blessing?”

“But I loved him from my soul’s depths.”

“No doubt you did: the angels, however, loving him better, transplanted him into their heavenly gardens.

“‘The angels have need of these youthful buds
In their gardens so fair:
They graft them on immortal stems,
To bloom forever there.’

“Well, I go mourning over the world, now that Louie is gone.”

“Go mourning, O philosopher! to render him and you more unhappy? So many beautiful buds, flowering out on the immortal shore to prepare a paradise for you! So unhappy over it, child?”

This spiritual interview calmed him to silence, sweet as the night rest. Hear what he says in letters to friends, and note how the angel rules the human at the saddest of losses:—

“SACRAMENTO, CAL., MARCH, 1861.

“*Dear Mrs. Brown*, . . . I am sad, oh, so sad and tearful, to-night, Frances! None, however, see my tears. There may be something of pride in this; but I long ago resolved that no shadow upon my face should ever filch the sunshine from others. Why sad, do you ask? Aye, last week’s mail brought the tidings of the severe sickness and departure to the better land of our darling Louis,—a precious bud, transplanted to bloom in the garden of God. Oh, how I pity my poor wife! Lonely must she be without the echoes of his dancing feet, and the lyric cadence of his voice. He was a promising, a beautiful child of hardly ten summers, and the very idol of our hearts.

“This deep affliction will weigh heavily upon my wife. I shall hasten home on her account. Home! how many sweet associations cluster around the endearing word! Put me in my library room, and I’m happy; and yet, dearly as I love books, family, home, and home comforts, a divine voice is ever

saying to me, 'Go forth,—go among all nations; preaching the ministry of spirits, and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.' . . .

"Though gifted in intellect, Frances, you are equally sympathetic, and will readily understand the sorrow that will come over me like a cloud upon crossing my threshold in Battle Creek,—my wife glad to welcome me, gratified with my improved health, but mourning for Louis. It is all *well*. He has gone to join and become a companion of our own *three* dear little ones, who left the mortal ere earth's ills had tinged the gossamer of their spirit-garments with a single stain. Angels are their teachers; progress their eternal destiny. Oh, how blessed is Spiritualism in all the trying scenes of life! Would I had a thousand tongues to tell its glories and sing its praises! To its promulgation under the inspiration of a circling band of spirits, I have consecrated my powers, dedicated my life. So have you, and many, many other noble souls.

"Deeply do I sympathize with reform workers, lecturers, and *media*, negative and sensitized from the heavens. Oftentimes their sorrows are many, their joys few. Beautiful are the crowns that await them in the glorious hereafter.

"Were it not for the impaired health of my wife, and sudden departure of Louis, I should remain here at least a year, and do earnest missionary work in behalf of Spiritualism. I am stopping in an excellent family, Victor B. Post's; the spirits have named them 'Peace and Harmony.' These, with many other dear friends, entreat me to remain another year; but duty calls me home.

"I must tell you, by the way, that I have formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham; met her in the lunatic asylum, Stockton, Cal. She is the matron; and her brilliant, solid intellect, boundless benevolence, and deep comprehension of principles, charmed me. During several evenings, she read from unpublished volumes she is preparing,—read me select passages from Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' and several European poets. She told me she delivered the first lecture upon Spiritualism ever given in California.

She spoke highly of you, Mary F. Davis, and others of her sex laboring for woman and the great interests of reform. And, only think,— little, anxious, jealous souls, hardly worthy to unloose her shoe-latches, have tried to traduce this great, noble woman. Blessings upon her! I'm proud I ever clasped her hand, a prelude to abiding friendship."

" PETALUMA, CAL., Jan. 15, 1862.

" *Dear Charlie*,—Accept my thanks for the *love message* sent me from 'Louie' through you. Oh, the dear pet child, how I want to press him to my bosom upon my return home! You know, Charlie, that I am enthusiastic in my love nature; loving not only children, but music, flowers, and friends, almost to distraction.

"The news of Louie's leaving the earth life almost overcame me at first. I was not prepared for it; for I had just been to a mountain village, by stage, to preach a funeral sermon, had many gatherings in my ears, making me nearly sick; but I was sustained by two spirits, and made to feel that it was not only right, but '*all for the best*,' as my dear brother Nite says. I have heard from him through J. V. Mansfield, of Boston. Accept my thanks for the promise that I shall hear from Louie often through you. It will cheer me in my lonely pilgrimage along the Pacific coast."

"O ye waves and waters of beauty,
Gleaming like the white-footed of heaven;

.

And when we reached this lovely Fountain
We saw a Virgin with fair eyes;
Softer was she than the beam of morning;
Her smile was as the rose in summer.
She bathed our feet; she poured rich perfume
Over our hands and travel-soiled hair;
And when we rested she gave us sweet wine
And cakes of honey richer than ambrosia."

— *Enoch*.

Among the old friends and acquaintances whom Mr. Peebles met in San Francisco was Miss Fanny Green, to whom he had been introduced in the East by his old friend, Prof. S. B. Brittan. This lady was not only a gifted poet, but an inspirational and prophetic medium. His public work on the Coast for the time, being completed, he remarked to Miss Green while calling upon her, that he was about to return to his home and family in the States, and should probably never see this beautiful Sunset-land again. Quick as a flash she raised her head, her eyes glowing with inspiration and her face quite transfigured; she replied: "Yes, you will — certainly will return to this land of promise, and you will prosper by the coming. It is so ordered and ordained in the higher councils of wisdom. We have a poem for you from the inner life — a prophecy golden with promise." The next day near evening time the poem reached him by mail. Surely, there is a "divinity that shapes our ends."

Here is the prophetic poem: —

"Brother, farewell! Our love, our faith, our prayers,
Like white-winged angels, shall go forth with thee;
And if there is a spell in human hearts
That can control the elements, and bind
Belligerent forces, thou shalt be preserved,
And dangers that invade and trouble others
Shall turn aside from thee.

"Our blessings now
With lifted hearts and hands, we give to thee;
For like an angel walking by our side,
Near, yet exalted, thou hast ever been —
So bold and earnest, yet so kind and truthful,
That thy reproof more precious was than praise
From spirits less sincere. A wondrous power
Clothed all thy acts, and marked thy ministry.
The sullen dogmatist and narrow bigot
Shrunk out of sight and hid in their darkness,
Half blinded by the spiritual light
Thy presence pure evoked. And weary souls

By thee have been led up into the fountains
Whence the deep tide of living waters flow,
And into that fair light of heavenly truth,
Which, like a blessed rainbow, spans the Future,
And bridges all the dark abyss of Death.

“ We would not keep thee, for the sweet home voices
Are calling o’er the deep, and thou must go;
Then let our blessing speed thee on thy way;
But do not, in thy happiness, forget
Thy work is here unfinished. Day by day,
Night after night, the weary darkness groans
With all the wrong it covers. Yet there lies
Beneath it all a germ of heavenly power
That only waits the magic touch of light
To spring forth and assert its parentage.

“ Here, where the common earth is bountiful
Beyond the bounty of all other lands,
There must be spiritual life and thought
As deep and as magnetic. And this age
Will not have passed before there shall spring up,
On the Pacific Coast, a city fair,
From God’s divine ideal mapped and charted;
And unto it shall flow in streams of power,
And out of it shall issue tides of blessing,
That shall surmount all obstacles, and draw
All dark, diverging torments, into one
Deep, infinite of love, that shall enzone
The warring, weeping earth, and warm away
All clouds and coldness from the brightening air.

“And thou shalt come — forget it not, I pray —
With all thou lovest, to that city fair;
And as the golden gates wide open swing,
Angels shall chant thy welcome, and the band
Of glorious workers, that are one with thee,
Shall wait thy stroke upon the sounding anvil,
Where, if we faint not, we shall even yet
Unforge all human fetters, and transmute
The hard old iron into golden links

Of love and kindness that shall bind together
 Master and slave, the oppressor and the oppressed,
 The rich and poor, with such an equal power
 That none may richer, none may poorer be,
 And no one take beyond his proper share
 Of that divine and equal distribution
 Which Justice claims and mercy must accord."

This poem — at the present writing (1896)—is only partially fulfilled. It undoubtedly refers to San Diego, where our brother now has his home, at present a city of 20,000, the harbor landlocked and one of the finest in the world, the bay shimmering with silvery waters; surrounded, almost by gracefully waving palms, orange and lemon fields, olive groves, and with broad avenues lined with magnolia, eucalyptus, and pepper trees. Here the roses bloom perpetually, the foliage is ever green, and the golden oranges hang on the trees ten months in the year.

"Yet there lies beneath it a germ of heavenly power
 That only waits the magic touch of light
 To spring forth and assert its parentage."

According to more recent revelations, this refers to a hidden force left by a prehistoric race, which is now waiting to be evoked and joined with the new cyclic movement. The fulfillment may not be far off.



X

THE "CHAIN OF PEARLS"

"Have ye heard, have ye heard, of the angel of love,
Who, with glory of princess and grace of a dove,
Leaves her seraph abode in the sunsets of even,
Gathering pearls on earth for crowns in heaven,—
Have ye heard of this angel of love?"

— *Spiritual Pilgrim.*

After an absence of eighteen months in California — in the summer of 1862 — Mr. Peebles returned to his family and the scene of his regular labors in Battle Creek, with health recuperated, and with his experiences much enlarged touching the mental and spiritual needs of this various world.

When he stepped upon the stand to renew his ministerial labors, amid so many smiling faces, the choir sung two original songs, composed by Mrs. D. M. Brown, reviewing the departure and return:—

"We would welcome thee, our brother,—
Welcome thee from o'er the sea;
From the perils and the trials
That we know attended thee.
And we come, we come, to greet thee,
Safe returned from distant lands;
Feeling thy inspiring presence
Binds us close in friendship's bands.
And we love, we love, to welcome,
Welcome thee from distant lands."

This heart welcome with the people with whom he had labored four years was very grateful to him. During that eighteen months' absence he had written a chapter in his book of life. He had caught glimpses of the exuberant freedom of

a people suddenly brought in contact with the wild and rugged scenery of the far West. He had studied human nature under entirely different conditions, where the customary restraints were withdrawn. He had been very close to Nature's great heart and felt the pulsing tides of a new inspiration. A new page of Nature's volume had been opened to his inspection. Standing now before a congregation at once sympathetic and receptive, the relations of pastor and people were indeed very pleasant.

Our brother now felt that he was on the threshold of a most successful career of public labor; that his path was soon to become comparatively free from bowlders. He saw that the rank and file of the American population were breaking with the old creeds and drifting toward a more liberal phase of thought. He did not, however, fully measure the individualistic tendencies of this liberalizing power, or sufficiently take into consideration the fact that these forces would become divided into hostile camps; that bitterness, jealousies, criticism and recriminations would greatly mar the harmonious advance of free and independent thought. Nor did he realize to what extent Spiritualists would become divided among themselves on questions of marriage, evil spirits, re-incarnation, Christian Spiritualism, materialization, etc. Indeed, he has long since realized that he had much more to contend with inside than outside the ranks; that the principal thorns and bowlders he has encountered have been chiefly due to jealousies and criticisms from fellow-workers in the same common cause. And it will not be attempted to deny that a share of this has been directed toward our brother in consequence of his own independent mode of spiritual warfare. He wields a sharp and caustic pen, and gives pretty free latitude to his contempt for the persons and principles on the other side. But this is all a "paper warfare" so far as he is concerned. He never cherishes real hatred in his heart toward any mortal.

Mr. Peebles now sought to be put in direct communication

with his guides through his long-tried medium, E. C. Dunn. Now that his health was improved and his spiritual sensitivity much enhanced, he asked with much confidence whether his life line would not now be drawing toward more sunny paths. "I have been to California," he added, "under your approval. I have done my work there, have a more practical appreciation of human deeds, and have returned, as you see, quite vigorous and full of faith. What say you now? Are not matters altogether more promising?"

One of the members of his spirit band, Perasee Lendanta, had mentally forecast the trial-scenes rising in view, and showed them to his brother, Aaron Nite, then speaker for the silent band:—

"No, friend Peebles," said Mr. Nite, "your pathway is begirt with thorns, and jagged rocks will pierce your feet: your horoscope just before us is rough and stormy. We throw around your neck a chain of pearls,—pearls which reflect your life, your plans, thoughts, purposes, deeds. All things are dual. These spiritually reflect your outer life, as your spiritual sensorium reflects your inner life. Symbolically, you are chained by these beautiful pearls.

"A lady friend of yours, clad in robes of purity, known among us as 'Queen of Morn,' and in your world as 'Madame Elizabeth,' sister of Louis XVI of France, from this chain, which I put around your neck, has suspended a cross, indicative of trials and crucifixions in your pilgrimage. But be of good cheer, you shall overcome, and every sorrow will give fragrance to the bud that blossoms over your heart."

Not many months after, Madame d'Obeney, a celebrated traveler and Spiritualist, met Mr. Peebles in the East, and surprised him with a gift, significant of the pearls mentioned by the spirits, consisting of a string of beads, carved from the wood of an olive tree that grew on Mt. Olivet, in the very garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus prayed that the bitter cup might pass from him. He then had a cross made, after the pattern shown by the spirits,—the front of it of

beautiful pearl, the back of pure gold, on which were engraved the names of spirits in his band:—

LORENZO PEEBLES.	HOSEA BALLOU.
CANA.	MOZART.
JAMES LEONARD.	PERASEE LENDANTA.
MADAME ELIZABETH.	AARON NITE.

JOHN W. LEONARD.

Mr. Peebles wears the string of olive beads around his neck, screened from the public eye, but the cross is at times exposed. Many an iconoclast has jeered at his cross, taunting him with the soubriquet of "Catholic," "Episcopal priest," "Your Christian Highness," and the like; and in one instance a jealous aspirant proposed to send him a string of Catholic beads. From all such Mr. Peebles kept his own secret, conscious it is imprudent to "cast your pearls before swine." Those olive beads continually remind him of the spiritual chain of pearls which the spirits put around his neck, admonishing him as to his "life, thoughts, purposes, and deeds,"—how to keep these unstained. The cross: the pearl of wisdom, the gold of love! Every name engraved thereon is associated with hallowed associations.

To the average Spiritualist the symbol of the cross is simply associated with Christian dogmas which he hates. But to Mr. Peebles this symbol has but a very small share of associations purely Christian. It was a significant symbol in all the ancient Esoteric Brotherhoods, and from archeological evidences brought forward through the researches of Higgins, Rawlinson, Bunsen, and others, it was recognized and had a very important meaning to the prehistoric peoples of the globe. The cross was a sacred mystic symbol associated with all the ancient religions. When the Spanish conquerors entered Mexico, they found it in possession of the natives, who had it from time immemorial, their traditions connecting it with their Messiah, Quetzälcoatlé. Four species of the cross have been handed down from very ancient time; the Greek cross, also early known in Assyria, Egypt, Persia, and found on old Etruscan ruins; the crux, or St. Andrew's cross, also

widely distributed; the Latin cross, found on coins and medals long before Christ; the tau, a very ancient phallic emblem which symbolized life, renewal, and immortality.

The cross was likewise very early employed as an astronomical symbol. The earth is represented under a cross, or in its stage of tribulation. For the planet Venus the symbol for the earth was reversed, the cross being placed under the orb to indicate that the people of that morning star enjoyed immunity from the trials incident to the people of earth. To the symbol of Venus the planet Mercury has the crescent added. The symbol of Jupiter is the crescent and the cross placed side by side, while that of Saturn is an S horizontally reversed and surmounted with a cross. Those Spiritualists who limit the significance of this symbol to Christian dogma, and object to its use on that account, display a most pitiful ignorance. If a Hottentot regards geometric symbols as meaningless and absurd, there is no reason why they may not be very useful to the mathematician. There is a language in symbolism which the wise may readily interpret quite independent of written speech.

This chain of pearls our brother will wear to the end of his pilgrimage. Let the profane jeer; the good and the true will revere this sibylline oracle which only the pure in heart can interpret.

When in New York, soon after this interview with spirits, Mr. Peebles called on W. P. Anderson, spirit-artist, who drew a likeness of Madame Elizabeth. To his surprise, a chain, similar to the one she had pictured to his mental vision, was around her neck. The artist paints her in one of her aspirational moods, wearing upon her beautiful brow a gemmed crown.

Soon after procuring the much-prized likeness, Mr. Peebles was one day indifferently walking the streets of Boston, when, of a sudden, he wheeled into an antiquarian library, having no thought of being spiritually influenced, and was impressed to search for the Bhagavat Geeta. Failing to find it, he turned to go out, and, in passing, was drawn instinc-

tively to the "French Department." There he was whirled round with a magnetic shock, and caused to stoop down and put his hand on a history of Louis XVI, in which was a likeness of himself and his sister Elizabeth, resembling that of her in the spirit-painting,—hair the same, chain of pearls around her neck, with a cross attached. Dr. G. Haskell and others, being present, saw in a moment the correspondence between the two pictures. This strengthened Mr. Peebles's faith in his guides, and made him buoyant in spirit. The question recurs: Whose the hand that led him to that history? The same that twined the cross with the string of pearls?

"Love reflects the things beloved." Mr. Peebles most firmly believes in the pre-existence of the soul, and tentatively in the doctrine of a succession of material vestments. Nearly all the ancient spirits teach these doctrines. But what a peculiar chain of relationships and lineages is here implied! Indeed, our higher and more enduring friendships may eventually reveal long-forgotten ties and labors in the same harvest fields. Interiorly we are banded with spirits of other races and ages. The present career is a very uncertain measure of the aggregate experiences of the soul, since the present life may be on the upward or downward arc of a great cycle, and as a particular expression of the essential life, it may be either stunted or ample in comparison with some of the previous unfoldments. But in the grand summing up of the earth lives, when all is brought to one focus, each career, each chapter, will have a special value and contribute its portion to swell the amplitude of the whole.

After Mr. Peebles became more conscious of angel-presence, he began to inquire into the history and identity of spirit-bands and their special work.

Through the trance-mediumship of Dr. A. P. Pierce of Boston, by whom ancient spirits are writing histories and philosophies unknown in the libraries, he conversed with erudite spirits of millennial ages, who instructed him in the ministries of angels at that remote period. At other times

he talked with Brahman seers, Egyptian hierophants, Chinese moralists, Persian fire-worshippers, Druidic priests, Platonic philosophers. Associated with these ancients, under their inspiration, he has for years been on a pilgrimage to caves, ruins, geological relics, moss-grown records on monuments and obelisks, and antiquarian libraries. From instinct he is thus a student of nature, ruins, and arts. Force of circumstances also molds his love to flow in such channels. Organically spiritual, battling with adversities, so often assailed, so disappointed in a thousand expectations, he courts solitude, and finds in pensive meditations a soul-joy. In that beautiful story of "Paul and Virginia," over which we all used to weep when boys and girls, the historian says, "All suffering creatures, from a sort of common instinct, fly for refuge amidst their pains to haunts the most wild and desolate; as if rocks could form a rampart against social misfortune; as if the calm of Nature could hush the tumult of the soul." Is there not also a "Virginia" for our hero? Surely some angel leads him, a wanderer over the earth, inspiring him with a grand purpose to read somewhat the annals of perished nations which are scattered among the ruins in Oriental lands.

There were two intertwining bands associated with Mr. Peebles's sphere of life acting mainly through the mediumship of Dr. Dunn,—one more physical, the other spiritual, corresponding with the ethereal body and spirit. The first was hygienic, practical, perceptive; the other interior, "God with us." Conspicuous in this physico-spirit-band were Aaron Nite the Speaker, Powhattan the Magnetic Cleanser, Pawnee Chief the Assistant, and Drs. Schwailbach and Willis the Analyzers; all of whom guarded his forces of body and brain with the strictest vigilance, infusing the very beds and rooms he slept in, and the food he ate, with the aura of spirit-presence.

We must not forget to mention Michael O'Brien,—a quaint, witty Irishman,—who, years ago, greatly disturbed Mr. Peebles by his slang words and obtrusive designs, sometimes driven off when too boisterous, but afterward tamed down by the voice of our brother's love to educate himself.

He showed marked gratitude toward his earthly benefactor. His rollicking wit was most refreshing. He obeyed Aaron Nite with the trust of a child, and altogether his presence and influence was refreshing and health-promoting.

These spirits have been identified repeatedly by different media. Betsey Howard, whose funeral discourse Mr. Peebles preached in California, once controlled J. V. Mansfield, in 1863, and clearly manifested herself with gratitude for his favors. There appeared in this band — having their names written in dazzling, electric light on their foreheads — Henry Ware, Jr., Ephraim Peabody, W. E. Channing, and Eliza W. Farnham, who addressed him in vigorous words, with this closing admonition, “Oh, my brother, be true to the light within you! Say the same to Brothers Davis, Mansfield, Harter, and others; that they have for their purpose truth — divine truth!”

The spirits whose names are engraved upon Mr. Peebles's cross of gold and pearl are more intimately his “guardian angels.” Lorenzo Peebles is a loving brother; Hosea Ballou is the sermonizer; Canà, the positivist; Aaron Nite, the elucidator; Madame Elizabeth, the love-angel; Mozart, the spiritual harmonizer; Perasee Lendanta, the scientist; John, the beloved, around whom the whole band revolves as planets around their central sun. This spirit, controlling John W. Leonard, a clergyman, of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose identity has been traced in history, so signed himself for years, lest the real, when given, might engender a pampering pride in Mr. Peebles's mind. He prefers to be impersonal. We have no permission thus to announce his name; but from a sense of justice we take the responsibility, the better to unveil the wonderful discipline of spirits. “John” was first discovered through the mediumship of Mrs. W. P. Anderson. Scores of other mediums said the same; but Mr. Peebles doubted, until, by accumulating evidences from almost myriad sources, the statement was confirmed, that this is none other than John, the beloved disciple, who leaned on the bosom of Jesus.

Again, during all his public labors, since his first trip to California, Mr. Peebles had been more or less in communication

with a very ancient band of spirits, between which and the more modern band, the beloved John has formed a connecting link. His public labors — especially his Eastern travels — have been largely inspired and directed by this ancient band. And yet, what purports to come directly from them, he holds tentatively — on probation, as it were — waiting to prove their words by visible evidences. Nevertheless, he is interiorly drawn into the channel of investigation and exploration which they have from time to time indicated to him. A few of the messages emanating from this eminent source are here appended: —

“A belt of the ancestral order we do place about thy form. Ye are given the power to write on the walls of the new, the long-buried histories. Books ye will give to the people. In return we will deliver certain of the lost arts to thy keeping. . . .

“On a seashore, where the ruins of the grandest cities are known of as being long in existence, we bid thee go to gather in of the lost arts,—of those forces long since held as bound forever from the mortal understanding. In time of great need, when the people cry aloud for knowledge of these long-buried cities, we will place a mirror where all can be seen. A lovely light of power lieth in these hidden ruins. . . .

“‘Establish a direct connection with our lives,’ we did say to thee when first we met in the Oriental Palace Home, when first we met on the confines of the forest of earth-lands, when in a floral language we addressed thy soul. Marked passages we saw in this delightful valley. In thy own soul we saw soul-songsters, who sing in love of the great peace and content coming, when indeed the earth looketh like a massive laboratory, in which one must labor and receive no dues. Receive our blessings of communion as ye never before have received the same, for one powerful auxiliary we have added, of use to the fulfilling of laws. . . .

“One May-flower cometh to thy own garden home and asketh to be admitted to thy own fireside. One June rose

amid the sparkling beauties of May will enhance the glories of thy possessions. One June rose hath been given to thy keeping. When thou art able by finest touches of love to open each leaf, we will give thee a royal baptism; we will open another avenue to lands of gold. The waving corn will bless thy life. The Eastern winds bear to thy knowledge a song of light."

The following was given by the beloved John. It is prophetic and assuring in regard to the future of our republic, though it foreshadows a new "Declaration of Independence," and a prospective struggle before the people's liberties are finally achieved. It was given July 4, 1877, through the "scribe." The style is oriental:—

"This day is ushered into being as the holy anniversary season when a people were born into a kingdom of power, when olden conditions were lain aside, when the glorious realities broke on vision of the holily endowed that indeed the free public would stand on rocks of ever-living principles. Out of the chaos it came to the loves of order, an hundred years since that love's most holy ways were given in freedom's halls. Over the past is a halo of power—that glory-crowned day when holy loves stood forth and declared all peoples were indeed fully freed in the light of superior knowledge. A day is handed down to all generations of life as the most memorable in the annals of history of any nation on the earth planet. A bold life of freedom was inaugurated. The eloquent tones of the master spirits were visible in all the airs of the New World. August presences stood with hearts of the peoples, who were indeed given strength to stand forth and declare their full lives of freedom could not be invaded. Believe, those words were held most sacred by the sages, by the profoundest thinkers of all lands. Cohorts assembled on that day to give strength to that feeble band, to pronounce all as a mighty light for the kingdoms of earth. The defenders of the right stood and held the staff of power in their own hands. Banded together were the holiest loves. They were called the Stone in the New Building, lain on

the earth by the Master Builders, to be the Corner Stones of the New Dynasty; to be held in reverent care by the nationalities of summerlands; to be held as the one seed of the noblest government ever projected by celestial forces; to be known as that acorn-life whose vastness would fill the hemispheres with light and power. A bonfire was enkindled. The fierce wraths of the demoniac power became visible. The entire sweeping away of the people was spoken of in the motherland as being the inevitable result of the contests. A battalion of celestials, armed with weapons indestructible, was marshaled upon the lands. A host were the foes, yet the arm of justice prevailed and the new government was established. The order was established by the most profound lights of that age. The home fires were kept burning, and pleaders for the oppressed were often sacrificed in their earth career, but immortal fame attendeth their lives to all generations of power. A banyan tree became visible to all mentalities, and the olden passed in review of many minds. A new Christ dispensation all did say; the home of the friendless was inaugurated, and yet oppressions did come in many ways. Many laws were expounded, were called good, yet the whole would not bear the light of the celestial spheres. The many lives, moved by gold of the earth, were lost to honor. Tend the door now, ye who are here, for the forces of the new. Stand ready to assist in the formulating of a new Declaration of Independence, to stand as related to the most righteous loves of the past and present, yet holding those forms as insufficient to effect changes which constitute the birth of the new. An order is observed in the coming of those whose hands are assisted in forming the new. The new in its glory though invisible is here! The Northmen come first, the olden prophets, the sages, the holy children of love in their simple garments. Their forms present the appearance of celestial loves who guard the portals of the new,— who stand and admit no force on whose foreheads are not written, 'Light is Visible.' Bounteousness seen in their open palms.

“ Enoch cometh first to the chair and holdeth open the sealed life of the deliberations,—the cost of many an age of labor—the forerunner of those costly sacrifices which are ever lain on the altar of the new. A people of heart will exhume buried treasures, will answer to calls of the new, will exchange greetings with all nationalities, will pass in at the open door, and so shall the balancing forces come into the air of the earth lands. Bestowal of benefits will the laws make unto all peoples. The ancient order doth connect the old and the new. Roman senators stand and exchange greetings with the founders of the present governmental forces. The noble leaders of the ages past are here to welcome the advent of the White Banner. The denseness of the earth did become so allied to the ignorances and superstitions of all ages, the honor of the Love Dispensation was lost. Did not the redeeming power present the form of one national banner of the chastest white? This royal white flag stands as a monument forever and ever, indestructible as the granite rock, and will give unto all a balancing power. Paine is here now, and on his brow a radiance from this White Banner, for he hath labored and wept in silence—yet with tears of joy in the knowledge that accomplishment would be known.

“ The dear Elder Brother smote the rock and out came the healthful water which filled the nations’ lives with floods of health. On the seashore stood the disciples of his life, and the nets they did draw in were for the morning hour, ere the dulcet notes of the harp were heard calling all together to witness the presentation of the Nations’ own Banner of White. . . . Dost know, our chosen people will govern the lands of America on days to come.”

“ The earth of man shall be deluged.

The sons of flesh that are thereon shall die,
 And judgment shall be pronounced aloud,
 Yea, even the righteous also shall be on trial;
 They shall be weighed in the balances of God;
 And the splendors of the beautiful one of heaven
 Shall enfold them round within its circle.

* * * * *

O mortal, who art immortal;
Thou who in clay partakest of the Eternal,
Is thy soul of force to pierce the dark?
Cans't thou read the hidden?
Those things which I have seen on high;
Those things which I have unveiled —
Are to the slaves of earth a riddle,
Dark as the voices of the stars.”

— *Enoch.*

XI

“GONE TO THE WARS”

“War is the concentration of all crimes.”—*Channing*.

“War is a denial of human brotherhood, and justice is in no respect promoted by it.”—*Senator Sumner*.

WHEN in California, popular with the soldiers, a regiment of that State voted him their chaplain. On visiting them at their “Camp Donney,” noticing the machinery of battle, he courteously declined, convicted in his own conscience that a commission of this kind would make him an accomplice of bloodshed. Returning home, he found the very air charged with war. Everything centered here, to crush the rebellion. Though a lover of his country, patriotic, the idea of shedding a brother’s blood shocked his love of peace. Long he pondered upon his duty, and came to the sober conclusion that he must go,—a clerk under Capt. D. Y. Kilgore. He wished to see life in all its phases, and administer comfort to the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers. The following extracts from his letters tell the story of his experiences and moral impressions of war:—

“BRIDGEPORT, ALA., DEC. 7, 1863.

“I can only write to-night from the text, ‘And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment!’ . . . There are over twenty thousand soldiers encamped here now, all in cloth tents. I am now writing in a tent, with the top of a valise for a writing-desk. The soldiers are on half-rations. It is almost impossible to get food for so many. Destruction lines the wagon-roads. The weather is warm and beautiful. Blue-birds sing in the morning. How homesick I have been! . . . I went to work the next day after my arrival, copying papers,

drawing orders, issuing forage, etc., etc. It is perfectly earthly and worldly. I look into no book; see no *Banner of Light*, nor *Herald*, nor Northern paper of any description. . . . Soldiers and officers gamble and drink horridly. . . . I saw four thousand of the rebels that Gen. Grant took in one squad, and talked with a number of them. They looked dirty, ragged, and homesick. Poor brothers! How strange my life-experiences! Poor prodigal I, from John's and Aaron's house, spiritually speaking. Say nothing to my wife about the hardships and exposures before me.”

“NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan. 14, 1864.

. . . “Oh, 'tis sweet to be alone! Never did I so long for solitude. The eternal bustle of business, of jarrings, antagonisms, swearing, cheating, that so prevail, make me sick in soul. My body is wearing away under the pressure. I feel it, *know* it. Either I must leave, or my bones will whiten under an Alabama sun. . . . Tell Powhattan to help his ‘Preach.’ . . . Oh, the deceit and hypocrisy of certain spirits who promise officers great positions! They purport to be Washington, Jackson, Clay, controlling a young medium here. They are lying spirits. Refuse to hear them. How intensely I love and appreciate Brother Nite for his honesty! He came to me, not a god, or a Franklin, or a Washington; but simply plain Aaron Nite,—once a poor coach-driver in England. Now he is an angel, and I would gladly sit at his feet for instruction. . . . Rebel soldiers, erring yet sincere, lie frozen to death on our hands. A poor woman was frozen,—is dead. The dead carcasses of mules are lying over the graves of our soldiers. Only those that have seen have any idea of this war.”

“BRIDGEPORT, ALA., Jan. 21, 1864.

. . . “Last evening, about 9 o'clock, I returned from Chattanooga in a private car, with Bishop Simpson, Gen. Howard, Gen. Cook, Col. Donaldson, and several chaplains. . . . I went up the Tennessee River, in charge of some commissary stores, by order of Capt. Kilgore. Capt. Jett, a

Mississippian professor, went with me on to 'Lookout Mountain,' over the late battle-field. Picked up bullets, pieces of shells, and other trophies of war and death. He and several soldiers engaged in the battle told me all about it. I went several times to Gen. Howard's headquarters. Generals were as thick as were the frogs in Egypt.' I have no respect for gaudy trappings. . . . Heaven help our poor soldiers! Their sufferings are terrible. Oh, the effects of army life upon two-thirds that go thither! . . . The weather is pleasant now. The birds sing. The ground is covered with dead mules and horses. Reckless soldiers travel this way and that, day and night. . . . I can not write. The office is full of folks; some for gain, some for clothes, some to have unruly soldiers arrested. It is 'Babel!' the last place on earth for a refined organization. My only happy moments are when I walk away from every human being. I am alone, all alone, although in the midst of an army of men!"

In response to a letter of inquiry, J. O. Barrett received this cordial testimonial from his army friend and brother, who was one of our sterling Spiritualists,—a reform lawyer, defending justice and truth:—

"605 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1, 1871.

"J. O. BARRETT: *Dear Sir,*—In answer to your note of inquiry respecting the army life of James M. Peebles, it affords me pleasure to say it was unexceptionable and thoroughly consistent with his peace principles.

"In the winter of 1863-4, he was employed by me as a clerk in the quartermaster's department at Bridgeport, Ala. During the time he continued in the service of the Government, we occupied the same tent, and most of the time the same couch.

"Such was my confidence in him, that he was intrusted with the most responsible duties; and although property amounting to tens of thousands of dollars passed through his hands daily, no mistakes were found in his accounts, and not a penny stuck. Though often placed in the most trying

circumstances, he never lost his equanimity, nor evidenced a disposition of retaliation toward those who had wronged him; but, on the contrary, he everywhere manifested, by word and deed, a gentle, forgiving, and loving spirit, coupled with that sterling integrity which never sanctions wrong.

“The example of such a man is always good; but in the rough experiences of army life it is invaluable.

“At the end of several months’ service, his health declining, he was obliged to return home, much to the disappointment of all who knew him. I am glad to hear you are preparing his biography; for the life of such a man will be of lasting service to humanity. He is one of the saviors of the nineteenth century.

“Faithfully yours,

DAMON Y. KILGORE.”

Writing of wars and military armies Mr. Peebles says: “War is murder on a gigantic scale. Its basic foundation is retaliation. It stimulates combativeness. It is Mosaic; it is barbarian. It is unchristian. It is expected that the wild animals of the forest will fight because they are animals. And the nearer that tribes and nations approach the selfish animal plane of existence, the more do they thirst for blood and engage in war.

“It will not be denied by any student of history that during the first three hundred years after Christ, an Israelite or a pagan, embracing Christianity, refused to fight. If pressed by the government to enlist, the prompt reply was, ‘No; I have enlisted under the banner and am a follower of the Prince of Peace. I can not consistently fight; and can not because I believe in Him who said, “My kingdom is not of this world, if it were, then would my servants fight.”’ ‘We Christians are superior in this,’ said St. Jerome, ‘we do not fight with our enemies.’ The good St. Martin exclaimed, ‘I am a soldier of Christ, and therefore I do not fight.’ Charles Sumner, the late distinguished United States Senator, said in a congressional speech, ‘War is a damnable profession — a trade of barbarism.’”

XII

ORGANIZATION — MEDIUMSHIP

“Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.”— *Lowell*.

“And he set the rods which he had peeled before the flocks in the gutters; . . . and the flocks conceived before the rods, and brought forth cattle, ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted.”— *Bible*.

“It seems that every creed or tribe of earth
Conceives a God, and gives him form and birth
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus, while portraying God, themselves describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A God of like improvement then appears.”

—*Barlow's "Voices."*

Mr. Peebles has generally kept aloof from the multitudinous attempts of Spiritualists to organize a creed, thus making a new sect. He had quite enough of church organization while connected with the Universalist denomination. He has always loved freedom—especially the freedom to speak his own sentiments on the burning questions of the day and hour. The official hands of certain ephemeral organizations occasionally tried to abridge this freedom and confine their speakers to “Spiritualism proper,” which was met with such prompt and open contempt that the trial was not many times renewed. In the highest sense of the word Spiritualism is the equivalent of the universal religion.

The rank and file among Spiritualists have not taken kindly to old traditions, nor will they work in any kind of harness which new recruits from the churches are anxious to have them try on. All attempts to organize the “ism” into a creed have proved dismal failures. Moreover, the great

body of Spiritualists embraces such a heterogeneous aggregate of opposing elements—as regards character, culture, methods of investigation, opinions on vital problems and varying degrees of tolerance and intolerance—that they have found it quite impossible to pull together in anything like harmony. Nor is this surprising when we remember that the Spiritualist ranks are recruited from all classes of society and from every shade of belief—from orthodox dogmatism to the rankest materialism, and from the most conservative school in social morality, to those who hurl their bold blasphemies at all social sanctities! There are people here who love order; people of culture, scholarship, scientific attainments, and extreme sensitiveness,—people predisposed to all the refined courtesies, and who would conserve somewhat the traditions which have descended to us from immemorial generations. Per contra, we have another class,—people who have completely broken with the past, with all its traditions; people who detest the very name religion, claiming to be law unto themselves; people who assume the right to intrude their presence into any public assembly and interrupt the proceedings with their objections and coarse criticisms. These people spurn all formal rules of procedure, and treat with contempt all precedents. It is therefore not surprising that such incongruous elements within one body should not only become a frequent occasion of irritation, but also of antagonism and bitter reproaches. Yet, notwithstanding these seemingly insurmountable barriers, the Spiritualistic movement in America has effected marvelous transformations in general society in the last half century.

Mr. Peebles's attitude toward these opposing factions has been uniformly one of tolerance and fraternity. Beneath and beyond these surface indications, he saw the general drift was toward a more enlightened freedom and an ampler field for the exercise of the intelligence and religious emotions. While he theoretically rejects the yoke of social and religious custom which society complacently endures, he nevertheless holds his notions of freedom as strictly amenable to that

unwritten social and moral law which is fashioned in the mental concept of each succeeding generation.

Mediumship presents a many-sided problem. On the one hand it is allied with material facts and phenomena in a manner to become wholly amenable to scientific treatment and determination. On the other hand it is allied with psychic forces and occult laws, with which we have only a very imperfect acquaintance. The psychic realm is a province too, which, if one enters unworthily, is beset with the gravest dangers! When mediumship involves the complete surrender of the will to foreign control, it submits itself to the dominion of intelligent agents from whom it has no guarantee that it will not be exploited, robbed of individuality, and the organism made a tenant house for unscrupulous and selfish spirits. There is but one safeguard in entering this dangerous domain, and that is with the single motive to become an instrument for the blessing and uplifting of others. With motives less conscientious and noble the candidate becomes extremely liable to obsessions and a partial loss of individuality. How often we are disappointed in the lives of mediums, a large per cent of whom are unreliable characters, who inevitably drift into current vices. Some are complete moral wrecks. Especially does mediumship for material exhibitions seem to deplete the body of some vital element which the medium is prone to supplement with dissipating practices. But these sensitive, negative characters are entitled to our helpful sympathy since they are predisposed to take on and reflect the dominant influences in our average social environments. Sensitives often enter the charmed circle of mediumship out of curiosity, or with a selfish motive, and thus being gradually drawn within the sphere of obsessing influences, have passively committed themselves to the evil ways of the obsessing power. Note the career of Henry Slade as a melancholy illustration of the dangers which lie on the threshold of one peculiar phase of mediumship.

Nor is it an easy matter to determine to what extent me-

diuistic communications are tinged with the individuality of the medium. It is hard to draw the line where the conscious volition of the medium ends and the perfect control of the spirit begins.

Public mediums are prompted to open doors to every kind of influence, from the occult realm — good, bad, and indifferent, and often their necessities furnish motives of trickery and fraud. Instances are common where refined and sensitive women have been taken possession of by spiritistic ruffians, using profane language and asking for tobacco and intoxicating liquors.

Psychic mediumship should not only become a guarded avenue for open communications with the spirit world, but it should likewise be made an invariable means for the expansion and moral exaltation of the character of the sensitive. When it fails to do this, it is proof that occult powers have been dabbled with ignorantly, or with unworthy motives. There is nothing more deplorable than an individual who has been despoiled of individuality and self-control through having submitted unwisely to irresponsible influences from the lower occult realms. Certainly no lasting benefit can accrue to any class which involves the sacrifice of the mediumistic instrument.

A cult like Spiritualism, depending so largely upon mediumship for the warp and woof of its philosophy, should make a profound and exhaustive study of the laws of mediumship, inclusive of the whole psychic realm, and its advocates, from the least to the greatest, should religiously refrain from seeking or accepting communications whenever and wherever there is danger of invading the selfhood of the medium.

The definition of "Spiritism" by T. L. Harris might well be seriously considered: —

"Spiritism is a great fact, a great fable; a great light, a great darkness; a great reality, a great imposture; a great kindness, a great cruelty; a great hope, a great disappointment. It is a nest of doves, and a cage of unclean birds; an

ascending star, and a will-o'-the-wisp delusion; a quickening and a decay; a refreshing fount, and a pithole without water; wafts from ancient devachan, and vapors from dead avichi. The circle of its operancy is the girdle that embraces all religions; there is nothing too good to say of it, with one form of truth, yet nothing too bad to say of it with another truth. The doors of it open into every man's house, and the spells of it touch on every man's formation; in it lie Shakespeare's art, and Michiavelli's cunning, the last results of natural science and the first germs of occult life. It baffles hitherto all inquiries, for it has a way that is no way, and a method that is past finding out; the nerves of every man are fitted to its sounding board, and, when conditions are opposite, it may play upon them as it will. When approached in the most candid spirit of investigation, it may hide like a polyp in the black cloud of its magnetisms; yet, sometimes to gratify the vainest curiosity, may cause exhibitions that go beyond all present powers of material display. It will call from some battered implement of music touches like those of Paganini, and whirl the atmosphere of the room into a miniature sea of melody. It is the universal Proteus, who slips from form to form and then says mockingly to the wearied and baffled seekers, 'You have sought to know me, but my play for you is over; the mystery is beyond you; now rest and be satisfied that I am the Inscrutable!' — "*Wisdom of the Adepts,*" page 350.

About this time (1850-63) Mr. Peebles was passing through some strange mediumistic experiences. It was to him an untried field. Strange temptations were placed before him, and spirits of different degrees contended for upper seats in his organic temple. His way was clouded with doubts, and he became tempest-tossed like a lost mariner at sea. The following letter to a friend betrays the secret of every spiritual soul,—the balancing pivot,—Mohammed's hair-bridge stretched over the abyss on which Allah's children must walk to heaven:—

“ DEC. 28, 1861.

. . . “ It may be that my conscience is becoming exceedingly sensitive; for at times I feel impelled to rush along the track of my whole past earth-life, unsaying and undoing every thing said and done amiss. Forgiveness is out of the question. Restoration and reconciliation, crowned with wisdom, are the only *saviors*. The very things, that, in the depths of my soul, I *hate*, I am tempted to do; thus being a puzzle to myself. It is quite clear that we must die to the earthly before we can live to the spiritual. My aspirations, Heaven knows, are high enough; but they are never realized; and yet I complain of no one but myself; nor would I make others miserable on my account. The world shall only see my smiles, only —

“ ‘ I am weary, I am weary,
I am longing for my home,
Looking through life’s wildering mazes
For the rest which ne’er doth come;

“ ‘ But sometimes there cometh visions,
Faint, yet beautiful to me,
Of the home for which I am longing,
In “ the land beyond the sea.’ ”

“ True, there are some flowers blooming along my pilgrim pathway; but they grow fresh in Nature’s garden, and jut out from the mountain sides, rather than from the masses of souls I meet.

“ ‘ Grief is deepest laid
On hearts that deepest feel and deepest love.
“ Perfect thro’ suffering,” mounting thus above
The sense of wrong, the soul is steadfast made.’ ”

The experiences, the temptations, the heart struggles incident to this period made our brother considerate and sympathetic toward all who have to walk in their Garden of Gethsemane, and drink of the bitter cups of experience.

During this period Mr. Peebles was very easily controlled.

In psychological, half-dreaming consciousness, he often traveled miles and found himself in strange localities, whither he had no intention of going. Thus led to libraries, he took down books, and turned to passages utterly foreign to any plan of his own, the purpose of which he afterward discovered. Unconscious of the fact at first, he was known to give excellent spirit-tests, as in the instance of a funeral discourse. Whilst picturing the glories of the future life, over the lifeless remains of Dr. A. S. Hayward's wife's mother, in Boston, he seemed to hear the spirit-voices; for he repeated, word for word, the dying testimony of the departed.

This mediumistic sensitiveness, quickening every latent force of character, giving preponderance to his organic spirituality, awoke an overanxiety to gain a moral victory in angel-life, incidentally inducing a wish, thousands of times expressed, to die, and ascend to the heavens; as if a closer contact with spirits, the very causes of his battles to develop him, would be a safer retreat! One road to wisdom is the knowledge of our weaknesses.

When in Oswego, engaged to lecture, guest of J. L. Pool, a lady friend, simply relating the current news, said to him:—

"Well, Brother Peebles, we used to think you were a good man when pastor of our Universalist society here; but we hear terrible stories about you in the West."

"What's up now?" asked Mr. Peebles.

"They say you have got to be a drunkard, a beastly drunkard, wallowing in the streets of Battle Creek."

Astonished and morally indignant, Mr. Peebles exclaimed, "It is a lie, a malicious, vindictive lie! I belong to the Good Templars of Battle Creek, and am Chaplain of the Lodge. This is a lying, wicked, slanderous world. I am sick of it. I wish I were in the spirit-world, away from all this social corruption!"

When these two brothers were alone, Aaron Nite approached, entranced Dr. Dunn, and said,—

"Well, Friend Peebles, we have been listening to your

description of the slandering, wicked, backbiting world in which you live; and, while hearing, we thought of our own, so beautiful, orderly, loving, and happy."

"I know that," answered Mr. Peebles; "I understand all that; hence my desire to die and be with you in your spirit-home."

"Ah, Friend Peebles! we don't like to pluck green fruit in our country. You never saw an apple want to fall from the bough in July, when it is sour, green, bitter, unfit for use; but, seemingly wiser than you, wants to hang on till long in October or November,—till it gets ripe, full, luscious, matured, when there comes an opportune breeze, and it drops off, born into individuality, a natural and beautiful separation. So we want you to hang to the bough of life on earth till your work is done, and you are fully ripe for the spirit-world; then we shall call for you, and meet you at the entering in."

After this lesson our brother was not in such a hurry to die; but to live as long as he could, battle bravely, face all slanders and falsehood with heroic fortitude, and remember "green fruit."

While lecturing in Indiana, the question incidentally suggested itself whether Christ really did walk upon the water. The spirits declared that such a thing was possible, but that certain things were essential: the medium must fast several days and avoid hard labor. The conditions being faithfully complied with, one evening, the light burning, Mr. Peebles and others had the satisfaction of seeing the medium carried up by spirits perfectly afloat between the bed and ceiling. This was several times repeated.

" Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick, in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of."

On another occasion Mr. Peebles inquired of the spirits if the story of the three Hebrew children (Daniel III) passing through the fiery furnace unharmed, was true. Perasee, versed

in the chemistry of the Heavens, assured him that such an event was possible, and on this point gave him a test in his own library. He deeply entranced Dr. Dunn, and held his hand in the burning flame of a kerosene lamp for five minutes. The smoke was on his hand, which being removed, lo, not a particle of the skin was burned or blistered! Perasee explained that he had gathered an antidotal element from the atmosphere which neutralized the effects of the fire. This may be the subtle substance embodying itself in vision to Nebuchadnezzar as the "fourth like the Son of Man."

Up to 1864, Mr. Peebles, like the rest of us, maintained that the age in which *we* live casts all other ages into the shadow of its knowledge. Everywhere he was grandiloquent about the "greatness of the nineteenth century." At a lecture in Princeton, Ill., on the subject of Progress, he wound up his electric lecture with a splendid peroration upon the inferiority of the past and the superiority of the present; and went to his boarding-place elated with the proud consciousness that he had done something really worthy of the flattery he received. When alone in his room, his medium, suddenly entranced, made a strange bow, after the Asiatic style, and, after a series of earnest devotions, stood up before Mr. Peebles with closed eyes, and inspecting him from head to foot, with a pungent sarcasm, said:—

"Well, you are about the homeliest man I ever saw. What's your name?"

"Name?" replied Mr. P., with a wit in his cadence; "my name is *Pee*-bles."

"What does *Pee*-bles mean?" said the spirit with gravity.

"Don't know."

"Don't know your own name? you a teacher, and don't know the meaning of your *own name*? Well!"

"Is that anything strange? You seem to be thunder-struck at a mere name. All people have names. In China the people are called *Chinese*."

"What does *Chinese* mean?"

"I don't know."

“ Why use words you do not know the meaning of ? ”

“ What may I call *your* name ? ” asked Mr. Peebles.

“ No matter as to that : you seem to have but little knowledge of names ; but you may call me *Aphelion*, if you like. Do you know the meaning of that word ? ”

“ I think it is an astronomical word, signifying the greatest or least distance from the sun ; I forget which. ”

The spirit betrayed not an emotion, but looked him over again very gravely, and said : —

“ I lived on your earth, in an Asian province, about sixteen thousand years ago. We wrote in what partially corresponds with the Egyptian hieroglyphs : every dot, point, symbol, and curve meaning something, conveying some distinct idea. Sixteen thousand years ago was the dark age of which you spoke so eloquently to-night. ”

When the spirit said “ sixteen thousand years ago, ” Mr. Peebles laughed outright.

“ What do you laugh for ? Philosophers seldom laugh. Imbeciles giggle much. You disgust me with your *ha, ha, ha!* — mouth wide open. ”

“ Have not you, as a spirit, a brain, ” asked Mr. Peebles, “ and an organ of mirthfulness ? ”

“ Yes, ” said *Aphelion* with dignity.

“ How do you exercise it ? ”

“ In a calm, pleasurable sensation, that consciously permeates our whole being. . . . I momentarily listened to your temperance lecture, the other evening. The people cheered you by shouting, and stamping, and clapping hands ; and you were proud. Such appreciation disgusted me. When on your earth, I was a medium, teacher, lecturer, and philosopher so-called, and, when uttering a great truth, the people rose and stood silent, gazing with an inspired, enraptured look that seemed to penetrate the very heavens. They would shade their eyes under the palms of their hands, as if the better to see and examine the truth. . . . On the 4th of July, that sultry day, I heard you speak upon moral Independence, during which you said defiantly, ‘ I care not what the people say ;

I will be myself,—*free.*' There you stood with thick boots on, and black coat, sweltering in the sun. You should have been barefooted, or, at least, sandaled, wearing a white, trailing robe. But you do not care what the people say! In glancing over your country, I have not seen a true man or woman. None live up to their highest ideal. You are a nation of cowards. . . . You are aware that the ancients had a cement of which the moderns knew nothing; that they could transfuse color through glass, which you moderns can not; that there are many lost arts and sciences; that the sculpture of three, four, and ten thousand years since is copied by modern artists. Sixteen thousand years ago, our navigators propelled vessels by electricity. . . . Plato's account of the sinking of the New Atlantis Isle is nearly correct. I was acquainted with several inhabitants of that island, then so famous for its fine arts and high degree of civilization. Records establishing the facts may yet be found in the hieroglyphs of ancient Egypt, Babylonian ruins, or in the beds of the ocean. Cities buried by sand or volcanoes will yet be exhumed and re-inhabited. History is ever repeating itself, and progress is in cycles."

Taken down to a more modest mein, Mr. Peebles, after this, was less boastful and boisterous about modern civilizations. He then began the study of ancient spiritual literature and science with a keener relish than ever. His exclamation was:—

"Let no one presume originality. Let us pierce the inflated balloons of Bros. Davis, Brittan, Denton, Tuttle, Owen, Howitt, and *Peebles especially*; sit at the feet of the Neo-Platonists, Hindoo Gymnosophists, Egyptian Hierophants, Persian Magi, Chinese Philosophers, Assyrian Savants, and learn wisdom; for 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

XIII

A CHANGE OF BASE.

“And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.
Tyranny has curbed its pride;
Errors that were defied,
Into darkness have been hurled;
Slavery and Liberty,
And the Wrong and Right, have met
To decide their ancient quarrel.
Onward, preacher; onward yet!
There are pens to tell your progress,
There are eyes that pine to read,
There are hearts that burn to aid you,
There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preacher! Onward, nations!
Will must ripen into deed.”

The year was 1867 — age 45. Mr. Peebles had now labored six years in Battle Creek, and began to feel that he should seek a wider field for his labors. This was hinted to him from time to time through various media, and later some leading workers in the spiritual vineyard — Warren Chase and S. J. Finney — urged him to go forth and let his voice be heard in the chief cities of the land. So it became known that he would accept calls for itinerant work, and he soon had all the engagements he could fill. In the desk his fine presence, genial manner, and oratorical powers made him at once immensely popular. His discourses were on a level with the general comprehension and embraced a wide range of topics — spiritual phenomena and philosophy, woman's rights, Indian's rights, anti-slavery, anti-Christian despotism, and at that time he even dabbled in Darwinism and the de-

velopment theory. He had not yet contributed any considerable amount to the public press; but *Banner of Light* folks were not long in discovering that he possessed available literary gifts.

Whenever Mr. Peebles lectured he was cordially invited to come again. His uniform attitude was well calculated to attract the general public, interlarding his discourses on the one hand with just enough of Christian Spiritualism to interest and hold those who were beginning to emerge from the bondage of creeds; and on the other hand scrupulously avoiding anything like sensational ranting against prevailing religions, doctrines, and social usages. Indeed, on all public questions he has studiously kept in the "middle of the road," avoiding extremes, and appealing to the rational judgment with a serious reverence for truth. Whilst aggressive against error, it has been his effort to set souls aglow with loftier aspirations, and lead the truth-seeking with a loving hand into the temple of heavenly wisdom.

He has lectured in all States of the American Union but three:—

New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Charlestown, Lowell, Portland, Worcester, Troy, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Rockford, Milwaukee, Springfield, St. Louis, Topeka, Lawrence, Omaha, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Nashville, San Francisco, Sacramento, New Orleans, Mobile,—the principal cities, and in innumerable villages and country districts in every compass of the land,—also in Canada West. He has attended nearly all the National conventions, multitudes of State conventions, associations, and mass meetings. He is scarcely ever enabled to supply the demand upon his services. In some places he has spoken the third, fourth, fifth, and even sixth time at monthly engagements, and in no city is he so popular as at home in Battle Creek. He has exchanged pulpits with Congregationalists, with Rev. Mumford and other Unitarians, and with Universalists; but in one other instance the latter refused their pulpit. During

an able speech delivered in Auburn, N. Y., in the opera-house, reported by the *Daily News*, he aptly said, "Ordained by a former pastor of that Universalist congregation in this city, and cherishing a homelike feeling for the citizens of this section, I am reminded of the Nazarene's words, 'He came unto his own, and his own received him not.' If universal salvation shuts out men for heresy from churches here, would it not, narrowed down in its creedal tendencies, shut out men from the great Church triumphant in the heaven of heavens?" Incident to so vast a work he recoils within himself at times, patient in his impatience, but trustful as Polycarp, who, going to martyrdom, heard a spirit-voice say, "Polycarp, be firm!" In a letter to a friend, he says:—

"I will be independent. I will drink the cup that destiny holds to my lips, and labor on manfully and bravely, till this earth-life is finished, and those harpstrings from the summer land beyond the river welcome me home."

In the fall of 1867, Mr. and Mrs. Peebles moved from Battle Creek to Hammonton, New Jersey, hoping for a more lucrative locality for a living. Mrs. Peebles's relatives here resided. The parting hour will never be forgotten: the "good-byes" were genuine, such as angels never say, but ever feel. A slip from *The Banner of Light* expresses the deep love the friends there always cherish for them.

"BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOV. 4, 1867.

"MESSRS. EDITORS,—The name of J. M. Peebles has long been inscribed on the folds of *The Banner of Light*; and I now ask you to let that of his excellent wife occupy a small space for a brief season, as it has long held a high place in the hearts of her friends here, where they have so long made their home. Mrs. Peebles is a good co-worker in the cause of truth with her most able and widely known husband, though in a more contracted sphere; and we feel that our society is losing one of its brightest ornaments in her departure for her new home in the East.

"A few evenings since a 'surprise' was given her by a

few of her friends, and a small 'token' of regard was presented on the occasion, when the following address was read, and very neatly and appropriately replied to by Mrs. Peebles:—

“ ‘MRS. PEBBLES,— We, your friends of society with which you have so long been identified, have met here this evening to express our sorrow that you are no more to be with us in our meetings or social gatherings. During the years you have been with us, we have ever felt that your noble life shed a holy influence on all with whom you were brought in contact; and that in you we had a faithful adviser, a genial companion, and a true friend. You have ever been earnest to aid us in every good work, and we know we shall not soon cease to regret your absence from our midst, or find your place adequately filled in our association. We beg you to accept this slight token of our affectionate regard. May you, in your new home, find contentment and happiness amid other friends who will appreciate your true worth.

“ ‘It seems appropriate that one so much beloved should receive this notice.

D. M. B.’

“ November has come, and with it dreary autumn days,— days of gloom and sorrow to some, brought around by every departing summer. But a deeper, darker cloud has come over us,— the departure of Brother Peebles for a new home in New Jersey. Brother Peebles has been with us most of the time nearly seven years, and during all this time he has been a tower of strength, a fountain of wisdom steadily gaining influence and friends among all classes of citizens, and, I will say, all who ever ‘ progress upwards.’

J. B.”

From the many testimonies of love, we clip this little gem written by Hudson Tuttle, then editor-in-chief of *The American Spiritualist*:—

“ J. M. PEBBLES.— This well-known author, student, and speaker is the St. John of the New Dispensation. If we desired a portrait of that loved disciple of Jesus, Brother Peebles should sit for it. We hope the beloved of Old equaled that of the New in all-embracing charity, unselfishness of

character, and a love which extends from the highest to the lowest." . . .

George A. Bacon, of the editorial corps in the same paper, writes of Mr. Peebles:—

"We now recall no other writer in all our ranks who has given so many smoothly flowing, richly colored, and beauty-laden expressions. They thickly adorn his every page, as the glittering stars gem the heavens. His sentences are replete with musical and moral cadences, and seem to flow as naturally as birds warble. They are not only rhetorically felicitous, but what is additionally better, they bear the seed-grains of deep thought and profound truth. . . .

"Infinitely superior to all the dazzling sheen of verbal euphony, is the simplest utterance of an eternal, immortal truth. Our brother does not forget this cardinal point. Notwithstanding his tendency to pictorial speech, he believes with St. Jerome, that 'truth told inelegantly is better than eloquent falsehood.'"

The following is from a private letter written by a member of the Battle Creek society:—

"BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

"When Mr. Peebles took charge of our society in 1857, we *were* proud,—proud of our leader and members. He has always been an honor to Spiritualism. I do not know of an exception where anyone that ever knew him, however low or inferior, so-called, but felt he was a friend. His preaching and daily practice correspond. . . . I would to God the world had more such men! May his star never grow dim! . . .

Your Sister,

"RHODA A. LOOMIS."

The following also are from the private letters of influential men and women:—

"Endowed with fine natural qualifications as a poet, moralist, reformer, author, and teacher, Mr. Peebles has also added the rare graces of scholarship and culture; and, better still, has beautifully developed those inward graces of the

spirit which exalt and refine life, and make expression, thought, and act, lofty, loving, and true.

"With admirable zeal, all these rich endowments and choice attainments are consecrated to the good of humanity and the cause of truth and right everywhere. What better consecration than this? What brighter fulfillment of the soul's highest promise? A life of aspiration, love, prayer, purity, and earnest practical work will always lead to the heavenly paradise prepared for the sainted upon earth.

"Your friend with esteem,

"ELVIRA WHEELOCK RUGGLES."

... "J. M. Peebles has been instrumental in leading me, as he has a host of others, into spiritual freedom. He is a full-orbed man, versatile. His secret forte as a speaker and writer, and his success in building up spiritual societies and banding our people together in great brotherhoods and sisterhoods of peace and harmony, lie in the fact that he blends the excellence of intellect and culture with the sublimities of the ideal and spiritual. His many disinterested kindnesses and tender charities have blessed hundreds; his broad, fraternal sympathies have given him a wonderful universality, endearing him to thousands. He ever succors the weak, strenghtens the weary, encourages the downtrodden, resurrects into newness of life the morally dead. He is an advocate of temperance, woman's equality with man, freedom, social, political, and religious; and, soaring aloft into the pure ether of love, he takes strong ground against war.

"Yours, very fraternally,

"CEPHAS B. LYNN."

"Pre-eminent among Brother Peebles's public services are his great and indefatigable labors in the cause of Spiritualism. He is in public and private my ideal of a reformer. With voice and pen he has been one of its foremost as well as ablest advocates and defenders. Brave and fearless, where many have been proved cowards; faithful among the faithless, let the fair-browed angel of memory plant a rose-wreath of sweet recollec-

tions, gathered from the holy inspirations of love, truth, and beauty, which, for all time, the bright examples of a noble, pure life must ever inspire.

Sincerely yours,

“ADDISON A. WHEELOCK.”

Recounting the agencies at work in the Great West, Emma Hardinge says, in her estimable work, “The History of Modern Spiritualism in America:”—

“Another of the ‘Western Institutions,’ and one which has wrought an incalculable amount of good and use in the community, is Mr. J. M. Peebles. By his scholarly writings, and indefatigable labors as a lecturer, Mr. Peebles has been a gigantic lever in moving public opinion in favor of spiritual belief, and the repudiation of the effete superstition of old orthodoxy. Being a writer, an author, a graceful and accomplished orator, Mr. Peebles’s services are in eager demand throughout the whole community; but, as the scene of his earliest and most widely diffused efforts, the West undoubtedly claims him for her own, and as such he is numbered amongst her jewels, and forms a distinguished part of her spiritual wealth.”

If Mr. Peebles is injured, he lays it to heart, grieves over it, feels resistance, defends the right, confesses the wrong; but is sure to forgive and ask forgiveness, when the good angel attends in the way of reconciliation. He is the spirit of the venerable Victor Hugo, in his address to the German people, when they were sending an army to bombard Paris:—

“If you assault Paris, we shall defend it to the last extremity; we shall fight with all our strength against you; but we declare we shall continue to be your brothers. And your wounded, do you know where we shall place them?—In the palace of the Nation. We shall assign the Tuileries in advance as a hospital for wounded Prussians. There will be the field-hospital of your brave, imprisoned soldiers, and it is there our women shall go to care for and succor them. Your wounded shall be our guests; we will treat them loyally, and Paris will receive them into her Louvre.”

Writing Dr. Dunn, who had lost valuable property by fire, Mr. Peebles, sealing his promise with a generous donation, says:—

“As flax never begins to be useful till pulled and laid out to die and rot, so I intend to be of more service to you when my old body is rotting in the grave than I possibly can be now. . . . You lost by the fire, not a truth, not a useful fact, nor scientific formula. Your furniture is gone, but not your reputation. This latter is much harder to gain than the former. Your books may have been burned; but so much of their contents as by faithful application you had stored away in your brain remains unharmed. All the disappointments and losses of life teach us the importance of laying up treasures in the intellect and soul. Such are beyond the destroying hand of earthly elements. Such only can serve us when the death-angel knocks, bidding us lay down the pilgrim-staff, and plunge beneath the waves of the rolling Jordan.”

Again he says, in another letter, intended only for the eye of the recipient:—

“I wept when reading your letter. It took me back to Battle Creek, where first I met you, and showered upon you my very soul-tenderness. Even the occasional thorns of those times have faded from my remembrance, and only the flowers freshen into sweet remembered realities.”

A healing physican, of great success, tried to tempt him by proffer of money to travel with him in Europe. The man was gaining at the rate of sixty dollars per day. Mr. Peebles declined. His reasons were given to a bosom friend in a private note:—

“He certainly performs most wonderful cures; but his sphere is morally repellent. He smokes, drinks, etc. I will sooner go without money than form the alliance. In a few years I shall be where money is of no account. Purity and goodness are the coin of heaven.”

The Rev. J. O. Barrett was about this time passing through severe trials in the Universalist ministry, and knowing that

Mr. Peebles had already passed through similar ones, wrote him for counsel and advice. Here is the kind of consolation he received:—

“ PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 26, 1865.

“ MY SON JOSEPH,— You *ought* to be persecuted,— accused of being a ‘ wine-bibber and a seducer ’; ought to be compelled to wander about in ‘ sheepskins and goatskins,’ to be ‘ cast into prison,’ and then let out to eat ‘ grass ’ like your brother Nebuchadnezzar. Then you would begin to be worth something for the use of God and his angels. . . .

“ All *higher births* are through sorrow and suffering. Such is the divine order. Hence my prayer is, ‘ *Mortals*, pierce him; *angels*, give him thorns to tread upon: for feet that bleed are on the way to see the head crowned! Great Father in heaven, hold him tenderly, lovingly, in thy hands; for he is a dear child of thine and brother of mine, just pluming his wings for a flight into the realms of the gods! Amen.’ ”

Again he writes, in a letter from Cincinnati, dated Dec. 5, 1886:—

. . . “ Your trials, my dear brother, have truly commenced. You will find God’s grace sufficient, and his angels ever, *ever* present. They never forsake the true soul. You say you have ‘ already been sold, betrayed,’ by a class of bigoted Universalists. Jesus was betrayed before you. Yes, persecution must come; and I feel just now like preaching a sermon to you from this text in Rev. 1:9: ‘ I, John, who also am your brother in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.’

“ And did not Jesus say to the disciples, ‘ In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world ’? ‘ Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?’ asks one of the anciently inspired men. My brother, you must *expect* all these things. It is God’s method. Martyrs’ feet have always bled; but oh, the brilliancy of their crowns in heaven!

“ This life at best, is but the shadow of that more sub-

stantial life to come. Let us live for the future by being *patient, true, brave, and independent* in the present."

While lecturing in Detroit the new constitution of the Spiritual Society was sent to the *Detroit Tribune* for publication, when the editor appended some venomous criticisms to belittle the church, no doubt.

Taking these comments into the desk, Mr. Peebles read them and then lashed that editor with a whip of scorpions. His invective was scathing as lightning! Earnest in his righteous wrath, he threw the paper upon the floor, stamped upon it, and shouted home the charge: "*Republicans, take the Post! Democrats take the Times!*" Then the crowd, electrified, hurrahed with a tremendous enthusiasm.

Glancing into a letter addressed by Mr. Peebles to Mr. Wilson, of Harmonia, 1859, we clipped out the following:—

. . . "By the way, one of the last slanders on the docket is this: I was seen to get off from the cars in Detroit with a woman, and go with her on board the steamer for the Canada side. Horrid! This occurred last summer; it leaked out a while since, and turned out to be my wife on her way to St. Lawrence County. The Presbyterian 'babblers,' when *faced* about it, confessed that he did not know Mrs. Peebles, but thought it was some strange woman. Surely, if the best fruit is the most clubbed, I am ripe, mellow, fallen, and ready to be eaten. No matter, let us comfort ourselves with the words, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile,' etc. How beautiful God's law that sends slander and slandered, the wrongdoer and the wronged, each to his appropriate place. The heavens and the hells await each and all." . . .

Whilst in an Eastern city, a Unitarian minister, professionally liberal and radical, careful not to spot his garments by touching against a Spiritualist, reported him as infidel to his domestic responsibilities, and a "brazen free-lover, who did not live with his wife!" Coming from such a source, it had for a time its influence, of course, to forestall his success. Hearing of the lie, and believing that this mincing minister morally needed a lesson to study (having before

learned of his cunning to entrap Spiritualists, in Janesville, Wis., by promising a free house to *them*, as well as others, if they would help build it, and afterwards shut the door in their faces, and then virtually drove them out), he went direct to a distinguished lawyer, who addressed the "divine" a letter. The sequel is described by a pure and noble woman, — Mother Whittier, of Fox Lake, Wis., — in a communication to *The Spiritualist* : —

"All honor to that wise man, J. M. Peebles! While in an Eastern town, about to lecture, one of the present Sanehedrim — just as potent as the old Jewish — said to individuals, 'Don't go to hear that man; he is licentious, lives with another man's wife,' etc. Brother Peebles just stepped into a lawyer's office, and commenced legal action. The result: a humble acknowledgment in writing which condemned the man as a liar and a slanderer."

While professing no perfection, Mr. Peebles wrote at this time: "I defy you, or the world, to find a flaw in my moral character. Consistency I take no account of."

During a lecturing month in Rockford, Ill., he and Dr. Dunn boarded at T. M. Clark's, an earnest Spiritualist. The ample dinner included a nice plate of greens. As they gathered around the board, with some invited guests, Mr. Peebles continued his earnest conversation in which he had become deeply absorbed, descanting upon Mohammed's flight to heaven. Passing the plate of greens to Mr. Peebles, Mr. Clark asked very politely : —

"Have some greens, Brother Peebles?"

"Oh yes,—thanks—I'm very fond of greens;" and gracefully took the plate and set it beside his own, still engaged in animated conversation; and half involuntary adding a little salt and vinegar to the greens, devoured the whole contents of the plate. There was some blushing and embarrassment on the part of Mr. Dunn and the family who sat down to this inviting feast, but no remark was made touching upon the episode. But when these two guests were in their room, Mr. Dunn asked in a bantering sort of a tone, "Peebles, how's greens?"

“What do you mean? They were excellent — What do you mean?”

“Why, you acted like a pig, and ate them all up yourself. They were intended for the family.”

“Charlie, did I do that? Good heavens! What a stupid dunce I am! What shall I do?”

The joke was too good to be forgotten, and although Mr. Peebles made a handsome apology to the housewife for his little act of absent-mindedness, “How’s greens?” passed into a byword, which he was occasionally compelled to hear for years.

Indeed, absent-mindedness was a mood in which Mr. Peebles frequently indulged. One winter’s evening at Galva, Ill., he fell into a deep meditation on the theme he was going to lecture on at the hall, pacing the floor as usual on such occasions. When the hour arrived, he hastily put on his overcoat, gloves, and furs, and started with Mr. Dunn at a brisk pace for the hall. When they had passed three or four blocks Mr. Dunn chanced to look up.

“Ha, ha, J. M.! Where’s your hat?”

Surely enough he had neglected to cover his crown, and back he hastened his steps to recover this essential part of a clerical outfit.

Returning, he laughingly said, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath no hat for his head! What’s a hat compared to a soul? You are all after hats and gewgaws. ‘The head is not for the hat, but the hat is for the head,’ and have we not a right to take it off, or put it on, as we do theology? In the ‘day of judgment’ it will not be asked, ‘How’s your hat?’ remember that, my boy!”

Lecturing in Sturgis, Mr. Peebles discoursed upon “hell.” In the heat of his eloquence, he exclaimed, “Were I a saint in heaven, and my friends not there, I would look, I would rush down the battlements into hell, lay aside my golden robe, cast my crown at the feet of the Almighty, shock the heirs of glory, leap into the fires of damnation, and seize my doomed

brother!" Grasping Mr. Dunn by the hair of the head, he nearly lifted him with one hand from the sofa. The scene, half tragedy, half comedy, set the congregation in a roar of merriment.

Macaulay remarks that "absent-mindedness is the mark of either a genius or a fool." A man's mind may be so intensely occupied upon high themes that his senses, seemingly, are scarcely awake to the realities of this outer world.

But, notwithstanding these little eccentricities, Mr. Peeples's mental productiveness through all his public life has been unflinching, uplifting. It seems like a perennial fountain, both in amplitude and versatility. His mental processes are extremely rapid. It is difficult to say which he loves most — his library, controversy or garden of flowers. As a writer he is florid, versatile, racy and very popular. As an author he is scholarly and profound. His library is a veritable workshop,—shelves, tables, and floor covered with piles of manuscripts, scraps, and books lying open. While engaged in literary work, he alternately stands at a high desk and walks the room. Much of his matter is dictated to an amanuensis. He sticks to his work early and late, spending but little time in making social calls or entertaining company. Previous to the burning of his library in San Antonio, Texas, he had a most complete collection of works containing the philosophies of the Mystics and Neo-Platonists. He manifested his joy with actual kisses upon the books, when he received from England at great expense the "Anacalypsis," "Bhagavat Geeta," "Rig Veda Sanhita," "Asiatic Researches," "Divine Pyramider," "Proclus," "Plotinus," and several volumes of the Mystics.

In Hammonton — thirty miles east of Philadelphia — he purchased about four or five acres of fine fruit land, where he had a very pleasant home. Here he established his prime essentials for literary work — a library, a fruit orchard, and a flower garden. The Eastern cities were readily accessible. He could go out and fill Sunday engagements, then return and spend the week days with his books and manuscripts.

Mr. Peebles properly holds that the culture and civilization we present to-day are not alone the expression of what we have accomplished by our own unaided efforts, but that this generation is a deposit from all the generations that have gone before, with only a few increments added by ourselves. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Palestine, have all helped to qualify our present enlightenment. We are only a link in the long succession of nations and races. As the past has helped to shape the present, so the present will help determine the future. While he regards Plato with great admiration, he also recognizes a grandeur and nobility in that other philosopher whom the later generations have treated with injustice as fragrant as they meted out to Thomas Paine — Epicurus, who said:—

“This, then, my sons, is our duty, for this is our interest and our happiness: to seek our pleasures from the hands of the Virtues, and for the pain which may befall us, to submit to it with patience, or bear up to it with fortitude. To walk, in short, through life innocently and tranquilly; and to look on death as its gentle termination, which it becomes us to meet with ready minds, neither regretting the past nor anxious for the future.”



XIV

WIT, HUMOR, AND IMMORTALITY

“ True sympathy, a light that grows
And broadens like the Summer morn’s;
A hope that trusts before it knows,
Being out of tune with all the scorns.

* * * * *

“ For such a leader lifts his times
Out of the limits of the night,
And, falling grandly, while he climbs,
Falls with his face toward the height.”

— *M. B. Smedley.*

Since becoming a Spiritualist Mr. Peebles has become disposed to see the ludicrous side of solemn and melancholy subjects,— even of death,— and hardly a day passes that he does not launch forth his sallies of wit. But he never runs his horse until it becomes jaded. His wit is only a momentary gleam of sunshine flung on the landscape where his accustomed labors are prosecuted,— a by-play which serves to “ oil the hinges of the mind ” and render his labor delightful. If his brain is exhausted and a playmate is handy, he indulges in a brief and sometimes boisterous frolic, and so refreshes himself for another brilliant paragraph in the book he may be writing. During the busy hours of labor his periods of rest are like the working of the heart, whose strong muscles relax between each pulsation. The writer has often sat with him in his study as he was writing on some important subject, and he would occasionally pause, thinking how to coin some choice phrase, when there would come the quaintest joke or sharpest hit of the ludicrous. Then again seizing his pen, the coy thought or sentiment became immediately clothed with its fitting golden drapery.

His correspondence abounds in witticisms. When alluding to trials or disappointments, he often turns all into a focus of sunlight to burn up the darkness, and in this way keeps himself in better balance.

Burns is one of his favorite poets; and he delights to quote his hits against popular theology like this:—

“Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she’s got an unco ripple;
Haste, gie her name up i’ the chapel,
Nigh unto death.
See how she fetches at the throople,
And gasps for breath!”

In a private letter to a friend he says:—

“I am a pilgrim. Have here no continuing city. God is my father; Earth is my mother; Jesus, my elder brother; John, my spirit-guide; and among my very distant cousins is Jeho-ka, the ancient spirit-guide of the murderous Moses. . . .

“A clerical brother, for whom I cherish a deep heart-fellowship, writing me a while since, commenced his fraternal epistle thus, ‘*My Dear Heathen Brother.*’ The appellation charmed me. If I am to find the legitimate meaning of ‘Christian’ in the prevailing Christianity of this age, with its wars and pious wickedness, and if Pythagoras and Democritus, Empedocles and Aristides, Confucius and the Neo-Platonists of later times, were types of heathenism, count me ever a ‘*heathen.*’

“Will not our ‘Christian’ brother join with us in singing my new doxology?—

“‘*To Krishna, Plato, Jesus,*
With mystics, seers, and sages,
Be honor and glory given
Through everlasting ages.’”

Mr. Peebles is an Aristomenes, sure to escape caverns of his own digging by the leadership of some stray fox. During one of his speeches in Decatur, Mich., he ascended to a pitch

of defiant eloquence, and then thundered down upon his hearers after this style: "Let no man who swears come within four feet of me; six feet, who chews tobacco; ten feet, who drinks whisky—breaths of such, like Lazarus's dead body, stink."

After this explosion, he cooled down a little, and touched the kinder sympathies of his auditors. In the rear of the house, sat a dignified ex-judge, somewhat "over the bay," amusing himself at the orator's somersets. Rising, he deliberately came toward the desk, commented upon "the eloquence of the speaker, just seated," and suggested that he be paid for his services. "As no man can travel and work without money, I propose to make him a donation." Putting his huge hand into his pocket, he drew out a half-eagle, and stepped back from the desk just four feet, saying, "I sometimes swear." Then stepped back six feet,— "I chew tobacco;" then ten feet,— "I drink whisky;" and at that distance held out his long arm toward Mr. Peebles, looking him complaisantly in the eye, squealing out, "Here is a half-eagle, sir!" and then quietly put it into his pocket. There was no chance for a retort; the house was in a perfect uproar, his own laughter loud as the rest; and, when still again, he dignifiedly thanked the judge for his "generous donation,— a gentleman whom he would never forget." And he never did. The severe joke taught him not to defy men by measure of distances; but to take them by the hand, and hold upon their hearts till they twain shall be one spirit.

As is his custom in visiting places where he had previously labored, he called, at Oswego, upon a dear old woman whom everybody styled "grandmother," and, after the usual greeting, she said,—

"Why, Mr. Peebles, I knew you when you were a little boy! Your folks were Baptists; and *you* were a *blessed* Baptist. After you grew up to a man, you came here a Universalist minister; and now you've come again, this time a Spiritualist. Well, I never! and where will you go next?"

Peebles was too full of a roguish courtesy to disturb her mind except by an occasional encouraging word:—

"Free your mind, grandmother: it will do you good."

"Why, you will drag us *all* down to hell!"

"No danger of you, grandmother," he coaxingly said, patting her on the shoulder: "don't you believe the Bible? We nowhere read of the damnation or salvation of women."

"Well, now, that's just like you; always turning sacred things into fun; always just as full of your sin as you can be. Dear James, why don't you repent? Why don't you, before it is too late? A Baptist, a Universalist, a SPIRITUALIST! where *will* you go next?"

"Where? Ha, ha! If there's anything better, I am going, *going* for it. But to be serious, grandmother, I am going where truth points the way. The soul should be free to make its choice. Man is dangerous only when caged and chained. Slavery is a far greater element of disturbance than freedom. The stream of life must flow freely or it will break its barriers and devastate the villages. Who gave to the black-frocked pastors the keys of life and death? No, no grandmother, be not overawed by this black-frocked gentry who have spread their nets for truth unworthily, but who have never found her! Believe, we must live the truth and walk the perfect way in freedom, if we would see the divine perfections."

Seated on the shore of Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, one afternoon with his friend, J. O. Barrett, the conversation turned on the subject of death. Mr. Peebles was full of frolic, and when his friend grew serious, he suddenly exclaimed:—

"When I kick out of this old shell, I want my head cut off, and, after being cleaned up, the skull given to Dr. Dunn for use in his lectures, he stating to the audience whose it once was, whilst hitting it a ringing crack to arrest attention. This disposal of my head is understood by my wife and sister, Mrs. C. C. Beach, who consented to my plea, amid tears, at which I laughed. At my funeral, I want a brass band playing a good lively air; and for bearers I must have an Indian, a Chinese, a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Italian, an American, and as many other national representatives as can conveniently be selected. Now, remember! Put the body in

a white coffin. Go to the cemetery on a lively trot — no moping. Be sure and have singing at the grave. Engage two inspirational speakers, one of whom I shall entrust to address the people. You may be there, J. H. Harter, Elder Evans, Dr. Dunn, Mrs. S. A. Horton, Mrs. M. S. Wood, and I shall be there! Will not that be a good time? Then plant upon my grave no marble slab or monument, but simply flowers and a fruit-tree, that my very dust may be of practical use, still blessing those who stand there in after years and wonder who's the owner — and where he is."

Writing a poetical article for *The Banner of Light*, Mr. Peebles says,—

" WHEN I GO HENCE.

" Life and death are two golden links in the chain of endless being; demonstrating the goodness of the Divine Existence. That was a beautiful superstition, those ever-burning lamps in ancient tombs, imaging immortality, and the upward tendency of all things. Death is but the severing of the physical and the spiritual,—a passing point in the drama of each soul's endless experiences,—a withdrawing of the curtain to show us those we love. It may be likened to a *star*, that, fading from our skies, illumines some summer clime in the sidereal *heavens*; or to a rose twining up the garden wall to bloom on the other side; or to a grand triumphal archway, through which millions yearly walk to those sunlit islands of God, where, among the mountains of the beautiful and delicious perfumes, praises ascend with matin and vesper. Musing thus, I sang in better *rhyme* that *rhythm* —

" When I go, let no wail in the mansion be heard,
No wavelet on soul-sea or heart-chord be stirred;
But may calmness and trust their faith-offerings bring,
To blend with the triumph, 'O death! where's thy sting?'

" Let the hour be morn: while the first breeze is stealing
O'er forest and flower, in sweet voices revealing
The soul's aspirations, like hymns in the air,
That rise with the incense of flowers bent in prayer.

" O'er the tomb let no willow in minor tones moan,
 Nor the false phrase, ' died,' be carved on the stone;
 For such breathe not the *truths* that gleam through the portals,
 That gladden evermore the homes of immortals.

" Oh, these death-scenes are sweet! for the soul then receives
 Vast volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
 While each throe of despair, of sorrow and pain,
 Will have burnished the links in Life's mystical chain.

" Let the *harp* of the ' morn-queen ' be newly restrung;
 There's mirth to be made, there are songs to be sung;
 For a mortal has passed from the care-lands of earth
 To the realms of the loved, where music had birth.

" Oh! 'tis joy to stand near this glorified throng,
 Whose goodness and love are the themes of each song;
 Where the *cross* proved a *crown*, that to angels is given,
 With the ' worthy ' who glide through the azure of heaven.

" *Rockford, Ill., 1864.*"

Writing of death in the London *Spiritualist*, and assuring its readers that though justice and mercy span all worlds, and though all religions treat of death, Spiritualism, the synonym of apostolic Christianity,—Spiritualism is the only religion that does not say "good night" in the solemn hour of death, but rather gives the glad assurance of a most welcome "good morning," just across the crystal river. It does not drape the mourner's home in gloom, but lifts the grim curtain, permitting us to hear the responsive words of undying affection from those we love across the grim divide.

It would see no mourning garments worn, it would see none draped in crape, but see at funerals only opening buds and blossoms and hear only resurrection songs of music. It would see cemeteries made as beautiful as gardens and the groves of spring time, with wild briars twining around tombstones, and everything else that can remind us of the ever-green shores of immortality.

XV

LITERARY LABORS

“ He finds the laurel budding yet,
From love transfigured and tear-wet:
They are his life-drops turned to flowers
That make so sweet this world of ours ! ”

In June, 1866, Mr. Peebles was unexpectedly invited to the editorship of the Western Department of the *Banner of Light*, the controlling influences as the oracles of this stable journal so advised. No better choice could have been made. His editorials in that paper immediately became so popular that the subscriptions began to multiply, and the *Banner's* circulation steadily augmented during the four years in which Mr. Peebles maintained his connection with it. These editorials for earnestness, warmth, and brilliancy, bore a strong resemblance to Theodore Tilton's leaders in the *New York Independent*, when he was its editor. Possessing a fine library, conversant with history and general literature, gifted with an exuberant fancy, and matter of a pleading literary style, he had exceptional qualifications for the new work upon which he was now entering.

The *Banner* firm — William White, chairman of circle room, Luther Colby, editor-in-chief ; Isaac B. Rich, treasurer ; in connection with others interested editorially or officially with this leading spiritual journal, and Mr. Peebles, editor of the Western Department — were indeed a “ band of brothers,” confiding as school-fellows, faithful as teachers, true to the aims of that institution — the ministry of spirits — to whom they ever appealed for advice in matters of importance. The reminiscences of those councils held in the “ circle-room,” whose central figure was Mrs. J. H. Conant, are cherished by those who remain among the soul's deepest affections.

We extract from his editorials some choice gems, bubbling with the freshness of inspiration:—

“ SALUTATORY.

“ Readers, grace be with you from the Infinite, peace from the angel-world, blessings from those beautiful spirits commissioned to minister unto mortals, and a conscious fellowship with the good, the beautiful, and the true, be yours now and evermore! . . .

“ Earnest in the advocacy of what I deem *right, true, and reformatory*, I shall be tolerant to differences of opinion; holding the olive-branch of peace; exercising that charity which thinketh no evil; encouraging all mediatorial persons whose aims are highly purposed; and glorying ever in that freedom of discussion so natural to Western life and enterprise, yet insisting that it be conducted in the spirit of sincerity, kindness, and brotherly love; considering myself responsible for only such articles as I may furnish.” . . .

“ MEDIUMSHIP.

“ As friction from the contact of flint and steel eliminates the spark, so mind is the result of two conditions of substance, physical and spiritual. Essential spirit, the positive principle, is everywhere dependent upon matter for the production of manifestations, and the molding of forms visible to the sensuous eye. Births from blending is the universal law.

“ Though absolute spirit can not become less than spirit, and though philosophically true that nothing can affect it in its nature and essence, it is equally true that it may be buried, clogged, and its legitimate aims and efforts for a season be thwarted. It is generally conceded by sound thinkers and scientists, that gross thoughts, gaming saloons, alcoholic drinks, and licentious practices, not only destroy the health and harmonies of the body, but ruin the mind; that is, ruin it practically for high, divine uses.

“ The organ that manifests mind in the highest degree is the brain, and the nerves are the channels through which it

transmits to, and receives impressions from, all parts of the vital domain. Moreover, the delicate tissues, nerves, fluids and forces of the human mechanism are so connected with the brain, that whatever affects one must necessarily affect the other. Mediumship, as well as physiology and psychology, demonstrates this. Psychologic, impressional, and inspirational mediumship have vastly more to do with the brain than the body; but the brain can not be well balanced, healthy in action, and harmonious in relation, when the body is physically diseased or contaminated with immoral practices. It is very important that mediums understand this. Some have already lost, while others have greatly impaired, their mediumistic gifts, through perverted appetites and passions; while others, from love of gain, for selfish ends, and varied misdirections, have come into sympathetic relations with less unfolded, *evil spirits*, opening the way for obsessions and temporary mental shipwreck. Compensation is certain; as mortals make their beds, whether of thorns or roses, so they must lie.

“The blessed spirits, the very tread of whose white feet makes music in the heavens that overshadow us, are anxious, oh! *so* anxious to have their mediums live in strict accordance with the physical, mental, and spiritual laws of their being; for upon favorable conditions and the purity of mediumistic life, depends to a very great extent, the character of the communications,—the body being the sounding-board, and the brain-organs the keys and strings to the instrument.

“Place in the hands of Vieux Temps an elegantly made, rich-toned, four-stringed violin, and give to Ole Bull a broken, rickety, shattered, ill-fashioned fiddle: while one would discourse most delicious music, the other would only grate out wretched discord; and yet both excellent musicians. Well, the body is that exquisite instrument upon which the mind plays; and both body and mind combined as one—wheel within a wheel—constitute a mediumistic instrument for angelic fingers to touch in demonstration of immortality, and sweet communion, too, from the loved dwellers of the heavenly land.”

“GO FORTH.

“The apostles did not wait in Jerusalem for ‘calls’ to go and preach the gospel of the risen Nazarene, but a divine enthusiasm, streaming like golden glory into their souls, forced them to go into all the world, dispensing evangels of truth and love. Did Peter the Hermit, with bared head and sandaled feet, wait for a ‘call’ to go and rescue that sainted Syrian tomb from the ruthless hand of the Turk? Did those Jesuit fathers in Louis’s time, all afire with the missionary spirit, wait for invitations from India and China? This waiting to be invited, waiting to get a call, is hardly in keeping with the glowing inspiration of the new dispensation.

“My brother, start, strike out; take up your carpet-sack and walk! Up and away, making every schoolhouse, hall, and church respond! . . . Cold hearts require rekindling; the dead, buried in worldliness, need raising; the sleepy, awakening; the shiftless, arousing; the indifferent, a new baptism. The time is auspicious. The world is crying for our liberal, loving gospel, fresh from the spirit-world. It does not want doubt and fear, but demonstrations of immortality, devotion, trust, love. . . . Here’s our hand, brother, warm, cordial. List, go forth, work for the truth; live it each day; rise to the height of the occasion; lift and bear others’ burdens; make full proof of your ministry,—and friends will flock around you, while, from the arched heavens, angels will shower upon you unfading blooms and immortal blessings.”

“YOUNG SPEAKERS.

“We desire to see more encouragement given to our young speakers, those just coming before the public. Many in the field are bearing the marks of age,—will soon pass to the land of the ‘Hereafter;’ and our young brothers and sisters must be encouraged and supported. Committees should give them warm hands, and cheering words of hope and confidence. Among lecturers and mediums there should be no envy, no jealousy, and no rivalries, save only as to who shall do the most good. We are all workers upon the spiritual

temple. Frescoing and tinseling are less important than laying the foundation stones. Each in place, and all for the general good. Such life-consecration should be the divine aim. . . .

“Charles Dickens, writing of Thackeray, the humorist, says, ‘He had a particular delight in young boys, always wanting to give them sovereigns to aid them in their literary course.’ There are young men and women in the range of our acquaintance, gifted, inspired, entranced at times by spirits, waiting for some friendly hand to be extended, helping them to start, helping them to finance and the means of culture preparatory to achieving distinction in the lecture-field. Will not wealthy Spiritualists help such? A little aid at the proper time, and these young media may become stars in the horizon of thought, lighting, beckoning others up the mountains of the beautiful.

“Our older speakers,—those long in our ranks,—banishing all jealousies and unworthy ambitions, should manifest a deeper interest in young lecturers. Youth is no crime. The more aged are doubtless the better counselors; but all the gathered lore of the ages is not hived in their craniums. Under the entrancing and inspiring power of angels, these youth often completely eclipse their seniors; and this should and will gladden the soul of every true disciple of the Spiritual Philosophy.”

“ONLY FIRST-CLASS ENGAGEMENTS.

“Not wise and energetic, as most of our sister-lecturers, a brother speaker writes from the East:—

“‘Can’t you get me a series of *first-class* engagements in the West? If so, I should like to undertake the journey as far as the Mississippi. . . . What do they pay per Sunday, and provide entertainment?’

“The phrase ‘first-class engagements’ seriously puzzles us. Were Jesus’ of this character, when, with a Syrian sun-scorched face and sandaled feet he walked homeless by Galilee’s shores doing good? Were Peter the Hermit’s, who, thrilled by the inspirations of the hour, traveled, fasted, and

preached till fainting by the wayside? Were Wesley's, preaching by the roadsides, and in the graveyards of England? Were John Murray's, lifting up his voice in mud-hovels, school-houses, and 'stoned' at that? Pray, what your grade of clay? what the superior constituents of your being?

"Brother, get up from your bed of ease: pray the gods to infill you with wisdom, energy, enthusiasm; then, putting your 'pants in your boots,' taking your carpet-sack in your hand, start light-hearted as a bird for the great, glorious West. The angels know their commissioned; the people are sensible and appreciative. The way will open as you journey. The 'pay' is generally good,—considered spiritually, it is absolutely splendid. The entertainment, though diverse, is excellent; social circles are cordial, and Western hearts warm. The moral fields are white, and hundreds of harvesters are needed. Any true and faithful man or woman could build up and sustain a congregation in almost any locality. But that sentence, 'first-class engagements,' rings in our ears. Had we been privileged a walk in Judea some twenty centuries since, we should have hinted to Jesus the addition of another beatitude,—*Blessed are the modest, for they shall be promoted.*"

"FOLLOW YOUR STRONGEST ATTRACTIONS.

"Yes, follow them, and go to the 'd——.' 'Do not rivers flow toward the ocean?' 'Do not steel and magnet follow the law of attraction?' 'Do not birds in springtime, and four-footed beasts mating, follow the law of attraction?' Certainly.

"If men and women are nothing more than rivers, magnets, needles, and four-footed beasts, *they* will do well also to follow their attractions. Are they no more? To ask, is to answer the inquiry.

"Men and women are moral actors, made in the divine image. They are conscious beings, endowed with reasoning and rational faculties; and, instead of being psychologized, or blindly following their attractions, they should be *guided by reason*, and the spirit's highest, purest promptings. Weigh-

ing every motive, exercising the best judgment, and following the Arabula,—the Christ within,—they should be careful to distinguish between the voice of God and the voice of passion.

“Rocks roll down hill because they are rocks. Obedient to gravitation, they follow their ‘strongest attractions.’ It is well for alkalis and acids, well for minerals, to seek their affinities. Such seeking becomes the mineral plane of existence. Birds, beasts of the forest, and the Adamic propensities, sitting like sirens in the back-brain department of the soul-house, are ever clamorously inclined to follow their attractions. There are diviner counsels. God, Christ, angels, philosophy, and science, considering men and women intellectual, moral, and responsible beings, unite in saying, *Be guided by reason and the soundest practical judgment.*”

“CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

“Capital punishment, a relic of barbarism, as a governmental policy, is at once mistaken, ruinous, and unwarranted. The history of criminality proves its inefficiency to secure the results desired; and, moreover, every sympathetic prompting of our nature inclines us to intercede in behalf of the unfortunate murderer, that he may live out his natural life. A prison punishment, disciplinary and reformatory, is not only more efficacious for good, but infinitely more in keeping with the gentle spirit of Jesus and the humane tendencies of the age.

“Hanging kills no one. It is simply a retaliatory Mosaic method of punishment,—an unnatural process of severing the copartnership existing between the earthly organism and the real spiritual man. Parties thus thrust into the spirit-world, sometimes *innocently*, and then again all dimmed, stained, and blackened over with crime, retain their individualities, and follow, too, their leading bent of mind, till they learn by observation and experience, with the unfolding of the wisdom-principle, that happiness is attained only through obedience and rightdoing. And the phrase *learn*, implies effort, process, time.

“Hence, hanging people to get them *out* of the world, is, more literally, getting them into the world by widening their range among men for the exercise of such influences as they may choose to exert. This life determines the commencement of the future. All, ‘over there,’ gravitate by virtue of fixed spiritual law to their own appropriate planes of action; *act* they *will*, and the effect of such action is felt in both the mortal and immortal realms. . . .

“The highest inspiration of the hour, the genius of the age, and the progressive tendencies of all nations, are against it. This method of punishment is entirely abolished in Tuscany, Portugal, Oldenburg, Bremen, Venezuela, the Danubian Principalities, and in the Swiss Cantons of Freiburg and Nuremberg; in Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and, we think, one or two other States. There have been no executions in Portugal for ten years; in Freiburg for thirty-four years; and in Tuscany for thirty-five years. Russia, standing as it were, with one foot upon the frozen ocean of the North, the other well along toward Central Europe, has not only abolished capital punishment, but flogging with the knout. Thus moves the car of Progression, bearing onward the cause of humanity.”

“THE ORTHODOX CLERGY.

“Are not evangelical clergymen guilty of serious derelictions of duty for not dwelling more fervently upon the ‘terrors of the Lord,’ and the torments of sinners doomed to hell? They seldom preach *hell* now as in our forefathers’ day. Though taught in their creeds, they pass it over trippingly. Perhaps the mitigation, softening down, and bridging over of hell, form no exception to the general improvements of the age.

“The Orthodox clergy, — ‘fat, oily men, with a roguish twinkle in their eyes,’ — opening gold-clasped Bibles, and preaching to drowsy people pressing softly-cushioned pews, certainly take the matter very easy. Why, they smile, walking right over this crust of hell; they crack jokes; some of them drive good bargains; others loan money, almost forcing ‘infidels’ to believe them insincere.

“Poetry, painting, music, art, science, commerce, telegraphic communication, in connection with the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, have all exerted their liberalizing tendencies upon the times. The monstrous dogmas of ‘endless hell-torments,’ ‘personality of the devil,’ ‘total depravity,’ and kindred falsities, are being cast away as rubbish from the minds of the truly enlightened; have become effete, barren, dead. This living age calls for original thoughts, sublime ideas, and broader, grander truths than were ever conceived of by Scribe or Pharisee, Moses or Calvin.

“‘Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The age is going, let it go;
 Ring out the *false*, ring in the *new*.’”

“SILENT GOSPELS.

“Every individual we meet, every emergency into which we are thrown, leaves its impress, slight or powerful, upon the soul, just as every particle of food we take and every breath we inhale contributes to the support or injury of the physical organism. Of this we may be unconscious, as we are of the play of the lungs, the flow of the blood, and the operation of the forces that digest and assimilate our food. So our moral natures derive the elements of health or injurious growth from each of the occasions of life. We absorb from those with whom we associate. What we see, hear, think of, converse about, aspire to,—all these moral elements are digested and worked into our spiritual natures, the very substances of our being, by forces that play without our knowledge, and quite independent of the control of the human will. . . .

“There is not a pure purpose breathed, nor earnest desire uttered, in the sacred sanctuary of home, but that steals through the walls and infills the atmosphere. Thought impregnates thought, and sphere the spheral surroundings. Words of sympathy and gifts of charity in lonely streets sprinkle genial influences upon the frosty air that beats around the dwellings of the sordid. Nothing is lost. Kind

deeds crystallized into character make the presence of those thus doing more sweet and divine."

" SPHERES.

" Each mortal has an aura peculiarly his own; so has each mountain, tree, and flower, and rocky stratum. The atmosphere of some houses is fresh with the elixir of life. It is wholesome to breathe it, for the very breath of the inmates is aglow with the balm of health and harmony.

" Who does not delight to meet good souls? When allowed their intimate fellowship, you feel a personal baptism. You come away better from magnetic association, your heart beats lighter, and your hands seem cleaner from having shaken theirs. Such choice souls are the star-rays and sunbeams that gladden the earth. Send us more, Father! . . .

" Those particles of musk, permeating the walls and floating in the atmosphere of the room, so impinge upon and impregnate adjoining particles, the odor is retained for years. In a method somewhat analogous, mortals magnetize their beds, rooms, dwellings. Magnetism is refined, etherealized substance. Sensitives sense its grade. It remains in rooms after the occupants have left. This proffers the key to unlock the mysteries of haunted houses."

" THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

" Youth is the golden time, the impressional period. The child's mind, like the daguerreotypist's polished plate, naturally receives impressions from the surrounding objective and subjective worlds; hence the necessity of liberal and exalted teachings to beautify youthful natures, preparatory to the Harmonial Age, of which the Spiritual is but the John the Baptist. Thanks to the angels for the inauguration of these Lyceums,—schools in celestial lands; and thanks to A. J. Davis for being the mediumistic instrument of importation to earth, and translation of these educational principles into form, making them interesting and practical for the growth of the young in their earlier years!

" The aim of the Children's Progressive Lyceum is to culti-

vate the whole being, physical, mental, and spiritual, in harmony with music, law, science,— with the beautiful principles of nature.”

“ STRIKE!

“ Inconoclasts will be necessary so long as there’s rubbish to be removed. Jesus came anciently to abrogate the ceremonial law, and abolish Jewish rites and creeds, leaving not ‘ one stone of the temple upon another.’ Now Christ, the *spirit*, comes again; comes in the ‘ clouds of heaven;’ comes attended by ‘ ministering angels;’ comes in the influx of ideas and principles; comes the grand constructor of the age. The temple is spiritual. These are the progressive steps: investigation, phenomena, knowledge, dissolution, recombination, inspiration, progression, brotherhood, harmony. Out from these sectarian schisms, political partisanships, and social antagonisms,— out from the chrysalis of old forms, trembling, tumbling, are emerging living men and women, armed and winged to do the work demanded, during the closing decades of the Nineteenth Century.”

“ FLOWERS ON DESKS.

“ Blessings upon the fingers that pluck, weave, and decorate the home, the schoolhouse, and the church. Flowers are God’s divine Bibles; and sweetly do they inspire speakers with loftier thought, uttered with deeper fervency of soul. Jeremiah Brown, a prominent Spiritualist of Battle Creek, his home embowered with shrubbery and roses, appreciates the beautiful as well as the utilitarian. His good lady-companion, famous for refined taste, conscious of our needs, forwarded by express, each Saturday, bouquets and baskets of flowers for the speaker’s stand in Library Hall, Chicago. Accompanying one of them were these impromptu lines:—

“ ‘ May their beauty weave a spell
 ’Round thee, in which naught can dwell
 But the purest, holiest feelings,
 Wrought from truth’s divine revealings!’ ”

“ ‘ *Pray for me!*’ How horribly shiftless that sounds!
 Would you not like to have us prepare your food, fan you

to sleep, dust your pathway, and carry your groceries? To one constitutionally lazy, is it not sweetly bewitching to trust in a vicarious atonement that saves through the 'merits' of Jesus Christ? Is not this one secret of Orthodox success in cooping converts?

"Pray for you! No: pray for yourself; pray with your hands, feet, legs,—Fred Douglass-like; macadamize your own roads; construct your own bridges; plow your own fields; earn the bread you eat; digest your own pabulum; heal your own hurts; get to heaven by your own merits; work out your own salvation.—*be somebody!*"

"SPIRITUALISTS AT FUNERALS.

"When the mortal sleeps the sleep of death, and the soul is marching on to the sunnier homes of the angels, the eyes of the loving left behind are tearful, and their hearts heave and ache. It may be a tender father or mother, sister or brother, that in life professed and prized the blessed principles of Spiritualism. The day of burial comes; and who ministers at the altar of consolation? A spiritualist teacher? A seer with vision open to the glories that glitter in the temple of the Eternal? Oh, *no!* but a sectarian clergyman is invited,—a man that knows nothing of death; nothing of the condition of the departed, or of the activities and heavenly beauties that make radiant the spiritual world. Is this showing a proper respect to the ascended soul? is it honoring the truth? is it honoring our principles? and, unless *we* honor them, how can we expect others to?

"From our soul's depths we forbid any sectarist shooting off his sepulchral mouth at or over our corpse, charged with the doubts, dogmas, and superstitions of the past. If Spiritualists desire or claim the respect of a thinking, cultured community, they must first respect themselves, respect their principles, and practice them in letter and spirit. Enthusiasm for an idea, enthusiasm for eternal principles, is grand beyond description. The public speakers employed in voicing the truths of the harmonial philosophy are peculiarly adapted to

minister words of comfort at *funerals*, and words of beauty at the marriage altar."

" PRE-EXISTENCE.— ETERNAL EXISTENCE.

"Souls, as mathematics, have their axioms. Circles only are endless. Geometry is of universal application. Every particle of substance follows the line of its strongest attraction. All subjects, modes of motion, proceed in straight lines, unless controlled by intervening forces. That can not be spiritually or philosophically false which is mathematically true. Parallel lines can never meet. Beginnings imply endings. Conditions that form may, by the introduction of foreign conditions, depolarize. Could circumstances constitute or create living, conscious entities, other and mightier circumstances might 'uncreate.' An eternal past existence, then, is the only basic foundation upon which to place the fulcrum to demonstrate a future endless existence. . . .

"What is man? Analytically, he is body, soul, spirit. The least of him is body; the most, spirit, the essential inmost. The best of man, then, is spirit. But what is spirit, human spirit? It is both substance and form,—essential primal substance and essential form,—God the Infinite finited.

"Man, as body and soul merely, is the man of the theologic schools. As such, he is mortal, sinful, dies. But the divine *eternal man* is neither mortal, sinful, nor dies; that is, man in the third, the Deific degree. The scale runs, beginning with the lower, outermost, intermediate, innermost, a trinity in a sevenfold organization. If God is a fountain, man is the drop. If God is the infinite soul, the infinite consciousness of the universe, man is the finite. Man, then, in the best and divinest definition, is the synonym of God, and necessarily as eternal. This is the

'Divinity that stirs within,'

the quenchless fire that burns on the celestial altar, the eternal potency that incarnates itself for mighty destinies. The universe alive with God, and embodying the positive and negative,

something as the opposites of a mathematical equation, descension and ascension, must of necessity be the methods of evolution,—the ever-continuous modes of enfoldment along the segments and up the spiral circle of endless being. Synthetically man is *unitary*, and trifold in manifestation.

“Man being, then, what we have defined him, his strict eternity follows as a matter of necessity, and his pre-existence is clearly proved. All conscious mortals, in their inmost spirits, being essentially Deific, they must have existed during the whole past eternity, and will, for the same reason, through the whole future eternity. Analogy, revelation, manifestation, have little to do with future immortality, except to illustrate and make it known to the outer and sensuous. They do not create the *truth*. In fact, pre-existence itself, when logically and fully demonstrated, is not positive proof of immortality, in the sense of endlessness, disconnected from the Deific; for the idea of pre-existence itself goes no further back into principle than the creation of *essential man*, which, once admitted, his dissolution is just as logical, and follows as a matter of course. From nothing, nothing comes. Creation and annihilation are but necessary counterparts of each other. Admit the one, and you embrace the other. Creation is only apparent, not real; annihilation is the same. What is termed creation is merely incarnation, formation, or change of state. It is the clothings that spirit gives itself in its descending cycles of movement.

“That men live on when their mortal bodies are dissolved, Spiritualism abundantly demonstrates. But this fact affords only the feeblest proof of their immortality, in the sense of eternity; for, though they live after physical dissolution as they lived before birth, yet, being created, and having a beginning, they may, yea, *should*, for the same reason, have an end. Absolute endlessness can be affirmed only of circled being. All that begins, ends. The line that has a beginning has its ending. If doubted, extend the line till imagination tires; tread it till you faint, then retrace your steps and you find an end. The sea ebbs and flows. The sun that rises has its setting. All that *is*, is

substance, spirit. Matter is phenominal, and was precipitated from spirit. It ends again in spirit. The darkest worlds opaque started from spirit,—translucent, transparent, making their grand cycle of movement. As worlds, they end; end because they began. It is their nature. It is law; the law of change, precipitation and ascension, outflowing and inflowing, electrical and magnetic,—the latter relating more to the soul, the former to the body constantly, the ponderables gathering from the imponderables, and as constantly the ponderables becoming imponderables again.

“Forever man goes forth. Outgoing, incoming, is the eternal law; descension and ascension following each other in eternal movement, and in orderly succession. Thus ever onward lies the progressive pathway of man, taking on the more etherealized in each grand cycle of his being, yet never exhausting the eternal fountain, for it is infinite.

“Celestial man grows outwardly from himself as *spirit* into six degrees of expression, his seventh degree being himself, most internal, most *Deific* in the special or analytical sense. But man is most *Deific*, in the unitary sense, when making his upward cycle of movement; for then he excretes his negatives, his superficial and artificial characteristics, and makes himself more consciously immortal in wholeness,—in the seven degrees of his trifold being, conscious of his past consciousness,—a harmonic trinity in unity. How wide the circular sweep! how vast, how mighty, the destiny of humanity!”

While Mr. Peebles was editorially connected with *The Banner of Light*, he took strong grounds, as the above article shows, in favor of pre-existence. His positions were pointedly but kindly criticised by W. A. Danskin, Baltimore, Md., a sound thinker and able writer. In reviewing the reviewer, Mr. P. said:—

“Do not connect this position of ours, relating to pre-existence and eternal existence, with transmigration as taught in Buddhistic China, with the metempsychosis of Egypt, and the theories of old Asiatics. It has little or nothing in common with those superstitions, from which originated the Christian

doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Matter, through processes diverse and inverse, continually ascends to higher degrees of refinement; but souls, divine souls, allied to the *infinite* something, as drops to an ever-flowing fountain, descend." . . .

Quoting Jesus and Plato, the most distinguished philosophers, seers, poets, and authors of antiquity, with several writers of the present favoring the hypothesis, he continued:—

“Against this strong array of positive testimony, from representative minds both in the past and present, all the negations to the contrary ever breathed, or booked, amount to no more than the hum of passing insects. What is it to astronomers, though a thousand blind men testify they never saw dark spots upon the sun’s surface? That Homer was sightless was Homer’s misfortune.

“*Something* or *nothing* are the only two possible postulates. If something, substance; if substance, eternal; for all substance has in itself the divine energy or quality of endlessness. Therefore, once in existence, always in existence. Forms only change. The converse is equally true; once out of existence, never in existence. ‘*Ex nihilo nihil fit;*’ from nothing, nothing can come. If an individual, then, were absolutely once out of existence, as a conscious individuality, tell us how he ‘got’ into existence. The telling will solve the startling and heretofore inexplicable phenomenon of something from nothing,—somebody from nobody.

“Again, if a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or pre-arranged conditions, circumstances, or relational incidents, conspired to make this thinking, conscious individuality, MAN,—‘mark well,’ man (not his physical tenement, nor his more etherealized, spiritual body, but *man*,—essential, divine man),—may not future, pre-arranged conditions, or more potent circumstances, conspire to unmake him? May not beginnings have endings? Our position remains, then: man a *pre-existent* being; man an *eternal being!*”

“ ‘ NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE.

“ ‘ Abandoned women,’ — that’s the phrase in common parlance. Abandoned of whom? Not of God, for owning, loving all,—‘ his mercy endureth for ever;’ not of Jesus, for from that pure, affectional soul there still comes the gentle words, ‘ Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more;’ not of the angels, for there continues to be ‘ joy in heaven ’ when, through angelic pleadings and intercedings, an erring one is brought to repentance; not of the spirits of the ‘ just made perfect,’ for they delight to minister to the least and lowest for redemptive purposes; not of philanthropists or reformers, of the good or the true? Abandoned of whom? If by anybody, by those passion men instrumental in their temporary ruin, and such of their sister sex as, from a vivid consciousness of being themselves human, with a taking tendency to the weakness of yielded temptation, put on the extraneous airs of a purity too exalted to touch, or snatch from further degradation, a sister once pure as the crystal snow, and still God’s child, bearing the divine image. These pretensions not Jesusonian, are thoroughly Shakespearian,—‘ If thou hast no virtue, assume to have it.’

“ In the sight of God, angels, heavenly hosts, and constellations of philanthropists on earth quite unknown to fame, there are no abandoned women, no abandoned men; for God, heaven, sympathy, mercy, love, and redemptive efforts are over and around all.

“ Under the oily crust of city life, there lies half-concealed a huge, hideous vice, that often those who are too delicate to talk about it are not to delicate to practice. It is frequently termed the ‘ social cancer.’ With venomous roots pushing out and down in every direction, it is the destroyer of inward peace, the enemy of happy households, and fatal to the mental and spiritual growth of the soul. . . .

“ With the more positive and guiltier sex, it is generally animal indulgence and violent outbreaks of passion, rooted in ante-natal perversions, often intensified by rich diet, tobacco, liquors, and other stimulants. Relative to the other sex, in

a majority of cases, the primal causes are ante-natal tendencies, psychological susceptibilities, and stern life-necessities. Not choice, but poverty, love of costly dress, temptations to indolence, harsh treatment of parents, sensual grossness of husbands, and the wiles and false promises of seducers.—*these* are the more immediate and prominent causes.

“ Full one third of the women wandering in towns and cities, under the gaslight, are driven into the streets, and dens of pollution, from pressure of poverty and extreme want. Think of it! Woman, with the original seal of innocence and sweetness upon her countenance, compelled to choose between starvation and prostitution!

“ Society,—another name for gilded sham,—and even women in the higher walks of life, of whom we are heartily ashamed, will, while smiling upon, waltzing and flirting with, the libertine, full-fed and gay, turn sneeringly away or mercilessly trample upon the starved victim of his lust. To the fallen sister their language virtually is, ‘I am holier than thou!’ Heaven save us from a pharisaic self-righteousness! ‘None is *good*’ (absolutely good) said Jesus, ‘but *one*; that is God.’ A boasting, satisfied, selfish, do-nothing purity will find itself outside the wall of the city celestial, long after negative, erring women have, through fiery trials and severest discipline, been permitted to pass into those upper kingdoms of God to put on robes of beauty. Sainted sisters, ye who are safe from terrible temptations, because moving in circles above penury, and walking in the sunlight of noble souls, be sparing of the stones you hurl at those who fell, through miserable wages, psychological influences, and a fashionable world’s crushing coldness!

“ Efforts of Magdalen Societies in this country have done something; but the ‘Midnight Meetings’ of London have done more from this class in England. A living writer tells us that,—

“ ‘To one of these meetings an afflicted mother sent her own daguerreotype, in hopes that her erring daughter would recognize the face, and be won by its mute pleadings to a better life. The picture was passed around in several meetings,

until at last it met the eye for which it was intended, and the guilty girl burst into tears and set off for the home of her childhood.'

"The evil is patent. Where and what the remedy? Centralized into a sentence, it is this,—*The independence of woman!* Make her, or help her to make herself, socially, maritally, politically, and financially independent, and you have laid the ax at the root of this deadly upas-tree. Systematized, the method will bear this general statement: *A full recognition of woman's primal equality with man.* . . .

"The constituents of our social edifice should not be cemented by the force of interest, habit, or circumstance, but by virtue, integrity, purity, justice, sympathy, and love,—the mightiest principles in the universe of God. Society, constituted of individuals, should look after the highest interests of each member, remembering that whatever benefits even the least, benefits a world-wide humanity.

"Theorists must make their reform theories practical. 'What have you done?' is the question the angels ask. To gossip, tea-party fashion, about these 'unfortunate women upon the town' amounts to nothing. Up, and do something! To talk about their condition deplorably, to pray for them devotedly, to think of them tenderly, to shun them in the streets gracefully, to speak of them sisterly, *is talk*,—cheap talk! nothing more. Away with this silver-tongued hypocrisy! Do something. Redeem them; and the blessings of the angel world shall be yours!"

" MY PEACE.

"This is recorded of Jesus, in the tenth chapter of Matthew, 'Into whatsoever town or city ye shall enter, inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide till ye go thence. . . . And, if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it; but, if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you.' Whenever the inmates of a house are exacting, selfish, angular, and inharmonious,—when their rooms are badly ventilated, beds unwholesome, apartments tobacco-scented, dishes pork-pickled, and pastry

even swimming in swine juice, 'my peace returns to me,' and I can not 'there abide;' for six things, to speak biblically, 'doth my soul hate,' yea, *seven* things are an abomination unto me; viz., tobacco, whisky, pork, feather-beds, coffee, razors, and sectarian theology. And when the fragmentary letters and epistles of the spiritual dispensation are collected and voted canonical by those who in future years shall minister at the altar of freedom, may the above portion of *gospel* according to *Peebles* share no such a fate as did many of the 'manuscripts' at the Nicene Council. Amen."

"WHY AWAY FROM THE SPIRITUALISTS' MEETING?"

"'Because they act so!' Who are *they*? If you are all right, holding papers of canonization, the greater the necessity of your being an active worker among the 'they,' helping them to become right also. A retired saint is something new under the sun. Would it not be wise to widen the influence of your saintship, thus aiding others to become saintly? Jesus ate with sinners, and God's sun shines into marshes and miry pools. We are not scolding our inconsistent brother; for, by way of contrast, we love him,—love him something as we admire the background to a picture, or the mud from which spring and bloom beautiful lilies.

"'Well, I attend when they have a very fine speaker.' Indeed! what a condescension. The fastidious prince that sought the golden chariot sat on the sod. Quakers frequently consider their 'silent meetings' the most profitable. You, my brother, are not only devoid of principle, but have yet to take your first lessons in school of moral obligation, and the inspiring effects of right influences and examples."

"CHURCH INFIDELS.

"Christians swallowing all the spiritual camels of the Jewish ages; believing that God made the world in six days; that he walked in the garden in the cool of the day; that he came down to see the city and the tower; that he made woman from one of Adam's ribs; cast down great stones out of heaven; took off the Egyptians' chariot wheels, and sent the

she-bears to eat the children; believing that the waters of the Red Sea opened for the passage of the Israelites; that the quails fell around the camp some three feet in a single night; that the walls of Jericho fell at the sounding of a ram's horn; that Samson caught the foxes, and carried the gates of Gaza; that Elisha's ax was made to swim, and the sun and moon to stand still; believing, too, that the *whale* swallowed *Jonah*, and all because booked and labeled *holy!* They believe those ancient occurrences, though purporting to have happened two, three, and four thousand years ago, among those old, selfish, warlike, and murderous Jews, and then traveling down to us through a corrupt Roman Catholic priesthood! And yet, while piously believing the *above*, with other theological monstrosities, they reject the evidences of their senses; reject the *trances*, visions, healings, and spiritual gifts of the present; reject the candid testimony of Thomas Say; reject the testimony of Judge Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, Senator Wade, yea, hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands in our midst, whose integrity, eminent social positions, and high moral worth are an honor even to this Nineteenth Century. Great God, have mercy on the souls of these *Church Infidels!* For them, we promise to 'pray without ceasing,' as enjoined by the sainted apostle."

" MARRIAGE.

" True marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship; and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity, and no integrity without love. Love is marriage, and without it there is no *marriage.*'

" Steel to magnet, bud to sunbeam, require no chemical formula; neither does soul to soul need a Romish ritual or mere formal ceremony; for what God by the fiat of omnipotence has joined together will remain together, and what he has not, no priestly mummery or conventional legislation can keep together only in the *external*. The letter killeth, said the apostle. But beautiful, divine, holy, the true monogamic marriage,—man and woman; positive and negative; two

halves of a circle! own to own; heart to heart; soul to soul, in a sweet, divine duality, embosomed each in each."

" HUMAN RIGHTS.

"Ignoring such specials as 'woman's rights,' 'man's rights,' 'freedmen's rights,' 'Indians' rights,' 'Chinamen's rights,' 'children's rights,' we prefer that better term, at once broad and comprehensive, HUMAN RIGHTS! As related to woman, they may be classified in this wise:—

"I. The right to vote, hold office, and select that life-vocation best adapted to her glowing genius.

"II. The justice and moral necessity of paying her the same wages paid to men for the same amount of labor accomplished.

"III. The exercise of the same privileges that are granted to men in such civic advances as look to friendship, courtship, love, and the marriage relation.

"IV. The creation of such high public sentiment as shall gladly guarantee equal rights to all, with no rivalry save that which would strive to build up, beautify, and bless the most souls."

Immediately after returning from the war, Mr. Peebles was called by S. S. Jones, Esq., to a great meeting of Spiritualists in St. Charles, Ill., where he delivered an earnest speech, of which the following is an extract, published in "The Religio-Philosophical Journal:"—

"Wars darken the horizon in every direction. They are the *seeming* necessities of existing conditions. Destruction ever precedes the diviner construction. Wars may have their uses on certain planes. Nevertheless, my soul shrinks from war and all inharmonies. The divine within me calls for peace. War can never quench the war-spirit. The North, its armies and navies, has not yet taken the first step toward subduing the South. You may conquer, or even exterminate, the sons of the South; but that is not subduing them.

"Bonaparte conquered, but did not subdue, Europe; Russia conquered Poland; Austria, Hungary; and England,

Ireland; but so long as an Irish heart can throb, or a sprig of shamrock remains green, so long will the sons of Erin hate English oppressive rule. Only love and wisdom can subdue. Moral power only is employed by God and angels to uplift humanity. . . . All the races compose one universal brotherhood, and armies with white banners, palms, and olive-branches would tend to make the atmosphere so positive with goodness,—yea, they would so infill the air with the moral magnetism of love, justice, and truth, that the rebels would be struck dumb as by flashes of light from angel hosts. It was this power that felled Saul to the earth, and turned the prodigal to his father's house. It is the Christ within,—the mightiest redemptive power in the universe.”

“ REFRESHING PREACHING.

“ The clergy frequently announce their subjects these days, as a sort of stool-pigeon enticement to draw in the fluttering, floating crowd. A late Washington Sunday Morning *Chronicle*,—a paper, by the way, that refuses to publish notices of Spiritualist meetings under the head of ‘*religious meetings*,’—contained the following notice under the head of ‘religious intelligence’:—

“ Subject of discourse at Dr. Gray's church (E-street Baptist), to-night will be: ‘The incidents of the flood; the ark; the builder; description of the ark itself; its stormy passage; the place where it anchored; the first morning of a new day.’

“ Important ‘religious intelligence,’ truly!—incidents of the flood; the ark; the builders of the ark, and its stormy passage! This and similar evangelical intelligence the Washington *Chronicle* generously publishes.

“ With all due deference, we seriously inquire what the people of this country care about Noah's Ark, or other of those old myths and legends that characterized the Jews. Is it not more legitimate to deal and do with American steamers, their passages, the accidents occurring, loss of life, and causes of the same?

“No matter how the Israelites were fed; are the poor of this country—each city, hamlet, neighborhood—all fed? No matter about the number of horns on John’s mystic beast, or the mechanism of Paul’s tents. We have to do with the living present; the lessons of this day; the necessities of this age. Oh, for living men and women to occupy the pulpits and rostrums of this hour! speaking words that flame with holy fire; words that convince; words that touch the heart’s deepest affections, moving the masses up on to that broad humanitarian plane of toleration and justice, sympathy and fraternity.”

“THE PRISONER, MY BROTHER.

“Loitering, a few days since, with a friend in a rear yard of Auburn State Penitentiary, I saw, jutting through the window-grates of a prisoner’s cell, trailing vines, and flowers in full bloom, placed there by pale hands in morning’s time, to catch the sunshine; and I said, ‘He can not be a bad man!’ My sympathies were touched. I wanted to extend to him a warm hand, call him my brother, tell him I loved him, and would fain come unto him. Be sure, in an impulsive moment, he may have committed a crime, and infinitely greater criminals may have pronounced upon him the stern sentence. Did not Jesus say, ‘Go and sin no more?’ Gladly would I have borne him on loving wings into the realm of better conditions, placing him amid summer surroundings, and, calling angels to guard him, bid him look hopefully toward a smiling and peaceful future.”

“GOD, FATHER, AND MOTHER.

“Ignoring the fetich gods of Africa, the repenting, jealous God of Judaism, the changing, angry-getting God of Catholicism, the partial, malicious God of Calvinism, the masculine, miracle-working God of Universalism, we find infinitely higher conceptions of Deity in the definitions of Plato, Proclus, Jesus, Parker, and Davis:—

“‘Of *good* there is one eternal, definite, and universal cause,—the infinite soul.’

“‘God is spirit, and spirit is causation underlying all things.’

“‘God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.’

“‘To God, our Father, and our mother too, will we ascribe all praise.’

“‘The great positive mind of the universe, Father God, and Mother Nature.’

“Spiritualists believe in the Divine Existence, the Infinite *Esse*, embodying and en zoning all principles of mind and properties of matter; all wisdom and love; life and motion: ‘God manifest in the flesh,’ and everything else, from sands to solar systems. This is the spontaneous concession of the world’s consciousness. Egypt’s Osiris, India’s Brahma, Judea’s Jehovah, the Grecian’s Jupiter, the Mussulman’s Allah, the Platonist’s All-Good, the Theist’s Deity, the Christian’s Our Father, the Northman’s Odin, the Indian’s Great Spirit, express more than glimmerings of universal beliefs in that God whose altars are mountains and oceans, and whose pulpits are fields, earths, orbs, and circling systems, perfect in order, musical in their marches, and flaming with holiest praises.

“Rejecting the human-shaped, prayer-hearing, personal God of evangelical theologians,—because personality logically implies locality, and whatever becomes localized in space is necessarily limited and imperfect,—to *us*, God is the *Infinite Spirit*; soul of all things; the incarnate Life-Principle of the universe, immanent in dewdrops that glitter, and shells that shine; in stars that sail through silver seas, and angels that delight to do the Eternal’s will. When we designate God as the Infinite spirit-presence and substance of universal Nature, from whose eternally-flowing life wondrous systems have been evolved, we mean to imply in the affirmation all divine principles, attributes, qualities, and forces, positive and negative,—spirit, and matter as a solidified form of force, the former depending upon the latter for its manifestations. The masculine can not create. There was never a higher formation without the two forces, positive and negative.”

" CONCEPTIVE IMMORTALITY.

" All newer and higher formations result from the blending of positives and negatives. So, upon the plane of humanity, when the positive and negative relational forces unite, then and there is the divine incarnation. From that moment, the embryonic child is an immortal being ; the divinity has taken on humanity ; God is manifest in the flesh. Whoever destroys that germinal man or woman is a criminal in the eyes of all seers on earth and angels in heaven. Nature absolutely never takes a retrogressive step."

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

" Better to be deceived by mortals, now and then, than deprived of the real joy and beauty of calm, deep faith, in our kindred kind. All have their angel side."

" Have you portions of God's green earth you call your own? Do you rent, even? Put out the choicest fruit-trees, decorate them with rare and symmetrical shade-trees, and embower them in trailing vines and roses. Angels delight to visit such beautiful homes."

" The system of evangelical religion, toggled up in the dark ages of popery, is purely a *policy* religion, full of adaptations and worldly expediences, counting on *profits* and *losses* at the *judgment day*, and is completely mechanical, having *hells* and *devils* for motive powers."

" The highest and holiest are tinged with melancholy. . . . Seers are sadder than others."

" As Spiritualists, we regard dancing, at proper hours and places, a harmless and pleasant amusement, conducive to health and a genial flow of the soul-forces. It imparts an animating influence to the brain, and conduces to a proper balance between the muscular system and mental activity."

" Grand is God's old *rock-book*,—a Bible that never required a 'revision;' a gospel never bound in calf, nor man-labelled 'Holy.' The masses, with open eyes, go blindly through the world, kicking aside the stones that reveal in their formations the history of countless ages past."

“It is terrible,—this chaining by law a living, progressive, spiritual woman to a dead, masculine corpse!”

“DEATH.

“Death, a divine method, is sleep’s gentler brother.

“Death, a severing of the physical and spiritual copartnership, is life’s holiest prophecy of future progress.

“Death is the rusted key that unlocks the shining portals of immortality.

“Death is the glittering hyphen-link that conjoins the two worlds of conscious existence and holy communion.

“Death is like opening rosebuds, that, in ever-recurring Junes, climb up on garden walls, and, blooming, shed their sweetest fragrance upon the other side.

“Just as well ask the blade of wheat to return to the kernel, or the singing bird to its old shell, as a freed, immortalized spirit to the disintegrated physical body at some supposed future resurrection-day.

“Behold Faith, trimming her lamps in the darkness of the grave! Tears are crystallizing into celestial dews.

“All of earth’s mortals enter the future state of existence mentally, morally, spiritually, as they left this, retaining their identity. Death imparts no new faculties. It is no saviour; only a transitional agent, introducing pilgrims and students into some higher department of the Father’s mansions. Salvation is a process, a divine method of the soul’s unfolding, attained through obedience to the perfect laws of God.”

“THE DEPARTURE OF CHILDREN.

“‘Did the angels have a funeral, mother, when I left heaven, and came to earth to live?’ asked a precocious child. It was a soul question, a cognition of pre-existence. The coming and going of infants, like descending and ascending waves upon a measureless ocean, are parts of the Infinite purpose. Nature would not have all the buds and blossoms of orchards mature in ripened fruitage; so the tree of life lets some of its tenderest buds droop and fall, to bloom in the

gardens of the angels. Those airs are more soft and balmy, those climes more sunny. There is no lovelier sight than an infant's form encoffined for the tomb. Spirits, through trance and inspirational media, should speak upon such occasions. The burial should be in morning time. No dark procession, no tolling of bells, no gloomy looks, should mark the quiet passage to the grave; but, dressed in holiday attire, and garlanded with the freshest, brightest flowers of spring, the sleeping body should be borne to rest. Glad songs should be sung; joyous music should ring out upon the air; and pleasantly, as to a festival, the gathered group should go its way, feeling that the child is not dead, but gone before,— gone to the loveland lyceums of heaven.

“ Weeping, mourning and darkened drapery are no signs of intense sorrow; but rather of doubt and atheism. Much of mourning is rooted in selfishness. The more external, the more conspicuous the weeping. Displays at funerals are as common as unchristian; sham and show, going with the superficial to the very threshold of the sepulcher. There are sorrows too deep for tears, as there are prayers too divine for utterance. The fond Mexican mother, relying upon weird, ancestral traditions and the teachings of Nature, ‘ who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santo*,— God's sacred field,— breathes a sweet faith only heard elsewhere in the poet's utterance,’ or the Spiritualist's philosophy of immortality. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer, ‘ Five; two here and three yonder; ’ so, notwithstanding death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household; and in the trusting mother ever lives the thought,—

“ ‘ We are all here,— father, mother,
Sister, brother, all who hold each other dear.’

“ When children are disrobed of the earthly, their spirits are borne to spheres of innocence, and there received by heavenly matrons and good angels to be educated. Oh, how those angelic beings, full of affection, delight to teach infants and little children, such as Jesus took in his arms, saying, ‘ Of such is the kingdom of heaven ’! Variety is a necessity

in all worlds. Heaven would not be heaven without children. It would lack the joyousness of childish innocence and educational progress. Our departed children,—aye, ours still,—buds of spirit-beauty; lights in the windows of heaven; the angels of the future!”

“ A SONG FOR THE SAD.

“ Our heart is brimming with songs to-night. We would sing them to the sad. Take my hand, weary pilgrim; it is a brother's. Off with all masks; away with reserve. Tell me of life's uneven voyage,— its blighted hopes, piercing thorns, trials, losses, defeats, struggles, and disappointments. There is profit in confessions that bare soul to soul. Neither of us has secrets. All lives are unrolled scrolls, open to spirit inspection. Each is his own recording angel, and memories are immortal. What you are, I am, or have been. What you have felt, I have felt in my dual life-experience along some segmentary portion of the endless circle of being. Go on: I sense, feel, your life-history. It is wild, weird, witching, and big with the blessings of suffering. Now, all told, the good and ill measured, with their necessary compensations, has it not been glorious to live,— to live a thinking, reasoning, conscious, and immortal individuality, with infinite possibilities before you? Could you afford to lose the rusted links even from the chain that connects past and present? Have you not gathered and treasured rich experiences, that will serve, through you, to strengthen others in their weakness and their peril? Have you not seen more flowers than thorns; smiles, than tears; suns, than clouds; and have you not heard more blessings than cursings, and a thousand merry peals of laughter for a single groan?

“ Has thy life been stained and blemished? None are perfect; the best have their failings: despair not; the good of earth, and the sainted in the heavens, delight to aid the aspirational. ‘Come unto me,’ said Jesus. The angels echo the song, come, ‘Come up higher.’ Look not to the past with painful regrets. In ascending a ladder, the wise never look

down to the broken rounds. Every step the prodigal son took in the outward from his father's house was spiritually a step toward it. Husks helped bring him to 'himself.' When himself, he was right, human nature being innately good. This prodigal's bitter experiences of hunger, want, suffering, proved eminently salvatory. The good father loved the repentant son none the less for his wanderings. God, angels, all good men, love the erring. A mother's prayers pierce dungeon bars. The philanthropist hopes for all, loves all, has faith in all.

"No oak, lifting its head, catching and kissing the sunbeams, regrets that it was once an acorn, and fell,—fell into the mud, to be buried, bruised, chilled, and frosted with snows. Progression implies a lower condition to progress from. It was wisdom not to commence conscious life on the physical side perfect. Those fixed stars, that gild measureless distances, shine and sing all the sweeter from having been nebulous fire-mists, floating in oceanic space: so noble-purposed souls, tempted, falling like the child in the effort to walk, yet rising, wiser for the pain, stronger in will-power, treading the wine-press of the world's wrath alone to-day, stopping by the way-side to-morrow to help the more unfortunate, will find their path ultimately widening, brightening, and opening at last into the shining portals of immortality, where peals of victory shall blend with the grand oratorios of souls long housed in the heavens:—

"Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.'

"The Nazarene, though ever attended by ministering angels, shrank from the pain of the thorn-crown. Father, 'Let the cup pass;' thus he prayed; thus ever prays earthly weakness. 'Not my will, but thine, be done,' responded the divinity, the Christ-principle within.

"Carbon shrinks from the fierce chemical fires that transform it to diamonds. Flax fields tremble at the transitional methods necessary to white linen napkins; and youthful sailors would fain shun the rough ocean's requisite to making

them skillful mariners. Mortals are but children in the eyes of the angels. Beautiful is the divine plan, with its infinitely diversified methods of soul-discipline. There was never a birth without agony; a beautiful bloom without an aching, swelling bud; a musical instrument,—lute, lyre, or harp,—without grating, tuning processes; and even ‘craftsmen,’ and mystics in their upward pilgrimages, meet with ‘ruffians,’ rough roads, repulses, and fiery ordeals, ere they pass the ‘vails,’ sit in the council chambers of the worthy, or rest in patriarchal tents. Aspiration and effort are the soul’s jewels. Courage, brave ones: the gods help those that help themselves. Oh, it is grand to build the road we travel on; erect the ladders by which we ascend; carve our own mental statues on living, conscious forms; and construct our own homes in the upper kingdoms of beauty and blessedness!

“Come, then, barbed arrows and dark-winged sorrows! Ye are all masked angels, leading souls oft by strange, inverse ways through thorn-encircled doorways into the inner courts of the beatified; the golden temples of the gods, whose every soul-tear will be transformed to a pearl; every groan die away into music; every sigh prove to have been a fore-gleam of a seraphic smile, and the sweetest, divinest ideals of earth, the imperishable reals of eternity! Courage, then, fainting soul! Every winter hath its spring; every ocean, its glittering gems; every frost, its shining crystals; every thunderstorm its compensating health; every cloud, its silver lining; every ruin, its twining vines; every wave-tossed ark, its dove; every blood-stained cross, its flower-wreathed crown; and for every paradise lost, there are thousands to be gained! Patiently wait, then; wait and labor; wait and trust. Yea, be courageous, brave, hopeful, joyous, happy; for a good God reigns. Eternity with its infinite glories is stretching in mellowed radiance before you; ministering angels are beckoning you onward, upward; and loving archangels, standing upon evergreen mountains, and amid the matchless splendors of summer-land scenes, with wreaths, palms, and glistening robes, are inviting and singing, ‘Here’s rest for the weary, and crowns for the

worthy.' 'All these, and infinitely more than tongue can tell shall be thine O children of earth! when ye are worthy,' saith my angel. Good-night, dear pilgrim friends. Sweet dreams to you, and kind angel-watchers. We shall meet again."

"O the Spirit is free!
It descendeth on me
Like a torrent of fire,
And beckoneth higher
And still higher and higher;
And the notes of my lyre
Chime out my desire
To mount to the skies on the pinions of song."
— *Solon Lauer.*

XVI

SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

“It is a little thing to speak a word of common comfort,
That by daily use hath almost lost its sense;
Yet, on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned,
’Twill fall like choicest music.”

Letters reveal, somewhat, the inner life of both the writer and recipient, as also the manner in which we stand related to the world through our friendships. Not achievements alone can determine another’s value to us. We render a service toward the uplifting of our fellows more by what we suggest than by what we do. True, what we are has an import to our fellow men; but what we aspire toward and strive for are matters of transcendent importance. We love those who have similar ideals with ourselves. Especially do we love those who admonish us of our own possibilities, and who will not be content with the poor estimate we put upon ourselves. It does not matter if we forget what we have been and what we are, but what we shall be should be ever kept in front like a white mountain peak, to gain the summit of which we should devote ourselves with unwearied diligence.

Mr. Peebles’s private correspondence has been voluminous, extending to people of every profession of life and to all enlightened nations. One of his most intimate friends and counselors was Hon. J. G. Waite, of Sturgis, Mich. He loves to recall the happy interviews with Revs. Higginson, Towne, Frothingham, Chas. Beecher, Thomas K. Beecher, and with the political honorables who rendered him favors connected with the Spiritual gospel,—Sec. Fish, Senators Howard of Michigan, Harris of Louisiana, Honest Ben Wade of Ohio, and Prof. Worthen, State geologist of Illinois. From a large number of private letters we select the following:—

“COURTLAND, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1863.

“DEAR MR. PEEBLES,—Have you forgotten taking a young man aside in Courtland, several years ago, and telling him the very thoughts of his soul? Oh, those kind hopeful words! God only knows how much I owe you for the interest you manifested at that trying period of my life. All that I am, or nearly so, I am indebted to you for. . . . Our publishing house is in a flourishing condition.

“Most sincerely, H. S. CLARKE.”

“LA CROSSE, WIS., Sept. 3, 1863.

“MY DEAR PEEBLES,—This-morning I received a kind letter from you, which took me in the arms of memory like a child back to the olden days of budding anticipations. Am glad to hear from you. My heart sinks down into old scenes, memories, and incidents, as one sinks to rest in a bed of down. The printing office; the ride to Athens; the scared woman whose babies and pigs we *did not* run over; the visit to Towanda; the *improvement* to your sermon! Well, well, time has borne those days to the rear, and still the fight goes on. You were one of my saviors.

“I am older than when we last met. My eyes are *wider open*. The world and I have skirmished and battled; but, on the whole, I am ahead. Glad to hear you are coming out this way. The heart is still in the same friendly place for you as of yore. . . .

“I shall publish one or two books before spring; and, as you will read them, you will have an idea of what kind of a man (in theory) the *boy* you used to speak so kindly to in the East makes in the West. Write me. . . .

“With the best, earnest wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity,

“I am the same,

MARK M. POMEROY,

“Otherwise ‘Brick’ Pomeroy.”

The following note from Bishop Clark (Episcopalian) was addressed our “Peace Brother,” L. K. Joslyn, who introduced Mr. Peebles to him as a “Representative Spiritualist:”—

“ PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 10, 1864.

“ DEAR SIR,— I shall be happy to see the Rev. Mr. Peebles at any time that he may find it convenient to call. I am interested in occult subjects. I expect to be absent from town on Tuesday, and until the latter part of the week. I mention this in order that he may not call while I am away.

“ Respectfully yours, THOMAS M. CLARK.”

Speaking of the conversation with Mr. Clark, about the truth of spirit manifestation, Mr. Peebles reports him as saying,—

“ ‘ You are just designed to traverse the country, and scatter seed to get the golden fruit ; but I,’ said the bishop, ‘ instead of scattering the seed, am content to cautiously graft into the old trunk ; and, if I put in too many grafts, they will absorb the juices and spoil the whole tree.’ ”

The author of this is the wife of Rev. C. F. Dodge (Universalist). She accompanied it with an accurate and interesting psychometric delineation of Mr. Peebles’s character :—

“ PALMYRA, Wis., June 19, 1865.

“ DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND,— . . . I thank you for the interest manifest in our behalf. I hear the words, ‘ Come up higher ;’ but the way I know not. I felt strengthened by your presence and teachings, during the brief visit, and felt then as if I would say ‘ *out loud*,’ ‘ I am a Spiritualist.’ If I understand my own heart, I have but little sympathy with the creeds now prevailing,— can not feel the interest in denominational matters that I once did. *The scale* seems to me an ascending one. . . . Your visit here was a streak of sunshine to my sister, Mrs. Bunker, as well as to us.

“ Truly yours, C. H. DODGE.”

Wishing to post himself in the standard ancient works, Mr. Peebles, in the fall of 1865, called on Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher of Concord. Giving him the desired literary information, these moralizers talked about the “ Spiritual movement.” Writing of this happy interview, Mr. Peebles reports :—

"This 'Sage of Concord' said, 'The *universe* is to me one grand spirit manifestation; . . . but as to the minor, the specialties so to speak, I shall have to refer you to Mrs. Emerson, who is much interested in these spiritual matters,' especially the experiences of Swedenburg."

"CHICAGO, March 10, 1866.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I was just thinking how patient God must have been to wait so long for fullest working out of ultimates from commingling primates. And then I thought the reason why is obvious enough; because He seeks a *principle*. Those only lack faith and get out of patience, who have not entered into 'the holy of holies' of ever-unfolding life. To *understand* a *principle* is *eternal life*. No man can have pure 'Platonic love,' unless he has climbed the topmost peak of unfolded *principle*. . . .

"'The truth shall make you free.' The unfolding of principle shall make you free. Nobody can bear and forbear, up to the divine standard of human needs, unless he sees clearly into, and all the way through, the *principle*, or the *nature*, of things. Nobody can comprehend the divine standard which turns the 'other cheek,' except him who has learned beyond the region of approximates. . . . You are the vacuum of appreciation into which my spirit can flow and find a resting-place.
SETH PAINE."

"STURGIS, MICH., June 24, 1866.

. . . "MY DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES,—Yes; I think we shall have a good time at the State Convention in Battle Creek. We certainly shall if we are all in the right spirit; if we seek not any personal end, but only the amelioration and elevation of ourselves and our fellowmen. I know *you*, at least, will so seek the precious good of our dear humanity, for your soul is afire with divine love. My country is the world; my kindred, all mankind; and, though we are all imperfect, I feel that most of us who will gather there will come to the great work of the age.

"Cordially,

SELDEN J. FINNEY."

“CHICAGO, Sept, 21, 1866.

“ESTEEMED BROTHER J. M. PEEBLES,— . . . How cheering! we have in our midst noble souls, whose tested morality, purified sympathies, and holy affections combine in earnest, practical work,— whose influences casts a shadow of sunshine. . . . Were it not for this fact, the bitterness of the dark side of Spiritualism would cause us to retire from public labors, sorrowful at the tardy movements of so-called reformers. But the issues of the hour bid us be faithful at the post of duty, discriminating between the true and the false, within and without.

ALCINDA WILHELM.”

“PUTNAM, Oct. 9, 1866.

“DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES,— God bless you for your kind letter, so much needed. How I love your beautiful teachings! You are inspired from above. It seems as though you are my elder brother; and in my teaching I can come to you for counsel. . . . Thine,

A. E. CARPENTER.”

“BRIDGEWATER, VT., Oct. 12, 1866.

“BROTHER PEEBLES,— . . . You say you are ‘almost a Shaker in theory, perfectly so in practice;’ that the idea of freedom of the affections ‘has been a bone of contention,’ etc. I believe in freedom of affection; but not indulgence of *lusts* under the name of *Love*. In this we agree. . . . To me, the honest recognition of this philosophy of soul-union is of the utmost importance. When men believe it, they will not degrade their manhood, and *insult* the brute creation with such indulgences as now fill the land with depravity. . . . There *then* will not be as many divorce cases as now. . . . May the dear angels bless you and long keep you as pure, true, and good as I know your soul desires to be!

“M. S. TOWNSEND.”

The following extract was written just after the stormy convention of Spiritualists in Chicago. The author was formerly one of the editors of *The Spiritual Age*. Has not the able brother told us the truth? Has there not been a “daubing with untempered mortar?”

“ WASHINGTON, D. C., October 25.

“ DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES,— . . . An organization is not to come by throwing together a heterogeneous mass of antagonistic materials, expecting them to fall into order and harmonious combinations. Nature’s method, God’s method, is different. A little seed, or nucleus of life, is deposited; and this attracts to itself such materials as are fit and proper to constitute the body to be built. So, if there is to be an organization among the crude materials of the Spiritualistic field, it must come of the deposit of a germ of vital truth, first in individual hearts,— or, perhaps, in *an* individual heart,— so vital as to attract around it by slow concretion the individual particles that will form a living and powerful body. I have no faith in the *Convention*-al method. It will eventuate in nothing but the formation of, at best, a lifeless body, an external shell, not pervaded by the living spirit. Let these little *nuclei* begin to be formed, and I shall have some hope. But these must not be mere *financial* organizations,— “ to sustain a free platform,”— on which a babel of contradictions may be enunciated. There must be a basis or center of vital yet catholic truth,— something *positive*, and not merely *negative*,— something which shall be esteemed of more value than all things else,— something which shall pervade and control the *daily life* of the believer. . . .

“ Our meetings are got up too much on the *star* system of theatrical managers. Speakers are employed to *draw*, not to tell practical truths, or to develop a practical form of faith, or lead the way to a divine life. . . . I earnestly recommend you for Washington, and am glad you are engaged. I anticipate much from your coming.

“ Yours truly, A. E. NEWTON.”

“ DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 28, 1866.

“ DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES,— Your last two lectures in Detroit gave me inexpressible joy and hope; because of their plainness upon that subject which, it seems to me, lies at the foundation of human progress. I mean the righteous generation of human beings. I want to bless you for your bravery

in ascribing the beauty of Christ's character, to some extent, at least, to his antenatal conditions.

"But (pardon me) in the evening, when you spoke so forcibly, and I think so truly, of the sin against blasted human buds, did you not stop just where it might be inferred that the guilt rested mainly on the mother? How about the father?"

"I know your heart is right here as everywhere, and doubtless your head, too; and I will not say it is your duty to go farther in public; you and your guides know best. But I have felt impelled, for the sake of the thousands of overtaxed, unloved, suffering, must I say *outraged* wives, to beseech you to be faithful to husbands. If not in public, then in private, arrest their attention in some way. Men can control this whole matter if they will; and I have faith enough in human nature to believe 'tis not so much depravity as ignorance that prevents. Then give them light. When women have no unasked children, there will be no more murdered ones. If the soul becomes immortal at conception, 'tis but a step to the truth that there should be no waste of the life-forces. I am glad, thrice glad, that you accept that truth. I almost think, when that is generally accepted in heart and life, the world will be saved.

"Am I presuming in giving you these hints? if so, my love for humanity, my earnest desire to see the race lifted from ignorance and death into light, life, and happiness, must be my apology.

"Now, permit me to say, not to flatter, but to inspire,—few, *very* few, are so well prepared to handle this whole subject as yourself. Your psychological power over an audience, your personal purity and delicacy, fit you admirably for the task. I can not but feel that this duty, in a peculiar manner, is resting upon you, and, when well performed, one of the brightest, sweetest buds in the wreath placed by the archangel on the brow of the youth, will have unfolded to shed its beauty and fragrance on a grateful world.

"God bless you, in the inner and the outer man, and make you ever more and more useful, is the prayer of—

"Your friend,

"LUCINDA S. WILCOX."

“CROWN POINT, IND, Feb. 15, 1867.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . As time bears us on through this world, I feel more and more your brotherly spirit. There is one soul linked with another in golden chains, riveted with the saintly hands of angels. All that I am I owe to you.

“LT. H. E. LUTHER.”

“MOUNT LEBANON, May 17, 1867.

“J. M. PEEBLES: *My Esteemed Friend*,— I have just read an article in the Western Department of *The Banner of Light* which no man in the outer court of the temple of the Lord on earth but yourself could write.

“You are a blessing to your race, a living spring in the desert of Korah. It is truly comforting to my sin-wearied soul to read such words as the article referred to contains.

“Go on; and be it your mission to teach the holy truth of the existence of a *Resurrection Order*, of which Jesus was but the type to this generation; and many will hear and read, and believe and bless. When they find that on earth they may rise with Christ, or rather Jesus, into an angelic estate to love God with all their hearts, and that they have no need of any lust of the flesh or mind to make them complete in happiness in time as in eternity.

“I send you my love, for your love of purity.

“We have just received a visit from an editor of the Agriculturist Department of *The Tribune*, N. C. Meeker, a man like-minded with yourself. Your friend,

“ELDER F. W. EVANS.”

“PENN YAN, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1867.

“MY DEAR BROTHER J. M. PEEBLES,— It is now nearly ten years since you came to me in Battle Creek, and kindly laid your hand upon my shoulder, speaking in my ear the first words of true, manly friendship that I ever heard. I then doubted you. I judged you by my past experiences; but you taught me the world is not all pretension. I oftentimes think that my life was a stupendous vision of darkness, or half-wakeful dream, up to the very hour I first met you. Then and there

the sunlight of usefulness shone upon me. Then my guiding star wheeled me into new orbit, while over your luminous path I cast a dark shadow. Faithful to the charge intrusted to your care by the angel 'Morning Star,' you held out firm to the end, until time by its reward proved your labors not in vain. With a heart overflowing with deepest gratitude, I remember all this. . . .

"My audiences are increasing. May the blessings of God's ministering angels rest upon you!

"Thank God and the good angels, the battle is past, the race is won, and the victory is ours!

"Your sincere brother,

"E. C. DUNN."

"BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1868.

"J. M. PEERLES: *Dear Sir*,— . . . I must tell you how deeply I have been pondering your little sermon, 'An apple for nothing, if it falls off before it ripens.' So I mean to hang on; for Heaven knows I am green enough. . . .

"You spoke to me of a volume you expect to issue, 'Spiritualism among the poets.' Pardon me for asking if your attention has been particularly directed to William Blake, artist and poet of Queen Elizabeth's day, I think. He claimed to get both poems and pictures, you recollect, from angels; and gave proof enough in his works, I should judge, of the verity of his claim.

"When I was a little girl, his simple rhymes that prefaced 'Mary had a little lamb,' were sweet to me as wild honey. You recollect,—

'Piping down the valleys wild,—
Piping songs of pleasant glee,—
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me,' etc.

Fit beginning for a poem with so heavenly a moral, 'Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know.'

"Very respectfully,

"AMANDA T. JONES."

“NEW YORK, Sept. 11, 1868.

“MY DEAR BROTHER J. M. PEBBLES,— . . . If you can use me in any way, only say so. Time, money, the legal profession, any thing at your command that man can accomplish, I will promise to do for you. . . . With the help of higher power, ere long, I trust, you may hear of your young disciple, whom you caused first to look into this great and glorious subject of Spiritualism. . . .

“Yours fraternally,

“GEO. M. DANFORTH.”

“NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1868.

“DEAR FRIEND PEBBLES,— How often I think of you, of your blessed work. You saved me spiritually. . . . Your articles in *The Banner*, replete with thoughts ennobling, afford me much happiness. The one concerning ‘Demons, obsessions,’ etc., I read with great interest. *Bless you*, brother! The angels, I believe, from the *choice* fields of thought and wisdom, call for you both *blossoms* and the *sweets* to shed upon your life,— so full and abundant does it appear.

“Your very true friend,

“MILTON RATHBUN.”

Rev. Geo. Severance, of Glover, Vt., Universalist, corresponded with Mr. Peebles. In a letter of June 13, 1869, after a kind allusion to Rev. Eli Ballou, editor of *The (Universalist) Repository*, as a Spiritualistic brother, whom Mr. Peebles favorably noticed, he said,—

“The value of Spiritualism consists in the fact, we have access to the other world, and can judge of the nature and character of its inhabitants. The revelations of Spiritualism on this point are worth more than all the Bibles and treatises that have been written from the old point of view. We can see now how the sacred books of the Oriental nations originated. We can look upon Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Mohammed, and all the old worthies, not as impostors, but as men moved and inspired by the spirit-hosts of the departed of their respective nations.”

When N. B. Starr had painted "The Apocalyptic John" for Mr. Peebles, he, the artist, gave him these Clairaudient words:—

"Go forth, my son, in the might and power of truth. Dare and *do* all things for God and humanity; and so am I ever with thee. Amen!
JOHN."

"EAGLE HARBOR, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1870.

"MY DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES,— . . . You speak of my being at McLean, the scene of your public labors. Yes; I heard of you everywhere; and, in preparing for your saintship, it would be well to settle the still open question, where you preached your first sermon? I was assured, at Kelloggsville, that it was there. At McLean, I was informed by several, that your first public utterance was heard there; and when I got to Mr. Larned's, at Peruville, he positively assured me that I was in the house and the identical room in which the said first sermon was delivered. Well, wheresoever it was, I was delighted at so much hearty appreciation. . . .

"Yours truly,

"A. C. WOODRUFF."

"We have loved from the cold world apart;
And your trust was too generous and true
For the hate to overthrow, when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

"I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

* * * * *

"The Moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's glories again shall be furled,
On the walls of the West, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day."

— James G. Clark.

XVII

THE WORKER AND HIS WORKS

Though seemingly taxed with labors to his full capacity, connected with the *Banner of Light* correspondence, lecturing, and other duties, Mr. Peebles, nevertheless, projected a book on Spiritualism, whose historic materials he had been patiently gathering for years. But at that time, a singing-book was much needed by the Spiritual public; so he postponed the contemplated work, and set himself to the task of supplying the more immediate demand. He called to his assistance J. O. Barrett and Prof. E. H. Bailey. In one year the task was performed, and the "Spiritual Harp" appeared on the market Sept. 1, 1868; Wm. White & Co., publishers. It immediately gained a wide circulation, and proved a success to the publishers.

The "Harp" finished, Mr. Peebles soon followed it with a biographical sketch of Abram James, and history of his oil-well discoveries in Pennsylvania through spirit direction.

In the autumn of 1868, full of enthusiasm, he determined to complete his great work, "The Seers of the Ages," and having Sunday engagements in Chicago, he went to the home of his friend, J. O. Barrett, at Sycamore, a short ride out from the city, with his piles of manuscript and monster trunk filled with precious books. Sundays were devoted to lectures before large and appreciative audiences in Chicago; week days he was busy with his manuscripts, and in four weeks they were in the hands of the printer. November and December found him in St. Louis, lecturing on his familiar themes.

Mr. Peebles regards his "Seers of the Ages" as one of the best among the numerous books he has published. It comprises nearly four hundred pages, and is divided into six sections or divisions: the spirit of the present age, ancient

Spiritualism, Christian Spiritualism, mediæval Spiritualism, modern Spiritualism, and exegetic Spiritualism. It has become a standard work in this and other countries.

During this same year, 1868, Mr. Peebles undertook the joint editorship with J. O. Barrett of the *Lyceum Guide*. James G. Clark, the American ballad singer, and Emma Tuttle, the sweet poetess of Berlin Heights, Ohio, were added to the band of authors. This work was brought out by Adams & Co., Boston, and J. Burns, London, simultaneously. The popular demand for the *Guide* justified the expectations of the authors.

We extract from *The Banner of Light*, Mr. Peebles's summing up of labors, simply for one year.

After alluding to his public writings and private correspondence, and the books just mentioned, he says:—

“Have attended several grove-meetings, three State conventions, and the National convention in Rochester, N. Y. Lecturing each Sunday, save one, have spoken in these different localities: Hammonton, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Charlestown, Boston, Worcester, Buffalo, Pleasantville, Titusville, Milan, Battle Creek, Omaha, Springfield, Topeka, Chicago, and these last two months in St. Louis. Have lectured twenty-two times upon temperance, have attended twenty-nine funerals, and have been present at eight weddings, performing the ceremony.

“Hope to accomplish more during 1869. The field is the world. Spiritualism is the great living movement of the age. Its watchword progress, its triumph is certain. What the recompense for untiring labors in the reform-fields of the times? Let the patriotic and self-sacrificing Garibaldi answer: ‘In recompense for the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts these terms, let them follow me.’

“The future is all star-gemmed and rainbow-crowned. Let us on, then, brave soldiers, fighting the good fight of faith, wielding the sword of the Spirit. Under and in sympathy with the bannered hosts of God over us, let us on to victory.”

The following, from friendly letters meant only for private

eyes, index the business of the man in the sphere he fills; whose example here will certainly evoke ambition to "Go thou, and do likewise":—

"BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 29, 1858.

. . . "The day is dark and dull, but my spirit is bright and strong to battle for the right, and the upbuilding of the Harmonial Dispensation. Last Sunday, labored in Chicago. Had a good time. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, of LaSalle, Ill., mediums. He is a fine spirit portrait-painter. Through him, in an hour and about three minutes, I got a picture of Powhattan, my dear Indian friend. He is a noble-looking spirit, though an Indian all over. Tell 'Nellie' to send back my sister's heart. Spiritualists should not steal."

"NORTH COLLINS, PA., July 5, 1864.

"MY DEAR CHARLIE,— . . . My lectures in New York (thanks to John and the circle) were a perfect success. When I was through the second evening, Brother A. J. Davis came on to the rostrum, and said these kind words: 'You dear brother, you have baptized us with the very love-dews of heaven. You have twined yourself around all our hearts, and left your blessing with us forever.' I had a splendid time at his house. His nature combines the simplicity of a child with the metaphysical acumen of the philosopher. I spent some time with Judge Edmonds and Madame d'Obeney, the greatest woman traveler of the age. Her description of Mt. Vesuvius and the Pyramids was grand. Oh, I almost want to run away, and travel in Asia!"

"PROVIDENCE, Dec. 14, 1864.

"Senator Sprague is a Liberalist; his mother, a very devoted Spiritualist. To-morrow I spend the afternoon at their greenhouse. In winter, a greenhouse is next door to heaven."

"NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1865.

"J. M. is himself again. Has passed the 'second watch, and, though roughly handled, trusting in his guide, reached 'Mount Repose.' . . .

"Last Sunday, ten mediums gave me their cards, offering

to give me their 'sittings;' but I think some of them, *in their souls*, wanted me to 'puff' them in *The Banner of Light* more than anything else. Still, I appreciate their kindness, and should more, if they did not 'daub' on the *flattery* so thick. I am not 'an angel scattering sunshine,' but an angular and in-harmonious man, doing what I can, as aided by my invisible circle, for humanity. . . .

"Oh, that I had a body that my soul could use! The truth is, I am too submitting, too much afraid of making people trouble. . . . It was very kind in you, brother, to inquire after my 'purse.' I need somebody to keep it for me, and always did. It costs me nearly all I make to pay traveling expenses and give to those poorer than myself.

"Be cautious, my brother, what you say to women and men. Think before you speak."

"MILWAUKEE, April 10, 1865.

. . . "The bells are ringing and cannon thundering in honor of the surrender of Lee's army to Grant. Well, I shall rejoice in peace; for deep in my soul do I love it."

"SHEBOYGAN FALLS, WIS., April 20, 1865.

. . . "My life has been a struggle, a battle. It probably ever will be, though mediums are continually volunteering their services to point out flowers, smiles, and prosperity just ahead. I am coldly unmoved and skeptical to their beautiful pictures. It is Emersonian to accommodate one's self to fate. . . . I would rather talk with Aaron Nite than eat, or drink, when thirsty; but I find I can live and enjoy myself without any verbal conversation with him. It is probably at times best, as it inspires me to entertain myself, and further acquaint myself with the knowledge and book-wisdom of this world, knowing there is an eternity for me 'Over the River' to study its mysteries under the teachership of 'John the Beloved.' I suppose the self-poised, well-balanced man is never alone, never inclined to give up or despair; for he feels that law, destiny, fate, are over all, and 'all is for the best.' . . . I laugh at each pang. 'Better that I suffer than cause any one else to suffer.'"

“ BATTLE CREEK, June 16, 1865.

. . . “ My more ancient spirit-friends have kept me among the rubbish of old historians with reference to the ancient civilizations, say twelve and fifteen thousand years ago. . . .

“ I am crowded with business,—so crowded that I know not which way to turn. During last week, I had invitations to attend four grove-meetings (Dewitt, Charlotte, Livonia, and one in Indiana). I refused them *all*, and also a pressing invitation to attend the two-days’ anniversary in Sturgis this week,—Saturday and Sunday. Must write, instead of tramp, tramp, so much!

“ On the Fourth, I deliver an oration in Laphamville, Mich. ; am also urged to give a temperance address in Valparaiso, at a festival. There’s no end to these *calls*. I should like to be in the spirit-world, and have about five mediums to control; think I could keep them all busy, after getting the ‘hang’ of the *machines*.”

. . . “ I like some of Dr. C. A. Andros’s spirit-controls much. One, an ancient Jew, is keen and sharp as steel, and he fairly got the better of me on one point in an argument.”

“ BOSTON, MASS., Monday after Convention
at Providence, R. I.

. . . “ Am weary and worn out, tired of shaking hands, tired of being on committees, tired of talking, and sigh for the quiet of a pleasant old pine forest. The convention was a great success; you ought to have been present. It accomplished much. Report will be in the *Banner*. . . . The convention was high-toned. Father Pierpont, presiding, was in his glory. He has since gone to glory! Dear saint, he: I loved,—still love him.”

“ WORCESTER, Aug. 23, 1865.

. . . “ I have visited my dear parents, spending several days, and shall go again. Father is feeble. . . . I am with Dr. O. Martin, where I always enjoy myself gloriously. He is my cousin. I began to read medicine with him. His garden is full of pears, reminding me constantly of Brother Nite; his house full of books; he has always a seat for me in his carriage.

He has removed the obstruction in my ear, just forward of the tympanum, with an instrument and by syringing with warm water, so that I can hear all right. The doctor knows something; but I would give anything to have Dr. Schvailbach take him 'down the banks'—medically—just once. . . . Next Sunday I am to speak in Plymouth, ever memorable as the landing-place of the Pilgrims. It is the Mecca of the Congregation-
alists."

"BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 20, 1865.

"BROTHER ———, — Home at last; dearest spot, too. . . . Found your letter awaiting me. God bless you, preserve you, and angels hold you in charge! You are my soul-brother. I love you and can not help it; hence there is no merit, is there? Wish you were here to 'lay hands' on my weak eyes; that would test your apostleship. They are some better, however. You say 'rest, *rest*.' Dear brother, there's no rest this side the grave. Calls and correspondence are continually widening. How true, '*Life is real!*' My unseen angel and inspiring influence tell me, that we have yet a work to do in concert: I believe it."

"BATTLE CREEK, Aug. 3, 1866.

. . . "The State Convention passed off finely. Finney, Whipple, Jamieson, Wodsworth, Barrett, Wheelock Harrison, Andros, were present as speakers; and all spoke well. Being sick, I rode down to every session, and sat in a rocking-chair. I fully appreciate what you say about my body's being frail and tender. More and more I am conscious of it; and I tell you, it is not worth 'fussing' with much longer. Only think, forty-four years I have borne around the *shell*. It's about time I 'kicked' out of it. Only the consideration of work undone reconciles me to patch up the frame and tarry."

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18, 1867.

. . . "Last week I went to the President's reception; shook his hand. To-morrow, I go to his residence with Major ———, a friend at court, to spend a couple of hours in conversation. Senators, and more or less members of the lower house, attend our Sunday meetings regularly. Ross, chief of the Cherokees,

called on me night before last. He brought with him 'Bushy Head,' and another Indian chief."

" BATTLE CREEK, April 19, 1867.

. . . "I shall expect to edit a paper for earth, when I cross Jordan,— why not? . . . I went to Chicago the first of this week — sent for in haste — to be a pacificator. They are all in a 'mux' in *The Spiritual Republic*. Poor Frank L. Wadsworth!"

" DETROIT, Aug. 13, 1867.

. . . "Sunday evening, after I was through speaking in Detroit, I was so weak — my lungs sore — I could hardly get home to my room. It annoys me, because I will not be able to do much, or say much, at the Cleveland convention. Already I have received several letters, asking me to frame certain resolutions, and put forward certain matters of importance. These conventions are far below my ideal."

" BATTLE CREEK, Oct. 22, 1867.

. . . "Am engaged 'packing up' for Hammonton, N. J. Out into the world! It chills me. I go West to-morrow; first to Springfield, then to St. Louis. . . . Have had a good time speaking here this month. Sunday evening they could not all get into the hall. Had I been a stranger-speaker here, it would have been natural enough; but living here largely for eleven years, and speaking so much, it seemed good — or queer. The work broadens. Where is the end? . . . Some time in December next, the young men (Unitarians) of Meadville College want me to come and give them a course of lectures on Spiritualism. . . . Say to Brother Nite that he will post himself in regard to Zoroaster. I propose to ask him to let his light shine."

" BUFFALO, Dec. 7, 1867.

"Christmas Eve, I am to marry a couple in Boston; Christmas Day, the spirit-artist, N. B. Starr, comes to meet me. Next day shall be in *Banner* office, settling up year's account. Friday eve, lecture before the literary society in Ashland. Sunday, speak in Taunton. New Year's, in New York; marry a couple there,— Dr. M. H. Houghton to an interesting lady of Ver-

mont. Mr. Houghton now is a Universalist pastor. Then to Hammonton, N. J., to see family; and thence to Washington for a month. So I go through the world, writing on the wing."

"DETROIT, Feb. 6, 1869.

. . . "Am in the midst of a spiritual revival. The Lord is on the 'giving hand.' Our choir is magnificent,—congregational singing. Read a service from the *Harp*, morning and evening. It is beautiful."

It is a spiritual law, that whom we defend in adversity we love. There is a place in our brother's soul for the names of Charles A. Hayden and Herman Snow. Speaking of them in a private note, Mr. Peebles says:—

"Brother Hayden, good and aspiring. It is noble in him, or any young man or lady, to seek the advantages of scholarship. The shield of character is all the tougher for some shafts of scorn. . . . We have bled in the same cause. . . . And there is Brother Herman Snow,—brother of our Lyceum sister, Mrs. J. S. Dodge, of Chelsea, Mass.,—once a Unitarian clergyman, now a Spiritualist of practical good sense. . . . We have fought in the same army, under official commissions from the angels. Up there, I shall be a witness on the defensive when the celestial court tries him! And this will be my plea: 'Worthy of admission, for he belongs to the divine church of humanity, having prayed in deeds of love. Let him in, Brother Peter!'"

"BOSTON, June 4, 1869.

. . . "Why don't you write an editorial in *The American Spiritualist* defensive of the poor Indians? See Hudson Tuttle's late article. Let us have all sides of the question. The Indians are God's natural children, and my brothers. They are fading away, however, as the red sunsets of autumn." . . .

"LOWELL, MASS., May, 1869.

.. . "Sunday in Lowell, city of spindles! Had a good meeting. Saw your friend, S. W. Foster. . . . I am more and more interested in the Shakers: they are so quiet, unassuming, neat, and pure-minded. They are all Spiritualists. . . . I pray God to keep me out of the lower strata of Boston magnetism.

Oh, I look beyond for my support! and find repose, as J. H. Powell so gracefully says, in his 'Life Pictures':—

“ ‘In bowers of God,— where the citron and pearl,
Coral and crystal, diamond and beryl,
Passion-flower, pride of the spirit! and rose,
Gleam in a glory for ever that glows,—
Bright angels are waiting with love in their eyes;
Waiting for thee,
Where cedar and myrtle and lemon arise,
Under deep azure and gold-gleaming skies;
Waiting and singing, gayly and free,
Waiting for thee.’ ”

What is the power that enables a frail mortal to accomplish so much? Some of the best and most enduring work performed by our brother was while he was physically feeble and much prostrated. It was then, however, he felt most tangibly the uplifting power of his invisible helpers.

“ ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16, 1869.

“ FRIEND JOSEPH,— On thy forehead the angels have written the words, ‘*True and faithful.*’ The world is full of good men, good women. Why did you send me that proof just now? My inspiration is at a low ebb. Each has at times his Gethsemane. Just at present I am under a terrible cross-fire from the East and West, because of my articles defending the Indians. Kansas Spiritualists think my charity for the Indians is in excess of my justice or wisdom. There is seemingly a legion of Indian spirits about me now. They are to me physical life. . . . Have the within ‘Memorial’ in behalf of the Indians filled as soon as you can, and forward to Washington.”

“ The battle of life, in a majority of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill. To win the victory without a struggle would be to win it without honor. While difficulties intimidate the weak, they act only as stimulants to men of energy and resolution. A whining shiftlessness is absolutely despicable! Give us a *stirring* demon in preference to an easy, slow, sluggish, self-righteous saint.

“Upward evolutions are through effort. Everything that grows — grasses, grains, forests — pushes upward against the law of gravitation. The higher is attained only through struggle. All the diverse experiences of life serve to demonstrate, that the impediments thrown in the way of individual advancement may be overcome by steady good conduct, honest convictions, active perseverance, and a determined resolution to surmount all difficulties, and stand up manfully against all misfortunes.

“Leaning, everlastingly leaning, upon somebody is soft and waxy as putty. Would to heaven we could infuse a moral decoction of spinal stiffening into the American multitude! Bless the man or woman that dares say *no*, and say it squarely! Strike out! Planting your feet upon the platform of eternal principles, fight Life’s moral battles earnestly, sincerely, bravely; certain then will be the victory.

“‘By the thorn-road, and no other,
Is the mount of triumph won.
Tread it without shrinking, brother:
Jesus trod it; press thou on!’”

Up to the time we are now writing Mr. Peebles was comparatively poor in this world’s goods. He never cared for money save for the beneficent uses it might subserve, and has always been careless in the expenditure of the small amount of means at his command. Especially has he been lavish of money in the purchasing of books, for these he has justly considered as the tools essential to his work. He is a spiritual artist,—

“Building better than he knew,
The conscious stones to beauty grew.”

The picture he has been painting has that peculiar “glow” described by Olive Shreiner, which has caused many people to marvel from whence he obtained his costly “pigments.” From day to day the glow becomes brighter on that picture. From day to day the mask which the soul wears becomes fainter and fainter, while the lineaments of the ideal man stand

out with ever-increasing distinctness. A marvelous pattern has been before his eyes all these years, and with toil and diligence he has been gathering stones and fitting them in a manner that they may fill the outlines of that pattern. A member of his spirit band once wrote for him through a scribe at Erie, Penn., the following flaming sentences:—

“ Labor is our word to thee. Women of holier climes than the earth knoweth of, came here at early dawn, opened the golden gateway of love, sat down in the robes of white, holding sweet counsel together. One calling for bread of thy own forming, called not in vain. She appeareth at this hour; changed her apparel from the early morning, for death to the past conditions was given in her own rendition of a soul-anthem, and health to the new spoken of. Beautiful, expressive loves she uttereth. Accept all these ovation leaves from women of wonderful powers. The uniting of forces is known to give that completeness which must be known to insure long life of health.

“ Eliza W. Farnum stood, opening wide the door, standing in a new air generated from forces of thy own loves. She hath contemplated in vision the whole outlines of that glorious Power which is to stand forth on the coming seasons, and now attempteth nothing, so wrapt in awe is the soul light. She careth not to speak, save to say: ‘ All hath been wisely rendered. A wise provision is made for all. Days of fruition will come to thee, so let it be spoken in halls of wisdom.’

“ After Columbus discovered America, the whole world, as it were, was ablaze with fires, with smiling countenances. A Love was born into a new realm of life. Columbus, we call thee, O man, in a sense far deeper than we can express in earth language. New-found lands are made the compensation for many weary hours of labor. New-found, living in the air of the olden, yet hidden from mortal vision, found rare and holy in all the parts. We speak to thee in riddles now, but the future will give open light of knowledge. Columbus holdeth a compass over thy path and will conduct thy footsteps to that

land of the olden where a new page will be open to thy inspection.”

“ Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul !
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted Past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outworn shell by Life’s unresting sea ! ”



XVIII

THE OBSESSED WOMAN

“Pause! her story soon is told:
Once a lamb within the fold;
Stranger voices lured her thence
In her spotless innocence.”

The advent of modern Spiritualism brought to the American people at once a transcendent blessing and an imminent peril! It made the occult realm accessible to the millions who possessed no practical knowledge of the laws which govern the spiritual domain. Whether we shall be blest or cursed in seeking open communion with the spirit-world depends upon our motives, our relative understanding of the spiritual laws, and upon our various bodily and mental states. If we seek this communication out of curiosity or motives of purely self-seeking, we necessarily attract a class of selfish influences who are in a position where they can take us at a disadvantage and work us irreparable injury. Nor can our own invisibles protect us when we ourselves get out of the law by pursuing our own selfish ends. Our guardians assist us in every worthy work. When we become unworthy in the pursuit of personal pleasure, they step aside and leave us to dig the pits into which we are liable to fall. That infesting influences have taken advantage of mortals in a large number of instances, the evidence, alas, is too overwhelming to be seriously doubted! He who approaches this shrine unworthily treads upon dangerous ground. We are cautious about leaving edge tools within the reach of our children; but dabbling with the occult, with little or no knowledge of the forces we are evoking, is like handling “edge tools” that are endowed with an infernal and self-determined power to harm us.

Then there are undoubtedly thousands of people subject to infestations who have no knowledge of or interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Through abnormal sexualism and other vices they have broken down their organic defenses and become an easy prey to obsessing influences from the darker demon spheres. Of all the gateways that open directly into the infernalities of the occult realm, an excessive and abnormal sexuality is the widest, and through this gate by far the largest number of victims throng. Through these degrading vices the body becomes a ruin, haunted by ghouls that riot in the small remnant of life force which remains in the body of the unhappy devotee of pleasure. Beware of the web the wary spirit weaves to steal virtue!

William Howitt, clear-headed and morally religious, after summing up an array of stubborn facts, says, in reference to "infestation:"—

"Nothing has become better known through the psychospiritual experiences which have been taking place in thousands of spots on almost every quarter of the globe during the last twenty years, than that we can not only 'call spirits from the vasty deep,' but that they can come, when we do call (*and too often when we do not*), if they can but once quaff the vital spirit of the blood through us as mediums. They will come in legions, and in armies, only too glad to renew their connection with the material world. . . . They will come as if delighted to feel their hold once more on material force. . . . They will come with all their old characters, passions, and weaknesses, and revel in lies, in pretenses, in mystifications, and often in lawless fun, or even wicked and diabolical annoyances; showing that the regions lying close on the other side of the invisible boundary betwixt matter and spirit are still the counterpart of the regions on this side.

"Nothing is clearer than that those spirits who are haunting the very edge of this earth are still too much allied to it; are still earthly in mind and desire; are still longing, with a backward glance, 'for the flesh-pots of Egypt.' Like the souls of Gray's 'Elegy,' they have left the warm precincts of the

cheerful day, but cast a longing, lingering look behind. As the tree falls, so it lies. As on earth they cultivated only the spirit and tone of the earth; as they gave up to it their whole soul, hope, ambition, and exertion; as they molded and incorporated their tastes, feelings, yearnings, and passions into its nature; as they heaped up its riches as an eternal trophy from which nothing could sever them,—they have stepped into the spirit-regions as aliens, having no possible heritage or enjoyment in them, except in so far as these resemble those from which they have lately been ejected. An intense and agonizing yearning draws them back to the old haunts and conditions of being; and they snatch with frenzied and convulsive fingers at whatever and whoever affords them the mediumistic means of regaining something, more or less, of the taste and consciousness of earth-life. Hence all the phenomena of possession and obsession which history has recorded, and which modern times have shown terrible examples of; hence the wild and frantic demonstrations of Morzine; hence cases of the most awful spiritual persecutions of particularly susceptible persons of to-day. These woeful spirits, drenched with the sensuous elements of the life which they led on earth,—selfish as they were then to the very inmost depths of their natures,—rush with a reckless and gluttonous appetite into the tissues of unfortunately open constitutions, and exult in breathing, drinking in, pulsating, with a cruel and relentless ardor, the sensations and odors of this mortal life once more. . . . But the vast inspirations from the malevolent and destructive which we have been remarking on result from no cultivation of Spiritualism. They operate unconsciously and independently on the masses, credulous or incredulous, educated or uneducated, refined or vulgar. The calamities of war, of intoxication, and the other self or mutually inflicted crimes and follies of mankind, are too hideous and extraordinary to result from any mere natural cause. They are, as the apostles tell us, set on fire by hell, and by the ‘powers and principalities against whom we wrestle, not against mere flesh and blood; by the rulers of the darkness of this world, the spiritual wickedness

in high places.' Those human excesses which pollute and desolate the earth from age to age, in spite of religion, and in spite of the highest reach of civilization, are too monstrous and too mad to result from any simple incentives of human infirmity. They proclaim their origin from the accumulated sorceries of the pandemoniums of the past."

The following remarkable case of obsession was related by Mr. Peebles's friend and co-laborer on *The Spiritual Harp*—J. O. Barrett. He says:—

"Whilst in Boston, in the summer of 1868, editing *The Spiritual Harp*, we had frequent opportunities of being with Mr. Peebles in many an interesting experience. One day, he called at the office of *The Banner of Light*, asking if we would like to 'see a case of perfect obsession.' Arm-in-arm, we threaded our way through the crazy crowds, and entered a boarding-house kept by a Spiritualist lady. We knocked at the door of the room occupied by the unfortunate woman. No response. We pressed the door open; and there she lay alone on the hard floor, covered with her shawl (her kind attendant sister being absent for a moment), frothing at the mouth, and muttering strange sounds. 'Pity, oh, pity!' was our mutual ejaculation. The landlady could not have her there: 'she must leave!' Who would befriend her? We roused her from her stupor; and Mr. Peebles, kindly offering his arm, accompanied her to the United States Hotel, assuring the clerk that the bills should be paid. Procuring a suitable room, we endeavored magnetically to soothe the poor creature, and succeeded to that degree that she calmly told her history with tears of sorrow.

"A fascinating girl, she had many suitors, who flattered her with vain ideals of life. One she loved as woman's heart can love.

"Parents refused the banns, and by social considerations consummated a marriage with one she instinctively repelled, though he was rich and high-bred. The loss of her own lover, killed on board 'The Essex,' in the late rebellion, and marriage with her oppressor, who compelled her to murder her

babes, ere they breathed the air, to gratify his insatiate lusts, at length fell crushing her soul, maddened to gloom and despair. In her sorrow, she sought the spirits. Ignorant of magnetic subtilties, corrupted by promiscuous circles, cast off a lost woman by the Christian Church, stained by forced lusts till the very fountains of life were the nest of Eden's serpent, she incidently entangled herself in poisoned influences, and finally was completely enveloped in the magnetic coils of demoniac possessions. The manifestations were plainly spiritual, but disorderly.

"In a moment of sanity, she caught an impression, doubtless from a spirit, that she and her sister must go to Boston, and, if possible, secure the aid of the spiritual battery of *The Banner of Light*. It would not do. The editor of that paper saw the peril of such a sphere, introduced for covert designs. Mr. Colby was guard against that influence, like a faithful sentinel; Mr. White full of charity, pondered upon his duty; Mr. Crowel was severe, and determined to expel that medium and her band from the city. The general caution, however, linked us all into a mutual responsibility. . . .

"Mr. Peebles, a few days after, was urgently sent for to see this poor woman at the United States Hotel. The very hells had broken loose upon her; madness, fury, insanity, were as 'legion' in her brain; her husband cursed, her departed lover invoked, her helplessness deplored, her clothes torn and ruined, and the despair of horror stamped upon her face. But the presence of Mr. Peebles partially calmed her; when she gave, at her better moments, beautiful tests, described spirits, presented fine drawings, improvised and sung exquisite poetry under spirit-influence. Mr. Peebles advised them to return home to Connecticut. She and her sister yielded at last. Messrs. White & Co., with Mr. Peebles, paid the bills. Having destroyed her bonnet, she asked for something to protect her head; and Mr. Peebles tied his handkerchief over it, and then, with hair desheveled and glaring eyes, she took his offered arm for the cars across the street. In the meanwhile the police had gathered into the hotel; and all the clerks, maids,

and waiters were on the *qui vive* at the confusion of the 'insane woman,'—the 'fruit of Spiritualism!' as the genteel orthodox said of it. As Mr. Peebles and the woman, attended by her weeping sister, passed through the office, the crowd jeering in suppressed jokes, one of the clerks exclaimed, "There goes the old long-haired Israelite!" No chance for a just rebuke, he silently led her out, provoked at the taunts, but resolute to protect the unfortunate till the cars started. We both resolved, 'We will never patronize that hotel again.' The next morning, he was astonished to receive a telegram from Warren Chase of New York, asking him, in emphatic words, why he had sent that crazy person to him. Mr. Rich, of *The Banner of Light*, promptly exonerated Mr. Peebles from any blame, assuring him that she was expected to have gone home. But the spirits were evidently wiser than the rest. The obsessed was influenced to say, 'Send me to S. B. Brittan.' This experienced Spiritualist, thoroughly comprehending the case, immediately sought the assistance of Dr. A. S. Haywood, who undertook the task of restoring order. Meanwhile, a prudish lady (?) of New York, whose services were sought as a necessity, declared, 'The woman is base; and here is the evidence of it,' she added, with a toss of the head, 'in this handkerchief: see the name of a man on it,—Peebles!' So she reported Mr. Peebles to her slandering associates 'a bad man.' Did not that handkerchief tell the story? Could wickedness descend to greater depths? Thus do the vile seek to turn our good against us. Dr. Haywood was successful. The obsessing influences left her: she was in her right mind, and soon after wrote a letter of deepest gratitude to Mr. Peebles for his philanthropic protection during her days of distress. From reliable authority we learn she is now well and happy. Thus self-sacrifice is always rewarded; and every kind act, like a wandering minstrel, blesses some dependent soul."

In Erie, Pennsylvania, there resided a lady — Mrs. Juliette Manley — who was a member of the Episcopal Church. To this lady a band of ancient spirits came and moved her hand to write mechanically. Many volumes were given through

this instrumentality. Through this channel Mr. Peebles occasionally came into communications with the old Prophets. From what they said to him from time to time on obsession and allied subjects, we extract the following:—

“A foundling is oft laid aside as of no value in the households of harmonies, as a foundling is oft called a life of diseases and held as lost to virtue. A lovely child I once saw caught up in the arms of one worldly-wise, pressed to her bosom, and I saw the subtle essence of an adder enter that form; slowly enter that the life need sense the one condition of receiving the poison in the system. The soul of an adder did breathe the breath of life in that form and the love of the whole life turned to gall in the cup of the worldly-wise, a torn garment was that beautiful life, and lain aside as of no value by the mound-builders, till the soul could be environed with higher soul-forces. A hate is oft seen creeping insidiously into a form having fair proportions. The outer is held open, as it were, for all influences, and all becomes impregnated with hate at certain seasons. Woe be to those whose forms are impregnated with forces on certain days of the year. One orb of love rules at one season. At another season one power of hate and poison of the upas tree becomes infused into the arteries. Out of the slaughterhouses cometh dread lives of discord. A question is never answered: at what hour the breathings of love and wisdom can enter a form and cast out the old spirit of unrest.

“To the sons of men are sent teachers who divine the power of the laws and seek to raise up a people to a knowledge of their high calling. Were it not for the presence of these soul forces riot would lay waste the earth lands, and all nature would cry aloud for redress! All home fields would be ravaged by destroying forces. All home airs would be desolate indeed.

“A humble laborer I saw stand and weep. The days’ labors were insufficient for the family. The dews of death stood on his brow. Slowly arose the spirit and passed to the outer, being wearied of the body. As the spirit departed the undying force of a Beneficent entered that bodily frame, and of the value of a kingdom was the exchange. The spirit did

fill the whole form and stood erect. 'Behold!' some did say, 'a new spirit hath animated the man, and all things are seen in a new light.' Outer forces did not see the exchange, but the soul who passed into the deserted tenement did not shrink back affrighted, but said, 'My term of imprisonment I will pass in doing all duties well.'

"Oft the lowly in soul do lay aside their burdens and shrink from exposures to the lands of storms. Passing out in manner of the self-destroyer, they are again placed in the furnace heats of affliction, and passages most painful are passed. A soul family, we bind up the wounds of the bruised and solace the afflicted, but the turbulent in spirit we lay aside till the forces are regenerated. Adaptation must be known to produce the highest good. A found land of good fruits is thy own, my brother. I give thee love for love and hope for hope."
— *Hosea.*

XIX

INDIAN SPIRITS AND THEIR BRETHREN WEST

“ Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that is believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing.”

— *Frances A. Kemble.*

When on his lecturing tours Mr. Peebles has often indulged his habit of taking morning and evening walks for meditation and interior communion. On these occasions he frequently talks aloud with the spiritual intelligences he feels around him. One evening in California he ascended a terrace in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. The scene spread out before him was magnificent in the extreme. The wide stretches of San Joaquin Valley presented one splendid panorama, while a soft blue haze settled on the summits of the Coast Range, seventy miles away. The whole scene was peculiarly inspiring, and he felt around him a vast concourse of spirits — spirits of the indigenous inhabitants who once occupied the country. He addressed his concourse, and as his voice resounded through the rocky caverns, the tones were caught by some miners passing that way, who drew near and listened to this strange discourse. Then they went straightway and reported they had “heard a crazy man on the mountain talking to a ghost!”

In July, 1869, Mr. Peebles, J. O. Barrett, and Dean Clark were the speakers at a mass meeting of about three thousand persons held in Plymouth, Wis.—H. S. Benjamin, president, and E. W. McGrew, secretary. Just as Mr. Peebles had composed himself for a rest of brain, he was suddenly called on to speak. For a moment he felt to murmur and

was about to decline, when a wave of inspiration swept over him, and he distinctly heard the spirit voices: —

“James, have we been so long with you, and yet you doubt our presence to aid you? See these hungry souls. Rise and speak.” He obeyed, and spoke with a mighty power, gathering strength and inspiration as he proceeded, and when he took his seat he actually felt rested and refreshed. “Blessings,” said he, “be upon our invisible helpers.”

During a visit at the rustic home of Mr. Barrett on the forest shore of Elkhart Lake, near Glen Beulah, Wisconsin, he made a speech to the Indian spirits who in generations gone by lived in that locality. Here Mr. Barrett built a wigwam, which Mr. Peebles thus describes: —

“Impressed from the heavenly ‘hunting-grounds’ of the Indians, Brother Barrett had been moved, ere we reached those regions, to fashion a quiet and beautiful retreat near the margin of these musical waters, by bending and twisting saplings, shrubs, and larger trees into a crowning cone-form, constituting a wigwam bower of prayer, a veritable temple of inspiration.”

One starlight evening, prior to the mass-meeting, the lake, patting the wood-tangled bank with its gentle undulations, several friends having assembled at the wigwam, Mr. Peebles arose, turned his face toward the expanse of water, and addressed the Indian spirits, reminding them of their sufferings, of the injustice meted out to them for centuries, of the bloody resolution of the whites to exterminate their brethren in the West, and of his determination to defend their rights by the establishment of industrial systems of peace. After the Plymouth meeting Mr. Clark was controlled by an Indian spirit who cordially thanked the “Pale-face” for his “big talk in the wigwam.”

Being at a seance with Dr. Dunn as medium, Mr. Peebles asked Powhattan about his earth and spirit home. In poor English he replied: —

“Me had, when in my body, one squaw. Some Indians have many. Me had one pappoose, *Kanawaubish*, ‘Pretty Water;’ You call my pappoose ‘Pocahontas.’

“ Me still be Indian ; me no speak good like white man ; me got nice wigwam home by big waters. Me got pretty canoe, and bow and arrow ; me hunt, but no kill ; me sleep under blue sky ; me have for me bed the big spirit hunting grounds. Me blanket be the great blue heaven. Me music is the waving trees and the breath of the Big Spirit, as he blows leaves of the forest. In morning time, the Great Spirit looks out from his window in the east, and the Indian, with dew on his forehead, worships the Great Spirit in the sun. Me now like the white man, and me come with many chiefs, of many tribes, to do him good.”

In the winter of 1868, Mr. Peebles lectured in St. Louis and cities farther west, where his whole soul was stirred to intense action in defense of the Indians, whom the whites in all that region were determined to exterminate. It called down upon him the ire of officials and pseudo-Spiritualists. He had been years before vice-president of the Universal Peace Society, and a most efficient worker. True to his instincts, he went forth on his love-errand. He wrote the following letter to his friend, A. H. Love, president of the society :—

“ Passing down the main street of Leavenworth, I saw a recruiting office ; and reaching Topeka, on board the train for Lawrence were four cars loaded with cavalry officers. I saw the whitened tents of the soldiery. The army was awaiting orders to march upon the Indians. Oh, how my heart ached and my soul bled ! Constituting myself a peace commissioner, I immediately called upon Gov. Crawford and the State marshal, and protested, in kindness yet in *great firmness*, against this proposed movement to be conducted by Gen. Sheridan. I went on still west from Topeka, toward Colorado, conversing with Judge Humphrey, Col. Smith, and other army officers. It seemed as though God’s angels aided me in thought and speech. These officers admitted the wisdom and beauty of my humanitarian position ; but they were ‘ Utopian and *impracticable*,’ they said ; ‘ and adapted to times a hundred years hence.’ . . .

“ Perhaps I am too enthusiastic for the red man, our

brother, God's child. Perhaps I am too enthusiastic for peace throughout the world. But my soul's sympathies are stirred; and now, while I pen these lines, my eyes are suffused with tears.

"Can not there be something done to flank this Western war-movement? It must start in the East. The extreme West is red for blood.

"I am sorely tried. The Commissioners, save Col. S. F. Tappan, seem inclined to take retrograde steps. It is impossible to get to the Indians now personally: they suspect everybody. If there could be a *delegation* gotten up in some way, in connection with the 'Peace Commissioners,' having the sanction of Government, I think something might be done; but between now and spring, how many will be shot down by a barbarous soldiery! I sometimes feel like flying away from this Christian civilization, so false to justice and benevolence, and going off alone into the Indian country, devoting my life to their good."

About this time, reporting his Western experiences to *The Banner of Light*, he tells the story in these stinging words:—

"Stopping at the Planters' Hotel, Leavenworth, Kan., a very intelligent gentleman, just from Denver City, informed us, that, in an adjacent village, the citizens of a few weeks previous had 'burned Gen. Sherman in effigy,' because connected with the Indian Peace Commission. He further said, it was the general purpose of the people in that region to kill indiscriminately Indian men, women, and children; for, he added, it takes but little time for 'papooses to make warriors.'

"In several Kansas cities recruiting officers were in full operation. Our train from Leavenworth to Lawrence had four cars filled with cavalry horses, for the coming war of extermination. Just to the northeast of Topeka, in full view, was the tented soldiery of the 19th Kansas, waiting the arrival of other companies for further orders. Inviting a gentleman to accompany us to the Indian country and the Western forts, he refused, because of the nightly depredations of the soldiers tenting near Topeka. 'Why,' said he, 'they are stealing every-

thing they can lay their hands on!' Strange, thought we, that the Government should send out a thieving Christian soldiery to exterminate thieving Indians. It is the old Bible story and practice of the Israelites going into the lands of Canaanites and Moabites to pillage and destroy. Our Christianity is galvanized Judaism; and our political policy, greedy for power and pelf, winks approval at the most horrid injustice. Whither are we drifting?

"Gov. Crawford of Kansas recently issued a proclamation savoring little of the tender, loving, forgiving spirit of Jesus,—good for evil, love for hate, blessing for cursing. Here follows the closing paragraph:—

"'Longer to forbear with these *bloody fiends* would be a crime against civilization, and against the peace, security, and lives of all the people upon the frontier. The time has come when they must be met by an adequate force, not only to prevent the repetition of these outrages, but to penetrate their haunts, break up their organizations, and either *exterminate* the tribes, or confine them upon reservations set apart for their occupancy. To this end the Major-General commanding this department has called upon the Executive for a regiment of cavalry from this State.'

"Mark the phrase, '*bloody fiends*,' and the executive threat of 'extermination,' if they are not forced on to reservations!

"A professed Spiritualist of Lawrence, in a tongue-battle with us touching the solution of the Indian question, exclaimed, '*I would to God that every one of those Indian Peace Commissioners (among which were Gens. Sherman, Harney, Augur, Terry, and others) was obliged to go out on the plains, and be scalped by the red-skins!*' Are such sentiments in accordance with the genius of Spiritualism? Would it not be wisdom in Spiritualist lecturers to devote more time to educating and spiritualizing thousands of nominal Spiritualists, rather than encompassing sea and land to make new converts, who, when converted, often need re-converting every six months by a fresh batch of tests? Quality is often preferable to quantity."

The next winter, Mr. Peebles, lecturing in Washington, D. C., was invited to a position as volunteer in the "Congressional Indian Peace Commission,"—consisting of Gens. Harney, Sheridan, Sherman, Sanborn, Taylor, Col. Parker, and Col. S. F. Tappan,—to visit the Indians, then fighting with the whites in the Sioux and Rocky Mountain regions; for the purpose of organizing treaties, stopping the shedding of blood, and befriending them in their natural rights to a living on the American continent. He gathered up the testimony of Senators Doolittle, Foster, Nesbith, Sherman, Gen. Pope, and others, who averred, that, if the facts of the whites' rascality to the Indians "were published to the world, they would disgrace us in the eyes of all civilized nations." He quoted from the speeches of Indian chiefs, asking for justice; talked with W. P. Ross, chief of Cherokees, and other educated Indians, who demonstrate their capacity to be civilized; consulted John Beeson, the Indian's friend; and, with burning words, said, in an editorial of *The Banner of Light*:—

"Our Saxon face is mantled with shame, and soul humbled in deepest humiliation, at the individual and associate crimes that blot the escutcheon of this great, wicked Christian country, called United States of America. Crimes red as blood, vindictive as death, and black as the cinders of Pluto's pit; crimes willful, determined, and continuous too, against the Indian tribes of the West, Northwest, and Southwest! Is justice, is philanthropy, dead? Is progress a dream? and sympathy a mere historic legend? Our heart aches; our tears flow. God, angels, American citizens of the better thought and life, tell us what we can, what we *ought*, to do to check this nation from further cheating, swindling, sacking, shooting, slaughtering, and murdering, through its officers, superintendents, and agents, the three hundred thousand remaining aborigines of this country? A government is responsible for the agents it employs and pays. In this country the people, with ballot in hand, are the government: accordingly *you*, readers, directly or indirectly, are possible for the defrauding and murdering of those red men west of the Mississippi.

“This Indian question is all the more grave at present from the consideration that the two waves of population between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts are soon to meet. Way-stations will dot Western mountains. A railroad will span the extremes, and a peaceable transit through these mountainous regions will be indispensable. The only way to secure such will be by the exercise of blended justice and kindness,—kindness and sympathy, not revenge; love, not hate; mercy, not vindictiveness; integrity, sincerity, and peace; deeds of purity and fraternity, rather than murderous acts of extermination.

“William Penn had no difficulty with the Indians. They knew — know — their friends. The English government in Canada has never had an Indian war, nor has a life been lost by an Indian massacre. They live in peaceful relations with their white neighbors. Tribes have centered into Indian villages, around which the grass is green, and orchards bud, bloom, and bear their fruitage.

“Our government must give those three hundred thousand Indians the protection of law; must give them a civil-rights bill; must treat them as men; must give them individual and permanent right in the soil; must grant them their annuities, and guard them against thieving agents, trafficking vagabonds, and a murderous soldiery: for they are God’s children, and our brothers. This course pursued, and a continuous *peace* is secured with our red brothers of the West,—brothers originally noble in nature, firm in their friendships, and keen in their perceptions of the principles of natural justice.

“Though treated as they have been by the whites, those that tread the shadow-lands of eternity are returning good for evil by descending from their hunting-ground homes in the heavens, with balms of healing, and words of love and cheer. Hours, days, months, in the past, have we talked with Powhattan, through the organism of a medium friend, relative to the past, present, and future of the Indians upon this continent. ’Tis only justice to say, we have ever found this

chief the very soul of simplicity, tenderness, truthfulness, and a genuine magnanimity. Blessings be upon Powhattan, Red Jacket, Tecumseh, Black Hawk, Thunder, Logan, Little Crow, Osceola, Antelope, and all Indian spirits that are shedding their healing magnetisms and peace-influences upon the inhabitants of earth."

In April, he started with these commissioners for the Far West. This is an extract from an editorial reporting his experiences:—

"In Dakota Territory, near the confluence of the north and south forks of the Platte, we were privileged to sit with the Commission in an Indian Council. It was a novel scene, and every movement deeply interesting. The first glance at the Brule Chief 'Spotted Tail,' the sub-chiefs and warriors present, inclined us to silently exclaim, 'What splendidly molded forms! How dignified their bearings! *These* are truly men of health and of muscle; men of very large perceptive faculties, and magnificent noses, — the Roman prevailing.' The tip-up and stub-noses that disfigure so many Hibernian faces characterize the features of none of the eighty thousand Sioux. The Cheyennes and Sioux are the enemies of the Pawnees. They fight at times very much like Christians.

"At the preliminary meeting the more prominent of the tribe, dressed in native costume (fancy colors as in our fashionable female society predominating), came in, decorated in beads, bones, buffalo-teeth, and glittering ornaments,—such as coils of brass wire, bands of silver upon their arms, and feathers in their hair, together with a long string of circular metallic pieces, graduated in size, and fastened to a leather strap attached and suspended from the back hair like a Chinese queue. The length of this is proportionate to an Indian's wealth and bravery, and furthermore, indicates a sort of challenge. Thus adorned, they extended fraternal greetings, through the interpreter, to the Commissioners, Father De Smet, a Catholic priest, and others present. A general running talk then followed.

“At twelve o'clock, the Council met the Commissioners fronting a rude table, interpreters and reporters at the sides, and the Indians in circular form. Spotted Tail, Little Thunder, and White Eyes, facing Gen. Harney, Gen. Sheridan, Col. Tappan, and the others, formed the inner circle. Back of the chiefs were the warriors; and behind these, in half-moon form, a large number of women and children. Having filled a huge pipe with yellow willow-bark and other ingredients, the Indians passed it from one to the other, each taking a whiff. It was the famous pipe of peace. All becoming quiet, Mr. Sanborn, acting chairman of the Commission, stated the purpose of the present mission from Washington, and further peaceable aims of the Government toward the red men of the Western plains and mountains.

“Sanborn having closed his pleasant remarks, Spotted Tail, sitting a while in perfect stoic silence, at length replied, through Leon F. Pallarday, an interpreter twenty-two years in the Indian country. The speech, moderate, distinct in enunciation, and full of gestures, showed great practical common sense and sound thought mingled with much native shrewdness. He said in substance:—

“‘We are glad to meet the representatives of the great father in Washington. I remember the talk we had together last year. I have kept my word; neither my old warriors nor young braves have fought the white man since. I have been just and kept my word. I have tried to make the chiefs of the bands to the north understand that peace was better for all parties than war. I want peace; for all of us are brothers, and the Great Spirit smiles upon us all in sun and stars alike. My daughter loved the whites, and is buried among them at Fort Laramie. I like peace. Our forefathers are dead. Their hearts were broken. My old men and squaws like peace the best. I have unstrung my bow, broken my arrow, laid aside the war-paint, and felled trees across the war-trail.

“‘Your great father must be rich, or he could not build the long fiery trail, and send his braves so far to our council. We are poor; our papposes' hearts cry with hunger. White men have killed some of our chiefs, destroyed our game,

burned our timber, and dug our lands; and now you must give us a big heap of presents. Our squaws' faces leak tears. They sleep cold. We take the words you say to us in our hands; but some things you promise slip through. White men do not always keep their word. They cheat, and their presents are not *good*. Our fathers, many moons in the long past, gave white men meat, buffalo-skins to keep them warm, and guided them through the mountain-passes toward the far-off sunset. Our hands to-day are warm, and our souls true to all true and peaceable pale-faced men; but we are *poor*. You must give us blankets, arms to shoot the game, hatchets to hew poles for tents, and *many presents*; for our squaws and papposes are hungry, and rain comes from their eyes.

“My braves are not children. They do not fear to die. They do not ask for pity or sympathy; only for *justice* and good feeling. Remove your soldiers from our hunting-grounds, and peace would come to us all. I will go with you to Laramie to induce Red Cloud, chief of all the war-parties, and Ogallala, to make peace, as Satanti, Black Kettle, and other chiefs have done. The old *chief*, Man-afraid-of-his-horses, is for peace; and he gave Red Cloud his daughter in marriage, early last fall, to keep the peace. I do not want to see the white man's blood flow, but want to live in peace with him, and in peace with all my brother tribes, and, dying, enter the peaceful hunting-grounds of my fathers. Tell your great father we were glad to see you. It made our hearts feel good. The Great Spirit looks down into our peace-council, and is pleased.”

* * * * *

God has written upon every conscious heart the divine command, “Thou shalt not kill.” The noble, eloquent words of the editor-in-chief of *The Banner* should be republished in every paper of the Union,—in allusion to this great question,—namely, that,—

“We (Americans) should have learned ere this that justice to all — red, white, and black — is the highest statesmanship, the greatest political economy, the safest foundation of a government, the surest guaranty of peace, liberty, progress, civilization, and order; the grandest conception, and

most sublime action (as it should be the greatest pride) of a free people.'

* * * * *

"Sitting by the side of a staff-officer who was fixing the strap to his pistol-casing, he inquired of us where we joined the Commission ?

" ' At Omaha, Neb. '

" ' What for an outfit have you ? '

" A little verdant in the army style of conversation, we replied, ' A shawl and trunk containing clothing, books, etc. '

" ' Oh ! I meant implements of defense, such as they use out here to pick off the red-skins. '

" ' I never carry firearms, and could not be induced under any consideration to take the life of a human being. '

" ' If those hostile Indians knew that, they'd soon have your scalp. '

" ' Well, they could not take my *spiritual scalp*. '

" ' What in the *devil* is that. '

" ' Why, you know the apostle Paul speaks of there being a " natural body and a spiritual body, " clearly implying a physical and spiritual organization throughout ; and, accordingly, though the earthly head were scalped, I should still live immortal, and could perhaps better serve the Indian and others of the down-trodden in spirit-life than this. '

" ' Then you are really a non-resistant. '

" ' In the sense of killing human beings, I certainly am,—believing that any true man *unarmed* is the most thoroughly armed ; his motto being, it is better to endure wrong than to do wrong ; better to be murdered than to murder ; and better to suffer unhappiness than to make others unhappy. ' This is my religion. "

This expedition accomplished but little in the direction intended, for the reason that the whites in all their dealings with the Indians have been in the spirit of injustice, and disposed to exploit and defraud them of their rights. Renewals of war soon followed, being instigated by depredations on the part of the whites.

XX

LOVES AND FRIENDSHIPS

The loves of this man have been but partially understood, even by his familiar acquaintances. People who have been somewhat intromitted into his sphere through his writings, and who sit under the magnetic spell of his public utterances, conclude that he is intense and ardent in his loves. He is nothing of the kind, at least in the expression of feeling toward individuals. For the most part his loves and friendships are impersonal, rising above the local limitations of home and the ties of blood,—beyond the limitations of country and race, and becoming general and universal in their manifestation.

“Whereso'er he met
The soul of a true woman, beautiful
In innocence, and heart devoted to
Humanity's high interests — and, withal,
Upon her breast humility's pure pearl,—
He worshiped at that shrine, as true men must
Who meet with such a spirit.”

By way of his pen and public utterances, many women have fallen desperately in love with him, and have often sued for favors greater than he could grant — favors which neither comported with his natural impulses, nor with his views of social life. Indeed, these aspirants after his personal favors have been almost invariably disappointed on a closer acquaintance, for they have found him quite indifferent to demonstrative affection. He has often expressed his disgust for “fiddle-faddle” loves and friendships.

In all his speeches and writings, Mr. Peebles is careful to draw the distinction between animal desire and spiritual love.

His moral indignation is intense when he reads or hears an argument defensive of a loose and unrestrained socialism.

His idea is, that the functional uses of the passions are administrative subordination under the guidance of an enlightened morality, to develop and spiritualize the whole being, and the propagation of the race obedient to the dictates of the highest wisdom, that all children may be welcomed and cherished as earth's angels, born right, and therefore living right.

This extract from an article written for *The Progressive Age*, 1863, is a true transcript of his opinion on this subject:—

“In cerebellum soil are the germinal types, buds even, of lilies and oceanic flowers, struggling to rise from their sedimental graves into the free, fresh sunlight of heaven; so are there mortals that live away down in the back-brain apartments of their soul-house. Let us aid such to ascend to the summits of the moral and spiritual faculties into which angels delight to gaze! . . .

“Physical gratifications can never supply true heart-wants. Spiritual loves, pure and holy, can fully feed the strong soul.” . . . “Sexual starvation is a sexual curse.”

“If spirits teach ‘promiscuity,’ it speaks sadly for the medium, and a thousand times worse for the controlling influences. Such spirits must be recently from the central sinks of New York, or the ‘Seven Dials’ of London.

“All the brain organs and germinal forces of the soul are beautiful and divine. Even amativeness, disrobed of earthliness, resurrected and actualized in angelic life, is the synonym of love,—love pure and divine as God's; working with and inspiring the morality and spirituality of those higher faculties for all us mortals who can comprehend the purity and divinity of love. The fountain is infinite. It flows out spontaneous from regenerated souls toward all humanity,—man, woman child; field, flower, mountain, and star; free, full, and unconfined.”

He is charmed with the child-like affection of the Shakers; maintaining that they live the nearest to an angelic life of any sect in the world, everywhere advocating their cardinal prin-

ciples as respects the freedom and function of love. He has frequently visited them in their lovely homes to sun his soul amid their spiritual purities, and returns to the "outer court," as he calls our social life, like Jesus from the sweet cottage of Mary and Martha at Bethany, invigorated in body and mind for a loftier work. At their great meeting in Boston, in 1869, when their doctrines and objects were defined before the thinkers of that city, Mr. Peebles, by their special invitation, and agreeable to his deepest convictions of privileged duty, was present on the stand to indicate his heart-interest. His speech on the occasion, in defense of their system, was admirable.

We can almost feel his heart beat in ours as we read his words, first published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:—

"The apostle John said he knew that he 'had passed from death unto life, because he loved the brethren.' This love can never degenerate into license, nor such liberty into anarchy; for it is a principle disrobed of passion,— a resurrection even of the low-brain organs, up on to the plane of divine purity and use. All men are my brothers; all women my sisters; all children my children; and I am every mortal's child. I have an interest in every child born into earth-life. Its destiny is linked with mine.

"One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,—
The swelling stream of death.'

"My country is the universe; my home, the world; my religion, to do good; my rest, wherever a human heart beats in harmony with mine: and my desire is to extend a brother's helping hand to earth's millions, speaking in tones as sweet as angels use; thus kindling in their breasts the fires of inspiration, and aiding them up the steep of Mount Discipline, whose summit is bathed in the mellowed light of heaven. All the love that can be attracted from my inmost being belongs to the poor and the crushed, to you, reader, to the world, the whole universe. Some may not specially call this love out; neither

can lead call fire from flint. The fault, however, is in the lead. Transmute it to steel, and see the bright fiery effect! It takes some conservatives a lifetime to learn the folly of trying to twist ropes from sand, or of coaxing ice to kiss buds into May-blooms. Jesus said, 'All mine are thine, and thine are mine;' and during that precious Pentecostal hour, when the divine afflatus streamed from angelic abodes, not only 'many believed,' but they were so baptized into those unselfish influences that obtain in the spirit-world, that they resolved to have 'all things in common.' This was divine altruism. When these universal love-principles are practically outlived, the soil will be free to all to cultivate as is the air to breathe; gardens will bloom for the poor, highways be planted with fruit-trees, and orphans find homes in all houses. Bigotry, too, will perish; superstition furl its crimson flag; prison-walls crumble to dust; tyranny die on the plains of freedom; and the cannon's mouth be wreathed with white roses,—symbols of perpetual peace."

A peculiarity in Mr. Peebles's character, which his friends have often construed as a weakness, is his excessive generosity. He is pained at the sight of distress, and his natural impulse is to go to the bottom of his pockets to relieve it. Often has he given to the unworthy. He does not discriminate. No one who appeals to him in his extremity is turned away empty-handed, if it is in his power to relieve him. He gives but very little thought to that "rainy-day" that lies prospectively in the future. He has a poor "knack" for the details of business, or for the saving or laying up for the possible needs of old age. The hand that gives out is more cunning than the hand that gathers in. Thousands of dollars has he given outright or loaned and lost to help co-workers in the Spiritual cause. Hundreds has he given away where he expected no return. He is benevolent. When his sympathy is touched, his pocket is liable to be raided. Yet he has never been without food, nor raiment, nor shelter. His soul is all the richer for this spontaneous outflow of his sympathies, since, through these, thousands have become endeared to him.

Scores of public speakers and mediums feel a lasting gratitude for favors and wise council he has given them. Young speakers have often followed him from place to place, and through his teachings and encouragement many have graduated into fields of public usefulness.

From the many testimonials we quote from a private letter of Cephas B. Lynn's:—

“His kindness toward young media, more especially those struggling for usefulness on the rostrum, has been a marked feature in his career as a teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy. In fact, he is looked up to with the utmost reverence, and loved most tenderly, by scores of young lecturers in our ranks. I could name ten or twelve who acknowledge that Mr. Peebles has been the leading instrumentality in advancing them in spiritual graces, and inducting them into active public labors. Blessings upon him for this! I gladly affirm my indebtedness to him in this respect; and my prayer is, that the Spiritualists of the country will see the wisdom of placing funds at his command; so that through him young media suited for the Spiritual ministry may receive that discipline and culture so essential to success.”

But he has not always discriminated with an angel's ken, for he sometimes erred on the side of charity. All who knocked at his soul-doors were admitted without question; but later he found among these a few “pewter spoons” and “lines of dangerous compositions.” Thus, like the Nazarene, he has often taken the sins of others upon his shoulders and vicariously received the “stripes” through which others have been healed. He is optimistic. He has always been disposed to look upon the angel side of human nature, and trusted it, that the world might feel the heart of the crushed and fallen to be as pure and heavenly as his own.

He has recognized the possible in human life, and to the best in human nature he has always appealed. He is not disposed to criticise nor magnify failures. He has never applied the lash to people who have been overtaken in their misdeeds, excepting, perhaps, fraudulent mediums, and so brought them

under the ban of society. The punishment of misdirection will be ample enough without the frowns and criticism of professed reformers. We should not be too hasty to condemn for a temporary relapse from virtue. None of us are wholly without sin. It is sufficient for us if we constantly hold before the mind an ideal of the chaste and beautiful, while we likewise strive for its attainment. The divine dream which waits yet unfulfilled has a greater charm than the good we have already. Sometime, we know not when, that dream will take form beside us. We love those who voice our highest aspirations, even though their words often accuse us. Our true friend and lover is he who overlooks our lesser selves and cherishes only that which is ideal in us. Few people wish to be known for what they actually are, but rather for what they aspire to be. We value a friend often in proportion as he declines to recognize our faults, and who points us to our possible attainments. We are seldom, or never in love with the bald face of fact, but we are charmed and bound with possible glories that lie concealed behind the human face. We shall never be able to interpret rightly the thoughts or actions of a friend if we lose sight of that towards which he is growing. Hear our brother's testimony again:—

“Beautiful in effect is the medium of love to the morally diseased. It works by an infinitude of methods, but always to redemptive ends. When fires, fagots, clanking chains, and gloomy penitentiaries had all failed to reform, the ‘still, small voice’ of love and sympathy has touched the heart-strings, opened a new fountain, and redeemed the most obdurate. Says a European writer, ‘Love is the instrument that the Almighty reserved to conquer rebellious man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; but love is the sun against whose melting beams winter can not stand. This soft, subduing influence wrestles down the giant; there is not one human being in a million, not a thousand in all earth’s huge quintillion, whose stony heart can withstand the power of love.’ This principle, wielded by William Penn, tamed the Indian’s soul, and tuned his heart to throb alone

in kindness; wielded by the benignant Howard, it made prisons in Europe schools of reform; by the great-hearted Oberlin, it transformed many by-corners of pollution in the old world into gardens of beauty; and, by and through Elizabeth Fry, it filled the inmates in houses of refuge and 'asylums of outcasts' with those higher thoughts and purer ideas, as sure to produce those elevating influences as are the lightnings to do their missioned work. Physical *force* may override, and powerful *nations* may conquer weaker ones; but love as a motive power combined with wisdom can alone subdue, promoting that harmony so indispensable to spiritual growth. It is all the power ever employed by God, Christ, or angels in the divine order of subjugating; being the deepest, divinest, and mightiest principle in the universe."

Wherever he goes, he is in the habit of taking little children into his arms, laying his hands upon their heads in blessing, as did the Nazarene, conscious that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has taken a deep interest in boys and young men, seeking their companionship, and entering into their joyous sports. Whenever practicable he has employed these, and encouraged them in many ways. Walking the streets of Boston in 1869, elbowing his way through the jostling crowd, he met a youth, just in his teens, pale, nervous, and emaciated. "Boy," he said with a piercing look and tender tone of voice, "eat coarse bread, drink pure water, bathe in cold water every night, think heavenly thoughts, sleep on a hard bed, rise early, and work temperately. Remember, boy! I am a doctor. I know you, and yet I love you."

Walking the streets of St. Louis, he met a bright-eyed girl tripping along at a dancing pace, humming a tune and swinging her arms. Though a stranger, he stopped her, spoke a tender word, lifted her in his arms and kissed her, saying, "Now, be good; for you are a little angel of love. O, how I love children!" The girl was very happy as she went skipping along her way.

In a Portland audience, 1869, where Mr. Peebles was lec-

turing, sat a negro contraband, John N. Still, listening most earnestly. At evening, the sable brother timidly introduced himself, stating that he knew him because he saw him in a vision three years before as the "Horace Greeley of Spiritualism;" that he was a school-teacher of Virginia; was ordered by the Spirit to "Go North, go North!" His spiritual experiences were most remarkable. After hearing them, and delivering his lecture, Mr. Peebles brought the Southerner to the stand, briefly telling his story for him, saying, "The Indian is my brother, the white man is my brother, the negro is my brother — we are brothers all;" and then he appealed to his auditors with a pathos that probed the very fountains of their hearts, raising for him a generous contribution; when Mr. Peebles bade him go on his way again to the South, rejoicing to "sow the seed of this gospel of education and angel ministries among the freed blacks." The good brother wept with joy, made a happy speech, and, under that light, returned to his task.

Here are some of the word-seeds sown in the bosoms of true friends, which we have found in forgotten letters. The clergyman referred to below is Rev. — :—

"PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 6, 1869.

"Bitter were the tears I saw him shed more than once. His education in the English Church, and then as a Baptist, made him what he is. Spirits are trying now to unmake him, for the purpose of making him over in part; but I believe him a truthful, honest, sincere man, having about him streaks of *vanity* and other follies. Who is perfect? If the laziest devil in hell should roll over in his brimstone bed, and ask for help, I should help him. The public might not approve; but I know of no 'dear public' not constituted of individuals.

"It may be a weakness in me, but everybody must be aided, saved, by somebody; and then I have a deep sympathy for clergymen leaving their old shells of theology."

The following words of his beloved John may have had somewhat to do in predisposing his mind towards the divine charities:—

“ Good is the word signifying good in the place, for the purpose the strengths were given; good in a sense as gold is evolved from the activities as given being in the organic forces. ‘ Be on a guard,’ the teachers also say, ‘ lest ye fall into error and say, “ I am holier than thou ! ” for the sin of vain glorying is great, and home-powers do lay bare the forms, and the one skeleton frame is seen.’ ‘ Do not place a false light in the window to the undoing of any,’ is written in bold characters and placed over the doors of the schoolrooms where the lives do assemble to know of the laws. One Grand Master of the loves doth take a mantle of starry excellence and place over the form of him who hath stood and loved to say: ‘ I die to all selfishness of life.’ A robe of white, surmounted with gold, is placed on the form who is able to stand in divine charities with the people.”

It is the constant effort and aspiration of our brother to reach that degree of love which Jesus actualized: “ Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.” Beyond the family circle, beyond church, sect, party, or nationality, he extends his spiritual fellowship. Visiting his native home in Vermont,—that old framed house, that running brook, that forest and rocky height, where the silver cord of life first pulsed the latent music of his soul,—he mused and dreamed awake, and penned the poesy of his thought thus:—

“ To-day I sit 'neath the paternal roof, and, in shadowy memories and quickly shifting kaleidoscopic presentations; re-live the past, all gemmed in those earlier years with the dewy freshness of childhood's sunny morning. How mystic life's web! How strange the voyage, freighted with flowers and thorns, smiles and tears, defeats and victories, making it rich in experiences! A divinity truly ‘ shapes our ends,’ a certain destiny overshadows each of us, and fate proves to be a mighty wrestler. The pathway may be crimsoned with bleeding feet, or baptized in tides of tears: yet beyond this mortal realm the star of eve shines, and the ‘ Queen of Morn ’ pours forth celestial harmonies, making ‘ music over all the starry floor; ’ and

there earth's divinest ideals become the soul's eternal realities. . . .

"Oh, how many pleasant associations cluster around that word *mother!* Someone has said that '*mother, home, and heaven*' are the most beautiful words in the English language. I almost venerate my parents."

The Mohammedan, though having several wives, buries his mother's body next to his own. Asked why, he replies, "I can have many wives, but I can have only one mother." Mr. Peebles almost worshiped his mother. She was for many years the center of his home life. A few years after her transition, while meditating in a leafy grove, and repeating the following rhymes of the poet, he clairaudiently heard her voice:—

"Is there no grand, immortal sphere
 Beyond this realm of broken ties,
 To fill the wants that mock us here,
 And dry the tears from weeping eyes,
 Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
 And June stands near with deathless flowers,
 Where we may hear the dear ones sing
 Who loved us in this world of ours?
 I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
 With tears for one I can not see—
 O mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me?"

"The Springtime bloom; the Summers fade,
 The Winters blow along my way;
 But over every light and shade
 Thy memory lives by night and day.
 It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
 Like sweet song that can not die,
 And, like the murmur of the main,
 Grows deeper when the storm is nigh.
 I know the brightest stars that set,
 Return to bless the yearning sea;
 But mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me?"

“ I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track
To those green hills of which we dream:
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks grow younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine, and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death:
And yet, at times mine eyes are wet
With tears for her I can not see,
O mother, are thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?”

“ Yes, my son,” she whispered in this leafy grove of oak and elm, “ I am living yet, and still remember you. Can a mother forget her firstborn? Memory is unfading, and pure love is unending.” Continuing in a soft, tender, lute-like voice, she added: “ What you in earth-lands call death, we call birth into the spirit-lands of immortality. Words fail to express the beauty of this realm of blessedness. Youth is here renewed, and the lost of earth are found. Have no fears. Continue your pilgrimage in faith and trust. Weary not in your appointed labors, and when they are done, and the silver cord of life is loosed, then, with other loving souls, I shall meet you and lovingly greet you at your coming.”

XXI

THE HOMES OF ASCENDED TEACHERS

“ I think of that city ; for oh ! how oft
My heart has been wrung at parting
With friends all pale, who with footfalls soft
To its airy heights were starting !
I see them again in their raiments white,
In the blue, blue distance dwelling ;
And I hear their praises in calm delight
Come down, on the breezes swelling,
As I dream of the city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.”

— *Emma Tuttle.*

Being himself but partially open to the influx of the spirit world, Mr. Peebles's chief means of intelligent converse with his arisen teachers was — for a number of years — through his trusted medium, Dr. Dunn. At one time he expressed an eager wish that his medium might visit the homes of the apostles especially that of the beloved John.

“ Comply, then, with conditions,” replied Aaron: “ temperance in all things, fasting, prayer, and purity. Close your eyes to the unclean things of the outer world and enter into silent communion with our heavenly society.”

In due time, obeying the request, the medium became deeply entranced, the body seemingly dead and pulseless. There was a momentary blank, and then he found himself standing beside his body,— a very spirit, clothed in ethereal garments,— when his guide appearing, said, “ Now you will accompany us.” They went in a southeasterly direction, and at length reached a real world of busy populations. The inhabitants seemed industrious, beautiful, and happy. Charmed and electrified with the scenes that spread out on every hand, he arrived safe

and invigorated at the residence of Aaron Nite, where he was required to change his garments and don something still more ethereal. Properly vested, they ascended, leaving the aural belts that encompass the earth and traversing vast spaces to the southward, they at length approached a magnificent island that seemed to float on a sapphire sea.

"I will go with these four spirits," said the guide, "whilst the rest of our circle will have to return. You, dear brother, could not advance one step with us, did we not weave around you our aura. Guard well thy mediumship, if thou wouldst behold the glories to come!"

Taking the medium's hand, they passed over stretches of celestial scenery which no earth language is adequate to depict. Reaching a fountain whose lovely borders were adorned with sensitive flowers, the medium was herein baptized, and a sister spirit gave him nectar to drink, which inspired a hallowed feeling.

"Be calm, now," said the guide, "for we are approaching the sphere celestial of that immortal teacher for whom we have the most profound reverence. But here we must leave you, and other guides will take you in charge."

Six spirits now appeared, led by "Queen of the Morn," all clothed in spotless glistening white, having golden girdles clasping their robes. They enveloped the medium in a soft electric light, which likewise took the form of a "white vesture" like their own. They now approached the center of this isle of beauty, and just beyond the margin of placid waters they beheld a grand and imposing temple. The central structure was circular, while the height was beautifully proportioned to the base. Around the interior circular wall were balconies that reached to the very dome. A door opening, they entered and were greeted by a teacher of music, who was surrounded with musical instruments of strange construction. Ascending a spiral stairway they entered a capacious room, under the dome, where a circular library was poised on a pivot, the volumes of which were replete with the condensed wisdom of the ages. The doors and windows were arched. Oval

niches in the walls were filled with speaking statuary. Ascending to the lofty dome, they entered apartments adorned with paintings and statues of ancient seers and sages, among which were those of the Nazarene and his apostles, occupying niches in fine view, each having a sentiment circling overhead significant of his mission. Translated, they read thus:—

SIMON PETER —“ *Wisdom is to be sought of God.*”

ANDREW —“ *Christ the Corner-Stone.*”

JAMES —“ *Let thy Prayers be unto all Men.*”

JOHN —“ *Love and Charity constitute the rule of God's Judgment.*”

PHILIP —“ *The Truth giveth Freedom to the Soul.*”

BARTHOLOMEW —“ *Righteousness is the Glory of All.*”

THOMAS —“ *Knowledge expels all Doubt.*”

JAMES, SON OF ALPHEUS —“ *The Truth that dwelleth in us shall be in us forever.*”

MATTHEW —“ *God's Mercy is over All and to All.*”

THADDEUS —“ *The good Shepherd is alike mindful of all his Flock.*”

SIMON —“ *The Tree that hath no Root shall wither away.*”

JUDAS —“ *Fulfillment of the Law.*”

Near one of the tables in the circular library sat the loving disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom, clothed in a stainless white robe, glittering like burnished silver. There was a subdued grandeur in his aspect, and in his eyes was a glow of love and wisdom like a heavenly sun. Though easy in manner as a child, there was a graceful, personal reserve, inspiring reverence, that prevented any hasty approach. He recognized the medium and his relation to the brother, and held a most happy conversation with his guide respecting prospective changes to be wrought out among the nations of earth. It was soul-talk—thoughts breathed in silence. During this conversation allusion was made by John to our brother, stating that his organic sphere is receptive of influences from the temple; that “John and James blend in affection:” that he would impress his brother of earth indirectly through asso-

ciated spirits to assist such as hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Through the hand of the "scribe"—which we have mentioned in a preceding chapter—the ancient spirits were able to employ their own peculiar modes of expression, and seemingly to transmit their thoughts wholly freed from that dilution which communications usually undergo by transmission through mediumistic channels. In the following message given to our brother by John from the band of which he is a member, there is a confident prophecy that death, as we now know it, will ultimately be banished from the earth:—

"Allied are we to all the planets, and moved upon are we to show our forms to each one during the passages we make; for our own forces need the elements we are enabled to gather, and sown are seeds from all other lands on those whose soil is fruitful. We rest on each land for a space of time that we may become known to all the minds, and teach that which is necessary to the unfoldment into a new air. A home of the soul is found to contain essences of all lives, to hold forms of power for all generations of life. A folding away of the olden as far as it is for good of the new is now seen. A marble font is placed to many an altar that one great love-lesson may be engraven on the same.

"Awhile and the love-life will become so resplendent with added joys, no more will the death angel cause the pains of the mortal to be the cry for release. 'No more death,' is written on each living parchment we do give to the children of men,—a bold saying, but one of the grandest meaning. The death of the soul is never known, but on other seasons, when a whole people shall live in obedience to laws, there will be no death of that portion of the life called the physical, for it will be given a touch of the immortal, and all will pass away which doth belong to the mortal. Our hands are fashioned in the glories of the rising orbs, and as one hand is seen as aiding the true in soul, we have the power to materialize in the earth garments, and appear as of the earthly; to be known as conversing in the language of the earthy, and supping on the

essences of the earth foods; to be known as standing on rocks of that granite which doth give power over the mortal, that great lessons can be given. One great in purpose doth teach us that we are to spiritually live on the earth lands in the glorious times coming as teachers to those children of whom it is written, 'They die not, but pass into the celestial currents.' Abounding in graces of heart and person, they live continually in obedience to laws, and hold in love all formations of life. A spot of land will the earth become when the soul-children can be moved upon to give their own soul-foods. A power is held in hands of the just and true, and can not be laid aside. A hold hath the just man on the laws, and his life will be forever and ever allied to the soul mercies. . . . A life is to be brought forth in anguish of spirit—a born Power. As it stands revealed in its might, all nations of the earth land will bow their heads, and say, 'Love is the ruling power of the angelhood. Love is the regnant power of all lands, of all planets.' Obedience alone giveth this ever-living life of soul-growth; alone sendeth life forces that the mortal is dissolved, and the immortal stands revealed as a power of the spheres. One great chain is seen, a power of the ages. Not one link is lost; all joined together in accord of laws, and the last link is beyond our own life vision to know of, so far doth it extend into the living future! Days of a future stand forth in their most holy garments, and love's most powerful utterances are heard, bestowing blessing on all who are related to the soul forces.

"Out on the broad ocean of possibilities we do look and find a rest even in the thought that no more death will call the life to suffer. When the last seal is broken, the last seal is set free, then all ways are indeed called free.

"A home of the angels of love and light will the earth lands become on other days. No more death known in any regard whereof the mortal doth stand in fear of now. No more chains riveted on the forms by hands of bigotry and superstition; no more hopes laid waste in the cruel bondages imposed by the human. A waste land is full of the life forces,

for the New hath molded the destinies of nations yet unborn out of the apparently barren lands. Oppositions can not come to destroy these seeds of power.

“ Chosen are we on days coming to open casks of wine forces, gathered from the isles of the sea, to give off the elixirs of life to the people, that no more death of the physical as now seen may be known. As wave upon wave of old ocean liveth forever, so are we to live, rising up in form of the glorified in soul, we limit not any force of our being, but place the whole forms of power at command of the laws.”

“ O hearts of *love!* O souls that turn,
Like sun-flowers, to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest;
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast!

“ What doth that holy guide require?
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking where duty is desire,—
To Christ, the beautiful and good.”

XXII

DEALING WITH SOCIAL ENTANGLEMENTS IN MODERN LIFE

“The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than the dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of earth.”

— *Brahminie.*

“God hath been gradually forming man
In his own image since the world began;
And is forever working on the soul,
Like sculptor on his statue, till the whole
Expression of the upward life be wrought
Into some semblance of eternal thought.”

— *Gerald Massey.*

Coincident with the advent of modern Spiritualism, the bond of the existing social order began to loosen. No one who will attentively study the social aspects of general society during the last generation, will deny that a revolt against both the letter and spirit of the long-accepted social gospel, set in about the middle of the present century, and has been more or less active down to the present time. This revolt was simultaneous with the early propagandi of Spiritualism. The public press and world at large, not only insisted that Spiritualism was the cause and instigator of this social discontent but also that the disturbance was chiefly confined to those who dabbled with the “dangerous delusion!” But we repudiate this latter assumption, and insist that in so far as public bodies are responsible, the Spiritualistic movement should be required to no more than share it equally with all the others. It may be conceded, however, that Spiritualists, as a class, emphasized the principle of individuality to a greater degree, and emancipated themselves more thoroughly from the influence of dogmatic teachings than any other body of

religious believers. In this way, Spiritualism afforded the occasion for the incipient manifestation of an impulse which had taken root in the aggregate population. Spiritualism was the channel through which this impulse first came prominently to the surface. One form in which this impulse became manifest was the protest on the part of thousands of American women against the assumed right of their husbands to the possession of their bodies for the gratification of their animal desires! Henry C. Wright's book entitled, "The Unwelcome Child," contains sufficient proof of this statement. These same conditions are not on the surface in all the churches, and in general society. The trial of Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn, and more recently Reverend Brown, of San Francisco, are two among a multitude of examples showing how modern society as the final word relating to social morals.

While the great majority still profess to venerate the traditional form of social life, yet it is easy to detect that there is a rapidly increasing laxity in the current of social morals. In the social transition to which we have been witness in the last forty years, there is now manifest a more than usual tendency to yield to temptation and break away from the customary restraints which formerly held the passions in check. While the general populace, without regard to religious profession, are swayed more or less by this new impulse, they have but little if any idea about the social readjustments which all this portends, hence there ensues a state of comparative social chaos, for which the latest Spiritual or religious movement is held responsible by all who remain well housed within the pale of older organizations. It is not here attempted to discuss the meaning or probable outcome of the existing social disorders, but merely to note that it is neither the offspring of Spiritualism nor confined to its professed believers.

It has been the habit of both men and women to turn to our brother in their distress, as to a wise and sympathetic counselor. Never did a child come closer to a maternal bosom than a troubled brother or sister to his heart. The secrets of the inner life and struggles oft conceal the rarest pearls

of character, and indicate the deep undercurrents of love. It is good to trust the divine in human nature. It is through suffering that the hidden worth of character oftenest becomes revealed.

The old, old story: Here is a case of an unhappy marriage; the man warm hearted, the woman unresponsive; both in a domestic hell! He loved another, and that other, unschooled in the philosophy of magnetic spheres, confiding as a resting bird, whatever the spirits said was to her law and gospel. When alone by themselves, he, the husband of another, was entranced by a positive spirit, who, "for the sake of health," as runs the subtle plea, suggested a disregard of the legal tie that bound the husband to his wife. It was a temptation to this unsophisticated girl; but rallying her moral courage, again she parried the advances, and yet her love held her under the magnetic spell! She faltered, wept, prayed, but kept her person inviolate. In her struggles and desperation she confided her secret to Mr. Peebles and sought his counsel. She wrote him a full statement and asked his advice. Mr. Peebles's reply was: "Resist without a moment's hesitation! Die rather than plunge into an entanglement which can have no other ending than bitterness and disappointment!" He portrayed the social perils, the need of renunciation and self-denial, the glory of martyrdom, such as angels love to witness. The divinity of such a death rather than the ignominy of such a life. "Weave not," he said, "your chords of holy love into the meshes of a domestic quarrel. Wait until God and man shall sunder the false, and your heroism will give you a rest of soul approved by high heaven!" This counsel restored her to self-possession. A new tide of force surged through her being. The path of duty now seemed luminous to her newly awakened vision, and she was content to walk in the way which wisdom prescribed.

Here, also, is a heart-pleading letter and its answer. We sorrow over these wounded lives. It is surprising how the human heart can bleed and yet live. How woman can suffer and yet hope and love! How carefully we should guard against the perils of obsessing spheres! The sister who writes the following has treasures beyond the border:—

“DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES,—I write to you for aid, sympathy, and influence. My husband has become so infatuated with a young lady, that he says he does not love me, and that he will never live with me again. This is a terrible blow. I love him as *dear* as I ever did, yet I can have no control over him. I think he is either *obsessed*, or *deranged*. He has left me perfectly destitute; no home. I am now a dependent upon my friends, which, you know, is very *humiliating* to me. And now, dear brother, I want you to help me establish my home again, happy as it has been. It *can*, I feel; it *must* be done. He must not bring this reproach upon Spiritualism, and a curse like this on his family. See him, and turn him right. For God’s sake, help me! As I look at our four helpless little ones, it almost crazes me to know that I am left alone to protect and care for them. Dear brother, let me hear from you soon. I feel you can and will help me, and save him. I feel that the good and true spirits will, and are trying to aid and help me. I will not despair, though all seems of inky darkness, and the gulf impassable; yet I hope. Please let me hear from you at once; for my heart is almost broken.

“Your sister in trouble, * * * ”

“CLEVELAND, OHIO, Jan. 6, 1871.

“MRS. ——. *Dear Friend*,—Your communication of — lies before me, inciting sadness of spirit. It is only one among many of a similar character reaching me each year. This social problem is to me a continual puzzle; and, while I mean to be charitable, I must be just. How your husband, possessing the instinct common to humanity, could thus leave you destitute; how he could leave those four little children, whom he has been instrumental in bringing into the world, leave them to look up with tearful eyes and call in vain for a father, a father to love and counsel, savors of a reckless inhumanity, bordering upon mental insanity. It is not the work, my sister, of Spiritualism, but rather of demonism,—a psychological infatuation thrown around him by the serpentine charms of that ‘young woman.’ Is he dead to common justice, dead to duty, dead to those holy and paternal relations that should unite father and child? He will awake some day,

in this moral maelstrom, to feel those bitter, biting, galling regrets,— to feel that anguish that no painter can put on canvas, so sure as God is, so sure as there is compensation. The hells await him. He would evidently say to me, in pursuing this course, ‘I am seeking happiness.’ So does the slimy serpent, when leaving his frosty den to catch the first sunbeams of spring. Happiness based on selfishness can not succeed; neither can the priceless boon be obtained at the expense of a wife’s happiness, and injustice done to four little children. Every child born on this earth has the right to demand honorable recognition, care, and counsel from the father as well as the mother; has the right to be loved by both parents; and the right to a sound, practical education. . . . Gladly would I assist you, were it in my power; but I do not know where Mr.— is, nor have I the means of finding him. Could I lay my hand upon his shoulder, and plead for those children, — those olive branches, that need to grow up under the sunshine of home and sweet home influences,— perhaps I might induce him to return, prodigal-like, to his family. Does he not know there is such a principle as self-sacrifice? that it is noble to forget self for others’ good? Rest assured that you have my sympathy, and may command my services in any possible way that will bring about reconciliation, and help secure the good of all concerned. . . .

“Most truly thine,

“J. M. PEEBLES.”

Ever since the Spiritualist movement took its rise, there have been great diversities of opinion among Spiritualists on fundamental questions relating to ethics, the historical, religious, restrictive legislation, the relation of the sexes, etc. Among all these differences, the social question has been the chief occasion of bitter discussion and division. In the church this question is never, or but rarely, discussed; and while there is an outward conformity to a conservative standard of social ethics, those who are inwardly impure, indulge their disorderly practices in secret. Probably no greater diversity of sentiment exists among Spiritualists than in the churches, but Spiritu-

alists have formed the habit of proclaiming "from the house-tops" their real convictions. No class deplore immorality any more profoundly than do true Spiritualists. But we have not only the poor, but the evil with us always. It may be conceded that Spiritualists as a class have their share of the frailties common to human nature, nor have any religious body of believers any immediate prospect of entrance into the kingdom of unalloyed purity, while all the rest of the world remains in iniquity. The race must rise as a whole before any considerable number of units will be redeemed. Let us exercise charity.

In a valuable article published in *The American Spiritualist*, making distinction between mere *Spiritists* and *Spiritualists*, Mr Peebles says:—

"If in any way given to constructive thought, they [Spiritists] place the base of the pyramid in the air, and then seek to adjust the physical forces and relational magnetisms to the neglect of those divine principles that take hold upon heaven and eternal life. They insist that their bodies are their own, and they have a right to use them as they will. Another way this of asserting the right of 'passional promiscuity.' The slaving, staggering drunkard admires the argument. 'Have I not a right,' he indignantly exclaims, 'a *right* to use my body as I choose? to put anything into it I please?' and down goes the poisoned dram of liquor! To state is to refute such a monstrous position.

. . . Through suffering, discipline, and painful experiences, these social errorists will learn that liberty is not license; that love is not lust; that psychological influence is not spiritual attraction; and that gratification is not happiness; nor the right way to obtain it, in any realm of existence where intelligences exist as moral beings. To 'him that overcometh' is the paradise of purity promised. Our angels teach us that sensualists stung with mental suffering, people lowest conditions in the tartarean spheres of the after life. It is not much, it is not *all*, to be a mere Spiritist. Multitudes of wild Indians are Spiritists; millions of Chinamen have been Spiritists from remotest antiquity; the polygamy-practicing dervishes in Mohammedan

countries are Spiritists, and their tests are absolutely astounding. Some Mormons are excellent clairvoyant Spiritists. But clairvoyance, tests, facts, phenomena, all combined, have not made them philosophers,—have not saved them. Alone, they will never educate nor spiritually redeem humanity. . . .

“On the natural plane, considered from the Adamic side of life, it is well and wise to ‘multiply and replenish the earth;’ and every child thus born has the right to demand an honorable recognition from the father as well as the mother,—has the right to be loved and cared for by both parents, and the right to a sound, practical education. Finally, these selfish, credulous, pompous, exquisite, faint-hearted, shiftless, sensuous, flirting Spiritists, generally quite content with the alphabet of disorderly phenomena, need the quickening influences of the Divine Spirit, need religious conviction and moral culture, need conversion to, and baptism into, the heavenly principles of *Spiritualism*. . . .

“*Genuine Spiritualists*—there are multitudes of these. They already constitute a vast army. Bearing upon their foreheads God’s seal of manhood and womanhood, they daily walk the Mount of Beatitude, and commune with the transfigured who glide along the love-lands of heaven. Having trust in God, faith in the possibilities of humanity, and a blessed knowledge of immortality, through the present ministry of spirits, they are a moral power in the world. They live to-day as though conscious of being already in eternity. They are above the commission of unworthy acts. Seeking neither praise nor fulsome flattery, they are practical reformers, doing good for goodness’ sake. Candid and sincere, they take no selfish advantage of others’ weaknesses. Broad and catholic, they can work with Unitarians, Free Religionists, Liberalists, *all* true workers. In method they are more constructive than destructive. Relating to books, Bibles, and spiritual teachings, they exercise their own judgment. Administering reproof in gentleness, slow to believe ill of others, they forgive as they would be forgiven. Accepting Spiritualism as expressing the outflowing love of God, the brotherhood of man, the divine prin-

principle of holiness, the indwelling Christ of love and wisdom, the Comforter promised in the New Testament, the divine guest crowned with immortality,—genuine Spiritualists, in this and all lands, strive to live pure, practical lives, that others may see their good works, and thus be induced to accept the truth of heaven. Without holiness none can enter the heaven of heavens.”

In the “Year Book of Spiritualism,” published in 1871, Hudson Tuttle has some pertinent remarks on the incidental accompaniments of all new movements. He says:—

“It is tauntingly said that the origin of Spiritualism is obscure. Those who worship as God a child cradled in a manger, whose chosen twelve were half-clad fishermen, whose female followers were outcasts and Magdalenes, should at least be modest in their insinuations. . . . Spiritualism, like a flood, gathered all the floating rubbish on its tide, and by many is judged by this accident than by the force of its torrent. This is not exceptional. All countries and all religions have their professional lazzaroni, beggars, tramps, hangers-on, leeches, and vampires. The divine philosophy of Spiritualism is no exception. Its pure garments have been dabbled with the slime of selfishness and polluted by the vampires of passion. That it has endured all that has been cast upon it, and not only endured, but grown strong, indicates its tenacious vitality and the inherent strength of its glorious truth.”

XXIII

LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE

“In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
Look aloft, and be firm and be fearless of heart.”

In his earlier years of experience in Spiritualism, Mr. Peebles had a strong desire to become open to direct spiritual influx, to be entranced that he might see and hear for himself, and so become more efficient in the spiritual ministry. But later he became convinced that with his peculiar species of sensitiveness, such submission to a foreign control would be attended with grave dangers. And his invisible helpers have demonstrated to him that his highest uses may be best attained by his uniform preservation of outward consciousness. But he has not always strictly heeded these injunctions, especially when in the presence of other mediums.

At a meeting in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, immediately after the “Wilson and Haddock Discussion,” when Mr. Wilson gave public tests of spirit presence, Mr. Peebles was completely enveloped in the dominant sphere, neutralizing that of his own, when a foreign influence gained partial possession of his brain. Then he began to question and doubt the good powers that had guided his footsteps so many years. On his way from the meeting, in company with his friends, he insisted the spirits should co-operate with him in the line of work he should mark out to convince the doubting world. Instantly a ray penetrated the obsessing sphere, and dissipated the hallucinating influence; and he reeled under it, like Saul on his way to Damascus, when “there shined round about him a light from heaven.” Powhattan then bathed him in the strong influence of his sympathy, when he drooped his head and wept, and

prayed to be forgiven for his mistrust of the divine wisdom. That night, in a company consisting of Raymond Tallmage and wife, Mrs. Julia T. Ruggles (daughter of Gov. Tallmage), J. O. Barrett and wife, Mr. Peebles was strongly influenced by an Indian, then by "Queen of the Morn;" when he laid hands of benediction upon each one, and all were moved to tears in the airs which seemed filled with a holy presence. It was a baptism from on high.

Mr. Peebles encourages spiritual circles for the "manifestations," but holds that these should be organized with great care and under wise limitations. The properly constituted circle may be made the basis for mediumistic development — a family altar for communion and worship. But when unwisely organized, or when mediumistic development is sought to subserve a private or selfish end, it can have only an unpleasant outcome. He tries to inspire worthy mediums to perseverance, and the people to protect them in their beneficent ministry of love from the angels, but demands conscientiousness, order, sincerity, and a broad charity. Truth is sacred; and credit is due to all its revealers, of every age, race, and calling. It is his constant effort to accord justice where it is due, and foster all instrumentalities which may be employed for the enlightenment and uplifting of the race. Fraud his soul hates.

Lecturing in ——, he was importuned several times to sit in a promiscuous circle that was really repulsive to him. Knowing his own sensitiveness, he politely declined. "No," said his friends, "you help the circle so much: you are too particular, too proud." Yielding, just to accommodate them, he became entangled in a magnetic web. It was earthly, painful, darkening. Unable to resist it there, and realizing his moral peril, he seized his hat, rushed from the room, and walked at night two miles through the city, where, reaching a lonely spot by a large rock, he knelt down and prayed, speaking the language of Jesus in his temptation, "Get thee hence, obsessing spirit!" Then there fell a gentle wave of influence from his guides, and the baleful influence of the thrall was broken. In

a half audible tone a voice said, "Brother, the lesson is well. Be wiser; keep pure the white vesture with which thou art robed."

Natural to his ideal, Mr. Peebles would make a hall for Spiritualist gathering a sanctuary, consecrated as a "holy of holies," and used for no other purpose, since he regards a variety of uses as incipient to obsession. Like a temple of the soul, it must be single to holiness, orderly, architecturally beautiful, airy; no somber shading, but full of light, and made fragrant with flowers. Boxes, pulpits, and desks are all barriers between speaker and people. "Away with them, and give me a broad, free platform." Only one speaker on the platform at a time is his demand. He would have the exercises simple and impressive. He strenuously objects to having a president, pickled with tobacco or any other stimulant, perched upon the platform behind him when speaking. In his more advanced life, he cares nothing for proselyting. "Believe what you have a mind to," he often says, "but behave yourself. It is deeds and not belief that saves the human souls."

A broad, ethical form of teaching and a living example are the main essentials with him. He zealously guards against intrusions just before speaking. From some ante-room, where he sits silent to invite the inspiring force, he prefers to pass direct to the rostrum. Introductions and the touch of angular hands may depolarize the influence upon which he most depends. A speaker should studiously avoid becoming submerged in the combined spheres of a mixed audience. Upon the rostrum he should be spiritually insulated, handing down the truth from the upper planes of thought and life. When the service is closed, and the hearts of the people glow with fraternal warmth and general good feeling, then our brother greets them most cordially, adopting the Quaker style of shaking hands with everybody, imparting in that friendly grasp the virtue with which he was charged during the discourse.

When dedicating the Spiritual church in Sturgis, Michigan, some of the brick of which he carried in his own arms, as the vast congregation was seated, he noticed just in front

of him a woman who threw out a dark, gloomy, and adverse sphere, which he instantly interpreted as a case of obsession. The occasion demanded a judicious procedure. The woman was a sister of much influence, whom he must not offend. So with diplomatic courtesy, he requested her to exchange seats with some one farther away, which he felt would be a more harmonious adjustment of individual spheres, and better adapted to serve in a manner analogous to a spiritual circle. The change was therefore made with commendable grace. Then the house became a Pentecost, and the spirit was poured out upon the people as with "tongues of fire."

"If you pause in the City of Trouble,
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient; the train will move onward,
And rush down the track of the years.
Whatever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at last with rejoicing
To the beautiful City of Rest.

"You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm;
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
With those who have loved you the best,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
You shall find in the City of Rest."

XXIV

QUEEN OF MORN

“Were once our beings blent and intertwining,
And for that glory still my heart is pining;
Knew we the light of some refulgent sun
When once our souls were one?”

“Round us in waters of delight forever
Ravishingly flowed the heavenly nectar river;
We were masters of the seal of things
And where truth in her ever-living springs
Quivered our glancing wings.

* * * * *

“Weep for the god-like life we lost afar
That thou and I its scattered fragments are
And still the unconquered yearning we retain,
Sigh to renew the long and vanished reign
And grow divine again.”

— *Schiller.*

There is an inner sanctuary in the human heart which is too sacred for even the most intimate friend to penetrate,— a sanctuary which never reveals aught of its precious secrets to the most delicate questioning of one’s most confiding associates. We occasionally see a prominent public character moving among his fellows with equipoise, holding to a settled purpose, who labors with unwearied diligence, maintaining a uniform and calm severity, always patient, never complaining, yet sharing his sympathies with his fellows; and we marvel what power it is by which he is borne onward and held upward in those trying labors which must be wrought out in contact with a critical and capricious public.

We have seen hearts that readily respond to other people's sorrows,— hearts full of compassionate sympathy for the lives that are called to suffer; who treat others with delicate and tender courtesies, yet who are self-contained, never leaning upon their friends; discreetly silent in regard to their own sorrows, yet full of kind offices and replete with loving counsels to such as reach out pleading hands for assistance.

These general statements are especially applicable to the hero of this narrative. There is some secret locked in his breast which he has never revealed to us. If not a puzzle to himself, he is at times to others. We suspect that he visits some sacred shrine, upon which he places his heart offerings, thereby keeping the altar fires burning brightly; and mayhap this will explain that cheerful serenity for which his life thus far has been noted. Moreover, we shall find in this secret — whatever it is — a reason for the comparative indifference with which he has uniformly met the multitudinous appeals to his affections by women who regard him with a sort of ideal worship. This indifference is all the more surprising, since he is by no means lacking in emotional tenderness. His nature is at once sensitive, warm, ardent, and spontaneous. Why should he keep his inner life a sealed book when so many are knocking at his soul doors? The answer doubtless is in the fact that he, too, has an ideal, and that ideal is on the "other side," in the person of a member of his spirit band — the "Queen of Morn." Her earth name was Madame Elizabeth, and she was the sister of Louis XVI of France. We simply infer this, for we are not aware that he ever lisped such a conviction in the ears of any mortal.

The verses from Schiller at the head of this chapter suggest how this ideal has taken shape in the mind of our brother, and what a source of inspiration it must have been in the prosecution of his life work. Then we recall his firm belief in the soul's pre-existence — a belief which carries with it the implication that the soul was not only dual in its primal state, but likewise that the dual units will meet and resume their union when the final purpose of the earthly pilgrimages has

been achieved. Has not our brother long been aware that such a prospective consummation awaits him? And does that not account for the attitude of quiet reserve his friends have uniformly remarked in his demeanor? Only the choice and rare souls know the joy of that deep-toned music which is pitched to the minor key. Those who seemingly walk in melancholy solitude, oft have a richer life, and experience a deeper joy than any who indulge in noisy demonstrations of an exuberant surface feeling.

Mr. Peebles never unveiled to us the secret hidden in his interesting editorial in *The Banner of Light*, entitled, "The Two Star-Sisters of France." It is another witness to the truth of our forecast. He outlines the history of Ernest Renan and his sister Henriette, and Louis XVI and his sister "*Madame Elizabeth*." Henriette accompanied Ernest and his wife on his scientific mission into ancient Phœnicia, where brother and sister were both seized with a malignant fever.

"They were two souls warm with harmonious thought, and hearts beating as one. She went with him on to the loftiest pinnacles of Lebanon's mountains, and across the desert sands that line the Jordan, exchanging ideas with him, and living his very life.

"A French writer says, 'Notwithstanding her delicate health, she traveled to average eight leagues a day, being both a sort of private secretary who divined her brother's thoughts, and a sister of charity who watched with angelic tenderness over a precious existence, which she justly considered as the effulgent glory of her family and her name.' Though these long, tiresome journeys greatly fatigued her, she continued to assist her brother in writing 'The Life of Jesus,' till she felt the approaches of malignant fever. The symptoms grew worse; she was dangerous: yet her courage, for a brother's sake, seemed to defy the death-angel's touch. Ernest, hastening from 'Le Caton' with the surgeon, fell dangerously ill with the same fever. There they lay, brother and sister, sick and alone in a foreign land, the brother summoning all his

energies to minister to his sister; the sister hiding her agony, concealing her sufferings, and struggling against the fever that was burning to her being's core, to watch by her brother's sick pillow. They fought death together, fought for each other, fought till they became unconscious. The sister awoke in heaven. Owing to Renan's robust constitution he survived; and, coming to consciousness, his first incoherent words were, 'Where's my sister?' The tearful eye of the surgeon told the story! Here my pen may drop. A recent writer of France says, 'Hunting in a friend's library, I came upon a pamphlet whose every line drew a tear. I know nothing more touching, sadder, or more beautiful, than the masterpiece of a great thinker who bids a last farewell to a noble soul,—that a *sister!*'"

In telling this touching story, Mr. Peebles evidently intends to compare himself in thought to Renan, traveling in quest of truth,—his sister, his angel-guide, who passed on before him, long before him, but, returning, found his heart beating with her own the same musical concord; and "lo! she is by his side, traveling with him to the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears, to rest in the bosom of God."

The second star of France is Madame Elizabeth, "Queen of Morn," the harbinger of Mr. Peebles's pilgrimage over this strange world of ours.

"The Queen of Morn," and "The Spiritual Pilgrim!" this relation is the enchantment of the life he lives, this the soul of experiences, that threads life's silver chords round the world whither he goes, this the "Chain of Pearls" that blossoms ever upon his bosom to make his pilgrimage beautiful and fragrant with a love that descends from heaven. We must let him tell the story of Madame Elizabeth, as gleaned from the history he found in that antiquarian library in Boston:—

"Just prior to the stormy days of the Revolution, there arose in the French firmament another star, shedding a silvery radiance over the royal family and the entire kingdom of

France. We refer to the *princess*, Madame Elizabeth Marie Hellene Capet, sister of Louis Capet, the noblest of the Bourbon line, and known in history as Louis the XVI, the martyr-king. Louis ascended the throne loving his people with a fatherly tenderness. His warm heart throbbing for the best welfare of France, he inaugurated a system of reforms that resulted in his dethronement and death. So popular was he with the poorer classes and the more benevolent of those in the higher walks of life, that a number of the most eminent jurists and advocates in France presented themselves, soliciting the glory of defending Louis XVI. Among them were Cazales, Necker, Nicolai, Lally-Tollendal, Malouet, Mounier, etc. *Thomas Paine* defended Louis in the Assembly. The illustrious Schiller sent to the Convention from Germany a memorial in favor of the king. Other petitions from scholars and counts reached the French capital, pleading for his life. But the decree of death had gone forth. Louis was aware of it by a presentiment. He had seen a female form, clothed in white, walking in the royal apartment, and then disappearing,—signal that a reigning Bourbon was to depart to the land of the just.

“During his imprisonment in that gloomy tower, the Princess Elizabeth left her brother’s presence only to comfort Marie Antoinette and educate Louis’s two children,—the Dauphin (Louis Charles), and Marie Therese. In one of the king’s last conversations with his counsel, he spoke of the kind and tender consolations he had received, and especially of the happiness derived from the caresses of an affectionate sister. He said, ‘I will not speak of my children now, nor further of my sister, whose life has been one unvaried course of devotion, courage, and affection. Her alliance was sought by Spain and Piedmont; and, at the death of Christina of Saxony, the canonesses of Piedmont wished to elect her their abbess; but nothing could separate her from me. She clung to me in my misfortunes as others attached themselves to my prosperity. But I wish to speak of what gives my heart keenest pain,—the unjust opinion entertained by my subjects of the queen.’

“Madame Elizabeth’s devotion to her brother and family, while incarcerated in that dungeon prison,—mending their garments in midnight hours, administering medicines, speaking encouraging words, forgetting self, breathing prayers of trust and hope, and catching each stray moment to educate the children in music, drawing, and the fine arts, and conscious all this time that she was under the ban of The National Assembly, and almost certain of a death upon the scaffold,—challenges an equal in all the historic ages. And withal, how brave! When the mock-trial of the king was in process, the Princess Elizabeth was the only member of the royal family able to get near him. This, being inspired with a sister’s love, she accomplished by rushing from window to window, with all the daring of an Indian maiden. The furious mob, in the name of liberty, seeing her near the king, mistook her for the object of their hate, Marie Antoinette, and shouted, ‘There’s the Austrian woman, the queen: slay her! slay her!’ The soldiers of The National Guard who were surrounding the princess endeavored to undeceive them; but the noble-hearted heroine turned to the soldiers, face calm as an angel’s, and exclaimed, ‘No, no! Undeceive them not! Let them *slay* me! Let their bayonets drain and drink my heart’s blood, if ’twill save the queen!’

“Deep trials refine the soul-forces; and human nature, thus refined, and outlived in its highest estate, brings heaven down to earth. This princess looked upon her poverty and sufferings, all for her brother’s sake, as blessings in disguise. She felt that sorrow was but the prophecy of diviner joy; and, the nearer she approached the fatal close of life, the more radiant grew the brightness of her virtues and the glory of her martyrdom. Her prayers, beatific in angelic fervor, were full of forgiveness for her brother’s murderous enemies; and such of her letters as were preserved reveal a soul all aglow with purity and affection.

“‘Every sentence, oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love.’”

To a friend, she closes a letter thus:—

“‘ I enjoy, by anticipation, the pleasure you will experience in receiving this pledge of friendship and of confidence. To be once more with you, and to see you happy, is all I desire. You know how deeply I love you. I embrace you with my whole heart.

“‘ ELIZABETH MARIE.’

“ This beautiful woman, so full of sisterly affection, persuasive tenderness, divine forgiveness, pious enthusiasm, and genuine heroism, was guillotined soon after her brother, upon the charge of corresponding with the king’s brothers, and being an accomplice to the crimes of the Bourbon family, as ‘ heir apparent ’ to the throne of France. Twenty-four others shared a like fate at the same time. Her composure and touching resignation edified and astonished them all. It seemed her mission to minister unto others. She continued to encourage them to the last with words of cheer, and the exhibition of a noble moral heroism. Passing before her, they all bowed low as they ascended the scaffold. Madame Elizabeth’s turn had come. Behold the scene!—tenderness in her eyes, love on her dewy lips, life in her warm veins, and purity on her white bosom, that so gently, tremulously heaved. The executioner tears aside the robes from her chaste form. Her dark hair hangs loose and wavy. She kneels. Her fair, beautiful neck lays upon the block. The ax glimmers, falls: the princess is in eternity!

“ The last words of her counsel’s defense were, ‘ She who at the court of France was deemed the most perfect model of every virtue can not be the enemy of Frenchmen.’ The historian, De Beauchesne, says, ‘ She was the best and most holy of friends, who, wearing heaven in her heart, and love in her eyes, soothed the most cruel pangs with the balm of her words, and with her angelic gaze ever re-assured the soul. . . . Her whole being was too beautiful, too lofty, not to forget itself when any other interest presented. Hers was the purest expression of that single-hearted candor, of that *holy affection*, which Raphael has given to the mother of Jesus,— an angelic

grace, a Christian serenity, that never occurred to the imagination of antiquity.'

"Now, encircled in light, she treads the fairest fields of heaven. Her robes, reflecting her soul's purity, are bright with glittering sprays from the 'River of Life,' that John saw proceeding from the throne of God. Her harp breathes only harmonial thoughts, and the sweet love-strains of undying melody. Her tears have been crystallized into pearls, to adorn the faithful. Her sorrows have ripened into holy and heavenly sympathies; and, through her poverty-experiences of earth, she is better enabled to now enrich millions with wisdom.

"Souls do not forget. All love is immortal. Doubtless she oft descends to earth with holy evangels, to cheer the sad as they journey o'er the sands of time, yet trustingly look upward to the evergreen mountains of promise, and to those ever-flowing fountains that dot the plaza-lands of paradise."

Closing the recital of this sad history, so feelingly told by Mr. Peebles, our best thought is found in silence, meditating upon what the angel said, "There are exiled hearts!" The elegiac words of Phebe Cary, let us quote them for our brother:—

"O my friend! O my dearly beloved!
 Do you feel, do you know,
 How the times and the seasons are going?
 Are they weary and slow?
 Does it seem to you long in the heavens,
 My true, tender mate,
 Since here we were living together, ..
 Where, dying, I wait?
 'Tis long years, as we count by the springtimes,
 By the birth of the flowers:
 What are years, ay, eternities even,
 To love such as ours?"

In the "Isle of the Blest," the "Queen of Morn" is associated in Mr. Peebles's spirit-band with "Celestia" and "Morning Star,"—"Sisters of Purity;" who play together upon "the harp, lute, and lyre;" whose music, though not

often *heard* by our brother yet is it *felt* soothing his spirit, and lifting his affections to the life they live with the child-angels of God.

At the gray of a summer's evening, this angel of all his years, whose hand had touched him, whose influence had so often enchanted his hopes, this "Queen of Morn," vested in white, accompanied by her sisters, rapt in the poesy of song, whispered in the clairaudient ear of Mrs. Nellie Smith of Sturgis these precious words, addressed direct to his soul:—

"Come with me, O my beloved! come away for a season from thy cares and weary work! I will await thee on the green banks of the beautiful river, and give thee love's welcome.

"I'll tune my harp to its richest measures, and sing thee to sweet repose.

"Life of my life, for ever near, for ever dear, light is darkness without thee, and music is mourning. Knowest thou something of love? I will teach thee more; will perfume thy throbbing heart with ecstasies of which thou hast not known. Oh! what can I not promise thee? Rich gifts are in my keeping, but through love alone.

"My beautiful, I have watched o'er thy steps, and have exulted in thy soul's fair expansion; have seen the tides of feeling accumulate force, and noble aspirations take loftier flights: while love, the crowning palm of thy rich nature, has sent its roots deeper and deeper into the region of thy soul's mines of iron and gold and gems, exhaustless and indestructible. I know thee well, true love of mine; and all thy yearnings for the perfect life are clear to my spirit-gaze. Earth does not satisfy thee, nor should it. Will my love in measureless waves allay thy thirst? Ah! what can I give thee more? What asketh thou? Speak!

"We have held nothing back when thou hast called: we have robed thee in angel royalty, have filled thy brain with poesy's true spirit, and touched thy lips with flame. We have set thy feet in high places, and have given souls into thy hands. What wilt thou still? Love, praise, and honor are at thy feet as myrrh and incense. Ask, if thy deep soul desires aught

else, and I'll fly through Nature's vast domain to do thy bidding,—to bless *thee*, loved and treasured one. Perhaps the humblest instruments only may be at my command: do not disdain them. The Father's love overshadoweth all. In love alone can I approach thee, to touch the springs of thy own love-nature. Yet ever I am near: in thine orisons and meeting, I sing solemn symphonies, and chant the high *Te Deum*. Like the sparkling waters round a golden isle would I circle thee with sleepless vigils. Ever the burden of my song is love."

Here are some heart gems fresh from the fountain of love, written through the hand of the "Scribe." None but a royal soul could pour out such an abundance of affectional wealth in the form of written speech:—

"My beloved, as never before, I see the depth of thy soul's own fountain springs, for many thou hast known not as yet to thy consciousness, but which the bearing future shall reveal to thee in all their fullness. A beautiful gloss is seen on each flower as it comes from thy soul's garden to my own. I invite these precious tokens to a feast in my arbor of loves. Their utterances are swift-winged messengers from thy own soul's fountains. All wealths do command attention of thy own life. Now, a near survey of thy form—what do I behold? New garments of white; full robes of white! Come to me in those robes, my beloved. Content is the name of the fabric. It stands out before all the minds as the largest wealth one can be possessed of. Come to me, my beloved. Thy harp is in tune. The golden chords bid me banquet on soul foods. Command me in soul utterances to thy side, to give thee of those sweet surprises the angelhood do bestow on their chosen workers.

"Come to me from the working fields where thy forces are gathered to bestow good gifts, then thy whole love is as one life of golden hues, transforming earth loves into celestial glories. Beside thy form, my beloved, I walk daily, awaking to a knowledge of that larger wealth which yet lieth potential in our lives. Our waking hours shall be called the rosy dawns, which delight the sense of those who see no hope in life, who

meet but desolation on every walk of life. Our waking hours shall bless the lives of the needy. Of what value our sleeping hours? My beloved, thy own voice answereth. In visions we will go afar, find those rare paintings whose deep colorings say, 'Life can be found of the full fruitions.' Dost feed the famishing with paintings? Thy own love for the artistic, the holy, the beautiful, answereth that all ways of love are health-giving to the needy ones of life. Our whole hours in life shall be disposed in order, that holiest harvest blooms shall rest on all forms. . . .

"A home-love are we. One union known, which time will perfect in all its beaming light of holiness. Not alone do we live for our own building up. A blessed thought we are united in holiest loves of the universal. We are not found with bread in our hands for our own lives alone when all others are famishing. Out on the broad waste of waters—out on the arid lands we fashion the temple of bounteously laden forces, and witness the increase until our eyes behold the golden harvest fields. We are as warriors battling on the lands. Our weapons are love and good will to all humanity. Our outposts are called home anchors for those who, wearing sandals, seek to enter the holiest domains of power.

"'Come to my soul rooms,' I said to the white-robed loves. Out of the spheral orbs thou wert conveyed to my own life. Out of the many-voiced fountain of celestial loves thou wert made as one form of power, to abide on earth lands for seasons; then to rise up on golden lights, to rest on the walls of the olden loves of the ages and dare to open caskets of the New Order.

"Bound forth on wings of morning, my beloved, and know my soul cometh to the home of the loves in an hour ye will know of; for when thy tones of love sweep those glorious chords of the golden harp, a fullness as of content will come; sandals of blue and gold will be placed upon thy feet, a mantle of stars will be placed upon thy form, and I will welcome thee to a holy home retreat."

“’Tis told somewhere in Eastern story
That those who love once bloomed as flowers
On the same stem, amid the glory
Of Eden’s green and fragrant bowers;
And that, though parted oft by Fate,
Yet when the glow of life is ended,
Each soul again shall find its mate,
And in one bloom again be blended.”

“Too late thy love has come to me,
It finds a rival in my breast.
A higher love possesses me
That makes but mockery all the rest;
A love that outshines earthly passion,
Stronger than death to call the soul
Up from the loves of this world’s fashion
To where the stars of heaven do roll.”

— *Solon Lauer.*

XXV

A NEW CYCLE

“Life hath its harvest morns,
Its tasseled corn and purple-weighted vine,
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous reaping, bread and pure rich wine,
Full hearts for harvest times.”

— *Isa Gilbert.*

After four years of faithful service in the Western Department of *The Banner of Light*, Mr. Peebles resigned his editorship, which the publishers of this stable journal reluctantly accepted. The relations between Mr. Peebles and the conductors of the *Banner* were most friendly and cordial. It was like separating a family. But finally, yielding with a most kindly spirit, the editor-in-chief, Luther Colby, penned a very beautiful tribute, fraught with tender words and a delicate appreciation of his editorial labors. In his valedictory, Mr. Peebles says:—

“Though life is fraught with varied changes,—meeting to-day, and parting to-morrow,—friendship, inhering in the human soul, never perishes. It is only a germinal bud on earth, blooming into a sweeter, fresher fragrance in heaven. Cordial in our nature, never can we forget the friends cherished, hands clasped, or acquaintances formed during the several years of our editorial connection with *The Banner of Light*.

“If competent of self-judgment, it has been our aim, our soul purpose each week, to be just and impartial,—to benefit humanity by elucidating the phenomena, the philosophy, and practical tendencies of Spiritualism. If, in so doing, a sarcastic word has carelessly slipped from our pen, or a severe thought taken form on the eighth page, wounding a sincere soul, we deeply regret it. ‘To err is human; to forgive, divine.’

“Not a link in the chain of mutual sympathy and good feeling between us lies severed or rusted. In the business capacity and strict integrity of Wm. White & Co., we have the most perfect confidence; and only the hope of wider usefulness inclines us to enter a somewhat different and more diffusive field of action.”

The “field” to which he refers was the general supervision of another weekly, *The Universe*, published by H. N. F. Lewis, then in Chicago, subsequently in New York. In entering upon this task, to which he was so cordially invited, as editor-in-chief of this radical paper, he says:—

“Freedom is the watchword of the age, and as applicable to periodicals as to speech; still, this freedom must not be allowed to degenerate into anarchy, nor liberty into wanton license. A brotherly interchange of the most diverse sentiments, however, is educational, beneficial, and beautiful in practical results. Full of faith in the divine consciousness of the race, and trusting much to the noble instincts and innate worth of each and all individuals constituting our common humanity, we shall nevertheless bear the responsibility of only our *own* weekly productions. The thoughts that throb for birth into outer life shall flow from our pen in earnest words. If they warm the heart, gladden with sunshine the soul, and, removing the rubbish, plant roses along the rugged pathway of life, well; if not, they must move on, the guests of more receptive natures.”

Some of Mr. Peebles’s choicest gems of thought were published in *The Universe*. We make a few extracts:—

“Senators, representatives, and other officials of high degree rise to power through political corruption. Is the candidate available?—that’s the question. Court decisions are carried by intrigue. Money, or a ‘valuable consideration’ as the equivalent, has become the underlying method of conducting public affairs. Will it pay? is the inquiry. Human integrity, justice, are among the ‘lost graces’ in political circles: the question is, ‘What will it cost to get the office, and what can I make out of it?’ The late war intensified this demoralization. The back-brain inspiration, so thoroughly aroused by it, still lingers. . . .

“ Education, justice, equality, are the watchwords of all advanced thinkers. Education should be not merely the learning of words, but integral,— a cultivation of the intellect, of the affections, of the emotions, of the moral nature, of the higher intuitive powers,— all those qualities that make the good man, the good woman. The sexes should be educated together, each assisting in the mental and moral development of the other. The education of the future, if in accordance with the genius of the age, will popularize hygiene, art, music, industry, integrity, peace, freedom, and sanitary reforms.

“ Science, though not infallible, is sifting theologies. Buried Asiatic cities are being exhumed; the Oriental seas are giving up their dead; Central Africa is being explored; cables are girding the globe; and the Rocky Mountains have dwindled almost to sand-hills for the laying of the iron trail, along which schoolboys will soon fly their kites, and over which graceful summer swallows will sing their vesper praise. With steam for breath, and lightning for brain, the winds and seas conquered, the rock-ribbed mountains at our feet, now who will give us an air-ship, some *aerial velocipede*, that, swiftly cutting those clear atmospheric strata that look down upon northern ice-belts, shall land explorers upon the inner shores that fringe the polar seas? Is not the Columbus born, that, leading the way, will enable us to clasp the hands of those inhabitants, who, in isolation, have so long summered and wintered in the frigid regions of the north pole? Every acre explored, the whole earth is to become the servant of man, with palms and dates flourishing in deserts, flowers blooming along the highways, and fruit trees bending with matured sustenance, wide and extended as the avenues of travel.

“ The living Christ is on the way. There is a coming millennium for humanity. It will be a practical age. Men and women will be kings and queens,— exact equals, and laws unto themselves. The principle of love will link heart to heart, hearth to hearth, hamlet to hamlet, and nation to nation,— a banded brotherhood and sisterhood of interests, restoring the poet’s Eden. . . . Heaven on earth!

“ It is grand to contemplate optimism from the standpoint of the deep thinker ; but any loose, illogical, illy-explained system of optimism — that lumps moral qualities and immoral tendencies into one conglomerated mass, that seeks the destruction of all distinctions between vice and virtue, and inferentially says, that pirates, murderers, thieves, sensualists, vampires, impostors, are ‘ doing their work,’ thus implying that their work is legitimate, orderly, beautiful, and divine — is deserving of little consideration. The advocates and adherents of such a theory are entitled only to pity.

“ That pirates, impostors, and all such characters, are doing a ‘ work ’ is very evident ; and so is the inebriate doing a work, when he pours into his body poisoned liquors. This work fruits out in blotches, diseases, poverty, wretchedness, and a general dwarfing of the moral nature. Had not all such work better be left undone? Is there no way to the enjoyment of the heaven of temperance, purity, and harmony, save through the winding way of drunkenness and debauchery? Such a dogma is,—

‘ A monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.’

It is quite time for Spiritualists to sift the chaff from the wheat, the sense from the nonsense, afloat in their name, and, gathering up their precious truths, now ‘ lying around loosely,’ put them into shape and system, into a declaration of principles, for acceptance and practice.

“ The organizing of harmonial associations — banded brotherhoods and sisterhoods, based upon equality — would, while destroying all antagonisms between stolen capital and daily toil, make labor attractive. Furthermore, sinking selfishness into self-sacrifice, they would do away with isolation, and this crushing poverty that so fearfully obtains in the great cities. Those united societies termed ‘ Shakers ’ have no poor ; and, on the day of Pentecost, those baptized from the heavens were inspired to hold ‘ all things in common.’

“ Three important needs are constantly pressing themselves upon the masses. They are necessities, and may be denomi-

nated by the common terms, physical, social, spiritual. As legitimate, looking to the supply of these needs so universally felt, why not organize associations, thus reducing the better theories upon this subject to practical life? Of what avail the ideal, unless it fruits into the real?

“ Under physical needs may be classed home, food, clothing, labor, amusements; under social necessities may be mentioned families, friendship, sympathies, music, art, literature.

“ Under the head of spiritual needs may be designated moral culture, education, progress, spirit communion, unselfish angelic ministries, and such inspirations as shall help each and all to near the heavenly life on earth. How many sweet associations cluster around the endearing word ‘home,’— a home possessing all the foregoing comforts and requirements, a home ever vernal with heart flowers of beauty, a home with cordial hands to clasp our own, a home where wisdom guides, and love is law!

“ These homes, with agricultural products for a physical basis, would afford the choicest opportunities for mental and moral culture. Manufactures would express the forms of use connected with such progressive movements. Commerce would be a means of supply, or, rather, a transfer of commodities, upon the basis of equivalents. Certain homes of the brotherhood would necessarily be mostly agricultural; others, horticultural; others, manufacturing; and others still would combine these in connection with the educational. A chain of sympathy and common interest, looking to the good of all, would thus grow up between these homes, whether located in this or foreign countries.

“ A social order, possessing these and other beneficial tendencies relating to the equality of the sexes and the strict administration of justice, will ultimately prevail throughout the world. God so wills; the angels so teach; and those who have tasted the first-fruits of the kingdom, or rather the republic, of heaven, actualized on earth, so believe. The *Shakers*, *Essenians* of the nineteenth century, are already in the vestibule of this temple. They are the only practical Christians.

“ Such homes should have one common and elegant building in the center, for lectures, music, educational pursuits, gymnasium exercises, amusements, etc. Around, and branching outward from this, there might be a system of cottage buildings, all in form and order. Purity the reigning principle, and culture the common aim, the interests of one should be felt to be the highest interests of all. Each should seek ‘ another’s wealth,’ — that is, another’s good,— and find supreme delight in serving all; and those entering into such an enterprise should do it with a life consecrated to human good and happiness.



XXVI

APPOINTED CONSUL

“ Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star;
Watchman, does its beauteous ray,
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.”

Having been for years in connection with spirits who once lived and wrought in Oriental lands, Mr. Peebles felt an unquenchable longing to travel thither in quest of truth. In this but partially explored theater of historic and prehistoric cycles, he felt there were mines of truth yet to be opened up — mines of which scarcely a hint may be found in modern literature. To traverse the lands where the old civilizations enacted a unique chapter in the general race movement became the supreme aim of his life. His whole soul burned with a flame of love for classic lands, for the mosaics of ancient art, for the poesy and song that arose under Oriental skies. This purpose so saturated his psychic sphere that whenever he came in contact with mediums or clairvoyants, they would reflect it back to him. They saw him going over the “ wide waters ” to visit other lands. While lecturing in Detroit, he met Mrs. R. G. Murray, wife of a Presbyterian clergyman, who, becoming entranced by an Indian spirit calling himself “ Big Thunder,” said: “ A bright pale-face spirit tells me to say to you, brother, you are to go over the wide waters before the leaves become many times green and sere again. You are to go in a great

ship canoe, and in an official capacity." He inquired, "Why do you say that?" The spirit replied, "Because the pale-face guardian says so, and because I see in your hand State papers, sealed with red wax, and circled with red tape."

About four years prior to Mr. Peebles's travels to the East, the following vision was given to him by a clairvoyant medium in Philadelphia, Dr. H. T. Child, an experienced Spiritualist and writer, being present. The lady entranced, looking into a rock crystal of peculiar shape, said:—

"I see you in a foreign country. The people must be English; for their dress and language nearly correspond with the American. You are traversing the country on some interesting mission. Now you stand beside a singular vehicle: it resembles a wheelbarrow. A lady—it is Mrs. Hardinge—with yourself grasp the handles, and seem trundling it up the hillside. How faithfully, zealously, you toil! How strange! This vehicle seems loaded with books, pamphlets, and periodicals. A short, stirring, sincere, and enthusiastic individual seems to be loading the wheelbarrow. Mercy! how he works! If it be true that the worker wins, a golden harvest must await such consecration to a holy purpose. It needs no supernatural gift to identify in this worker, Mr. Burns, of the Progressive Library, London. Extensive travels are before you."

Seasons came and passed. Mrs. Murray spoke to him several times of her vision, expressing perfect faith in its fulfillment; but he then was doubtful, deep as was his desire to prove her a true prophetess. Our life-lines, do not the angels hold them, and fasten them where they belong, from the past out into the future?

Some time in July, 1869, Harrison Barrett, Superintendent of the S. and F. R. R., invited Mr. Peebles to lecture in Sheboygan, Wis. Through the generous auspices of Rev. Mr. Howard, the Unitarian church was open to him. At the close of his lecture, he informed the people that he should start in a few days for Europe. That was his last lecture in America before leaving. Soon his resolution was reported to the Spiritual papers. Col. D. M. Fox, editor of *The Present Age*, then

President of the National American Association of Spiritualists, thus spoke of his intended departure:—

“ We are sorry to learn that Brother Peebles can not postpone his embarkation for Europe until our Annual National Convention, as we very much desired the calm counsel and genial influence of one who has been so long identified with the Spiritualistic movement. Our best wishes go with him; for we know how long and anxiously he has desired to visit the scenes of the Old World, and his intense desire to delve in its grand old libraries, containing their millions of volumes of ancient lore. With us, thousands of American Spiritualists will unite in saying,—

“ ‘ Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,
My heart shall follow, and my spirit share.’ ”

Hearing of his design, friends in Washington and elsewhere procured for him a consulate to Trebisond, Asia. It was not expected. Mr. Lewis, of *The Universe*, said:—

“ We announced last week that Mr. Peebles was to set sail on Saturday, July 31, in the steamship “ City of Brooklyn,” for Liverpool, intending to visit the various countries of Europe, and, if possible, to continue his journeyings into the Orient. It has been Mr. Peebles's fervent desire, for years, to visit the Holy Land; but it has been uncertain whether he could accomplish this on the present trip. That doubt has now been removed.

“ We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with the following note from Damon Y. Kilgore, Esq., of Philadelphia, received after the issue of our last number, which will convey gratifying intelligence to thousands:—

“ PHILADELPHIA, July 30, 1869.

“ H. N. F. LEWIS, Esq. *Dear Sir,*— You will be pleased to learn that I have just received a telegram from Mr. Davis, Assistant Secretary of State, at Washington, stating that J. M. Peebles, editor-in-chief of *The Universe*, has just been appointed U. S. Consul at Trebisond. . . . Our good brother

left my office yesterday for New York City, in the best of spirits. God bless him! DAMON Y. KILGORE."

"Trebisond is a leading commercial city of Turkey in Asia, of about 170,000; and the personal advantages to Mr. Peebles of this appointment will be at once seen. It is needless to say that the official duties of the post will be conducted with scrupulous fidelity. This appointment affords an instance of proof, that the United States government does not bestow its favors entirely upon political aspirants."

The Banner of Light congratulated the appointment thus:—

"It is a wonder he was not rejected on account of his belief in Spiritualism. This appointment gratifies us exceedingly, as it is a proof that bigotry is lessening its hold on the minds of men in authority, and that justice is sure to achieve victory in the long run. How will our ecclesiastical friends like this appointment? Not remarkably well, we opine. Progress is ever onward, however; and those who attempt to retard it, through selfishness or bigotry, will surely be crushed by its ponderous wheels. May success attend Brother Peebles in his new mission is the sincere wish of his hosts of friends!"

E. S. Wheeler, of *The American Spiritualist*, wrote:—

"We were made aware of the action in favor of the appointment of friend Peebles when in Washington this spring, and are not surprised at the result. We do not consider it 'a wonder he was not rejected on account of his belief in Spiritualism,' happening to know it was rather a strong recommendation in some official quarters. Among the most respected and trusted government officials are open and avowed Spiritualists. The administration persecutes no phase of religious sentiments; and, in our opinion, this ceaseless cry of the unpopularity of our philosophy, the poverty of ourselves, and the persecution we meet, is as much out of taste and time as foreign to the general truth. Brother Peebles will be an honor to our government in foreign lands. Peace be unto him."

Among the leaders of every movement, there exists more or less envy and jealousy. The Spiritualistic movement forms no exception. After Mr. Peebles had left for Europe, studied

efforts were made to underrate the importance of his mission. But scores of friends sent him letters of unfaltering friendship, condemning the little cowardly innuendoes. These covert attacks from fellow workers in the same general cause were not pleasant, but they had no effect to chill the ardor of his labors. *The American Spiritualist* justly said:—

“The laurels he has won are well earned, at a great price of self-sacrifice,—laurels of fidelity, not of pride; and they who tear them would also rend the stars from heaven, if they shine not specially for them. . . .

“He has gone there with the noble intention of gleaning historic truth, under the guidance of his ministering spirits, from ancient ruins of once flourishing cities that projected a world’s civilization, from the hieroglyphics of buried tombs, from obelisks, and the rocks of consecrated mountains and shrines, of exhuming psychologically the hidden pearls of wisdom, embodied again in living form, to add a new luster of moral wealth to the spiritual temple we are all trying to construct for a shelterless and impoverished humanity.”

It is because each of us ought to know how we have come to be what we are, that history forms a recognized part of our liberal education. There is no more a continuity of life, than there is a continuity of history. Ruins are being exposed, and link after link is being unearthed and classified. Our remote ancestors were Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Anglo-Norman-Saxons; but far back of these were Babylon, Nineveh, Phœnicia, and Persia, and still further back, the great and mighty Hittite Empire that is just opening up its long-buried treasures to persistent explorers.

“Everyone who carries a watch, owes to the Babylonians the division of the hour into sixty minutes. It may not be a perfect division, yet, such as it is, it has come to us from the Greeks and Romans, and it came to them from Babylon. The sexagesimal division is peculiarly Babylonian; Hipparchos, 150 B. C., adopted it from Babylon; Ptolemy, 150 A. D., gave it wider currency; and the French, when they decimated everything else, respected the dial plates of our watches, and left them with their sixty Babylonian minutes.”

Egypt and Babylonia looked further back into antiquity, to the great Hittite Empire. And so the new is old, and the old is new. Only the unlettered modern denies the magnificent riches of the ancients.

Just before Mr. Peebles embarked, he wrote his friend, J. O. Barrett:—

“The time draws near for sailing, Hallelujah! Up or down among green seaweeds, all the same. The Lord reigns. In him and angels is my trust. Sail Saturday.”

“O, the poet's a wild soul, and free as the winds;
 His numbers are fleet as the swiftest of hinds;
 And forth on the pinions of song will he ride
 Like the billow that rolls on the crest of the tide;
 And the wild sea-birds in their flight lag behind,
 And the winds can not catch him, so swiftly will he ride;
 And the words of his song more swiftly will glide
 Than torrent descending the deep mountain side.
 Oh, the soul of the poet is a whirlwind of thought,
 A tempest of feeling that is never outwrought;
 For the dreams that he dreams,
 And the visions he sees,
 More vast than the spaces,
 More wild than the seas;
 More strange than sphinx faces,
 Passing swift as the breeze;
 More fair than the stars,
 That sing out of the sky,—
 As distant as they, and yet as nigh,—
 Oh, these in his soul seethe and tumble and roll,
 And they ever come forth from the depths of his soul.”



XXVII

IN FOREIGN LANDS

“ Wild light of the sunset sky,
Oh where is the home of the soul?
Is it there where the wild light flows
From out the mysterious deep,
Pouring upon the shores
And the rock-bound shoals of time?
Out of the vast Unknown,
Out of the soundless deep,
Where the wild sky-current flow,
And the orbs of space do sweep? ”

— *Lauer.*

Early in August, 1869, Mr. Peebles embarked in the steamer “City of Brooklyn,” from New York to Liverpool. “Adieu, sweet native land!” “Adieu!” is the shout of parting friends in the midst of waving handkerchiefs. On board this nautical social palace were Sir John Barrington, ex-Lord Mayor, of Dublin; Judge Field, together with various artists, poets, actresses, and philosophers — a literary world in miniature. The passage was not especially notable, though sufficiently rough to cause the passengers to hie away to their berths; but our voyager gloried in the ocean’s revelry, and escaped the seasick contagion.

On the 18th of August, the “Brooklyn” touched at Queens-town, Ireland, and in a few hours more landed at Liverpool, the solid city that largely dictates the food-prices of the world.

Letters sent from the Old Country by our brother are so admirably descriptive of his experiences there, we publish them almost entire. These letters were penned to his friend, J. O. Barrett: —

“LIVERPOOL, Aug. 23, 1869.

“DEAR BROTHER,—Am safely in the old world, yet feel new and fresh. Everything seems unique, substantial, and solid. Liverpool looks cold, stone buildings being large and dingy. Visited St. George’s Hall, Birkenhead Park, planned by Sir Joseph Paxton. How magnificent! Mine host is James Wason, an eminent barrister; who has taken unwearied pains to show me Liverpool in its greatness and beauty, and Chester, an old walled city, abounding in ruins. The walls were laid in the time of Julius Cæsar. The Cathedral here interested me deeply. In it are the remains of distinguished personages, even the sarcophagus of Henry IV of Germany. English friendship is peculiarly attractive to Americans, as I find it in Judge Wason. Through his kindness, I was invited into the criminal court, where I saw judges and barristers attired in robes, wigs, and bands. Ancient, grave, they appeared, when spiritually sensed, as heartless as dignified. . . .

“Isn’t it queer to be under the government of a woman? Wonder if I shall see the queen—an English sister of mine.” . . .

“MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Aug. 27, 1869.

“MY AMERICAN FELLOW WORKER,—The railway journey to Manchester is through a garden of hedgegrows and flowers. English cultivation is admirable. Saw women in the harvest-fields,—women’s rights! Traveling here is un-American: the engines are smaller, but more fleet. The English tunnel their hills and mountains. . . . Manchester is the Lowell of England. It numbers four hundred thousand. Its manufactures are vast; and its black-throated chimneys breathe out volumes of smoke, which, descending, cast a gloom over the city and its suburbs.

“A century gone, the religious authorities of this city persecuted Dr. Pohn Dee, permitted the rabble to indecorously treat John Wesley, throwing mud in his face, and imprisoned mother Ann Lee, the patron saint of the Shakers. . . . Yesterday, in company with Mr. Bailey, a poet and scholar, visited the pala-

tial mansion of John Bright, of Rochdale,— name dear to every American. He is a rare man, perfectly easy, approachable, and agreeable; in fact, I find this is the case with all English gentlemen. It is only snobs that put on airs. Our conversation was mostly upon peace,—the peace-movements of England and America. He intimated that the surest way to maintain peace, under the present status of civilization, is to maintain large standing armies. In this we differed. Standing armies imply readiness for war; and this incites the spirit of bloodshed. He spoke of American institutions in the highest terms. . . . I have lectured in Manchester several times on Spiritualism: but the mental soil seems hard and unimpressible. But few attended. Oh, how unlike those inspired meetings in America, where thousands gather under the green forests and on maple-shaded hills, to hear the angel's gospel. . . .

“I find Mr. John Hodgson a good Methodist minister, who preaches Spiritualism: when attacked by secularists, he manfully defended my positions. . . . My mind to-day turns continually upon Aaron Nite and Dr. E. C. Dunn. Wonder if I can certainly identify Aaron at Yorkshire? Knowing as I do, that there are obsessing spirits who assume false names for selfish ends, if I fail in this attempt, it will be the first time that I have doubted his individuality for many years. I shall go there, and thoroughly test the matter.”. . .

“YORK CITY, ENGLAND, Aug. 30, 1869.

“MY TRANSATLANTIC BROTHER,—As I wrote you the other day, one all-absorbing thought has been on my mind. ‘To Yorkshire’ has haunted me. ‘I *must*,’ I said, ‘see the ancient home of my spirit-brother, Aaron Nite.’ And here I am. It seems to me a sacred city. Am I a spirit-worshiper?—Not worshiper, but admirer. Eleven years since, Aaron told me about these very scenes which are now before my eyes. How wonderful! Here the River Ouse; St. Mary's Abbey, in ruins; the Minster, the beautiful window-designs; the location of the Virgin Mary, with the serpent under her feet, the rocks and lawns where he played when a mere boy,—all exactly as he many times pictured them.

“Accompanied by Robert Green, Esq., of Brotherton, I hunted to-day in the ‘Annals of York,’ but failed to get any clue of identity, until a venerable antiquarian directed us to the ‘Will Office;’ where, securing the services of the clerk in overhauling the records, I asked him to go back two hundred years, and search for the Knights,—a family famous for its clerical distinctions. He did so; and, to my joy and delight, he found the name of Rev. James Knight, the identical brother of Aaron. The test was perfect. Let me never doubt. He insists upon spelling his name in old Anglo-Saxon style, according to the sound,—*Nite*. The *original* name was McKnight; and the family was connected with the McKnights who commented on the Gospels. I procured a full copy of the original record, with this translation from the Latin,—

“‘Twenty-fourth of October, 1714, James Knight, A. M., was ordained deacon in the Savoy Chapel, London, and priest in the same chapel on the following Sunday.’—*From the Institution Book in the Archi-episcopal Registry, York, England.*

“Oh, I rejoice in the fact that I have tasted of the ministry of angels!” . . .

“GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, Sept. I, 1869.

“BROTHER OF THE WEST,— . . . Am in Scotland,—dear old land of my ancestors. It thrills my soul with joy to tread these hills, pluck the heather, ramble these woods, reminding me of Burn’s ‘Cotter’s Saturday Night,’—of the homeward cotter from his rustic toil. Reflecting upon the configurations of this country, I can well understand what made a Burns, a Wallace, a Bruce, a Marvelle, and a Hugh Miller, who, in a vain attempt to reconcile the book of Genesis with geology, became mentally unbalanced, and passed by his own hand to the better land. . . . My meeting on Sunday at Glasgow was a success: hall packed, Prof. J. W. Jackson in the chair. Stopping now with friend Nisbet. The Clarks, Browns, and Duguid, the spirit-artist, have called upon me: they are all good, genial Scotch. I already love them. Wonder if I shall think as much of the Londoners. . . . Should like to describe to you the scenes and my emotions whilst passing up the Tweed to Berwick Castle,

and by the old town of Peebles, mentioned in Burns's poems, and rendered famous in Sir Walter Scott's novels. . . . Of Edinburgh,—what a beautiful city!—it is truly entitled to the appellation of 'Modern Athens.' After repairing to the publishing house of William and Robert Chambers, I visited John Knox's house, one of the oldest buildings in the city. . . . Did I tell you that I was in Farnley Hall, seeing the paintings of Vandyke, Rubens, Turner, and other masters? They are superb. I saw Cromwell's broad-brimmed hat; the table at which he dined the day before the battle of the Moor, in 1644; the swords of that hero, and of Lambert and Fairfax. . . . Our 'Day Out' down the Clyde, among the lakes, nestling among the mountains, how beautiful, sunny, sweet! The scenery equals anything I have seen, though not on so magnificent scale. Queen Victoria was on the lake the same day; had a fine view of her majesty's highness. She is a good sister, a true mother, and, as ruler, exerts a good moral influence, and is dearly beloved by her subjects. . . . I have written Mrs. Peebles all about this, descriptive of the heather hills that bore on their ragged bosoms the hearts of our progenitors, and particularly of the good queen.

"Ever thine,

J. M. PEEBLES."

Next we find him in London—the great world brain and heart of commerce. This London! which has had for us such a thrilling history since the generals of Julius Cæsar defeated Boadicea, the Queen of Britain at the time of the Roman Conquest. Here a portion of that wonderful history was enacted, which we associate with Alfred the Great; in the ninth century, with the termination of the Anglo-Saxon government under Harold; by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century. Here the Magna Charta was forced from King John, in the thirteenth century. That London which witnessed the great English Reformation, under Henry VIII, which emancipated England from the domain of the papal yoke; then its return under Mary Tudor; and its final restoration to the Protestant world, under Elizabeth, early in the seventeenth century.

Here, too, the Catholic Mary Queen of Scots, lost her head, after an imprisonment of nineteen years. Here Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, and Cromwell left monuments of everlasting fame. Here our brother was treading upon enchanted ground, with myriad voices calling to him from out the past! "So thou hast, old city, somewhat for me, too, a wandering minstrel. Who shall delight thee with a song, O mother of nations?" Our brother's name and labors preceded him, and the reception with which he was greeted was a surprise. He was virtually taken by storm, and had to surrender to British tact. We clip the following from *The London Human Nature*:—

"The readers of that veteran and stanch exponent of Spiritualism, *The Banner of Light*, have long been agreeably attracted toward the last page of that journal; on which was, till lately, printed the 'Western Department,—J. M. Peebles, editor,'—in which capacity this gentleman has been chiefly known to British readers. As a lecturer, *The Banner* has also introduced him to his country by the copious reports of his orations on the Spiritual Philosophy, which it has given from time to time. . . .

"Mr. Peebles reached the metropolis on the morning of September 6; and, after an interview with Mrs. Emma Hardinge, previous to her departure for Liverpool en route for America, he took up his abode at the Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution, desiring quiet and retirement, that he might prosecute his literary labors. A committee of leading London Spiritualists quickly resolved on giving their distinguished guest a public reception; and, accordingly, a circular signed by J. Burns was issued to the prominent Spiritualists of London and the provinces, stating that 'the arrival of Mr. J. M. Peebles, of America, in this country, has suggested the desirability of entertaining him at a meeting of welcome, on the occasion of his visit amongst us, and give a representative gathering of London Spiritualists the opportunity of exchanging fraternal greetings with an American medium, scholar, and leading Spiritualist, of culture and experience.' The meeting took place at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row,

W. C., on the evening of Wednesday, September 16; when a most influential and harmonious gathering met to do honor to Mr. Peebles, and the movement and nation he represents. Amongst those present were Mrs. Macdougall Gregory, widow of the late Prof. Gregory, of Edinburgh; the Countess Paulett; Mrs. George Thompson, whose husband, ex-member of Parliament, is so well known in England and America for his active sympathies with the cause of human freedom; Mr. and Miss Cooper; Mrs. Tebb; Miss Santi; Miss Houghton; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dornbusch; Professor Palmer, of St. John's College, Cambridge; Mr. Russell, of the University, Cambridge; Rev. M. D. Conway; Alfred R. Russell; Rev. S. E. Bengough, M. A.; B. Coleman, Esq.; A. B. Tietkens, Esq.; Dr. R. Colquhoun; Dr. Wilmshurst; Mr. Hannah; Mr. Mawson; Mr. Armfield, etc.

Letters from eminent Spiritualists were read,— from William Howitt, D. D. Home, J. W. Jackson, Dr. Nichols, Rev. F. R. Young, S. C. Hall (editor of *The Art Journal*), and others.

“Mr. Benjamin Coleman, in opening the proceedings, said:—

“‘LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— I have just been requested to take the chair on this occasion. We are met here, as you are aware, to give a welcome and greeting to our friend, Mr. Peebles; and, to those who are acquainted with American literature, his name will be familiar. I have known him by reputation for many years; and I am free to say, I know no man more unselfish or more earnest and deserving than our friend, Mr. Peebles. I may also say, that, though I cordially respect my friend, and highly appreciate his earnest working in the cause, yet I might not be able to agree with him in all the views he might take of our movement; but as we can all agree to differ, and respect the differences of opinion which exist among us, that does not prevent us from thanking him for his presence among us this evening, in the cause of Spiritualism.’

“Mr. Tietkins was then called upon to read the following:—

“ ADDRESS TO MR. J. M. PEBBLES, OF AMERICA, BY THE
SPIRITUALISTS OF LONDON.

“ DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,— We have the greatest pleasure, on the present occasion, in welcoming you amongst us, and in extending the warm hand of brotherhood to you, as an eminent representative of the millions on the western hemisphere who share with us the beautiful teachings derived from spirit-communion.

“ Peace, wisdom, and inspiration be with you, and the highly-enlightened nation of which you are a distinguished citizen! We perceive in your life work, as inspirational medium, teacher, author, and editor, an apt illustration of the genius of modern Spiritualism. In your learned researches, you have shown that the stream of human progress has been fed ever, in all ages, from spiritual sources; that this divine influx is inexhaustible, and ever present; that it is confined to no age, race, sect, or form of belief; and that its redemptive work will yet extend to the complete development of man from all angularities and imperfections.

“ We welcome you also as an authorized delegate from the friends of peace in America, and as an active promoter of individual and social reform and human welfare in every sense.

“ We shall be glad to hear from your lips some account of the present position of Spiritualism in America, its upward struggles, its achievements, and its future tendencies; also the status of mediumship most prevalent and useful, and any other information which the impressions of the moment may furnish.

“ We shall be glad if you can extend your sojourn amongst us, and help us in the great work which we have scarcely yet begun. We cordially invite you to our platforms in the metropolis and chief cities of this country. The people require much teaching concerning our *phenomenal* principles and motives; and the leaders of our movement would be benefited by your guidance in the matter of organization, and the best means of promoting the popular diffusion of Spiritualism.

“ Wishing you a prosperous and safe journey to the

Consular appointment in Asia which your government has been pleased to confide to you, and praying that you may be the recipient of those blessings (in this and other worlds) which flow from the soul's most cherished treasure,—the possession of truth,—we are sincerely yours.'

"Mr. Tietkins concluded by moving a resolution that the address be adopted by the meeting, and presented to Mr. Peebles.

"The Rev. S. E. Bengough, M. A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, seconded the resolution, and at the same time desired to say a word with regard to his own feelings in welcoming a gentleman from the far West. He owed a great debt of gratitude to the mind of America; because much that had led to his improvement, and added to his manhood in the truest sense, had been derived from those writings which had emanated from the other side of the Atlantic. He thought no Englishman could become conversant with such writers as Emerson, without being the better for it. He was very anxious indeed to become acquainted with the book on the table, entitled, 'The Seers of the Ages.' In looking over its pages, it promised a rich feast. From it he observed that Spiritualism has been known in all ages, and to all nations,—in Persia, Greece, Rome, and Palestine; and this led him to notice one fact with regard to Spiritualism. It seemed that we could not possibly separate opinions from national character, and that our national character influenced our conception of everything, and Spiritualism among the number, 'How very different, for instance,' said Mr. Bengough, 'is the tone of French writers on Spiritualism to those born in England, and partaking thoroughly of the English spirit. This holds true of every nation. Then in what respect are we to derive especial advantages from American Spiritualism? They speak our language, while at the same time their thoughts are not confined within the barriers which of necessity confine, in a certain measure, our own, and prevent the true development of the spiritualistic idea; and I think, therefore, when we have brought prominently before us by the first minds of America these great truths, we are likely to have many of our narrow opinions

broken down, and new life imparted to us. Therefore, for my part, I shall listen with great interest to this American scholar and author, Mr. Peebles.'

"Miss Houghton said, 'We are most happy to see Mr. Peebles, and to welcome him to this country.'

"Rev. M. D. Conway being called upon, said, '*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen*,—I have great sympathy with you in giving welcome to a genuine American thinker and laborer in good works. Not being a Spiritualist, I have no claim upon the generosity which has invited me here except the great respect I have for truth. I am more friendly with Spiritualists than with spirits; and I acknowledge a large number of very dear friends in that body. There has not yet been a complete and thorough attempt to bring the scientific men of London to the point of testing the great and important claims of this movement. No one can travel through America or Russia, and mix in any company, but he will find a Spiritualist present,—persons perhaps of great intelligence and refinement,—barons and princes, and persons who have studied in all languages; and no individual can for a moment doubt their integrity. The subject has not been sufficiently decided by men of science and culture, except such as were Spiritualists; and few are capable of strict scientific investigation. The most of people can only believe what they can *bite*: more, they can not understand. Of course I know what the Dialectical Society has been doing; but the public will have no more faith in them than they have in any of you, gentlemen: and, when they come out with their report, few will respect it. The only thing in the world for the skeptic mind of this age will be when two or three well-known scientific men can report that they have seen the manifestations. As for Mr. Peebles, I have long known him as a liberal American and an earnest cultured gentleman; and I am obliged to those gentlemen who have so kindly enabled me to meet him.'"

Mr. Burns also addressed the meeting in a most felicitous manner, also C. W. Pearce, both alluding to the progressive library for the diffusion of Spiritual literature

"Mr Coleman then put the address to the meeting, which was carried with unanimity.

"Mr. Peebles then rose, and in an off-hand manner said in substance:—

"MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—The privilege of meeting you upon the present occasion affords me intense pleasure. Personally strangers, yet for years I have known some of you,—at least through your public lectures, authorship, and contributions to the English and American press: and I am exceedingly happy this evening in the privilege of clasping your warm hands, looking into your earnest faces, and coming into closer relationships with you socially and spiritually. Delegated by the "Universal Peace Society of America," planting my feet upon your soil, I held in my earnest right hand the olive-branch of peace; and the other day, numbering one of that thirty or forty thousand assembled in the Crystal Palace, and seeing suspended over those eight thousand chorallists the national flags of England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, responding seemingly in holy quietness to the melody of Oliver Wendell Holmes's peace-hymn, so touchingly rendered at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, and immortalized melodies from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, and other masters, my soul throbbed in gladness: and for the moment I fancied myself in Syrian lands, listening to the echoing refrain, "Peace on earth, and good will toward men." Your own Lord Brougham said, "I abominate war, as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes." England and America, as elder and younger brother, united by the common sympathy of race, speaking one language, and connected by thousands of commercial and social interests, should never breathe the word 'war.' All nations should settle their civil and international differences by arbitration and congresses of nations. The genius of the age calls for the practice of these divine peace-principles."

. . . "I am very happy this evening in seeing before me Mrs. George Thompson. I speak of the Hon. George Thompson as an old friend, never forgetting the pleasant conversa-

tion we held together at the residence of J. C. Woodman, Esq., Portland, Me.; in fact there is a common sympathy, which tends to make our philosophy, our science, our spiritual gospel of reform, in this age a practical one; and we should bring it down to every-day life, and live it, that others may see "our good works, and be led to glorify God." The principles of Spiritualism are marching on rapidly in America, and gaining attention in every circle of society. It has been estimated that there are eleven millions of Spiritualists in America: this, probably, includes those still in the churches, and whose religion simply recognizes the fact, that spirits *can* communicate. The lowest estimate, however is four millions. The phenomena are abundant. Their reality has been conclusively demonstrated.

"We have a National Association, several State conventions, hundreds of organized societies and progressive lyceums, which that highly illuminated seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, first saw in the spirit-land. In these progressive lyceums, to the importance of which many of our American Spiritualists are not yet educated, our children are taught to develop their whole being, mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually. . . . The great power of the sectarian churches consists in warping and training the young in their superstitions and dogmas; and the Roman Catholics know that, if they can get the charge of the children for the first few years, they need have no fear of their becoming Protestants,— a hint which Spiritualists should turn to good account. If we would liberalize the race, we must educate the young; and this Spiritualists should accomplish through children's progressive lyceums, progressive libraries, new educational institutions, the support of our periodical literature, and the encouragement of mediums and speakers: and thus the work of progress would go forward on a broad liberal basis of sympathy and harmony, laboring to educate and spiritualize ourselves and our race.

"The Rev. Mr. Bengough, M. A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, who has just taken his seat, deeply interested me, as did the subsequent stirring words of Rev. M. D. Conway, so

well known in the Unitarian circles of America. His well-timed sentences reminded me of a half-day spent in the library of Emerson. . . .

“ ‘ Whittier says, “ The destroyer should be the builder too ; ” and Carlyle insists, that he who “ goes forth with a torch for burning,” should also carry a “ hammer for building.” Many have yet to learn the full import of the term “ toleration,” the meaning of the word “ charity.” Intellectually we may, we necessarily *must*, differ ; but our hearts, all touched and tuned to the Christ principle of love, may beat as one. The angels do not ask, What do you believe? but, What do you do? what are your life-aims? what practical work have you wrought for humanity? ’ ”

Mr. Peebles published editorially in the *Universe* lively descriptions of English scenes, entertainments and institutions — enough to make a large volume. Indeed he found enough to keep him extremely busy while sojourning in London, spending a good portion of his time in the British Museum and great libraries. The seven great parks, situated mainly at the West End, were local features of much interest. London’s population is about equal to the whole state of New York. Individuals may drive sixteen miles in a straight line upon any one of London’s diameters.” The Tower of London he found “ stern and gloomy, and its traditions repulsive.” He also remarked the existence of a great gulf between the people and the nobility. The latter “ clutch dead bones to knock the life out from progressive souls.”

Learning that there are a hundred and sixty-five thousand paupers in the city of London, with their concomitant degradations glaring out on every side,—observing the rule, where royalty is, is poverty, the two extremes of society,—and painting an editorial picture of the cost of monarchical crowns, that Queen Victoria being worth a hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds, he exclaims, “ O Christian England! feed your hungry, educate your ignorant. . . . Queen Victoria, sell your crown, and give the proceeds to the honest, struggling poor! ”

In London, Mr. Peebles had an opportunity to corroborate

the affirmations of his ancient spirits respecting civilizations, recalling his conversation with "Aphelion," who "lived 16,000 years ago." Calling on Dr. Birch, the Egyptologist of the British Museum, then reading hieroglyphs relating to the "Books of the Dead," he was informed that "the farther we go back in Egyptian history, the higher is the culture and civilization."

"O thou dreamer,— thou dreamer, thou dreamer of dreams,
What seems to be is not, what is not seems.
Thou art the seer of that which is;
Thine eye looketh through pretenses;
Forms that seem fair are foul to thee,
Forms that are plain are fair to thee.
Thou the spirit in all dost see,
The spirit that hath reality."

XXVIII

SOJOURN IN FRANCE

Leaving London about the 1st of October, 1869, Mr. Peebles crossed the English Channel from Dover to Calais, in a steamer good as the best, which he styles "filthy and positively detestable." The French soldiery, the peasants in their harvests, the luxurious gardens, and entrance into Paris, all assured him he was surely in a foreign land. "How unlike England!" he exclaimed. "There all is solid; here all is gay and volatile." During four weeks' residence in Paris, after steeping his senses in its floral exuberance, traversing its fashionable streets, and walking its superb boulevards, he thus summed up his observations in a letter to *The Universe*, dated Oct. 6, 1869:—

"Paris is France. Sundays are its gala-days. The citizens are proud of their fountains, gardens, beautiful boulevards, and massive libraries,—all open to the public. Under this display and grandeur, however, lies a maddened volcano. Its fire and flame already cause a half-subdued rumble. Gog and Magog are sharpening their weapons. That Napoleon's health is frail, none dispute. The sins of his youth are fruiting out into fearful pains and penalties. The grave invites his body to hasten: a rich worm-feast is promised. Then comes another revolution: mark the prophecy!"

In less than a year this prophetic forecast was in large part fulfilled in the war between France and Prussia. Napoleon was a prisoner, the empire was broken, Paris under siege, a republic organized, and all Europe in a political ferment.

During his sojourn in Paris, Mr. Peebles was the guest of Mr. Gledstones, an English gentleman who has traveled extensively in India and China, and from whom he obtained many valuable items on Oriental politics, religion, and social

usages. Leon Favre, then Consul-General of France, became his fast friend. Descanting on Spiritualism, he remarked: "Fifty thousand, Monsieur Peebles, fifty thousand Spiritualists in Paris alone." Leon Favre was an automatic spirit-writer.

In company with Mr. Gledstones, he started into Petits Pères, where M. Jean Baptiste Vianney, Curé D'Ars exercised his wonderful gifts of healing by the laying on of hands in the name of the Virgin Mary. The names of thousands he healed are there inscribed on elegant tablets: so the place was holy to him, not because of the temple, but because there holy deeds were done by spirit-power.

But these deeds of the Catholic healer he found equaled, if not excelled, by those of Henri Auguste Jacob, of our Spiritualistic times. Mr. Peebles writes to *The Universe*:—

"Jacob was a Zouave and musician, playing upon the trombone while in the army. Having avoided intoxicating drinks, soldiers' slang, and other vices common to military life, and, withal, being very kind-hearted, he was exceedingly popular in the ranks of his fellow-soldiers. He is nearly six feet high, has black hair, dark hazel eyes, regular features, and a head rounding up in the coronal region, something like that of A. J. Davis. He is about forty years of age, and in religion nominally a Catholic. He sees spirits, feels their presence, and, guided by their inspiration, prays to them and God. Some twelve years since, while marching through the streets of Paris with his regiment, he saw a poor crippled child being drawn in a carriage by its parents. The child had not put its feet to the ground since it was two years of age. An irresistible influence seizing Jacob, he went to the child, and, placing his hands on it, said firmly, '*Get up and walk;*' which, to the joy and astonishment of the parents, it did. Hundreds who were standing near witnessed this. The next day a score came to him, all of whom were healed or improved.

"The French are an excitable people. Soon hundreds flocked to him daily from all ranks of society, troubled with 'all manner of diseases,' as in Christ's time. It is calculated that he cured fifteen out of every twenty who came to him. Im-

possible to receive the crowds in the barracks, a friend, M. Dufaget, a prominent citizen and merchant in Rue de La Roquese, opened his house, business-place, and workshop for the reception of sufferers. A thoroughly good man, M. Dufaget himself became developed as a healer. The throngs eventually increased to 2,000 a day. This blocking the streets, he was warned to desist. Not heeding the policemen's warning, he was arrested, and thrust into prison,—all of which might have been expected in Imperial France. How it reminds one of those old apostolic times, when Peter, James, and John, and others, exercising spiritual gifts of healing, were 'cast into prison!' Through the influence of friends, he was after a time released, remaining *incog*. If using his gifts, it was in private. Prejudice gradually gave way. . . .

"I had the pleasure of forming his acquaintance. Five minutes before the hour for healing, he steps into the room, takes a peculiar attitude, clasps his hands, requests perfect silence, and, asking them *all* to engage in silent prayer, he departs. He is naturally a reticent man. Coming into the presence of his patients the second time, he looks at each intently (not allowing them to speak or point out their ailments), and then touching each, tells what he *can* and can not do for them. His powers are much greater when there is a throng present. He does not insist that people are healed when they are not. His remarkable powers, he continually affirms, come from God, through good spirits and angels. The masses that come to him are of the common people. It was the 'common people' in Bible times that 'heard Jesus gladly,'—fishermen and herdsmen. This is the 'second,' the *continuous* coming of Christ. . . .

"None accuse him of being mercenary. His mission is an important one; and he is working it out beautifully, for the good of humanity. Blessings upon the French Zouave!"

Knowing that the enlightened *governments* are Spiritualistic, in America the *people* accepting the new religion, and in Europe the kings and queens, he writes, "Alexander II, of Russia, is worthy of his title,—'liberating father.' The eman-

cipation of millions of serfs was concordant with the genius of Spiritualism. The angels ordered it: they are our saviors under the providence of God."

Departing from England was leaving *brain*; coming to France was finding *heart*. With M. Pierart, the scholarly editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, and author of the popular "Drama of Waterloo," he enjoyed a feast of soul,—everybody was so polite, so obliging! Anna Blackwell introduced him to Madame Kardec, wife of Allan Kardec, whose works are valuable for reference on the question of reincarnation; and there he procured, and subsequently published, the remarkable career of this medium, known for his virtues.

Introduced to M. Pierart, he was again reminded of the truthful words of "Aphelion," inspiring deeper confidence at every step in life in the wisdom and fidelity of his spirit-band. This savant said:—

"Egyptian civilization was in a height of glory 15,000 B. C. There was no *adultery*. Marriage was probationary seven years: if then agreeable, to continue fourteen years; and then, if desirable, through life. After fourteen years, no separation. Children of divorced parents took the mother's name, and were the intellectual and moral property of the government, educated at the public expense. 'Plato,' he added, 'drew his best conceptions from those ancient Egyptians.'"

On hearing these statements, Mr. Peebles exclaimed to himself: "O Egyptian hierophants! lead me to your sunny clime, and teach me the wisdom of modesty!"

Long years before, in his early spiritual experiences with Mr. Dunn, Madame Elizabeth promised him the privilege of visiting the scenes of her earthly home in the palaces of the kings in Versailles. The long-coveted opportunity was now presented, and under the courteous escort of Baron de la Taille, Mr. Peebles rode through the picturesque country, passing Park St. Cloud, the River Seine, Montmartre, Arc de Triumphe, Place de la Concorde, Notre Dame, Hôtel des Invalides, the Pantheon, and various other objects of interest. He said of his journey: "In fulfillment of a spirit of prophecy,

this is one of the happiest days with which the Infinite Father has ever blest me." Here he found a picture of the Angel, Elizabeth, as she was in her girlhood, copies of which he procured, from which again in later years he secured a life-size painting.

The conception of an ideal angel in heaven is as beautiful as uplifting. May not this be the secret of Mr. Peebles's oft-repeated saying, "I am never alone — never, unless in a crowd of people"?

Weeks rolled by with unwonted swiftness amid the gayeties of Paris. He must stay no longer, but hurry on to Asia. On the way he entered the valley of the Rhone, where he was charmed with its natural beauty; but the falling walls and ruined castles of feudal times were painful reminders of the baleful effects of priestly rule. He exclaimed, "God save America from Roman Catholicism, or any other priestly power!"

In the manufacturing city of Lyons, after visiting the museum, botanical gardens, halls of sculpture, and St. Pierre University, he paused before the Place de Serreaux, where in 1794 so many were sacrificed to the so-called Goddess of Liberty by the guillotine; when the shout of "Down with the Bourbons!" was followed by a dynasty more fearful and bloody. From the very ground seemed to proceed the cry of martyrs pleading for free education to the masses as the only safe guarantee of equal rights. "Change the shout to 'Down with the Popes!' and burn all the guillotines."

Stopping a few hours at Marseilles, he improved them by a survey of its spacious harbor, its vineyards, olive orchards, the crowds of idle men and women, and Catholic priests parading the streets in gorgeous gowns and robes.

His steamer, classically named "Ilissus," was to him the world in miniature; for among the passengers were Sicilians, Frenchmen, Greeks, Nubians, Syrians, Arabs, Armenians, and himself, an Anglo-Saxon,—all attired in their several national costumes. That suited him,—“Unity in diversity; there I studied the living types of mankind.” Selecting from the

many idioms, he there most heartily indorsed the opinion of Madame de Staël, who said : —

“ If I were mistress of fifty languages, I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian.”

Entering the straits of Bonifaccio, they sailed by the shore of Corsica ; when the very air seemed to report the destiny of bloody heroes, of which the fated Napoleon the First is an example. Remembering he was commissioned to the old world as a peace representative, he wrote : —

“ My mind reverted to that ‘ man of destiny, born and nurtured on this rugged shore, whose star, after culminating to the zenith, sank extinguished in blood at Waterloo, to rise no more.’ Was war well for him? was it well for English Round-heads to behead Charles I.? was it good in the excitable French to murder Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the sainted Madame Elizabeth? . . . Kindly tempered justice, goodness, and love are the only redemptive powers in the universe. ‘ Love your enemies; bless, and curse not!’ said the sweet-souled Nazarene.”

Seeing Caprari on the north and east, where Garibaldi retired to the quiet of a farmer’s life, after gaining a crown for Victor Emmanuel, he said in one of his letters, “ Italians will never rest in spirit till Pius IX. is dethroned, and Italia’s sun shines upon a united Italy, with Rome for its capital.” Little did he then think, whilst sailing the Mediterranean, that within a year nearly all these prophetic words would be literally fulfilled. Let us keep records of prophecies: they are banners of liberty to the revolutionists.

What a history passed in mental review! Piræus, the port of Greece, beckoned him: there was Salamis just past it; and off that coast the valiant Greeks defeated the Persian fleet of Xerxes, 480 B. C. In imagination he saw the battle, and saddened at the thought, that two thousand years of Christianity have not since obliterated the curse of war. Has not the force that built up Greece blasted its prowess? So he

reasoned. Landing, and sensing the decay around him, he exclaimed, "The Greeks of to-day are ancient Greeks no more! What wrought the change?" "Ask dead priests!" solemnly whispered a spirit by his side. He stood before the Acropolis at Athens, passed up the propylion, or grand entrance, and surveyed Mars Hill, where Paul preached the "Unknown God" to the Athenians; touched the massive pillars of Bacchus, and gazed down into the subterranean passage leading from this temple of spirit-rites into the vast amphitheater. What a hollow sound! Do not the dead voice their sorrow here?

"Let there be light! said Liberty;
And, like sunrise from the sea,
Athens arose! — Around her born,
Shone like mountains in the morn,
Glorious States; and are they now
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?"

He found the ruins of the temple of Minerva, the temple of the Winds, the temple of the Muses, and the temple of Jupiter Olympus, "many of whose proud columns," he writes, "having defied the storms and devastating forces of time, remain as standing signals of architectural splendor and perfection." There, too, were the remains of Hadrian's Arch, the bed of the Ilissus, the monument of Lysicrates, the theater of Bacchus, the temple of Theseus, the magnificent Parthenon, and the shattered arts of Pericles and Phidias, "stripped by Venetian, by Turk, by earthquake, by time, by Lord Elgin for the British Museum, still serene in their indestructible beauty."

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
. . . Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurostas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?"

Reflecting on the causes of that superb intellectual era which Greece exhibited four hundred years before the Christian Era, he queried whether it was not a reflection or partial

reflection of the "Silver Age" of prehistoric times. In the mind of the intuitive philosopher, a greater Greece existed in Atlantean times, and this greater Greece is to be reproduced on Grecian soil, dating its incipient rise in the twentieth century! He writes thus:—

"Under the shadow of an unspiritual church, science was neglected, the oracles abandoned, and Grecian civilization recoiled into brooding silence among these ruins! What is required, then?—Philosophy with phenomena, science with marvel, and *reason* crowning all. I stood over the prison-cave where the Greeks confined the Spiritualistic Socrates, the iron gate still there,—a gloomy den, to converse with a Crito and an Alcibiades. Judea and Greece awarded to their inspired teachers crosses and hemlock draughts. Such was gratitude! Have the times only in method greatly changed?

. . . "It seems strange to walk the streets of Athens, and compare its sparse and degenerate five thousand inhabitants with its enlightened and cultured populace of long ago. There stands the Parthenon, unrivaled still. There are to be found the relics of architecture, poetry, and sculpture, that tell of the transcendent genius of those departed masters. To-day our scholars and our devotees of the fine arts flock to that ancient seat of genius and learning, to borrow the inspiration that seems even yet to sanctify the place. From these testimonies to intellects whose incarnate forms have long since vanished off the earth, we turn and look upon the present living people, and ask ourselves, Is this progress?—these degenerate descendants of illustrious ancestors? Progress, triumphant elsewhere, stands aloof from Greece; only retrogression there. From Athens I desired to go back to Marathon and Corinth, but was told that it would be unsafe; for brigandage is rife in that region, and is secretly countenanced by the officials of the country."

Boarding the steamer again, he entered the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, and glided close to the crumbled ruins of historic Troy, where blind Homer begged his bread. Up the Hellespont. "There, right there, is the locality," said

the captain, " where Byron swam across these waters, May 3, 1810, from Sestos to Abydos; where the young Venetian, Leander, years before him, performed the feat, to secure the hand of his ladylove." Byron records it,—

" He swam for love, and I for glory."

XXIX

PILGRIMAGE IN THE ORIENT

“’Tis the clime of the East; ’tis the land of the sun!
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?”

“Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of paradise.” — *Thomas Paine*.

Early one October morning, 1869, the steamer on which our brother was embarked, sailed round the Golden Horn, and there was spread out before him the magnificent city of Constantinople, resting upon seven hills, with its domes and minarets lighted up with a golden splendor from the first beams of the morning sun. Here again, he was walking on enchanted ground. No one knows how long a city has stood upon this ancient site. The city took its present name from Constantine the Great, in the fourth century, who thought to make it the capital of his empire and seat of the Christian Church. The Turkish name is Islamboul, while that which preceded Constantine was Byzantium. The history of the city within historic times has been chiefly a record of sieges and heroic attempts to keep out invaders. The present city is superincumbent on a succession of ruins which point to perished cities in the long-forgotten past. Describing the scene in an editorial, he says:—

“The sun now colors the eastern sky with gold. Rising, it tips and turns the minarets to fire. The buildings, the vessels, the mosques, are all illuminated.

“If Geneva has been called the proud, and Naples the beautiful, Constantinople may rightly claim for herself the title of magnificent. Seated in gardens, it is not strange Constantine should have desired to have removed the capital of

the Roman Empire to the site occupied by this imperial city. No soul alive to the beautiful in nature, or the exquisite in art, could fail of admiring its lofty and imposing position, its domes, its minarets, its sheltering groves of cypress, its hills in the distance, now crimsoning into the sear of autumn, and the blue waters that lie at the feet of those Moslem splendors. . . . The Sea of Marmora is deep and beautiful. . . . What a magnificent harbor it would make, with Constantinople for the central capital of Europe, Asia, and Africa!"

The conception of such a capital is grand: the future will tell whether it is prophetic. Surveying the tower at Pera, the flotilla upon the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus with its suburban villages, the palaces of the Sultan, the peopled hillsides upon the Asian coast, the hospital scene of Florence Nightingale's womanly work during the Crimean war, he shouted aloud on the deck of the steamer, "What a great cosmopolitan city! my soul thrills with intense delight!" But —

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Landing, the spell vanished.

"No omnibuses," he says, "no conveyances of any sort, offered us their accommodations; only sedan-chairs were on hand for the ladies, and hammals for the carrying of trunks. The most obvious feature of this city is its dogs. Constantinople is the dog's paradise. There are two ways in which you can insult a Turk, viz., spit on his beard, or kick a dog; for that animal is sacred: the bark of a dog once saved the city, by betraying the enemy."

Of his observations and experiences in Constantinople, this is his statement, reported in *The Universe*: —

"The religion of these Moslem millions, little understood and frequently misrepresented, is in one of its theoretical aspects, at least, eminently Unitarian. Their first article of belief declares, that 'God is great: there is but *one* God, Allah!' Mohammedanism is *not* a comparatively new religion. M. de Percival, speaking of its antiquity, says, 'This was not a new religion which Mohammed announced, but the

ancient religion of Abraham restored to its primitive purity.' The prejudices of Christians are heartless and soulless. That the followers of Mohammed 'do not believe women have souls' is an imported missionary falsehood, black as night; that they do not permit their women to go into their mosques for prayers and worship is another pious falsehood equally malicious. With a good pair of eyes, we saw them bowing, kneeling, worshiping in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and also in that magnificent one erected by Sultan Ahmed. That they practice polygamy is true, though in a moderate degree compared with the 'wisest man' of the Bible,—Solomon. They profess to get their authority for having a plurality of wives from the Old Testament, as well as the Koran. Christian writers have approved of it. St. Augustine observes that 'there was a *blameless custom* of one man having many wives; which at that early time might be done in a way of duty.' Pope Gregory, in the year 726, justified polygamy in some cases. Bernardo Ochinus, a Christian writer of the sixteenth century, published dialogues in favor of the practice. The celebrated Christian poet, John Milton, defended polygamy in his 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine' (p. 237, *et seq.*). After quoting several passages from the Bible in favor of the practice, he says, 'Moreover, God (Ezekiel 23) represents himself as having *two wives*, Aholah and Aholiah,—a mode of speaking which Jehovah would by no means have employed, if the practice which it implied had been intrinsically dishonorable or shameful.' Spiritualists do not advocate the right, nor believe in the practice of such sensualism.

"The Mohammedans recognize both dispensations,—the Jewish and the Christian. The more intelligent followers of Mohammed always speak reverently of Jesus of Nazareth, regarding him as an inspired prophet, sent to teach. Mohammed, they assure us, was the promised 'comforter' that 'should come.' They insist that our Christian Scriptures have been thoroughly corrupted in the original text. This few scholars doubt. The Moslems further say, that in the palace, the old Seraglio, there were, among others, a hundred and

twenty large Greek manuscripts and important commentaries upon the New Testament by the early church fathers. The Roman Catholics believe this, and have offered large rewards to obtain them. The Koran is made up largely from the Old and New Testaments, united with the doctrines of the Magi and Soofees, of Persia and Arabia, and the teachings of the angel Gabriel, who frequently visited the prophet Mohammed.

“ Literally speaking, the Sultan is the head of the Mohammedan religion. He never fails of repairing to the mosque on Friday. Next to him come the moolahs and muftis, corresponding to churchal bishops, and then the ulemas, who are their priests. They have no fixed ritual. In all countries worshipping the Crescent, they bow toward Mecca, the Holy City, and put their faces to the ground when pronouncing the word ‘Allah.’ Friday is their holy day. With the face toward Mecca, the worshipers bow forward, placing their hands at the sides of the head, covering the ears, signifying, ‘May no depraved word reach my ears!’ then bow forward again, covering the eyes, meaning, ‘May no sight of evil reach my eyes!’ then the hands are laid upon the breast, the body bent reverently forward as before, in token of acknowledgment, that ‘Mohammed is the prophet of God;’ last, the hands are extended toward the ground, the body lower bent than in the previous positions, indicating adoration of Allah, ‘There is no God but God; and Mohammed is his prophet.’”

So beautiful and significant is this prayer, our brother delights to repeat it, and especially to adopt the Moslem form of social greeting, placing the hand quickly upon the forehead, recognizing God as witness; then upon the heart, recognizing Mohammed as an inspired prophet of God; then grasping a neighbor’s hand cordially, as if to say, “I greet thee in peace.”

One day, near the hour of 12 M., he ascended a minaret, surveying the city below; when the muzzein came out from near the summit, summoning the people to prayer, intoning the words in a plaintive cadence, “*Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar, La illa il Allah, Mohammed resoul, Allah, Allah, Akbar!*” He knew not the meaning; and yet standing in silence, he

caught the spirit of devotion from the high minaret, and repeated in English, "*God is great. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God. Come to prayer; come to security and peace. God is great. There is no God but God.*" Mornings he heard the muzzein's cry, "*Awake, awake, and pray! It is better to pray than to sleep. There is no God but Allah.*" Speaking of the character of the Mohammedans, he writes:—

"All good and true Mussulmans go to some mosque; where there is something corresponding to a discourse, although the most of the service consists in repeating and chanting portions of the Koran. The Turks are perfectly catholic in feeling, freely tolerating all religions in their country. It is universally conceded here in the East, that the old Mohammedans, in no way tinctured with the Christian civilization of Europe, are among the most honorable people in the world. The present Sultan neither smokes, nor tastes of liquors or wines. I should feel infinitely safer in a dark midnight hour, wandering among straggling Turks, than in the drunken 'Five Points' of New York, the 'Haymarket' of London, or anywhere in Christian Spain. . . . Among the natives here, I met many who are Spiritualists, and was the recipient of their hospitality. The Turks are a wondrously hospitable people. When you enter the house of a genuine Turk, he provides you with a mat, urges you to partake of his coffee and fruits, saying, 'My wives are your servants. I am your slave. My house is your house. All I have is thine. I greet thee in peace.' Such is the hospitable nature of these people that to-day I could travel all over Turkey at little or no cost beyond the pay of an interpreter. The better classes, however, live back in the country. The cities are more immoral."

Having received his Exequatur from the Turkish government in recognition of his consulship, he was now able to find access to political and religious authorities, moving in their ranks, the better to glean the information for which he came to Oriental lands. The Suez Canal was about to be opened, and the occasion brought to Constantinople several imperial

dignitaries from Europe,—Franz Joseph, Prince Amadeus (known as Duke of Aosta, who became King of Spain), and Frederic William, Crown Prince of Prussia, with all of whom he had the pleasure of forming acquaintance. They were easy in manners — perfect gentlemen.

Here he witnessed the worship of the dancing and howling dervishes, cutting themselves with knives in monstrous gashes, but the next moment seemingly healed by the magnetic touch of the sheik.

On Friday — the Mussulman's Sunday — the various officials from abroad were specially invited by the sultan to attend worship with him. Just before twelve, from the minaret of the palace, the muzzein called the faithful to prayer at Dolma-Baktche; then moved the grand procession according to rank,—princes, dukes, ambassadors, ministers, consuls, pashas. Mr. Peebles was among those officials, attired in courtly Turkish costume, going to the worship of Allah! Writing of the pageant, he says:—

“The shipping was gay with colors, flags, and banners. Everybody seemed to be in the narrow, dirty streets,—cripples and beggars pleading for piasters, flaunting their rags in the presence of lace, red tape, and royalty: it roused my American blood to a high pitch of excitement. How long, oh! how long, is pampered royalty, kingcraft, and priestcraft to crush the lowly, continue caste, and curse the earth? . . . Remember that Christian nations uphold this sultan's throne as the French bayonets do the pope's! . . . Can there be a more hateful theological mongrel, a more horrid moral spectacle, than effete Mohammedanism veneered and polished with French Catholicism? . . .

“It was little pleasure to see, and less to be officially ‘toted round,’ mingling in that gay throng of rulers and diplomats. The forms of reception, the display, the pageantry, were so anti-American; the salutes from the land-batteries, the thundering of cannon, the flag-dressed men-of-war, were so repulsive to my *peace principles*,—saying nothing of the military bands, and the review of thirty thousand Turkish troops,—

that I longed to get away from plumes, feathers, and epaulettes, away from gilded buttons, dangling swords, red ribbons, and the glittering trappings of royalty, away into my library, or on some mountain, with God, angels, and birds. Is the story,—the Christian world's prophet-songs of the 'Prince of Peace,' and a millennium of love and harmony,—all a dream? What hinders the consummation?—Kingcraft, priestcraft, *ignorance*. Down on them! Too long have they cursed this world, made so beautiful by the Father of all. Put down kings, and put up the people! People implies men and women. I repeat, Put down all princes, potentates, and powers that subsist upon the sweat of honest industry! put them down, not by revolutions, not by frantic mobs, not by sword and blood, but by educating the people, *all* the people—to govern themselves, self-government lying at the foundation of all government.

“Though forced by circumstances, now and then, into the midst of consulate officials and princely rulers, my heart is with the poor, with the suffering, with God's dear humanity. If this is not good consul talk, it is certainly practical, and comes from a soul that throbs in deepest sympathy with every conscious intelligence of earth and heaven.

“ ‘Wandering by the classic river
In its soft mysterious flow;
Murmuring, as it rolls forever,
Of the myths of long ago.

* * * * *

“ ‘From many a proud cathedral,
Turkish mosque and minaret,
Turn mine eyes with fond devotion
To the brow of Olivet.’

“They turn thither, because from under those olive-trees speaks a brother; whose voice, echoing along the uneven spaces of nearly two thousand years, says, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' 'I testify of myself.' 'My peace I leave with you.'”

Among other happy acquaintances formed in Constantinople, he mentions M. Repos, a French attorney, a zealous Spiritist; and M. Sillerman, a Spiritualist, in a German mercantile establishment, and from them learned how rapidly Spiritualism is diffusing itself in Asia Minor and Syria. He found excellent media in Constantinople, and being invited, addressed the Spiritualists in the hall of the *Chambre de Commerce*.

In Stamboul, the Turkish portion of Constantinople, Mr. Peebles noticed an Egyptian obelisk, having inscriptions engraved five hundred years before Christ, freshly representing the Delphian Tripod. There, too, was a spring once flowing, over which the Tripod was placed; on which sat a mediumistic priestess, invoking some god or goddess of Delphi, uttering oracular words of inspiration. Everywhere he found the relics of ancient Spiritualism, reviving now in more practical form.

It is Mr. Peebles's custom in visiting cities, especially in foreign lands, to inspect their cemeteries; where the traveler accurately can decipher in the inscriptions upon tombs and graves the plane of religion, and the hope of the bereft. He thus poetically relates an incident coming under his eye whilst in the cemetery of Scutari, near Constantinople:—

“It was a calm October day, afar up the Levant. For several hours I had been wandering in that famous Moham-medan burying-ground, Scutari, Asia. This cemetery, three miles in length, and somewhat irregular in shape, is tastefully surrounded and beautifully shaded with tall cypresses. The scenery was so strange, so half-entrancing, that time passed unheeded. The sun now low in the West, I left the speaking monuments of mortality around me, and hastening to the shores of the Bosphorus, to take the steamer for Constantinople, saw a venerable appearing Turk, tall and turbaned, distributing coins and fruits to a group of ragged children standing by the wayside begging. The beneficence was as suggestive as patriarchal. When through with the deed of mercy, several of the children, stepping forward, bowed, and

kissed the giver's withered hand. Smiling, he asked Allah to bless them, and then passed quietly on his way. The scene, purely Oriental, so touched my heart that my eyes were immediately suffused with tears. It was a moment of transfiguration. Under the inspiration, my soul so warmed into love and sympathy for humanity, that I, too, in spirit, kissed the old man's hand,— *kissed*, knowing it to be the hand of Ishmael, wrongfully said to be 'against every man.' Ay, God, whether known as Brahm, Allah, or Father, is good. Human nature is good: *all* is good; and love is omnipotent. Seldom offending the critics with attempts at rhyme, because believing most efforts to voice sentiments in poetry could be better expressed by the use of plain, substantial prose, I trust to the kindly nature of the reader this once for the following:—

“ The Orient sheds its shimmering haze
 O'er field and garden, sea and isle;
 And Asia's arch is red with rays
 That turn to gold each Islam pile.
 My heart is filled with warmth again:
 I feel for Moslems in their thrall;
 I only hate the hate of men;
 I love the heart that loveth all.

“ Each soul hath stemmed some fearful storm;
 Each heart is chafed with wasting scar:
 My life-boat wrecked in manhood's morn
 Now drifteth like a shooting star.
 But oh! I have not lost the power
 Of sympathy at sorrow's call;
 For love inspires each fading hour,—
 That love which feels, then gives to all.

“ Oh! think it not a vain conceit,
 That angel-echoes linger still
 In hearts whose chords of music sweet
 The pangs of earth can never chill.
 Ay, there are souls with holy love,
 Who like the circling stars may fall;
 But, falling, rise to heaven above:
 I kiss the hand that helpeth all.”

About the 1st of November, 1869, Mr. Peebles expected to arrive at Trebisond, Asia, to enter upon his official duties. He soon grew restless, in these Turkish cities, of so much filth. He reports himself to American readers, through *The Universe*, after this style:—

“Are not Americans naturally nomadic? A year ago last March, I sat in an Indian peace council, with the Congressional Committee and several army generals, at the confluence of the North and South Platte Rivers, in those Colorado regions. The week following I was on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, standing on the highest railroad eminence between the two oceans. To-day I am near the eastern extremity of the Black Sea in Asia; and what of it? Where next? Why live in the world and never see it?

“Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,
 Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
 On soul and body; but we can not die,
 Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn.
 Lo! all things can be borne.’

“Trebisond is an important fortified seaport town of some fifty thousand inhabitants, over thirty thousand of whom are Mohammedans. The old city was built upon a sloping hill, facing the east. The lower portion is horribly shabby and filthy. The Turks have been on the descending portion of the cycle of progress for centuries. Within the walls are old ruins and mossed monasteries,—remnants of Grecian and Mohammedan wars. The nationality of the city is Turkish. The intermingling medley is composed of Persians, Arabians, Georgians, Armenians, and some Mesopotamian wanderers. It is a choice place to study the Shemitic world in its decline. The English shipping is comparatively small, the American virtually nothing. The houses are of stone, and in style Asiatic, with roofs nearly flat, covered with tiles. They are generally surrounded by small gardens, some of which are very neat, and tastefully arranged. The business streets are narrow,

crooked, and disgustingly filthy. Packs of dogs — sacred animals with the more ignorant Turks — are the scavengers. The city contains twenty mosques, and nearly as many Greek churches, the worship in which corresponds with the Roman Catholic. The Greek Christians, however, deny the authority of the pope and the papal power of the West. From the year 1203 till the subversion of the Eastern Empire, Trebisond was the capital of an extensive dominion, reaching from the Phasis to Halys.

“ Mr. Palgraves, the gentlemanly English consul in Trebisond, and a ripe Oriental scholar, has been to Mecca, explored Central Arabia, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with Persia, together with the nations lying east of it. He speaks thirty languages. No one would do well to talk of Greek originality in his presence. Have the so-called enlightened ages given the world anything new in the line of morals or metaphysics for the past two thousand five hundred years? *That's* the question. Russia, France, Prussia, and other European nations, have consuls located in Trebisond.

“ The American consulate was created with the design of opening an extensive trade with Persia and contiguous nations. Treaties and methods to this effect were discussed under Buchanan's administration, but never adopted. The position is of little importance compared to that of Constantinople. A railroad is now in process of construction from the eastern borders of the Black Sea to the Caspian. One hundred miles are already completed. Russians own the stock. Besides vast quantities of *bitumen* and kindred substances southeast of the Black Sea and along the borders of the Caspian, there are petroleum oil-springs bubbling up in various localities, thus prophesying of inexhaustible stores. They are worked, so we are informed, in a most clumsy manner. The Turks are very jealous of the 'Franks,' and fearful of English and American enterprise. American ingenuity and energy may yet develop these treasures, and others, under Asiatic skies. Asia Minor is exceedingly rich in minerals of various kinds. The coal mines are immeasurable. Lead ore yields seventy-

five per cent. There are silver and copper mines. Wild fruits, figs, pomegranates, olives, grapes, etc., abound in great luxuriance. There is perhaps no country upon the globe, if we except Africa, so little understood or appreciated as this portion of the Asiatic world. . . .

“Decline and decay characterize the present Turkish nation. A deathly torpor has seized its vitals. It is truly the ‘sick man’ of the Orient. Russia wants the vast domain. England and France say, ‘Hands off!’ Prussia and the central nations of Europe think it well to maintain the balance of power as it is. May not the more modernized phase of Turkish theology have something to do with this stupor? The Moslems are *fatalists*. One article of their faith reads thus (see J. P. Brown’s *Derv.*, p. 11., pars. 5, 6):—

“‘It is God who fixes the will of man; and he is therefore not free in his actions. There does not really exist any difference between good and evil; for all is reduced to unity: and God is the real author of the acts of mankind.’

“These are square statements. We relish them, because entirely free from those bungling twistings and turnings that distinguish Calvinists and certain Spiritualists, who hold and advocate the same doctrine. Fatalism in this bald form is considered by a large class of progressive Moslems as an innovation, however, and other than an original dogma. The only hope for Turkey is, to inaugurate a vigorous system of education. The sultan, when visiting France, doubtless became aware of this; accordingly, within a few weeks, a new educational code has leapt, like Minerva, fully armed, from Sultan Abdul Aziz-Khan’s brain. The course of public instruction marked out by the Porte is exceedingly elaborate, including primary and preparatory departments, normal schools, and universities.”

Noting the hospitality of the Turks, their earnest devotions, their fidelity to nationality, their natural vivacity and honesty, their abstinence from “swine’s flesh and wines,” their religious toleration, their mediumistic qualifications, their revered relics of an original, pure spirituality, and contrasting

these with governmental corruption and bribery, with enormous taxation upon the people to build and support palaces and harems, with the insipid condition of the women,—the future mothers, enslaved to men's pleasures and passions,—surveying all this, and considering a remedy, he prints these telling words:—

“The complete overthrow of all authoritative polygamy-sanctioning Bibles—such as the Old Testament of Jews and Christians, and the polygamy of the Koran—is the first step toward inaugurating reform movements in these Eastern countries. Then, instead of sending whining, lazy, money-making missionaries from America, to convert Mussulmans to sectarian Christianity, send the American plow and the American schoolhouse, American enterprise and American Elizabeth Stantons, to advocate woman's rights, woman's suffrage, woman's equality with man.”

Smyrna, where was located one of the seven churches of Asia, to which the apocalyptic angel promised “a crown of life” if she continued “faithful,” contains 200,000 souls; and among them walked one day our lonely “Pilgrim,” in quest of Polycarp's tomb,—Polycarp, the martyr and bishop, and “friend of John the Beloved.” These were some of his inspirations:—

“At my feet have lain matchless ruins, and rolled tideless rivers; around me have stood monuments of valor and patriotism, and the scattered remnants of Hellenic grandeur: such was Greece to me: but here, under Asian skies, on this November day, mountains bear winter upon their heads, spring upon their shoulders, autumn upon their bosoms; while summer, with bud and blossom, is ever resting at their feet. How naturally adapted all these regions to poesy and prophecy! Such lands ever produce seers, seeresses, and sibyline oracles. How sacred is this place!”

In Smyrna he found several Spiritualists, the most prominent among whom were M. C. Constant and M. E. Rossi. He found Asia Minor the “paradise of fruits.” There were represented in this city Turks, Albanians, Persians, Englishmen,

Frenchmen, and Americans, all much inclined to Turkish habits. With the rest he wore the Fez and occasionally the Turkish costume, which he brought home and used in his lectures upon Eastern travels. He regarded the Persians the most stately and graceful people he ever met, tall and dignified, attired in their pyramid-shaped turbans, and long dresses girdled with gaudy sashes. All his boyish ideas about a caravan were realized here; for one came into the city with hundreds of camels in a train, led by a lazy Turk, and heavily burdened with cloths, madder-root, olive oil in goat skins, opium, figs, etc. These products opened to his vision the vast resources of wealth in that country waiting for Anglo-Saxon occupation and industry to develop.

Riding donkeys in Western Asia is quite the fashion, so he mounted one when going to see some ruins. He says: "My 'cavasse'—Turkish guide—insisted upon my riding his animal, as my lean, half-fed horse had several times stumbled. Ay, Chicagoans, you ought to have seen me on that long-eared fellow! Carefully surveying my long legs and general build, I came to the sage conclusion that I could never look graceful upon the back of a little donkey!" We wonder those Smyrnians did not shout, as the miners did in California, "There goes old Pilgrim's Progress!"

He made the acquaintance of one Macropodari, educated in Harvard, now a wealthy resident of Smyrna, who piloted him round through the gorgeous scenery of the city suburbs. From him he learned that less monstrous crimes are committed by the Turks than by any other people in the world. Their word is good. A shake of the hand closes a contract to be kept as strictly as any written document. All American and English consuls with whom he talked say about the same. But the Turks, like our poor Indians mingling with the whites, are being vitiated by contact with the Greek and Roman Christians,—by "shrewd, cunning, money-getting Christians!"

Ephesus, the old Ionian city, famous for its stadium theaters and temple of Diana, recipient of a Pauline epistle, and the personal ministry of the apostle John,—that, too, he must

visit. The journey lay fifty miles to the southward. Hiring a "cavasse," he started, and soon stumbled upon a party of Americans, bound for the same place, all from Chicago,— Dr. J. S. Jewett, Charles G. Haskins, and Wells C. Lake,— traveling thither in quest of information, gathering cabinet specimens, exploring ruins, and taking a general topographical survey of the country. Mr. Peebles was overjoyed, and soon realized how suddenly the bonds of friendship between citizens from the same land become cemented in a strange country.

The following letter, addressed from that Asiatic city, is a testimonial to the inspiring influence which a student of antiquities experiences while wandering among the ruins of perished nations:—

"EPHESUS, ASIA MINOR, Oct. 25. 1869.

"BROTHER ———,— The sun of the New Testament epistles is John,— the sainted John, that lovingly leaned upon Jesus' bosom. In youth, he was my ideal man. To-day, he is that New Testament saint in heaven whom I most love. Not Arabia, then, nor Palestine, but classic Ephesus, is my Mecca.

" 'Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write, These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.'

"A pilgrim under a scorching Asian sky, I rested this afternoon, leaning upon one of the pillars that Christian and Moslem tradition unite in declaring marks the apostle's tomb. It was a consecrated hour! Its full history will in the future be written. While standing by this tomb, on the verge of Mount Prion, looking down upon the marbled seats of the Ephesian theater,— relic of Hellenic glory,— with my feet pressing the soil that pillowed the mortal remains of the 'disciple that Jesus loved,' ere their removal to Rome, no painter could transfix to canvas, no poet conceive suitable words to express my soul's deep emotions. The inspiration was from the upper kingdoms of holiness; the baptism was from heaven; the robe was woven by the white fingers of immortals: while on the golden scroll was inscribed, '*The first cycle is ending: the*

winnowing angels are already in the heavens. Earth has no secrets. What of thy stewardship? Who is ready to be revealed? Who, who shall abide this second coming? Who has overcome? Who is entitled to the mystical name and the white stone? Gird on thine armor anew, and teach in trumpet tones, that the pure in heart, the pure in spirit only, can feast upon the saving fruitage that burdens the tree of paradise.'

. . . "From the summit of Mount Prion, the Isle of Samos may be distinctly seen. Gazing at this in the distance, and nearer to the winding course of the little Cayster towards the sea, at the scattered remnants of temples, marble fragments, broken friezes, and relics of every description, I could not help recalling the prophetic warning of John, in the Book of Revelation, 'I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent!' (Rev. 2:5.)

"It is generally admitted that the apostle John lived to be one hundred and four years of age; and all we know of his later days is linked with Ephesus,—accurately described by Herodotus, Pausanius, Pliny, and others,—outside the records of the Church Fathers. It is not known how long St. John resided in this portion of Asia: suffice it, that his memory still lingers here, enshrined even in the Turkish name of the squalid village about two miles from the ruins of the old Ephesian city,—*'Ayasolouke,'* which is a corruption of the Greek *'Agios Theologos,'* the holy theologian, the name universally given to this apostle in the Oriental Church.

"The mosque here, which is magnificent, even though in partial ruin, was undoubtedly an ancient Christian church, probably the identical one which the Emperor Justinian built on the site of an older and smaller one, dedicated in honor of St. John; who at Ephesus trained the disciples Polycarp, Ignatius, and Papius to preserve and disseminate apostolic doctrines in Smyrna and other cities of Asia. In the erection of this church edifice by Justinian, upon the spot where the venerable apostle preached in his declining years, were employed the marbles of Diana's temple. Visiting these scenes—Asian cities and churchal ruins—strengthens my belief in the

existence of Jesus, the general authenticity of the Gospels, and the profound love-riches of John's epistles. It is the land of inspiration, of prophecy, and of spiritual gifts. Even the skeptical Gibbon, writing of the 'seven churches in Asia,' virtually admits the fulfillment of the apocalyptic visions. After recounting the final subjugation of the provinces of Bithynia by Orchan (A. D. 1312, etc.), he proceeds: 'The captivity or ruin of the seven churches of Asia was consummated; and the barbarous lords of Ionia and Lydia still trample on the monuments of classic and Christian antiquity. In the loss of Ephesus, the Christians deplore the fall of the first angel,—the extinction of the first candlestick of the Revelation. The desolation is complete; and the temple of Diana, or the church of Mary, will equally elude the search of the curious traveler. The circus and three stately theaters of Laodicea are now peopled with wolves and foxes. Sardis is reduced to a miserable village. The god of Mohammed, without a rival or a son, is invoked in the mosques of Thyatira and Pergamus; and the populousness of Smyrna is supported by the foreign trade of the Franks and Armenians. Philadelphia alone has been saved by prophecy or courage. At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect,—a column in a scene of ruins,—a pleasing example that the paths of honor and safety may sometimes be the same.'—*Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' chap. 64.*

. . . "Eusebius and others tell us of the profound reverence that all the early believers in the doctrines of Jesus had for this aged and loving saint; who sorrowed with Christ in the garden, stood by him at the cross, received in charge Mary the mother of Jesus, and clairvoyantly beheld him ascend to the homes of the angels. This sentence from his pen will live forever, 'God is love.' When he had become to weak and infirm to walk to the old primitive church edifice in Ephesus,

his admirers, taking him in their arms, would bear him thither ; and then, with trembling voice, he could only say, ' Little children, love ye one another.' These and other well-attested historic recollections, rushing upon my mind, lift me on to the mount of transfiguration. I am happy. Could I have my library and a few congenial souls present, should be resigned to live under these soft, clear skies of Asia till, putting off my pilgrim's sandals, I hear the voice, ' Thou hast finished thy course: *come up higher!*' "

XXX

NAPLES, ROME, AND FLORENCE

“ Rome, the magnificent, inheritress
Of all that imaged god or goddess, when
The Spirit, brooding o’er time’s wilderness,
Diffused religions through primeval men;
Needs must that, in her vitals, should survive
The awesome past, a power to hold and strive.

* * * * *

“ Rome is a curse, evolved from benediction;
A benediction, spellbound in a curse;
A violence that leads envailed affliction;
A whirl of selfhoods, held in bad from worse.
Rome storms across the ages; Israel’s hordes,
Levites with war horns, Joshua with swords.”

Finding the Turkish countries in certain respects uncongenial, the autumn and wintry winds from the Black Sea injurious to his lungs, his quest for knowledge of the Orient still unsatisfied, Mr. Peebles obeyed the promptings of his spirit inspirers by resigning his consulship.

Through our consul-general at Constantinople, Hon. Mr. Goodnowe, of Portland, Me., the resignation was accepted, but not until after his commission had received confirmation in the Senate. Leaving Turkey, he took an extensive tour through Asia Minor. . . . “’Mid evergreen isles waves a sapphire sea. I am entranced in meditative delight,” he said, as his steamer circled westward, bound through the Archipelago,—“classic sea of antiquity.” Sailing out of the Dardanelles, there was Clazomenæ, once a famous center for commercial cities; then Scio, Byron’s “rocky isle,” where the Christian crusaders massacred the Turks in the name of the “Prince of Peace;” then Samos, home of Pythagoras; then

Cos, of mountain-peaks; then sainted Patmos, where John was banished, but was "in the spirit on the Lord's Day;" and Rhodes, too, with its ruined Colossus; then classic Syracuse, which Strabo said was once "twenty-one miles in circumference," sacred to the memory of Æschylus, Demosthenes, and Archimedes; then Mt. Ætna, Sicily, covered with snow, towering up eleven thousand feet, with three distinctive zones of vegetation.

He was now on Italian soil, in the city of Messina, Sicily, the guest of Mr. Behn, the American consul,—land of Tasso, Columbus, Galvani, Perasee, and other geniuses ascended! Were they not his companions? The very thought of it halloed every instinct to grateful meditation. Noticing the papal monasteries and churches, the superstition of the lower classes, removing their hats before the priests, the devoutness of the wild brigands, "equal to the eccentricities of American Christians at eight-o'clock prayer-meetings," and invoicing the French bayonets that guard the papal throne and the Romish machinations of Empress Eugenie, "the Pope's Imperial Nuncio," he concludes his lesson in these memorable words:—

"Educate the people, permit women to vote, and republics like Edens will cover all isles and continents."

This feeling was evoked mainly by the following experience in Messina, an episode which he afterward related in one of his American "bureau" lectures upon his "Oriental Travels:"—

"The sound of a band of music attracted me to the street, where I saw a small procession carrying sacred images, and surrounded by a crowd, which idleness, curiosity, or religious enthusiasm had induced to swell their ranks. It was St. Agatha's Day; and being a stranger, and curious to know what was going forward, I joined the procession as it entered the Plaza, and there witnessed the performance of a variety of ceremonies. Not seeing as distinctly as I wished, I mounted a block, steadied myself in my place by a branch of a tree, and, to use an American phrase, was 'enjoying it hugely,' when all

at once I became conscious that the attention of the crowd was diverted to and concentrated upon me. They began to talk to me: I couldn't understand them. They gesticulated fiercely,—for the Italians, like the French, talk as much with their hands as their tongues,—still I did not know what they meant, nor what to make of it, and made up my mind that I had better retire from the scene. With this intention, I stepped down from the block; but the throng pressed round me with louder words and wilder gestures, as if to frustrate such an attempt. Then I thought of calling the police to my aid. I had learned Italian enough for that: it was an essential that I took care to acquire the first thing after my arrival. I shouted till I brought one to the ground, and he, too, began to talk to me with an astonishing severity; which, incomprehensible as it was, warned me that I must look further for safety. In this strait, a lucky expedient suggested itself. I threw open my coat, displayed the badges of the Progressive Lyceum and the Knightly red cross that I fortunately wore, struck them with the air of a man who proclaimed himself to be a distinguished character, and signed the policeman to follow me to the Hotel de Victoria. The effect was magical. Impressed with a sense of my importance, and a conviction that there was a mistake somewhere, the throng fell back, the policeman at my urgency accompanied me to the proprietor of my hotel, by whose aid I succeeded in making him understand that I was an American consul. The explanation of this popular demonstration against me was, that they had mistaken me for Father Gavazzi, who was reported to have recently landed on the island, intending to harangue the people against the pope's infallibility. Gavazzi, you may recollect, was at one time a priest; but, latterly apostatizing from the church, he drew upon himself the righteous fury of all its devoted followers. For some unaccountable reason, I was regarded as in league with Garibaldi,—the very unruly anti-churchman; and so I was! and the excited mobs were shouting, '*Down with the agitator! Away with Padre Gavazzi!*' The moral to be derived from the adventure is this: If you would insure your safety in a foreign country, keep out of crowds."

Voyez Naples et mourez. "I change the traveler's motto," said Mr. Peebles, "See Naples, but *never* die!" Boarding a neat Italian steamer, he was among the monks,—cowled, crossed, cloaked *beggars!* "They not only looked fat and sleek, but drank wine and smoked cigars very much like sinners in gin palaces, dirty and lazy too!" Passed close to volcanic Stromboli, the ancient Æolus, revered by Pliny, the exiled home of Charles Martel, famous with the Crusades; and, landing, he found rooms in the Vico Carminillo,— former residence of Robert Dale Owen while American minister there. The odor of his good name still lingers in that city. At rapid glances, he analyzed the kaleidoscopic scenery; and his soul enlarged in reverence for the beautiful of other days, still blooming amid ruins. We catch some of his sunbeams of thought:—

"The waters of the Bay of Naples have a cerulean tint, crescent-shaped, backed by an amphitheater of hills and mountains, with rocky slopes covered with sunny villas, sprinkled with orange and lemon, fig and oleander; Capri, loveliest of isles, in front,—a silver slipper; caves and grottoes in it; Sorrento, gleaming through the waves,—home of Torquato Tasso; the streets narrow and dingy, paved with lava; badly constructed dwelling-houses, iron gates, flat-roofed; insolent carriage-drivers,—villainous misrule of Catholics!

"O Pius IX. ! you so rich from hoarded taxes,—Peter's pence and foreign purses laid at your feet,—feed the people. . . . Get your crimson-clad cardinals, sleek bishops, and priests to plowing, sowing, and cultivating the fields for your beggars' sake, instead of mumbling prayers for 'Christ's sake.' Who with brains cares a fig for the decisions of your Ecu- menical Councils? The people are above all councils. Who cares whether there be one, three, or thirty thousand gods, provided they are all good ones? Who cares how Jesus was begotten, allowing that he was well begotten, and lived (as I believe he did) a beautiful and divine life? Who cares whether Jonah, of Nineveh memory, swallowed, or was swallowed by a whale, providing the bones of neither obstruct

navigation. Pope Pius, no more of your dictatorial bulls, nor muttering of formal prayers in Latin! FEED THE BEGGARS! EDUCATE THE PEOPLE! No more pretensions to infallibility, or wasting of kisses upon that brazen toe in St. Peter's. FEED THE BEGGARS! EDUCATE THE PEOPLE! No more bowings, twistings, crossings, before a speechless image or golden cross. FEED THE BEGGARS! EDUCATE THE PEOPLE! No more confessions from sinning Catholics to equally sinning priests and popes. FEED THE BEGGARS! EDUCATE THE PEOPLE!

With Samuel Guppy and lady and others,—all intelligent, hospitable Spiritualists,—Mr. Peebles improved this visit to southern Italy by inspecting the historic places and ruins in and about Naples. Starting on a warm December day, he presently reached Virgil's tomb, and pausing to read the inscription, he reflected that Virgil is best engraved on the hearts of all poets and scholars. Reaching a mountain, he rode through Grotto di Posilipo, a magnificent archway cut by the ancients, about ninety feet high, twenty-two feet wide, and twenty-three hundred feet in length,—now used as a tunnel for a railroad. The drive likewise led through Pozznoli,—Cicero's "Rome the lesser," founded 558 B. C., now fallen in ruins and deprived of its ancient splendor. He stood upon the juttred mole whereon rested the famous bridge of Caligula, viewed the remains of the temple of Augustus, and studied the figures in bas-relief upon the white marble monument in the square of Pozznoli, personifying the fourteen cities of Asia destroyed by earthquakes.

The amphitheater; there it was amid the mold of Pozznoli! —the palace of Nero's gladiatorial sports, himself in the arena when Tiridates, king of Amedia, was his royal guest. Five hundred feet in length, one hundred and forty feet in breadth, in form of an ellipse inclosed in a circle, it could seat fifty thousand spectators. Our traveler ascended its marble steps and over its four tiers of seats. Far below, under the marble flooring, were the stalls for the bears, lions, and tigers; the deep wells; and on the sides were the visible entrances for the gladiators and animals. There, too, was the imperial

seat, distinguished by Corinthian columns of black marble.
He meditated,—

“ Where dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth.”

Visiting the most noted places in Rome, he found a world of art, ruins, beauty, filth, beggary, and everywhere the traces of ancient glory and renown. He crossed the bridge of St. Angelo; paced the Borgo Nuovo; stood under the Piazza; and there was the gorgeous St. Peter's, covering eight acres, on the spot where Nero had his Circus, just where the apostle Peter was martyred. “ See the unspeakable grandeur ! ” writes Mr. Peebles. “ Stand under the firmament of marble, and cast your eye along the richly ornamented nave, along the statue-lined transepts, and up into the circling vault, that wondrous dome, supported by four piers each two hundred and eighty-four feet in periphery, and then you feast upon the fullness of its magnificence. . . . It occupied a period of one hundred and seventy-six in building, and three hundred and sixty years to perfect it ! ” He saw the papal throne, the master paintings of the renowned artists,—Raphael's and Angelo's,—the “ Gift of Tongues,” the “ Feast of Pentecost,” and the “ Transfiguration,”—the last great work of Raphael; “ who seems to have been conscious then of standing upon the very verge of the summer-land.”

Walking out to the Protestant burial-ground, beset by Catholic beggars as usual, as if there he might breathe a freer air, he found the tomb of the poet Shelley, having the simple inscription, “ *Concordium* ; ” and beyond it that of the poet Keats, bearing this inscription : —

“ *This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet ; who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his tombstone, ‘ Here lies one whose name is writ in water.’* Feb. 14, 1821.”

Commenting upon this,— for the record touched his heart,
— Mr. Peebles writes home —

“ A pack of prowling, cowardly critics, incompetent of writing poems themselves, and actuated by a low ambition,— a sort of mental dropsy,— pounced upon the sensitive young Keats, and hunted him into his grave. He lives: they are forgotten.”

The Ecumenical Council, the twenty-first of the Latin Church, that pronounced the pope “ *infallible*,” was holding its sessions during Mr. Peebles’s visit to Rome; consisting then of fifty-five cardinals, eleven patriarchs, six hundred and forty-seven primates, archbishops, and bishops, six abbots, twenty-one mitred abbots, and twenty-eight generals of monastic orders. These fathers he saw in St. Peter’s on Christmas day. Speaking of the august ceremony there performed, and of friends, he writes in a private letter, dated Rome, Dec. 26, 1869:—

. . . “ Two of these days in Rome I have spent mostly with Prince George,— a magnificent man, every inch a German prince. He accompanied me to the Vatican, St. Peter’s, ruins of Cæsar’s palaces, the Pantheon, Pincian Hill, and several of the most distinguished churches. On Christmas day, saw the pope borne through the broad aisle of St. Peter’s upon eight men’s shoulders, the Catholics dropping suddenly upon their knees, as if he were the Almighty himself. Saw the seven hundred bishops kiss the brazen toe. Beholding the miters, crosses, imperial robes, and heartless ceremonies, I said, ‘ Is this the religion of Jesus, *the meek and lowly?*’ . . .

“ My dear brother, Dr. Willis, is with me. How happy our acquaintance in years past, when we were laboring together, he in Coldwater, and I in Battle Creek, Mich.

“ Kindred natures indulge in few formalities. Especially is this true when meeting in foreign lands. Our evenings in the city are generally spent together in fraternal fellowship. Unseen visitors — unseen to self, at least — are often in attendance, with heavenly words of truth and love. The panoramic vision of the spiritual temple, with the mediumistic

workers engaged thereon, given to the Doctor upon one of these occasions, is literally ablaze with all the characteristics of a revelation. Heaven grant his speedy restoration to health!"

From Rome our traveler proceeded to Florence, the glory of the Middle Ages; the city beautiful, traversed by the River Arno, whose banks Milton trod; the spot from whence the fiery Savonarola hurled his thunderbolts at the pope. Here is the chief center where one may study the sculpture and paintings of the old masters. He visited the pride of Florentines, the Santa Maria del Fiore, of which Michael Angelo said, "I may equal, but I can not surpass thee." Among the old paintings here is one, "Paradise," opposite "Hell;" and "Purgatory," quite "respectable, showing genuine benevolence in the artist." What is the attractive power in the Catholic Church? Delaage, a zealous Catholic, answers, "The sublime and ravishing harmony of her chants, the bluish wreaths of her ascending incense, the pictures and statues with which she adorns her cathedrals and churches, and the magnificent and impressive ceremonies of her worship!" Near this church he paused by Dante's favorite retreat, and recalled Roger's words:—

— "On that ancient seat,—
The seat of stone that runs along the wall,
South of the church, east of the belfry-tower,
(Thou canst not miss it) in the sultry time
Would Dante sit conversing, and with those
Who little thought that in his hand he held
The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure
To each his place in the invisible world;
To some an upper region, some a lower;
Many a transgressor sent to his account
Long ere in Florence numbered with the dead."

He entered the galleries of painters' portraits. Here were Titan's face of "deep expression;" Leonardo da Vinci's, "full of beauty, grandeur, and majesty;" Michael Angelo's, "sour, harsh, and gloomy;" Raphael's, "easy and graceful;" Angel-

ica Hauffman's, "young, dreamy, and winning;" Joseph Reynolds, "hard and stern." But he reflected that some of these, while under the molding influence of the love of the beautiful, suffered this influence to be measurably neutralized by the adversities of life. Great artists are often "dreamy and impractical," who fall under persecution for their innovations, and their consequent misfortunes render passion a battle, and love a storm, so that a sweet spirit may become transformed in the expression of an Angelo's face, as "sour, harsh, and gloomy."

The leaning tower of Pisa, of boyhood's wonder! he sat under its shadow; "take care, surely it must fall!" He mounted the spiral staircase, one hundred and eighty-seven feet, and looked off upon the city of fifty thousand, once double that, once the rival of Genoa, and the competitor of Venice for the sovereignty of the sea. But the tower! "While on this elevation, your thoughts naturally revert to Galileo, who used the inclination of the tower to find the measure of time, and develop his theory of the fall of heavy bodies. Here, too, he demonstrated that the earth sails round the sun. Daring man,—a heretic! The Church has ever persecuted the scientists."

In *Cimiterio Inglese* he found the grave of Theodore Parker. On the way, he passed the monument erected to the memory of Mrs. Browning, the poetess and Spiritualist. All that is on it is, "E. B. B." So the sculptor *nearly* remembered her own wish,—

"A stone above my heart and head,
But no name written on the stone."

"Under the cypress-trees, and having a plain brown marble monument, repose in this cemetery all that is mortal of one, who, not only in America, but in all enlightened lands, lives on earth immortal. The slab has this inscription:—

"Theodore Parker, born at Lexington, Mass., U. S. A.,
Aug. 24, 1810; died at Florence, May 10, 1860."

What emotions thrilled his heart! He recalled the Church's persecution against him, and the Church's repent-

ance, now that his truth and justice prevail. "I am proud," he says, "that I had known him in life,—proud that he was an *American*. . . . The true worker continues his work in the land of souls."

While in Italy and France, Mr. Peebles formed many valuable acquaintances of literary and artistic celebrities, among whom may be mentioned T. Adolphus Trollope, Hiram Powers, Baron de Guldenstubbe, Salvadore Brunetti, Baron Vincenzo Capara, Girolamo Parisi, and Signor G. Damiani. These gentlemen contributed much in making his short stay in Florence both pleasant and profitable.

About the middle of December, 1869, there convened in Florence a very important body,—“The Anti-Ecumenical Council!”—a council that was the outburst of free thought, prophetic of papal decline. Mr. Peebles, being in Florence, was invited to attend and participate in the deliberations. Through Signor Damiani, he was introduced to Count Ricciardo, and spent several evenings with him and other cosmopolitan gentlemen; during one of which the Count turned to him, and speaking in excellent English, said:—

“America and American institutions are not convulsed with the intrigues of Church and State. No, sir! liberty is the American watchword. Freedom, political, social, and religious, constitutes our ‘Trinity.’ We have letters of sympathy from distinguished men and women in all parts of Europe, from St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and other portions of the United States; but as you are the only personal representative, so far as I am aware, we should be happy to have you sit and deliberate with us in our public council.”

We clip the following from the Naples and Florence *Observer*:—

“SATURDAY, Dec. 14, 1869.

“MEETING OF THE ANTI-CONCILIO, OR CONGRESS OF
FREE-THINKERS, IN NAPLES.

“The first meeting of the ‘Anti-concilio,’ organized by Count Ricciardo as an opposition and demonstration to the Ecumenical Council now being held in Rome, took place on

Thursday in the theater *San Ferdinando*. The stage was occupied by the foreign delegates, the president, his secretaries and supporters, and the representatives of the press; amongst whom we noticed Mr. Daniel, the special reporter of *The New York Herald*, U. S. A.; Mr. Peebles, United States Consul to Trebisond, Asia, and editor of *The Universe*; M. Carl Ludeking, correspondent of two German-American papers, and other foreign correspondents. . . .

“The roll call was preceded by some few speeches, one of which was by Mr. Peebles, editor of *The Universe*, Chicago, U. S. A.; another by M. Carl Ludeking, of St. Louis; another by an aged German professor; a fourth by a young republican from Belgium; and a fifth by Garibaldi's old chaplain.”

In his admirable report of the council, Mr. Peebles writes to *The Universe*:—

“At the general opening of the anti-council, the president delivered the address, which was pronounced learned and logical. His gestures were graceful and easy. The Italian language is music itself. Closing, he submitted the following questions to the Congress assembled, as suggestive of discussion:—

“I. Of religious liberty, and the best means for rendering it full and permanent.

“II. Of the complete separation of Church and State.

“III. Of the necessity of a code of morals, independent of religious belief.

“IV. Of the establishment of an international association to promote the principles of freedom, and the general good, intellectual and moral.

“The officers chosen and committees appointed, the secretaries read letters of adhesion and approval from Garibaldi, Victor Hugo, and many other distinguished patriots, authors, thinkers, in Europe, Mexico, United States, Brazil, Chili, West Indies, the Grecian Isles, and important cities in Asia and Africa. Between two and three thousand individuals' names were enrolled, a majority of whom, being in attendance, answered for themselves when called by the secretaries. Occa-

sionally, when some celebrated lady arose, and responded 'present,' or offered a few encouraging remarks, the cheering of the multitude would be deafening." . . .

From Mr. Peebles's speech delivered on the occasion, we here subjoin two or three paragraphs:—

"ITALIANS, BROTHERS,—Made, by virtue of an invitation extended by your distinguished president, a member of this Congress of free-thinkers, and requested to participate in your deliberations, I most deeply regret my inability to address you in your native language,—a language so naturally adapted to music, to the sentiments of poetry, and the principles of philosophy. Freedom of conscience underlies the very foundation of the American declaration of Independence. Our Constitution, giving the preference to no religious creed, does not even mention the word *God*. Rightly interpreted, it considers man above *all* institutions,—man and his innate rights above cardinals and popes, churches and kingdoms. With the exception of a few clergymen and their willing dupes, the united voice of America is eloquent in behalf of the inalienable rights of man,—the right of each to think, to hear, to believe, and to judge for himself upon all questions, civil, political, and religious; and no priest has any business to say, 'Why believe ye?' or, 'Why do ye thus and so?'

"History warrants the declaration, that, wherever papal influences and Bibles have gone, there have followed in the wake, war, persecution, bigotry, and oppression. Sectarian Christianity has deluged the earth in crimson streams of blood for opinion's sake. It kindled the fires of Smithfield. It bolted the dungeon doors of the inquisition upon Savonarola. It rang bells of rejoicing on St. Bartholomew's Eve. It persecuted Tasso, Copernicus, Galileo, and stabbed to the heart other apostles of science and men of letters. It sacrificed two millions of men during the Crusades. Christian steel has drunk Christian blood in all lands. The sword of Pope Pius IX., upheld by the bayonets of a Christian nation, is already edged for further rapine and death. Only two years since, he decapitated young Tognetti for alleged political conspiracy.

This youth, fired with the inspiration of freedom, loved Italy, loved *human rights*, more than the temporal power; and, by the pope's order, he was executed: and his two brothers are in this assembly as mourners, to-day. Down on such Christianity as this! Down with your red-handed popes, and up with science! Down with priests, and up with the people! Down with bigotry, and up with toleration! Down with churchal authority everywhere, and up with individual freedom! Italians, send American, *all* missionaries, back to their native lands, with their *Bibles* and rot-eaten *tracts*, and invite them to return with patent washing-machines, schoolhouses, and libraries, with the ax, the spade, and the plow, and, when returning, use them with ungloved hands. Practical industry cools missionary zeal. Shame on these American bishops who go from a country of freemen to papal Rome, to vote the pope infallible. Such assumption is the quintessence of impudence on their part, weakness and dotage on his.

"The central idea, the prime thought, of cultured Americans, is free speech, free press, and free religion. The generous hearts of at least twenty million trans-Atlantic citizens beat in full sympathy with yours to-day. As an individual, I tender you the affections of a warm heart, the clasp of an open hand, and the fellowship of a soul that has sworn eternal hate to priestcraft and oppression. . . .

"Thanking you for your patience in listening to a stranger in a language that few of you understand, I close with this sentiment:—

"May Italians speedily possess all Italian territory! May proud, historic Rome be its capital! May capital and country constitute one united republic! and may that republic be sustained by the enlightened influences of education, justice, universal suffrage, the equality of the sexes, and the beautiful peace principles of love and wisdom."

"Near the close of the second evening's session," writes Mr. Peebles, "while a talented French delegate was speaking eloquently of republican institutions and *free religion*, declaring that Rome was kept from the Italians against the will of

Frenchmen, hundreds of voices joined in the cry, '*Long live republics, liberty of conscience, free religion!*'

"When up rose an officer, scarfed and ribboned, and said, '*In the name of the laws I pronounce this meeting dissolved!*'

"Murmurs half-suppressed, agitations, intense feeling of indignation, as though a fearful mental storm was ready to burst, and President *Ricciardo*, rising, said, 'I beg of you disperse quietly,—quietly, and in good order.'

"It seemed like a dream. An immense assembly in attendance,—a French orator in the midst of a thrilling speech, an enthusiastic people cheering and rejoicing, the meeting dissolved, the lights extinguished, a horde of policemen prowling about, the people crowding into the streets.

"Shame on such despotism! My whole being was on fire. Oh beautiful, sun-kissed Italy! Oh wretched, bleeding, pope-cursed Italy! I mingle my tears with yours, with Perasees and the angels, asking how long, oh! how long, before your day of deliverance?"

At this council, Mr. Peebles was awarded a significant and splendid medal for his speech, and the interest he manifested in its grand objects, and was afterwards elected an honorary member of the *Societa Florantina de Spiritismo*, presenting him a diploma written in Italian, and dated Feb. 28, 1870.



XXXI

LABORS IN ENGLAND

**“ Answer them, sons of the self-same race
And blood of the self-same clan ;
Let us speak with each other face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as
None but free men can.”**

Leaving the Italian cities, Mr. Peebles returned to London in January, 1870, and in obedience to his own promptings and the invitations of the English Spiritualists, in company with J. Burns, proceeded immediately to the organization of Sunday meetings at the Cavendish rooms in Regent Street. His first lecture was delivered on the third Sunday in January, to a comparatively small audience. He continued his labors over four months in London, and week evenings in the provincial cities, the interest finally augmenting into large assemblies composed of a substantial class of English minds. He preceded his lectures with a short and simple religious service, including congregational singing. The largest attendance was at the evening meetings. Occasionally absent in other cities, his desk was supplied by J. Burns, H. D. Jenken, E. Dawson Rogers, and others, with good success. We subjoin a few extracts from the British Spiritual press:—

“ Mr. Peebles, according to a system he has long carried out in the United States, preceded his lecture with a short religious service; and he began by giving out a hymn, which was sung by the large number of Spiritualists and others present. He then offered up a short prayer to the Almighty, giving thanks to him for the blessings of direct communication with departed friends, and for having planted within every

human being the seeds of endless growth and eternal progression.

“ Mr. Peebles’s discourse at the Sunday evening services in the Cavendish rooms, on the 27th ult., was one of the most powerful, in some respects, that we have ever listened to. The subject was ‘Heaven and hell: what are they? where are they?’ which was characterized by cogent reasoning and great moral power. A curious fact should not be overlooked in estimating the cause of the singular influence which this address had on the hearers. Several seeing mediums who were in the meeting gave corroborative descriptions of spirit-forms which were seen behind and above the speaker. A venerable-looking sage, with very long hair and beard, stood on a mound apart from the speaker, the space between whom and this spirit was filled with a white ethereal substance. A female spirit stood to the right, and a male spirit to the left of Mr. Peebles, while an Indian stood right behind him. Streams of light proceeded from the grave-visaged sage to the attendant spirits; and, when the ideas were bright and forcible, the color of these streams was golden; but when of an ordinary kind, they were silvery in appearance. The attendant spirits took hold of the streams of light proceeding from the sage, and placed them on the head of the speaker, sometimes in the region of ideality, and sometimes that of veneration and benevolence. The Indian spirit made very long passes with his hands all over Mr. Peebles’s body, from the head downward, as if to give him vital force. These are very interesting facts, and require no comment.”

At this meeting he electrified his audience by relating some of his experiences with the Indians during his tour with the “Peace Commission”:—

“Some one thousand Indians met in council, drawn up in half-moons, near the confluence of the rivers North and South Platte: the discussion then began; old grievances were brought up. General Sherman, a kind-hearted man, but shrewd withal, put some questions about one point, in which the Indians had broken a former treaty; and these questions

rather puzzled the chief speaker on the other side, who was known to the whites as 'Old Spotted Tail.' Being puzzled, he refused to give an immediate answer, and summoned to his side a young Indian, who directly afterward ran away; and, for nearly an hour and a half from that time, not a single word would the old Indian chief, or any subordinate chief, lisp: but, when the young man came back, Spotted Tail made a most eloquent speech. He (Mr. Peebles) afterwards ascertained, that, nine days before the council met, a celebrated medicine-man among the Indians had begun to prepare himself to hold converse with the Great Spirit, and to give advice to the tribes. By being calm, meditative, and taking little food, he became passive and negative enough to enter the clairvoyant state; and thus the advice was given. There was not a single Indian youth to be seen in all that council; and, on inquiry, he was told that, three days before it began, orders had been issued that all young Indians should absent themselves from the camp, because the chiefs did not wish them to become contaminated by the vices of the Christian whites."

At a meeting of Mrs. C. Berry's circle, on Wednesday evening, January 19, Mrs. Perrin and Mrs. Child,—mediums, —together with other ladies and gentlemen, including Dr. Ashburner and N. F. Dow, Mr. Peebles had an interview with John King, by audible conversation. This spirit identified himself as the spirit who magnetically struck him those heavy blows at the séance in Cleveland, Ohio, of the Davenport boys, in 1856. The spirit also recalled the interesting incidents of that occasion; when Mr. Peebles remarked to the astonished circle, "To John King I owe my final conversion to Spiritualism."

At Bradford, after an inspirational lecture, a lawyer popped up, and said, "The able gentleman has told us about spirits and spiritual things; now we would like a test. Show us the ghost, and we will believe;" and sat down amid exclamations of "Hear! Hear!" Mr. Peebles, without the least embarrassment, arose, and replied, "The gentleman believes in God, preaches God, and asks us to believe; will he be kind enough

to illustrate his own philosophy by showing us God? He believes in Jesus Christ; will he show us Christ?" The audience was enthusiastic over this happy hit. "I am a lecturer on Spiritual Philosophy," he added, "and my mission is to instruct by the gift of knowledge, not to show ghosts to gratify idle curiosity."

Human Nature, a scholarly monthly journal, edited and published by J. Burns, says, among other important reports of spiritual movements:—

"The work is extending itself into the provinces. Mr. Peebles has visited Norwich, and addressed earnest, intelligent, and influential meetings. He is invited to Halifax; and other places are making arrangements. Where there are two or three Spiritualists in a place, they need be under no misapprehensions in making arrangements for Mr. Peebles. The first two meetings should be called by special invitation, and be held in some gentleman's drawing-room or parlor. Another Spiritualist might invite his circle of friends to his house on the following evening; after which, a modest public meeting might be ventured on, to be followed by a second, which might be considered enough for a beginning. From such safe and agreeable proceedings, useful organizations would certainly spring up, and great good be effected. Mr. Peebles, zealous and eloquent, is just the man for this important work,—a work which is sternly demanded in England, and which every earnest reformer sighs for."

The Norfolk News reports his lecture in St. Andrews Hall, Norwich, on Thursday evening, February 15, as a news item. At the close, some one rose, and asked, "What is the use of Spiritualism?" Mr. Peebles replied:—

"That is a Yankee question. [Laughter.] We should not say, 'What is the use of it?' but, 'Is it true?' The use of it is to show that there is a future life, and to corroborate the Bible histories. The use of it is to roll up the curtain, and show to us those we love. It teaches us that there is no death. It demonstrates a future existence. The lecturer, in conclusion, made some telling observations in relation to the restraining

influences that would be exercised over the viciously inclined by the thought that there are present with them, watching them in all their doings, the pure spirits of those who love them."

Noticing some portly gentlemen, who it might be inferred, were accustomed to wine, evidently desirous of having the spiritual gifts, he related an incident of California experience; when a person of animal habits interrogated him: —

" ' Can I become a medium ? ' I replied that it was needful, in the first place that he should cleanse his body; secondly, avoid liquors; thirdly, take no tobacco into his mouth; next, avoid swine's flesh, and all coarse and gross language; and then three evenings a week go into his closet, and sit down in prayer, passive and calm, for one hour: and, before six months had rolled away, he would see the loved ones, or hear their voices, or have some other demonstration of their presence. The man went away sorrowful; for he could not endure to do all these things."

Reporting the efforts at Halifax, Yorkshire, the editor of *Human Nature* says: —

" On Monday morning, March 14, we left Mr. Peebles at the Great Northern Railway, en route for Halifax, where he has had a most successful course of lectures. The friends of Spiritualism in that town are thoroughly active and in earnest, as all Yorkshire men are when they take up a good thing. They accordingly hired the finest public hall in the town — the Mechanics' Hall — for Mr. Peebles's lectures, charged 1s., 6d., and 3d. for admission, Sunday, 2d. The meetings were small to begin with, and it is an immensely large hall; but the interest increased: and much excitement was created by the free discussion and questions answered by the lecturer each night. It is reported that five clergymen were present on one evening, and three on another, one of whom had the good breeding and ' Christian ' charity to call the lecturer an ' infidel ' to his face. The lecturer's replies to these attacks were apt, keen, and scathingly sarcastic. The consequence of all this is, that the committee have cleared their expenses with something over; and everybody is extremely pleased except the ' devil and the Orthodox.'

“Spiritualism has attained a position in Yorkshire which is not dreamed of by the people of the South. The Sunday meetings at Halifax are held in a nice snug hall, capable of seating three hundred, has a fine organ, and someone that can play on it. Similar good news hail from Keighley. Mr. Weatherhead is building a handsome hall at his own expense; and this ancient headquarters of progress seems determined to maintain its supremacy.

“We rejoice in the success that attends the missionary labors of our friend Mr. Peebles: no man can more fully deserve it. He is a power on the platform. We require such a speaker and mediator between truth and the people amongst us at all times. Those who desire a visit from him should make arrangements without delay.”

When that minister at Halifax called Mr. Peebles an “infidel,” he rose calmly, and said,—

“You call me an ‘infidel.’ Sir, do *you* believe in Jesus Christ?”

“Yes,” he answered most emphatically.

“Do you believe in the gifts of the Holy Spirit, promised to believers?”

“I do most assuredly,” replied the minister very coolly.

“Very well: I test you by Christ’s own words, ‘These signs shall follow them that believe, They shall cast out devils; lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover; make the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk,’ etc. Do these signs follow *you*, sir?”

“*Ahem*,—well,—no!”

“Very well; then you are not a believer: you are an infidel.”

At this crisis, another clergyman, seeing the predicament of his brother, volunteered his services, saying, “I wish to ask the speaker one question more. You took your text from the New Testament. Are *you* a believer in Jesus Christ?”

“Most assuredly, my brother,” replied Mr. Peebles.

“Do any of these spiritual gifts follow you, Mr. Speaker?”

“Certainly: and, among others, I have ‘the gift of knowledge,’ and have come to teach *you*,—you poor blind bigots,”

answered Mr. Peebles, as the audience surged with laughter, and cheer on cheer echoed through the extensive hall.

A writer in the *Unitarian Herald*, London, thus speaks of Mr. Peebles and his Halifax lecture:—

“Mr. Peebles is a tall man, with a high forehead, large features, and a long grayish beard; which, joined to his strange dress, give him a look that is not of this world. The shape of his head and face reminded me much of Mr. Baxter Langley, in spite of the difference of manner and complexion. He has a strong persuasive power over his audience.

* * * * *

“I heard Mr. Peebles’s lectures at Halifax during one of his provincial sojourns; and he left on my mind a strong conviction of his sincerity and originality. I believe that I saw before me a man who had studied human life and religious ideas in strange and unwonted aspects; had dared to read God and nature with his own eyes, and to tell the world what he had seen there. I had met men before who had the courage to think the truth, and one or two (possessed of large private fortunes and very submissive wives) who even dared to speak it; but I have never seen a man who would give up his life to the word of spreading an unpopular religion over two continents. I listen respectfully when Strauss, Renan, Hase, Neander, Professor Seely and Mr. Liddon tell me all they have found out of manuscripts and lexicons as to what the life of Christ *must have been*; but I shall drink in every word that Mr. Peebles, resting from his apostolate, will tell me as to what the life of Christ is, and perchance find in ‘Jesus, Myth, Man, or God,’ a living solution of the greatest of life-problems.”

At London, Mr. Peebles received a lengthy and terse criticism on his “Seers of the Ages,” by E. S. Wheeler, of *The American Spiritualist*, who claimed that Jesus is nothing but a myth, or made-up character; also a criticism, equally pointed, by William Howitt, who, admiring the work, regarded one feature of it as Christianity unsound, in that it teaches the Unitarian doctrine of the mere *humanity* of Jesus. Christian Spiritualists in and about London also criticised him severely,

because of his "anti-Christian teachings." Some one sent him the following letter:—

BISHOPSGATE STREET, March 15, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is not from a desire to wound your feelings, but to serve the truth, that I write to you upon this occasion.

"Spiritualism, to become successful in the kingdom, must be managed by men of cultured minds, and with a becoming Christian prudence. We neither want the re-incarnation theory of French Spiritualism nor the infidel Spiritualism of America preached in our midst.

"I have heard five lectures from you during the past few months; and in not one of them did you mention Christ,—Christ as the only name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.

"Any teachings of Spiritualism not in strict harmony with true Christian doctrines and influences, though taught in fluent American style, and by a United States consul, will not be received by our English people. This was Mrs. Hardinge's fatal mistake; with her lecture against the Trinity, comparing the Triune Godhead to the Rule of Three, and her remarks upon Christ's sacrifice for sin, went her influence for good. Also there are very serious objections to reserving seats, giving shilling *séances*, and paying salaried speakers, even though imported from America, which erroneously claim to have originated Spiritualism! Paying mediums leans to deception, and the practice of trickery for gain.

"I can not give my adhesion to the most pretending of the spiritual arrangements, as they are now being manipulated in London. I do not question your sincerity nor ability to teach; but your doctrines are not acceptable to the Christian portion of true believers.

Respectfully yours,

"AN ENGLISH SPIRITUALIST."

Under these criticisms, Mr. Peebles proceeded immediately to write a book, entitled "Jesus, Myth, Man, or God," published by J. Burns. He gave it his best thought; enriched it

with historic research, furnishing proof of the personal existence of the man Jesus outside of the Christian Fathers or the Gospels; reviewed Trinitarianism without quarter, and exposed the corruptions of the Christian Church, from the time of Constantine to the present. He subpœnaed the priesthood, and charged them with atrocities and vices from which there is no escape. The book is interspersed with sharp hits like this: —

“Warned, therefore, by the blood-crimsoned banners that have floated and still float over Christian lands, in the name of the imprisoned and beggared, the burned and persecuted for Christ’s sake, in the name of the skinless skeletons of fifty millions of slaughtered victims, slaughtered and piled on the bony back of *churchal Christianity*, I protest, as one among sympathizing millions, against having ‘*Christian*’ dragged in and imposed upon Spiritualism!

“Sectarian Christianity is becoming more and more a moral stench in the nostrils of all great and noble souls. Scientists in every enlightened country spit upon its creed-stuffed and priest-patched carcass. Profound thinkers make merry over its shattered, withered, and *soul-less* body!”

Thus using a two-edged sword against anointed falsehood and evil, the author, defensive for purity, crediting a man for what he is morally worth, says, “Jesus’ sympathetic character was certainly sweeter than that of the masses of men. His aspirations were exalted; angels breathed directly upon him. No continued moral perversions impaired the delicate perceptions of his nature, chilled the fountains of his feelings, nor the currental flow of his soul’s affections. Married by the inexorable law of affinity to humanity, he could not be chained while on his missioned work to another individuality. Quick to feel the sorrows of others, the sensitive tendrils of his loving heart, constantly attuned and tremulously responsive, vibrated to every child of human suffering. He identified himself with sorrow and disgrace, with humanity in its lowest estate, that he might the more successfully exert the healing, saving love-power of his soul in the redemption of the erring.”

Being evidently somewhat disturbed at the wrangling over

the term *Christian*, as a proper prefix to Spiritualism, and wishing to strip the word from all unnecessary adjectives, he said in one of his London lectures in words that seemed to pulse in the hearts of his hearers:—

“ But differ as we may in our theories, when pushed into the mythic realm of speculative theology, our facts are one. On this common ground, then, this broad platform of tolerance and good-will, let us stand a banded brotherhood of true souls,— stand like polished shafts of light and truth in the temple of the eternal.

“ As a Spiritualist, striving to conserve the good found in all religions, past and present, seeking constantly to lead a holier life, looking trustingly for higher unfoldings of truth and fresher developments in the fields of science, I extend the fraternal hand of fellowship to each and all; and in this hand buds and blossoms the olive-branch of peace. ‘ By this,’ said Jesus, ‘ shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.’ What matters nationality, clime, or dogma to God, who beneficently ‘ sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust?’ What cared the Good Shepherd of Judea about the color or names of the sheep constituting the flock? ‘ Other sheep I have,’ said he, ‘ which are *not* of this fold: them also I must bring; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.’ What will it be to angels when the curtain of immortality is uplifted, and you stand in the presence of those glorified hosts? The question will not be asked, Were you a Christian Spiritualist, a radical Spiritualist, or a re-incarnation Spiritualist; but did you live up to the light you had received as soul-convictions? Were the heart’s affections right, and the life-purposes pure? Did you feed the hungry, clothe the naked, provide for the orphan, sympathize with the sorrowing, or, scripturally expressed, did you ‘ go about doing good ’?”

During his stay in London, Mr. Peebles received the following note from Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, the distinguished Hindoo scholar and divine:—

“ 4 WOBURN SQUARE, W. C., 20th April, 1870.

“ MY DEAR SIR,— I shall be happy to see you here on Tuesday next, at any time between two and five, P. M.

I remain, my dear sir, yours truly,

“ KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

“ J. M. PEEBLES, Esq.”

“ The Medium ” reports the interview that succeeded this cordial invitation :—

“ Our readers will have heard of the arrival and cordial reception in London of this gentleman, who is a native of the East Indies, and an enthusiastic religious reformer. His object is to establish the primitive religion of a belief in the one spiritual God, and a practical duty of education, and works of progress and philanthropy. Already a number of churches are in existence in Hindostan ; and the movement is being carried on with great enthusiasm, renouncing idolatry in every form, breaking down caste, and promoting knowledge and mental freedom. On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Peebles and Mr. Burns had an interview with this distinguished visitor, and gave him to understand, in the name of Spiritualists of Britain and America, that they deeply sympathized with his mission ; which was in most points identical with the objects sought by Spiritualists. They informed Mr. Sen that Spiritualism had the same monotheistic basis as the ‘ Brahma Somaj,’ of which he is the distinguished leader, and that Spiritualists labored to disenthral mankind from sectarian caste, social caste, property caste, and from the galling bonds of ignorance and superstition, forged for society for many ages by an ignorant, bigoted, and self-interested priesthood, and a slough of misery and vice entailed on the people by the unwarrantable dominance of rulers and aristocrats over property and personal liberty. Our friends found in Mr. Sen an intelligent man, and a brother, whose social and theological views are far in advance of the popular theology of this country. Mr. Sen gave some information respecting the supernatural beliefs

of his countrymen; who are superstitious, and require to be educated and directed. He is well acquainted with Spiritualism, knew our departed friend, the late Mr. Nelson of Calcutta, also Peary Chand Mittra of Calcutta the leading Spiritualist of India. Spirit-communion is old in India. We wish India could afford to send over a good supply of such missionaries, to teach the true religion which thousands of years ago originated on the banks of the Ganges, but which Pagan emperors, licentious kings, popes, bishops, priests, and parsons have degraded into a mercenary trade, to suit their selfish interests."

An aristocratic wedding: of course he would attend. This note was cordial:—

"Lord and Lady Otho Fitz-Gerald request the pleasure of the Hon. J. M. Peebles's (United States consul) company at St. Martin's Church, on Thursday, 12th of May, at eleven o'clock, and to the wedding breakfast afterwards at one o'clock, at No. 8 Carlton House Terrace."

About two hundred distinguished guests assembled,—lords, dukes, reverends, honorables, marquises, marchionesses, etc.; who lavished choice presents upon the bride, step-daughter of Lord Otho Fitz-Gerald, comptroller of her Majesty's household, and also upon the bridegroom, "The Rev. George Cockburn Dickinson, married to the Hon. Ursula Elizabeth Denison." Their bridal tour was to the Holy Land. The "consul" enjoyed it vastly, thinking all the while that hearts are all royal where true love is.

The merits of our brother's work were recognized in Paris, by making him an honorary fellow of the "Société Parisienne des Etudes Spirités," as will be seen by the following letter:—

"The Paris Society for Spiritual Studies. Founded at Paris on the 1st of April, 1858, by Allan Kardec, 27 Rue Molière.

"PARIS, May 28, 1870.

"SIR AND DEAR BROTHER,—The Paris Society for Spiritual Studies desires me to thank you for the present which you have made them of one of your excellent work, 'The Seers of

the Ages.' One of their members will report on it at a forthcoming *séance* of the society.

"They, moreover, are grateful to you for the intention which you appear to have of making the books of Allan Kardec known in America. You are thus working towards a unity of belief which can only be accomplished to the extent that the lofty doctrine of re-incarnation is made clear, on the basis of a rational theory concerning life and progress.

"It seems to us a matter of great importance, that, without regard to differences of nationality, all those who share in a common belief should be in constant communion of heart and intellect, and that Spiritualism should take an international character.

"Our society would be proud to count you among those belonging to them. They beg you to accept the title of honorary and corresponding member, which they are pleased to offer you. Accept our, etc.

"E. BONNEMERE,

*"President of the Paris Society for Spiritual Studies, Member of the Literary Society, and of the Society of dramatic Authors.
31 Rue de Boulogne, Paris.*

"MR. PEBBLES."

Mr. Peebles was invited into literary circles represented by the Brights, Masseys, Howitts, Tennysons, Ashburtons, Jacksons, Tyndalls, Lockyers, Varleys, Crookes, Wilkinsons, Cooks, Wallaces, etc., and was unexpectedly elected a member of a scientific society of distinguished influence. *The Medium and Daybreak* says:—

"When our friend Mr. Peebles went to the East last autumn, he had instructions from the Anthropological Society of London to gather whatever facts came under his notice relative to the science of man. To this end he was appointed a local secretary for the East. His speedy return to Britain prevented his credentials reaching him in Asia; but, since he arrived in London, he has attended some of the meetings of the society, and has been presented with a diploma of honorary fel-

lowship and of local secretary for Trebizond or elsewhere. Mr. Peebles has ample scope for making anthropological observations in America, where he has come much in contact with the Aborigines."

The following is a copy of his diploma:—

" ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

FOUNDED IN 1863.

" The Anthropological Society of London, at a meeting held this day, elected J. M. Peebles, Esq., United States consul, a Local Secretary for Trebizond, Asia; in virtue of which the present diploma is delivered.

" J. M. Peebles, F.A.S.L., *Honorary Fellow*.

" JOHN BEDDOE, *President*.

DUNBAR ISADORE HEATH, *Treasurer*.

J. BARNARD DAVIS, *Vice-President*.

C. STANISLAND WAKE, *Dep. Director*.

" LONDON, Nov. 30, 1869."

Availing himself of the courtesies of the *Royal Institution*, Mr. Peebles attended the meetings of this scientific body. The London *Pall-Mall Gazette* reports one of the lectures upon " The Solar Spectrum;" which to Mr. Peebles was of great utility, illustrative of the effect of spirit-spheres upon mortals,—

" Last Saturday afternoon, Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., delivered his third lecture at the Royal Institution, upon ' The Sun.' Prince Christian presided; and among the listeners were her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Lady A. Stanley, Prof. Tyndall, Lady Ashburton, Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F. R. S., Mr. J. M. Peebles, American Consul at Trebizond, and Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., President of the Royal Institution.

" A parallel beam of light from the electric lamp was passed through a vertical slit, from which it emerged into the dark theater. A glass double-convex lens was then placed in the path of the light; and, after passing through the lens, the rays were sent through two hollow glass prisms, filled with bisul-

phide of carbon. By this arrangement, the different colors in white light were disentangled from each other, and spread out upon a screen; where they appeared like a slice cut out of a rainbow, with the red color at one end, gradually melting in succession into yellow, green, and blue, till the violet of the other end of the spectrum was reached. He then told how the white light of the sun, when similarly treated, does not give quite a similiar spectrum; for, instead of the colors being continuous they are cut here and there by vertical dark lines, of which two in the yellow part of the spectrum are very prominent. Incandescent gases do not give a continuous spectrum under ordinary conditions; and ignited sodium vapor gives a spectrum consisting of two bright yellow lines only and no other color. The two bright lines of sodium fall upon exactly the same part of the spectrum as the two dark lines in the spectrum of solar light; and it has been discovered, that the two dark lines just mentioned are produced by sodium vapor between the eye of the observer and the sources of the light of the sun. In proof of this Mr. Lockyer threw a continuous spectrum upon the screen, the carbon points inside the lamp being well impregnated with sodium, to intensify the yellow rays. Then outside the slit, and in the path of the rays, he burnt some metallic sodium, so that the light from the lamp had to pass through the ignited sodium vapor before reaching the screen. It was then seen that the vapor absorbed some of the yellow rays, so as to produce a dark band upon the screen; but it did not intercept rays of any other color. Incandescent vapors, therefore, have a tendency to absorb the rays which they themselves emit; wherefore the two dark bands in the yellow of the solar spectrum are believed to be caused by an atmosphere of sodium vapor between the eye of the spectator and the source of a portion of the yellow light of the sun. On the same principle, the presence of other substances in the sun has been proved."

These private letters to his warm personal friend *Rev. J. O. Barrett*, from Mr. Peebles are so descriptive and fraternal, we deem them worthy of a place,—

“LONDON, Feb. 24, 1870.

“DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,— . . . Am now speaking every Sunday in London, attempting to build up a permanent society. It is the first continuous effort to establish spiritual meetings upon a religious basis. All previous took the form of lectures.

. . . “Next week I purpose visiting Victor Hugo, the French exile. He is a reputed Spiritualist; certainly his words are all aglow with soul. In funeral orations, I think he excels all other men.

. . . “Soon as possible I desire to write a book on “Mohammedanism and Spiritualism of the Orient.” It would delight my soul to live in some Oriental country. There could I find the promised rest to the weary.

“Love to your home buds on the life-tree.

“I received letters from young Dunn, my bosom boy and brother; and how do I delight to hear about his excellent wife and two intelligent, sunny children! Our world is so full of loves, it ought to be beautiful and good.”

“LONDON, April 3, 1870.

“FRIEND JOSEPH,— . . . One sentence in yours pains me. You ask, ‘Have you forgotten the obscure brother, living away here among these snowy hills of Wisconsin?’ Forgotten! do you not yet fully know me? I have never yet forgotten a friend. Would sacrifice anything for you, for your family, for all friends. . . . I am tired, weary. It is exhaustive, this speaking in London, Sundays, and week-day evenings in the provinces. I admire these Englishmen. All my prejudices have faded away like the morning mists. There is a solidarity in the English character. Slow, but sure their friendship is permanent. Next week I purpose to visit the isle of Wight, seeing the poet Tennyson, and speaking perhaps one evening. It is rumored there are several Spiritualists upon the isle. Last week, visiting, I tarried a day and night with William Howitt and family. Mary, his wife, is an angel. They are both earnest Spiritualists. His library is very extensive. His lawn and

garden abound in beautiful walks. His head is a living cyclo-pedia, filled with the wise sayings of thinkers in all ages. Next autumn they celebrate their golden wedding. Their home seemed to me an earthly paradise." . . .

" LONDON, April 17, 1870.

" DEAR BROTHER,— . . . The wise man and just considereth all circumstances and contingencies before he scoldeth (Gospel according to James).

" Your favor of March 30 *unbottled* its vitriol upon me; the 17th, I was glad to get bottle, vitriol, and all. The effect was as delightful as storms and whirlwinds. The sky evidently feels better after spilling out hurricanes. Doubtless you are in good health now. You tried to complain in your last, but did not succeed. The Christ in your composition is continually gaining victories over Adam. Surely, when you would do evil, *good* is present with you.— *Paul*.

. . . " Dr. Willis left us yesterday for America. He took a good portion of my heart with him." . . .

" LONDON, April 18, 1870.

" DEAR BROTHER,— . . . Spiritualism has performed its first cycle. Curiosity for the phenomenal is subsiding. Another angel will soon sound an alarm in the heavens. This will awake us to the moral necessity of embodying the practical with the fundamental principles. Phenomena are necessary, but principles, practice and holy living are indispensable. Thinkers and scientists are searching for the harvests of these twenty years' sowing. . . . ' Watchman! what of the night? ' I am recruiting a week in Hammersmith at the home of Mrs. Morris, a cousin of Robert Dale Owen. She has a private library of four thousand volumes. What a feast! "

" LONDON, 15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W. C., May 13, 1870.

" DEAR BROTHER,— A veil, a deep veil, has hung like a pall over me for several days. Causes, great mental labor and earnest opposition to my efforts from secularists and a few Christian Spiritualists. When shall we learn to practice toleration?

Some Spiritualists here believe in the unity and the vicarious atonement and other churchal dogmas! How long must I, a peace-man, be forced to fight with tongue and pen? I confess I weary of life's battles, and sigh for a hermit home with only books, paintings, flowers, and my sweet angels. . . . My inspiration leads me to ignore all prices for speaking; to go into the by-ways and lanes and the very church-doors, crying aloud, and sparing not. My heart is with the people. I take no pleasure in preaching to saints. Are there any? Did not Jesus come to 'save sinners, of whom I am chief?' . . . To-morrow I return to the residence of J. Burns and family,— good, faithful workers. Never can I forget their kindnesses. Note the beautiful penmanship of my amanuensis, Thos. Reeves. He is the soul of integrity."

XXXII

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE

“Life can be as lovely as its best moods. . . .
In the wine of love is the truth of life.”

— *Gail Hamilton.*

Early in 1870, Hudson Tuttle proposed to Mr. Peebles that they publish “A Yearbook of Spiritualism;” the former editing the American department, and the latter the European and Asiatic. Appreciating its need, these gentleman corresponded with the leading Spiritualists throughout the world, and ushered in 1871 with a beautiful eclectic work, published by *The Banner of Light* Company, statistical, representing Spiritualism in all its phases.

Mental impressibility, conversation, public discourse, epistolary correspondence and the press are the methods of Spiritual commerce. Mr. Peebles employs them all. Whilst in Europe his correspondence was immense, as in America. At times he was obliged to engage an amanuensis. Aside from the personages herein noticed, he received valued letters from Prof. DeMorgan, author of “From Matter to Spirit;” M. Martin Tupper, author of “Proverbial Philosophy;” Mrs. McDougold Gregory, wife of a distinguished professor of Edinburgh College, who, in the spirit-land, sends to her the angels’ wisdom; Mrs. Max Müller, wife of the great Sanscrit linguist; Gerald Massey, the Spiritualist poet; Tennyson; Baron von Schickh the Austrian Spiritualist; Baron Guldenstubbe; Rev. John Page Hopps; Robert Chambers; Prince George de Solms, introducing him to his grace, Bishop Bugnion, who is one of the greatest scholars in the world. These mementos of confidence and love, we have no right to publish.

“ FLORENCE, Dec. 13, 1869.

“ MY DEAR PEEBLES,— . . . I am very impatient to meet you. I have told you before how my soul has been drawn towards yours. But do try and stay weeks in Rome; in two or three days you can see literally nothing of its many wonders. I shall want to be with you nights while you are there, and share the same apartment with you; for there will be so much sight-seeing days that we shall have no time to give to the discussion of the many matters I wish to talk with you about; and I love dearly to talk a while after retiring. I hope you will not deem this a very strange request. The Guppys are very kind-hearted and generous.

“ I was persuaded in giving a *séance* the other night at the villa of a beautiful countess here,— one of the loveliest women I ever saw. The manifestations were most marvelous. . . . I shall want you to see Prince George de Solms while you are in Rome. He is genial. Our acquaintance has ripened into a sincere friendship. I have a letter from him every week. He bears his princess in a sensible way. Give my love to Damiani. . . . God bless you, my dear brother! Fraternaly thine,
“ FRED L. H. WILLIS.”

“ FLORENCE, ITALY, Jan. 1, 1870.

“ MR. J. M. PEEBLES: *Dear Sir*,— Under the guidance of the spirits, charged by Providence to direct the movement that will conduct humanity to regeneration, you are perhaps the chosen instrument in America. Could I, in my naughtiness, trust to the many assurances of my Spiritual guardians, I might believe myself to be a chosen one for this side of the Atlantic. Vanity, self-love, pride, have nothing to do with the thought; the belief to be such an instrument may be cherished without any sentiment of worldly purpose; and what if erroneously, if it gives a holy strength to perform what tends to explore and work out always for the diffusion of truth, if it induces even to the sacrifice of one's self to attain the glorious aim?

“ Well, dear Mr. Peebles, if you have for the arduous work the confidence in my aid that I feel entirely in yours let us work

together, you from the West shore, I from this side of the ocean; and we shall in spirit stretch our arms, and meet to grasp strictly our hands, and form the bridge upon which, according to the ardent wish expressed by the spirit of Allan Kardec, may be laid the chain of union between the American and the European continent schools of Spiritism.

"*The Aurora (Daybreak)* will be ready about the 15th or 20th of this month. I will direct some numbers by post to Mr. Burns; and a parcel of fifty I may send from Leghorn to New York, directed, if you will let me know. In America are many Italians, through whom much good may be done in the way of spreading our dear doctrine. An opportune distribution *gratis* will be the best means.

"Believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"GIROLAMO PARISI."

"16 RUE DE LA BIENFAISANCE, PARIS, Thursday.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,— I envy you; wish I could be as useful in this great Spiritual movement as yourself. It is a glorious thing to be doing God's work, and help extricate humanity out of its benighted darkness. You can have the five works of Allan Kardec for ten shillings.

. . . "I will try and get you a photograph of Leon Favre. The young Baron who so admires you did not send you the one he promised, because he could not procure it as expected.

"I shall be glad to be kept posted as to your movements in the East. I have not relinquished the idea of visiting America, and should like nothing better than to accompany you to that land of promise.

"I would like exceedingly to hear your lectures in London. Remember me to the worthy Burns and family.

"I am, my dear brother, yours very sincerely,

"GLEDSTANES."

"Our Sargent," of Boston, traveling then in Europe to recuperate his health, is a full-orbed Spiritualist of literary rank, being author of "*Peculiar*," "*Planchette*," "*The Woman who*

Dared," and other popular works. His letter abounds with good sense and energy:—

“CANNES, A. M. (FRANCE), March 21, 1870.

“MY DEAR MR. PEEBLES,— . . . I see that the Spiritualists of England have given you a most affectionate welcome; and I cordially wish you prosperity in your gallant efforts to spread the truth as you see and understand it. If more men and women had but courage to speak their convictions as you do how many social and dogmatic shams would have their day of death accelerated! But there is so much fear of treading on the toes of conventionalism! The great work of Spiritualism will be, to emancipate thought, to take us out of time-worn ruts, and make us breathe the exhilarant, divine air of liberty, calling no man master, and swayed neither by spirit in the flesh nor out of the flesh (though their name be Legion) to accept what violates our reason and our sense of right.

“But the wide, the unbounded prospect spreads before me. I must close.

Affectionately and sincerely,

“EPES SARGENT.”

Countess Mde. Medina Pomar, a devoted Spanish Spiritualist in a friendly note of encomiums upon Mr. Peebles's labors in London, averts thus to the doctrine of re-incarnation,—

“We were much disappointed not to have the pleasure of your company last Sunday, whom we waited for so long in vain. Can you not come next Sunday evening? I am anxious to meet you, and have a long conversation with you upon that branch of Spiritualism entitled re-incarnation. Do allow us to see you.”

“STRADA FLORENTINE, No. 9. NAPLES, April 12, 1870.

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . ‘The Year-book’ you intend publishing appears to me a great boon to Spiritualists. . . .

“You ask a paragraph from me on the state of Spiritualism in Italy. I will write as you wish, at the first opportunity, if it be only half a page. I shall also do all in my power to contribute to the financial success of your ‘Annual.’

“ I have read with intense interest the accounts of your Sunday-evening discourses in the metropolis of England. Oh, how I regret not being present at those rich feasts of mind! Go on, dear brother, with the grand work of re-generation; and may the dear spirits strengthen your body, thus rendering your task easy!

“ You have no doubt by this time seen the good queen of England; whom, I am sure, you must have admired for her great affability: but, if she had none of those graces which distinguish her, the fact of her being a Spiritualist forms her greatest claim to our love and admiration.

“ Pray, take care of your precious health, and believe me to be your true friend and brother,
G. DAMIANI.”

Elder Frederick W. Evans, English by birth, through the church into atheism into Spiritualism, and thence by his own mediumship into the “ resurrection state of true believers,” termed Shakers,—the Essenes of this century,—addressed Mr. Peebles a lengthy communication whilst in England. We extract from its sweetness, —

“ MT. LEBANON, April 29, 1870.

“ J. M. PEEBLES: *My much esteemed Friend*,— I often think of you since you began your Old-World ramblings; am glad to learn that the ‘ Auto ’ reached you safely. I know of no one whom I should prefer to have it. You are one of a class of souls who are inspired from the seventh heaven! Spirits from thence follow you continually; and once in a while, in the stillness of your soul, they minister the elements of the ‘ *Harvest Home*,’ — a joyful sound in the rural districts of Old England. Grand idea, beautiful type is *that*, when the last load of wheat from the harvest-field is coming in with the laborers, on the top of the golden mountain, as it moves along towards the garner of the husbandman, joyfully shouting at the top of their voices, ‘ Home, home, harvest home!’

“ But what language of mortals shall describe the unutterable joy and glory of the final *harvest home* of earth’s inhabitants, when the last sheaf, a human soul, shall be brought into

the resurrection state, and 'the *end*, the *end*, has come?' 'The harvest is ended, and all are saved! shall be shouted from one heaven to another.' Home, home, at last! The harvest of earth is gathered; and we shall all together raise the shout of 'Harvest home!' . . .

"Accept of the love of our order, and of your friend the writer in particular. Good angels have you in their keeping, and will guide your feet aright towards the Zion of God as your final home; and in due time after *you* will come the souls whom you have quickened in their spiritual germs to seek a new life. Farewell.

"From your brother laborer in the Lord's vineyard,
"F. W. EVANS."

This German correspondent is a scholarly Spiritualist; and "Luos" referred to is a most powerful spirit of rare intelligence and acuteness,—

"BADEN, GERMANY, May 13, 1870.

"FRIEND PEEBLES,— . . . It is a great blessing to be in communion with such an elevated spirit as 'Luos,' who has now been in communication with us for about fifteen years, and who formerly enabled my wife to perform wonderful cures by the laying-on of hands. Spiritualism has only a beginning here through the energy of Count Poninski, who has been lecturing there. I am told a circle has been formed at Dresden, and a Spiritual journal published in Saxony by Dr. Berthelen. At Vienna a Spiritual circle exists; but progress is exceedingly slow at present in materialistic and priest-ridden Germany. *You* have done great things in England; and greater in America, and it is therefore a misfortune you are obliged so soon to return to the United States. Clerical, sectarian orthodoxy is a sad dead stop to progress; but it will have to give place eventually to the divine revelations of Nature, and the teachings of the 'angels of the Lord who encampeth round about them that *love* him.'

"My wife unites with me in expressing to you that loving attachment which only real Spiritualists can be truly sensible of.

"Ever yours,
"A. KYD."

Making inquiry of Anna Blackwell about the Kardec books, Mr. Peebles received a beautiful letter, from which we extract a few thoughts. Her writings grace the pages of many English magazines.

“ PARIS, Wednesday, 1870.

“ DEAR MR. PEEBLES,— . . . These views of re-incarnation purport to be given by ancient spirits to explain what the ignorance of the time compelled Jesus to leave under a veil. . . . Christ Jesus lived right from the beginning, which we have not done; he reached the sidereal degree eternities before us; he is divine only in the figurative sense in which we all shall be when we reach that degree, thus giving its final death-blow to the polytheism of which the first Christian form of belief is the last example. For, when once the world comes to see that *that* most glorious and beautiful spirit is no more “ God ” than we are; that he was made, tempted, educated, just as we are, though “ without sin,” — there will be no danger of any other polytheistic notion obtaining credence!

“ Yours very truly,

“ ANNA BLACKWELL.”

Inquiring of Mr. Sammons about Spiritualism in South Africa, Mr. Peebles was informed there had been a little agitation in that isolated spot. We extract a paragraph: —

“ CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, SOUTH AFRICA,

CAPE TOWN, May 20, 1870.

“ J. M. PEEBLES: *Dear Sir*, — . . . I have followed you in many of your sayings and doings, since you have been in England, and read with great pleasure the object and first attraction that drew you there,— which was singular proof of faith and confidence. . . .

“ Believe me, dear sir, your obedient servant,

“ W. L. SAMMONS.”

“ SAGNA LA GRAND, ISLE OF CUBA, Feb. 14, 1870.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . Spiritualism is not widely known here, though many are inquiring. I have long known you through *The Banner* and your published works. While

wandering, why not come to us, bringing with you a good test-medium? thus giving us both phenomena and philosophy. You would meet with a cordial reception in this country. . . . I am a Spaniard, coming to this country fourteen years ago. I have been in your country twice. I am anxious to become developed as a medium; then I should have the knowledge within myself. I am very anxious to form your personal acquaintance. . . .

Most sincerely thine,

“EULOGIO PRICTO.”

The following addressed to Mr. Peebles in deep mourning, indicates the appreciation in which he was held in London by those especially most in need of the heavenly light. Mrs. Morris is an esteemed cousin of Hon. Robert Dale Owen.

“8 THERESA TERRACE, HAMMERSMITH, W. LONDON.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am honored and delighted to find that you will come and visit a poor widow, who will give you a hearty welcome to her *humble, quiet* home. . . . How I prize your glorious work, ‘The Seers, etc.’! Your Spiritualism is exactly, I think, like mine. What glorious thinkers and writers you have in America! . . . There is so much *Orthodox Church cant* and all kinds of uncharitableness against those who do not swallow, or rather pretend to do so, all the absurdities of Trinitarian doctrines, that the Spiritualists form here two antagonistic branches.

“How beautiful was your discourse last Sunday! It ought to have been preached in some of our grand *empty* city churches. With God’s blessing, may you soon recover, is the prayer of your friend!

CAROLINA H. MORRIS.”

As we read the following, the soul is stirred, for we think of the ancient brother-seers who made “Vishnoo” a study. India is a soul-mother of religion. May the morning-sun of the Spiritual Gospel rise again upon her sacred lands! —

“CALCUTTA, 11th June, 1870.

“J. M. PEEBLES, Esq., Southampton Row, London.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I must ask you to pardon me for the delay I have made in replying to your favor of the 4th of April

last. Though I have been a Spiritualist for many years, my knowledge of the Spiritual circles existing in the different parts of the country is very limited, and I fear I can not be of much use to you. I have never taken interest in external manifestations, and have devoted my entire attention to the study of my soul and its varied phenomena in connection with the external world, and the nervous system, and its subjectivity by itself, or by freedom from phenomenal states. This study is ennobling, inasmuch as it raises us above all creeds and sects, and brings us into intimate communion with God, his will and providence. I have got to say a great deal on the subject of Spiritualism from my own experience; which with me is an accomplished fact. Though I have read a large number of books on Spiritualism, I confess I have found in most of them a great deal of error, or, in other words, what I have known otherwise from my own experience. Portions of your books are being translated into our native tongue. I shall be delighted to see you here.

“Yours fraternally,

“PEAR CHAND MITRA.”

“Sept. 25, 1869.

“MY DEAR SIR,— . . . Thank you for your very splendid lecture on Spiritualistic belief. Of course, we do not agree in all points; but we do in the grand principles of a spirit intercourse, and that will progressively open up to us all the rest. Heaven bless you.

“Wishing you a prosperous journey, I remain my dear sir your faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

“J. M. PEBBLES, Esq.

“P. S. We had a most interesting *séance* at the Everitts'. ‘John Watt’ talked like a philosopher, and, what was better, like a Christian philosopher. The Everitt mediumship is eminently satisfactory.

W. HOWITT.”

The following is an extract from a note sent Mr. Peebles by a distinguished professor of Oriental languages in one of the English Universities:—

“ Sept. 25, 1869.

“ MY DEAR MR. PEEBLES,—I have been for the last few days so much engaged with the Nawáb of Bengal, that I have been unable to write to you before. . . . Should you come here, which I hope you will soon, I shall be happy to show you all the attention and hospitality in my power. I will keep a lookout for any traces of Spiritualism in my Oriental reading, and send you them from time to time. For the present I send you two instances, which I think will interest you.

“ Mr. Pearce tells me that you have been good enough to give him a copy of your ‘ Seers of the Ages ’ for me. I am extremely obliged to you, and shall read it, I am sure, with much pleasure, and because it is a memorial of a very pleasant acquaintance which I hope will continue.” * * *

Having visited Scotland and Wales, Mr. Peebles resolved to know something from personal observation of “ The Emerald Isle.” Writing, he received the following from two distinguished gentlemen of Dublin, both patriots and liberalists, the one ex-lord-mayor, Sir John Barrington:—

“ GENERAL PRINTING-OFFICE, DUBLIN, IRELAND,

April 30, 1870.

“ JAMES M. PEEBLES, Esq.: *Dear Sir*,— . . . So you have a touch of the ‘ Roundtower-*aphobia!*’ I had a slight attack once myself, but a dose of sound practical sense recovered me. I am a disciple of O’Neill, who says, ‘ They were evidently built by the ancients to puzzle the moderns.’ There was never a greater success. In the libraries of the British Museum is his great work on the ‘ Ancient Crosses and Round Towers of Ireland.’ Command my services at any time. . . .

Truly yours,

“ IVER McDONNELL.”

“ DUBLIN, May, 1870.

“ J. M. PEEBLES, UNITED-STATES CONSUL, IN LONDON: *Dear Sir*,— I was glad when I read your note this morning, and find that you though of Scotch ancestry, had not forgotten your promise to visit Ireland. I shall be happy to see you,

and do what I can toward showing you anything of interest in Dublin and its neighborhood.

“ Believe me, yours faithfully,

“ JOHN BARRINGTON.”

Through the mediumship of Dr. Dunn, the spirits affirm that these “ Round Towers ” were erected by the ancient Medes, though built about the time of the origin of Christianity. The crosses sometimes found near or in connection with them refer to the cross-bows used in the warfares of the Medes and Persians. The openings at various distances were simply lookouts, and apertures for arrow-shooting upon the approaching enemy.

After a close scanning of the conditions of the Irish, during his rustications in their beloved country, Mr. Peebles indites the following:—

“ DUBLIN, IRELAND, May, 1870.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . Though my rambles over this city and into the country, and my observations in other localities, are quite limited, yet at a glance can I discern the general grade of the English government here, and of the Irish character. O my soul! come into judgment. How I pain over misrule! The eagle becomes filthy when caged: give him liberty, and how grand on the wing! The history of Ireland is the index of her capacity. Such poets as Thomas Moore, such patriots as Robert Emmet, O’Connell, O’Brien, and the like, are the magic of her redemption yet. But look at her degradation now; at the ignorance and superstition of her toiling millions; at the grinding, debasing effects of priest-craft upon her devotees! My God! is there no spot on our green earth where the oppressor’s foot has never trod? . . . When will legislators learn that governments are for the people, not the people for the governments? and that no government on earth is worth a single human life? Come, angels, and help us reverse the rule; making man, as Henry C. Wright says, ‘superior to his incidents.’ It is so strange to me that kings, queens, and presidents do not see this simple law,—that fealty is best secured where the people’s rights

are best secured. Guaranty by law, executed in fidelity, the God-endowed right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' to all the people, and educate them up to a just appreciation of these principles, and behold the grandeur of patriotism and the peace and prosperity of the nations! . . .

"Whilst walking these streets, I seemed to be touched with the fire of the immortal Emmet, who, when condemned to the gallows by grave judges because he struck for Irish independence, asked for no epitaph over his grave, but 'the charity of its silence.' What burning words in his last plea before Lord Norbury, ringing still in every Irish heart that loves Erin's isle! — 'When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.' The execution of that orator smothers my soul: but it finds vent in tears when I remember his love for the daughter of Curran, the Irish barrister,—how he imperiled his life to breathe one word of affection into her soul; how she wilted and died in far-off Sicily when her hand was given to another; for she loved only as a woman can love the patriot Robert Emmet. I recall the mournful melody of Erin's poet, Thomas Moore:—

" 'She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.'

" Pardon me my deep feelings, brother; for I am hopeful as I weep over martyr-dust. Defeats will yet prove successes. Our William Lloyd Garrison, America's friend and patriot, suffered a thousand deaths whilst fighting for Afric's sons and daughters; but he triumphed at last; our nation rose to glory, and his name is now sacred. Our tears—oh, may they spread a rainbow over this isle of the British sea!

" 'O Erin, my country! thy glory's departed;
 For tyrants and traitors have stabbed thy heart's core.
 Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction;
 Thy patriots have fled, or are stretched in their gore;
 Ruthless ruffians now prowl through thy hamlets forsaken;
 From pale, hungry orphans their last morsel have taken;
 The screams of thy daughters no pity awaken.
 Alas! my poor country, thy Emmet's no more!

" Thy brother, J. M. PEEBLES."

XXXIII

THE FAREWELL IN LONDON

“Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.” — *Jesus*.

“Storms purify the air we breathe. Rains that rust the corn revive the grass. The refuse of the yard makes the peach and pear grow more luxuriantly. Stars that fade from our skies only pass to illumine other portions of the sidereal heavens. The dewdrops that glisten in morning-time from a million plants are only exhaled by sun-kisses, to form clouds in aerial regions, to fall in copious showers gladdening the earth, while moving on in rills and rivers to the ocean again. Nothing is lost. Our loved ones, whom the world calls dead, have only passed to the Summer-Land before us, to return again as ministering spirits.”

How applicable these words of our brother to himself! Hardships in Asia, fogs and damps in London, together with severe mental labor, had bleached his locks to a venerable gray, — a change in which he takes a strange pride; longing for the day, close at hand, when they will be white as snow. Friends in America entreated his early return home. Friends in England with equal assiduity plead for him to remain, if consistent, thinking the summer-flowering might recuperate his wasted energies. He carried the question up to the oracles; listened to the still voices of his ever-faithful guardians; and concluded to return, for there were pressing duties in the Spiritual work claiming service in his own America. Learning his purpose, the Spiritualists of London resolved upon some token of their gratitude, and appreciation of his labors in the Queen's realm. His farewell address, delivered on Sunday the 29th of May, was replete with his most inspired thought. We select an extract to indicate its drifting wave: —

“ The philosopher sees in the falling and decaying of a leaf, even, the action of life-forces, which speak eloquently of resurrections and reconstructions upon the higher planes of vegetable existence. Newton, in an autumn day, lying beneath a tree laden with golden fruit, saw an apple fall to the earth ; and the law of gravitation flashed across his mind. Franklin, with kite and string, called the electric fluids from heaven, and threw an eternal fact into the face of all past ages.

“ Now cables stretch across oceans, and magnetic wires girdle the globe. A psychologic star appearing in the Syrian skies of the East directed the clairvoyant eyes of wise men — magi, or seers — to a lowly manger, within which lay concealed causes that should ultimately usher in a better and more harmonial era.

“ A tiny rap was heard in the Fox family, near Rochester, N. Y.,— in and of itself, a minute event ; and yet behind those mystic sounds were hidden living, tangible demonstrations of a future existence through the present ministry of spirits. The rapidity with which this truth has diffused itself into poetry, history, philosophy, and the theologies of the different denominations, astonishes even its most enthusiastic advocates. Its banner floats to-day beneath all skies. It is kindling a new light in Asia, shining in beauty upon the hills of Hindustan, sparkling over the plains of farther India, beaming in splendor throughout the courts of Europe, sounding an alarm from the distant isles of the ocean ; and each tone is musical with the living fact of immortality,—immortality for all the races of men. The army of Spiritualists is constituted of millions of devoted followers. It is throwing from the press, constantly, books, pamphlets, monthlies, and weeklies. It has in America six weekly organs, and others which devote some space to the subject ; between one and two hundred organizations, denominated Children’s Progressive Lyceums ; besides a National Association, several State Conventions, and thousands of societies supporting regular Sunday-services. The soundest jurists, the most logical thinkers, some of the most distinguished Congressmen, and certainly the most eminent of American poets, are Spiritualists.

“In England you publish *Human Nature*, *The Spiritual Magazine*, *The Spiritualist*, and last, but not least, the stirring weekly, *The Medium and Daybreak*. Each admirably fills its own legitimate position; and in the kingdom of Great Britain, the realm of thought, there is room for them all. The Macedonian cry comes from all quarters, ‘Come over and help us!’ Send us mediums; forward us periodicals; furnish us lectures; give us food,—even that bread of God that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world. Our friend Burns is sending books, not only to the Continent, not only to Australia and New Zealand, but to the farthest isle of the ocean. Surely the heavens are opened, the angels are in the clouds of heaven, and ministering spirits are working with us for the world’s redemption. Lift up your heads, O faithful souls! for your redemption draweth nigh.

* * * * *

“The apostle Paul, when about to leave an Asian church for Rome, wrote thus: ‘Only let your conversation be as cometh the gospel of Christ; that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that you stand fast in one mind, with one spirit, striving together for the faith.’ And, as I am about to leave you for my native land, I feel, while appreciating your many kindnesses, to beg of you to let your conversation—that is, your daily moral deportment—be such as to honor the divine principles you profess; so that whether I come and see you, or be absent, I shall hear of your affairs, that you stand fast in one spirit, and that the spirit of harmony and charity, with a mutual co-operation for the upbuilding of Spiritualism. It seems not only opportune, but providential, that Dr. Newton, at this particular hour, with his wonderful healing powers, and yet abounding with the love of the angels, the gifts of the spirit, should appear in your midst. But gifted and consecrated as he is to the apostolic work of causing the lame to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear, he (like the gentle Nazarene) has not where to lay his head. O London, London, busy bustling, selfish, sordid city of millions, how little you appreciate

the brother whose hands are as palms of healing for the nations of the earth! It matters not what the people, nor what a catering public press, may say: God and God's angels are with him, and that to bless humanity. With clairvoyant eye he has seen the Christ Jesus that aids him.

"I see before me Mr. Shepard, who, aided and instructed by immortals, has himself become the very soul of music: I further see Mr. J. J. Morse, ever controlled to breathe trance-utterances, rich in philosophy and wisdom; Mrs. Everitt, whose mediumship has convinced thousands of immortality; and other mediums who are also present, and are sowing the seeds of heavenly harvests. And, further, I can not let the moment pass without speaking of the Progressive Library, under the supervision of our friend James Burns. This is *The Banner-of-Light* institution of Great Britain. It is a center, a grand rallying-place, for Spiritualists from every point of the compass; and as you love Spiritualism, as you love the promulgation of truth, and as you appreciate my feeble labors during the past four or five months, I beg, I entreat of you, to sustain and encourage Mr. Burns in his noble work. Few know his labor, his self-sacrifice, his tears, and devotion to the principles of our philosophy. In early morning he is at his post of duty; and often the midnight hour and the small hours of morning find him inditing articles, furnishing editorials, planning *séances*, and devising other means for the propagation of a broad, free, unsectarian Spiritualism.

"But now comes to me the saddest hour of the past several months. It is to thank you for individual and social kindnesses, and confess to you a deeper appreciation of Englishmen and English character the more thoroughly I have been brought into social relations with you for the advancement of a common cause. Not a jar has marred our general harmony. Those who were faint-hearted when these religious meetings commenced are now strong and united, awaiting the return of the distinguished worker, Mrs. Hardinge, to carry them on to still greater victories. Though far across the blue waters, I shall delight to hear of your affairs,—to learn of your temporal

and spiritual prosperity, and know that Spiritualism has become an acknowledged power in this great world's metropolis. With me, friendship is no idle word: I do not like, but I love my friends with a true soul-affection. Such friendship buds upon earth only to bloom in heaven. I shall never, never forget you, good friends, nor the many happy hours that I have whiled away in your society as a fellow-worker; and from my heart of hearts I can only exclaim, 'God and his good angels keep and bless you!' If in the enthusiasm of my nature I have said one harsh word, or breathed one unkind thought, forget and forgive. 'To err is human; to forgive, divine.'"

The Medium and Daybreak thus reports one of Mr. Peebles's Sunday meetings in London: —

"It would be difficult to imagine a place more completely packed with human beings than the Cavendish Rooms were on Sunday evening. Dr. Newton was expected, and the Spiritualists and sympathizers turned out in a body to hear Brother Peebles and to meet the great healer. The usual attenders dropped in early; and the arrangements were so admirable, and the friends so helpful, that no discomfort or disappointment was experienced. Thanks are due to Mr. Humphrey for his efforts to seat the hall as thoroughly as possible. Mr. Peebles delivered an admirable sermon, exactly suited for the occasion, of which we can give only a few extracts. He said that in the Gospel as recorded by John we find this language: 'You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' 'As I lift my eyes as far as I can, and take a moral survey of the universe, I see, or seem to see, men thrusting out their soul-feelers, and asking anxiously for the highest and best form of truth. It is no more natural for water to find a level, it is no more natural for the magnetic needle to turn to the north pole, than it is for the human soul to search for truth; and it is a fact, that truths must not only be born in mangers, but they must be crucified, and that, too, frequently between thieves. They must be baptized in tears before they can become mighty forces, swaying the masses, and leading them on step by step to higher and more divine planes of mental and spiritual life.

We are created in God's own image; and it thus becomes us to use those reasoning faculties that we thereby inherit. Hence we should sanction nothing fresh in science, no dogma of the past or present, until the same has been carefully investigated and candidly weighed in the balance of reason; and thus we shall be ready at all times to give to every man a reason for the hope that is within us.' Mr. Peebles said that the natural man is composed of two elements,—the physical and the spiritual. The physical body is merely an echo of the more real one it represents. The flesh, blood, bones, and hair are merely the outward signs of an inward, spiritual man. Man is a trinity in unity — body, soul, spirit.

“When Crito came crying and weeping to Socrates, just after he had drained the hemlock cup, and asked where they might bury him, Socrates, though in the agony of death, smiled, and said, ‘Verily, just where you please, if you can catch me.’ Socrates knew they could not bury him; only his shell. Spiritualists sometimes speak of burying a person; but this they should not do; they should speak out and live out their philosophy, that others may hear and see it. Spiritualism gives us a correct idea of a spiritual man and the spiritual life. In stating that there is no such thing as death, Mr. Peebles said he had lately been shown a letter from Mrs. Hardinge, in which that lady said she had recently been speaking in Bridgewater, United States, where lived a Mr. Kingman, a venerable old man, who was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Hardinge, and who had expressed a wish, that, whenever he passed away, Mrs. Hardinge might attend his funeral. On the evening of her address, the old man went to the hall before it was open; and with much enthusiasm he took his seat with his family; and, just as Mrs. Hardinge entered he fainted. Some one told her that Mr. Kingman had fainted: but she said, ‘No: he is dead.’ They replied, it was not possible; but neither water nor fanning nor magnetism could bring him back to physical life. He was in the spirit-world; and yet he spoke to Mrs. Hardinge within five minutes of his departure, saying, ‘I shall hear your lecture now;’ and, during the lecture, there

came two tremendous sounds upon the desk, that startled the whole audience. Mr. Kingman had been an excellent man, and much respected, and his friends wished that Mrs. Hardinge should speak a few words to the mourners; but the churches were refused for that purpose. At length one was procured, but on the condition that only ladies should have admission. The address was announced; and a great number of persons came to hear, the road being literally filled with carriages; and in that church Mrs. Hardinge delivered a grand and eloquent discourse, and withal so simple and touching, that nearly every eye was bathed in tears; and, when she arrived home, she heard the voice of Mr. Kingman say, 'I have heard every word of your lecture.' 'Thus,' said Mr. Peebles, 'there is no death. The immortal loved ones live, and walk in white; and, if we would live more spiritual lives, we should be able to walk and talk with them more readily than we do now, and thus be able to prepare ourselves for the future life.' "

One Thursday evening, June 20, a meeting, convened to bid farewell to Mr. Peebles before his departure, was held in the Cavendish Rooms; H. D. Jencken, barrister-at-law, presiding.

The ladies had arranged all in exquisite order for song and recitation between the intervals of the speeches. Mrs. Varley, Miss Keene, Mr. Shepard, Mr. Peele (reciting a poem of Mrs. Mary Howitt), Mrs. James Hicks, Mrs. Morris, and others, constituted a musical and recitative orchestra of a most enlivening inspiration. The room was beautifully decorated under the artistic management of Mr. Lander, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Slous, Mr. Hockley, Mrs. Berry, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Duguid, Mr. Everitt, Mrs. Varley, Mr. Rippon, Miss Hay, Mr. Childs, and Mr. E. T. Bennett, who contributed objects of interest.

The report of this ever-memorable meeting is from *The London Spiritualist*: "—

"The president, in his opening remarks, stated the purpose for which the meeting had been called, and spoke highly

of the capacity for work and the disinterestedness of Mr. Peebles. He told how Mr. Peebles had organized the Sunday-evening meetings in the Cavendish Rooms, and that not upon a sectarian, narrow type, but upon principles which would admit all kinds of Spiritualists. He had also aided similar institutions in other towns, and had been endeavoring to found Children's Lyceums for the education of children. . . .

"Of late years, Spiritualism has been spreading very rapidly in England; and he was indebted to Mr. Harrison, who sat by his side, for the idea, that at first Spiritualism, like a stone thrown into the water, made only a small ring, but gradually threw out larger and larger circles, till at the present time it covers a very extensive area, and before long it will begin to clash with vested interests. When that is the case, there will be considerable agitation and disturbance."

The president read the following resolution:—

"That this meeting heartily expresses its warm appreciation of the distinguished services of Mr. J. M. Peebles as a lecturer, author, and eloquent expounder of the important truths and high moral teachings of Spiritualism."

In his commendatory remarks, Mr. Thomas Shorter said,—

. . . "He (Mr. Peebles) has presented truth in the spirit of truth, which is the spirit of charity. He has given us an example of absolute mental independence,— the utmost freedom of thought and expression, combined with the most reverential feeling, and with all respect for those whose theological opinions may, in some important respects, differ from his own. He has shown not only that these qualities are compatible, but that they blend in perfect harmony; that the one is the natural product of the other: for an enlightened reverence, that highest reverence we owe to God, naturally leads us to respect all whom he has formed in the image of his own divine nature, and who, therefore, are measurably partakers of his Spirit. This union of knowledge and reverence, this blended action of free intellect and religious feeling, seems to me pre-eminently the great need of our present age. We have many men who know much of many things; who can count the stars

of heaven, and classify the products and inhabitants of the earth and of the sea; who can tell you why the grass is green, and why the sky is blue; and talk learnedly of the genesis of life and its developments; but who seem touched with no sense of awe and unutterable wonder at the mystery which life presents, no feeling of reverence as before an Infinite Presence, a Holy and Eternal Love, which, like the blue sky, bends over all: One in whom we live and move, and have our being; One with whom we can hold communion, and in whose faithfulness we can trust,—a consciousness which, when deeply felt, thrills the heart, causing it to raise the grateful prayer, or hymn of praise, or to muse in silent worship. On the other hand, how many persons there are of sincere and fervent but narrow piety, with no ample stores of varied knowledge, no large and liberal culture, no intellectual expanse, with horizon stretching out toward the infinite, but who sluggishly move through life, pacing round and round, and never passing out of or beyond the old narrow tracks of custom and tradition! We want neither an undevout science nor an ignorant devotion. It is not good, but most harmful to the individual and to society, for either the spiritual offertories or the intellectual faculties to remain thus torpid. Let us not pamper any one portion of our nature, and allow another to go lean and starved. We want both mind-culture and soul-culture.

“ ‘ Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music.’ ”

“ He has sought to allay irritation of feeling, to soften the asperities of controversy, to exorcise the evil demons of anger and resentment, to do the blessed work of the peacemaker, and to enforce the importance and urgent need of working out those essential truths in which we agree, instead of wrangling over those things concerning which we differ. There is one consideration which qualifies the pleasure of our

present meeting. This is a *farewell soirée*. There is always a tone of sadness in that word *farewell*. And yet it has another side. It is a word very beautiful, and full of meaning: with us, at least, I am sure it is most appropriate and expressive; for wherever our friend may be, whether personally present with us or absent from us, our hearts' sincere wish toward him is, and ever will be, fare you well! It is true, we anticipate with lively satisfaction that our friend Mr. Peebles will ere long return, we hope with renovated health, to carry on the good work he has so well begun, not only here in London, but in the provinces. It is, however, barely possible that all within the sound of my voice will ever on earth meet again; but it is one of the consolations of our philosophy and our faith, that no bodily absence, no mountain-barrier or interposing ocean, or even change of worlds, can effectually separate those who are one in sympathy and in soul. The 'communion of saints,' affirmed by the Church, is but the theological form of expression of a universal truth. It is to me one of the most beautiful and beneficent dispensations of Providence, that gradually, as we advance in life, the balance of attraction changes, drawing us, with steadily increasing force, from the natural to the spiritual world. In the early hours of our brief day of mortal life, we are surrounded by kindred and playmates, and friends and lovers. All is hope and promise. Flowers spring up in our path; the lark carols joyfully his matin-song; and no cloud dims our bright, blue sky. But as the sun passes its meridian, and the shadows lengthen before us, and the cool hours of eventide draw on, friend after friend departs; the father's protecting arm is no longer around us; we feel not the mother's nightly kiss upon our cheek, nor hear the ringing laughter and the merry voices of our early home: the balance has turned, and now dips ever more heavily to the other side. As this world recedes from us, the other looms larger, and draws nearer: and, as our pilgrim-feet near the broad and shining river that rolls between, loved voices call to us, and the angel-forms of the departed stretch forth eager arms to welcome us; and we are ready to

exclaim with Simeon of old, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' We need not, however, wait for the death-angel to usher us into the heavenly kingdom: we may if we will, enter into heaven here and now; or, rather, we may let it enter into us; for, as a great philosopher has said, 'Certainly it is heaven upon earth for a man's mind to move in charity, trust in Providence, and rest upon the poles of truth.'"

"Mr. W. Tebb then seconded the resolution, and reviewed the work performed by Mr. Peebles during his stay in London. He said that Mr. Peebles had given his hearers most hopeful views about the other life, although he had said little about such dogmas of worship as total depravity, original sin, and endless misery, and, instead of such subjects, had said a great deal about brotherhood, and duty, and those divine enunciations contained in the 'Sermon on the Mount.' Mr. Peebles also had said very little about the sins of the Jews, and a great deal about the shortcomings of the Spiritualists, which plan he thought quite as calculated to do good as those teachings which the English public are accustomed to hear. (Hear, hear.) At the present time, there are certain political difficulties between this country and America; and if there is one nation to which we are bound by closer ties than to another, it is America. He, however, had no doubt that the differences would be amicably settled.

"The chairman then put the resolution to the meeting; and it was carried amid loud applause. He afterwards read the second resolution, placed in his hands by the Rev. Jabez Burns, D. D., of Paddington:—

"That Mr. Peebles be cordially invited to return to this country again as soon as convenient to him, to further the good work of Spiritual enlightenment and organization in London and the provinces which he has so devotedly and successfully inaugurated during the last four and a half months.'

"Dr. Burns said that he was exceedingly pleased with both the resolutions which had been read by the chairman; and that he had listened with very much pleasure to the ad-

dress which had been delivered by Mr. Shorter, for it met his own views as to the right method of promulgating truth of any and every kind. He had not heard much that Mr. Peebles had said; but with such of his teachings as had read he was delighted. Whatever was true in Spiritualism would abide; and whatever was not true in the movement, those who were listening to him did not wish to abide (hear, hear, and overwhelming applause): therefore he (Dr. Burns) was of the same opinion as themselves. All being thus desirous to gain truth, it must be remembered that truth is never gained except at a sacrifice; and, in buying the knowledge of truth, many cherished and preconceived views must be surrendered. As for the theologies of the day, he wished that every form of theology might perish that had not truth in it. Just in proportion to the amount of truth which they contain should those theologies live: when they are not true, let them die; and the sooner they die, the better. (Applause.) Those who have truth should be manly enough to profess what they believe and not be ashamed of it; though this course of action sometimes requires great courage to follow. He was very much pleased with what had been said in Mr. Shorter's address about charity and love; for these virtues should be used even in the promulgation of truth. Mr. Peebles had once done him honor to come to a meeting over which he (Dr. Burns) presided; and, directly he saw Mr. Peebles, he fell in love with him at first sight: for many years ago he had learned some phrenological truth; so that, when he looked at Mr. Peebles, he could not help admiring his noble head, with so much benevolence and affection written thereon. At the present meeting, he had marked with delight the gentleness of countenance which Mr. Peebles displayed to everybody. He loved him because of his lovable spirit. He felt that there was communion of mind between them; and should, for one, be rejoiced to hear when Mr. Peebles came back from America. . . . He prayed for uninterrupted peace between America and Great Britain. He would rather have the healing power to remove sadness and sorrow from human beings than to be the monarch of the universe.

“Mr. J. Burns seconded the resolution, and spoke of the devotion and labor of the ladies in getting up the meeting, which was entirely their work. He did not repine at Mr. Peebles’s leaving them, but was rather thankful that he ever came: to grieve would be selfishness, ingratitude. His heart was full of joy and gladness at the wealth of affection which he felt for the guest of the evening. Mr. Peebles had done a great work, not only in England, in London, but throughout Europe and the East. He was a living embodiment of the cosmopolitan genius of Spiritualism, which owned all men as brothers, and the wide universe of God as the home of the human soul. He will forever live in the history of Spiritualism. Every man gave off an influence as he moved about in the world; and, if it were one of love and goodness, then to travel amongst various nations would unite them all in one bond or net of sympathy. He hoped to see Mr. Peebles in London again soon. His return had been predicted by spirit-agency. Mr. Peebles was in every respect a Spiritualist; he called his teaching by no other names, and kept it pure from all creeds. He was almost constantly under spirit influence and direction as regards his writings and speaking on this subject. Even in matters of health and daily life, he was the special care of dear friends in the spirit world, who, through him, had a work to do for humanity. He felt, therefore, that it would be well with their friend wherever he was. God and good angels were with him.

“Dr. Newton said that in Mr. Peebles his hearers had received not only a righteous man, but a prophet who had given them evidence that the same power exists now which existed years ago. Among the spirits aiding him in his (Dr. Newton’s) work of healing the sick was Jesus himself. ‘These signs shall follow them that believe,—they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover.’ Are these signs in the churches? Do they follow the churches? He (Dr. Newton) had been sent to this country more for spiritual healing than for healing the pains of the body; and this power of healing would do a great work in England. The dough has already

been raised; soon the bread will be put into the oven, and be brought forth for the benefit of those hungry souls who have been fed on husks, and who dread an angry God and a burning hell. It is a happy knowledge that the brightest spirits that ever walked the earth are with us by day and by night, and that their love becomes more intensified because they are in spirit-life.

“Mrs. C. F. Varley then stepped upon the platform, and presented Mr. Peebles with a handsome purse upon a crimson cushion, saying, ‘I am desired by the ladies of the committee to present you with this purse as a mark of gratitude.’ The purse contained rather more than twenty-five pounds, the proceeds derived from the sale of tickets of admission to the meeting. The chairman repeated Mrs. Varley’s words to the audience. As this was totally unexpected by Mr. Peebles, he was for a moment evidently overcome, and unable to collect his thoughts. Some friends present also presented him with an album containing good portraits of many of the chief celebrities in Europe. He received other beautiful gifts.

“Mr. J. M. Peebles then said, ‘Mr President, ladies, and gentlemen, it seldom falls to the lot of a mortal to experience a moment so full of real enjoyment as this, when rising to return thanks for the honor you have done me upon this occasion,—an occasion to me of both joy and sadness. It is not so much myself you intend to honor as the heavenly principles of the Spiritual philosophy of which I am but a humble advocate. Your terms of commendation, I fear, are above my deserts, however sincerely and conscientiously I may have advocated the truth, and discharged my duty as a public teacher. Still, fully appreciating them, I shall most gratefully treasure your kind works and expressions of good will in the silent memory-chambers of my soul’s sanctuary,—treasure them as the generous overflow of hearts that beat in unison with mine, and whose aspirations are to promote the best mental and spiritual interests of a common humanity. It is not my purpose to make a speech: infinitely do I prefer listening to others. Looking around, it quite overjoys me to see so many familiar

faces, so many noble-minded Englishmen, some of whom have already made their mark upon this illustrious age in science and literature; so many kind-hearted and earnest believers in the ministry of angels, — those angels of God who delight in returning to earth to demonstrate immortality, and to aid their mortal brothers and sisters in their weary journeyings toward the shores of the better land. The sympathy and friendship of such a congregation as I see before me this evening constitute the proudest laurels a man can win. Be assured I shall wear them in my heart of hearts till I meet you in the upper kingdoms of eternity, where affection is power, where love is life, and life a perpetual growth in the good, the beautiful, and the true. The address of the chairman, so clear and cogent; of Mr. Shorter, sound and well-timed; of Mr. Tebb, breathing the spirit of sincerity and good-will; of the Rev. Dr. Burns, rich, racy, eloquent, and full of charity: of Mr. James Burns, earnest and truly heartfelt,— these, coupled with the excellent remarks of others, bountiful in expressions of a general soul-sympathy, all tend to bind your better natures to mine with that threefold strand not easily broken. The presentations are most acceptable. I shall endeavor to prove myself worthy, not only of your friendship, but of the valuable gifts which you have been so kind as to tender me.”

“‘The address of the Rev. Dr. Burns, when speaking of Whitefield, reminds me of this anecdote: Whitefield, when speaking once in one of the States of America, suddenly stopped, and turning his eyes heavenward, exclaimed, ‘Father Abram, are there any Baptists in heaven?’—‘No,’ was the response. ‘Are any Methodists in heaven?’—‘No.’ ‘Any Presbyterians?’—‘No.’ ‘Any Churchmen?’—‘No.’ ‘Any Unitarians?’—‘No.’ ‘Who are in heaven, then?’ Father Abram replied, ‘They are all Christians; that is, good men and women. They have left their sectarian names and dogmatic theologies all behind them.’ It is not faith, not metaphysical belief, but works and good deeds, that entitle to happiness. Beautiful is this spirit of charity which crops out from progressive souls in all lands and climes. I can not let this occa-

sion pass without thanking the ladies for their efficiency in conceiving and executing the arrangements upon this occasion. It has been truthfully said that woman is first in every good word and work: it is certain that she was last at the cross, and first at the grave of the risen Saviour. Woman's influence has swayed specters, dethroned rulers, and ever exercises an uplifting, a healing, and holy influence. Though oceans roll between us, though mountains lift their hoary heads to separate us, I shall never forget the warmth of English hearts, nor the social enjoyments of English homes; and, though I should never meet you again face to face upon the shores of mortality, it is to me a beautiful thought, that I shall meet you, know you, and love you, in that world of immortality where farewells are never heard, and where friendships and soul-unions are eternal.' "

XXXIV

RETURN TO AMERICA

“ Watchman, what of the night?
Lo! the morning cometh ! ”

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men.”
“ My soul is stirred by strange forces ; its waters are ruffled.”

The banquet over, and hearty good wishes of his friends recorded, Mr. Peebles now turned his face homeward toward his loved America. He felt that he had just concluded an important chapter in his life history. His own feet had pressed the soil of the old historic and classic lands, where the great poets, painters, sculptors and military heroes had left their record of great achievements. He had acquired many object lessons, which no amount of reading could supplement, and his mental storehouse was so replenished that he might now become a far more useful and efficient teacher, both with pen and on the rostrum. But he realized that he had only broken ground on the borders of that historic and archiologic field which it was his purpose to more thoroughly explore in coming years.

After a rough and stormy voyage in the steamer “ City of London,” from Liverpool, Mr. Peebles arrived in New York on the evening of the 21st of June, 1870. The Spiritualist press of America welcomed his return. *The Banner of Light*, his old tried friend, said,—

. . . “ Mr. Peebles remained in London four and a half months, where he lectured on Spiritualism with marked effect ; and much good will be the result. He will be warmly welcomed by his many friends on this side of the water. He left New York immediately for his home in Hammonton, N. J., where he will remain a week or two, and then proceed to

Washington on business connected with the government. It is Mr. Peebles's intention, we believe, to return to Europe at no distant day, there to continue the good work he has begun."

Emma Hardinge immediately sent him the following kind greeting. She has since, with her husband, gone to London, further to perfect the work inaugurated there by Mr. Peebles and with vast success.

" CHICAGO, June 24, 1870.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . Accept my most hearty congratulations on your trip, its results, your safe return, and mental satisfaction with all that has passed. You have surely done a most noble work in my native country, for which God and angels will bless you. Long, long may you live to sow the seeds of spiritual truth."

Saddened over the suspended life of *The Universe*, but "patient in tribulation," ever preserving the equanimity of charitable fortitude, he went right to work again, after a few days' rest in his own home, with renewed energy and resolution. Westward, lecturing by the way in Milan, Ohio; in Battle Creek, he arrived at the quiet retreat of his friend, J. O. Barrett, in Glen Beulah, the last of July, for both rest and literary labors. "Rest?"—as well ask the ocean to rest under the Euroclydon of America's free air. Under the auspices of the Missionary Movement in Wisconsin, he was with J. O. Barrett at great mass-meetings of Spiritualists held in Manchester, Ill. and in the Wisconsin towns of Fond du Lac, Glen Beulah, Omro, Neenah, Fox Lake; and, week-evenings, lecturing in other towns on "Social Life in Turkey;" everywhere commanding popular patronage, and enforcing the truths of political and domestic liberty, and the spirituality of Spiritualism.

On the evening of August 14, during the mass-meeting in Omro, being then at the residence of E. Thompson, a circle was held, consisting of Mr. Peebles, Dr. Dunn, and J. O. Barrett; when the Indian Powhatan appeared with Dr. Schwailbach, Dr. Willis, and Michael O'Brien, each of whom entranced the medium, and spoke in his characteristic dialect.

Powhatan demagnetized the room, and introduced a spiritual atmosphere, hanging up magnetic curtains in the corners to protect "distinguished visitors" from mundane influences, and with great reverence ushered in "John," "Queen of Morn," and "Morning Star," whom he seated in magnetized chairs behind these invisible curtains. As usual, Aaron Nite was the speaker. That hour was hallowed. They said a council of many spirits had recently been held in their world to devise ways and means for the inauguration of a more "efficient system of culture" among Spiritualists. In the summary, they suggested two principles in the "social structure:"—

1. That the basis be *moral spirituality*, as the *fundamental* force of education; to which Spiritual phenomena shall be simply *incidental*, as streams from its fountain.

2. That the outward sign and seal of such society, or system on union, be a declared disposition to attain such spirituality.

Following his successful labors in Wisconsin, Mr. Peebles went to Chicago, filling a monthly engagement, enforcing the ardent object of his heart,—the construction of Spiritualistic society upon a basis of moral and devotional culture; from Chicago to Battle Creek and Sturgis; and thence to Cleveland, and there, too, pursuing the same policy, that the gazing world may soon be gladdened with the better fruits of a more spiritual Spiritualism. Cleveland was his radiative point in all directions; lecturing nearly every week-evening, during the fall and winter months, in Norwalk, Ohio, Clyde, Kelley's Island, etc.

In January, 1871, by the urgent request of the parties concerned, Mr. Peebles entered into the editorial copartnership of *The American Spiritualist* with Hudson Tuttle, A. A. Wheelock Managing Editor; hoping, as he says, "to aid that faithful organ in its great struggle for the position it deserves." It bears the imprint of his great love-nature, taking broad and fraternal ground with *The Liberal Christian*, *The Index*, *The Radical*, and public organs and speakers and mediums that have hearts as offerings for humanity.

The following incident, appearing in his editorial column, contains so fine a moral commendatory to fidelity with all reformers, we insert it:—

“An amusing scene occurred the other Sunday evening at our Spiritualist meeting in Cleveland. Reaching Lyceum Hall, a gentleman said to us, ‘A lady has gone into the hall after you in great haste.’—‘Ah! any one sick or dead?’—‘No; but Mrs.—— wants you and your audience to adjourn, and go over in a body to the Universalist meeting in Garrett’s Hall.’ Entering Lyceum Hall, we saw our excellent sister—a firm Spiritualist—zealously engaged in persuading Spiritualists to leave their meeting, and attend that of the Universalists. Some had left. At length, approaching, she pleasantly urged us to dismiss our meeting, hinting that it would necessarily be ‘very slim,’ and all go over and hear Mrs. M. A. Livermore preach a Universalist sermon. Our comic side was touched. The missionary business is ever in order; but for a Spiritualist to serve as a missionary for recruiting a sectarian church finds its parallel in the man who ‘put a penny into the urn of charity, and took a shilling out.’

“Taking our seat upon the rostrum, wet and drizzling as was the weather, we found there were a hundred and seventy present. When rising to speak, the number had increased to over two hundred. Voting is testing. We asked all who favored adjourning to Garrett’s Hall to rise: *not one arose!* When ready to commence speaking, there were full three hundred present. The lecture finished, Mr. Lawrence, a firm and consistent Spiritualist, rising, and making some very happy remarks, complimenting the assembly for their adhesion to principle, and the speaker’s good sense of propriety, asked such as approved of the lecturer’s course to rise; and, with the exception of something like half a dozen, the entire audience rose to their feet, and rose too, with a right good will. It was a complete triumph for consistency, decision of character, and fixedness of principle.”

After canvassing the treatment which several Universalists received from their sect, and the creedal basis of their belief,

mentioning among other practical things the folly of an unstable policy, he quotes from *The Cleveland Leader* a paragraph of Mrs. Livermore's discourse, with a review:—

“The good man and the bad each have their punishment here. For the future of the former nothing need be feared; no more for the latter; their eternity is alike. When the bad man enters the other world, he leaves his body, his sins and mortal part, behind, and goes a new soul, and commences under the tutelage of God to live a new life.”

“Every Spiritualist (says Mr. P.) who believes or realizes anything of spirit-communion knows that these creedal positions are false; and yet they are invited to listen to and sustain them by their influence and money. Many Spiritualists are doing this silly thing to-day all through the country. . . .

“Spiritualism is progressive and catholic, embracing the good and the true of all creeds, climes, and worlds.” Universalists are a sect with a creed.

Burns' “Holy Fair” seems appropriate here. The Peebles of his time has evidently lost no virtue in his representative brother of to-day:—

“In good time comes an antidote
Against sic poisoned nostrum;
For Peebles, frae the water fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See! up he's got the word o' God,
And meek and mine has viewed it.”

Mrs. Livermore, a patriotic and vigorous agitator of Woman's Franchise, and elevation to the highest trusts in the gift of the people, is a consistent example of the very wisdom Mr. Peebles recommends,—concentrative, constructive, defensive of her own “household of faith;” and therefore succeeds, honoring, no doubt, the man who thus contends for the triumphs of what he believes is truth and right:—

. . . “Things should be called by their right names. This worldly policy is contemptible. The clown that made the attempt to ride two horses at once fell into the mud.

“Sects we repudiate. Paper creeds are hardly fit for spittoons. Whenever Spiritualists fix upon a form of belief, and pronounce it a finality, they may count us out. ‘Good for this day only’ should be the first article of every confession of faith. For radical Unitarians, Free Religionists, Shakers, and Liberalists, in all lands, we extend the warm fraternal hand of fellowship, and ask to be considered their co-worker.

“Had every mortal left the hall, Sunday evening, we should have remained at our post. With God and angels present, none are alone. When Spiritualists support genuine mediums; when they will cease chasing up every passing novelty, and stand by their convictions of truth; when they will cease supporting sectarian churches, and sustain regular meetings of their own; when they will encourage lyceums, good music, order, liberal giving, religious culture, acknowledging and working with God’s ministering spirits for redemptive purposes,—then will Spiritualism become a mighty moral power in the world.”

During his successful labors in Cleveland, a mass convention of Spiritualists and Shakers was held, about the beginning of the year 1871, in the Lyceum Hall of that metropolis. Mr. Peebles was elected president. Among the very interesting incidents connected with this meeting, *The Cleveland Herald* reports:—

“Rev. J. N. Still (the same brother who met Mr. Peebles about two years before in Portland), a colored itinerant Spiritualist, arose in the audience. He was invited to the stage, and made a few remarks. He told of what he had seen through visions, saying among other things that he saw ‘that brother’ (the chairman) in the spirit three years before he saw his face; and he was led from the wilds of Virginia to Portland to meet him. He also had a clear view of all the events in the history of Spiritualism that are now taking place; and he wrote a book about it. Ever since he saw that new light, he had been traveling every day upon his great mission, begging his bread wherever he went. He believed Spiritualism to be the great system that is to enlighten and purify the world. He felt a

burden of spirit upon him for his own race; that he was the apostle commissioned to tell them the glad tidings.

“As he closed he was loudly applauded. The chairman said he met him (Mr. S.) some years ago, and believed him to be a true and faithful advocate of Spiritualism, acting under the control and direction of the spirits. As he descended the stage, an elderly Shaker gave him his seat, the colored man sobbing at the general expression of sympathy.”

Here were gathered representatives of a class of Spiritualists under the once-ignominious name of Shakers, that hold property in common, having “no saloons, no brothels, no swearing, no manifestations of ill temper, no rant, cant, nor hypocrisy,—a people living quiet, simple, spiritual lives, always devout, happy, and serene.” Upon the stand were Elders William Reynolds and Oliver C. Hampton, of Union Village, Warren County, O.; Elder Frederick W. Evans, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.; Elder George Albert Lomas, Watervliet, Albany, Elder James S. Prescott, North Union, O.; Elder Ephriam Frost, Lebanon, near Dayton, O.; and several elderesses; besides a fine band of singers, and thirty or more Shaker laymen from North Union; also W. W. Bloom, Carrie Lewis, Mr. Peebles, and other Spiritualists.

This conventional action of the Shakers indicates the moral heroism of their inspiration. Coming from their recluse, to win some to their simple-minded purities, is the experiment which an angel may admire. If their virtues corrode not with this magnetic touch, it will prove that here is power or redemption against which “the gates of hell shall not prevail.” But it is the divine way: good shall not be hidden. The sweet bud must blossom, though it die in the expending of its fragrance.

The sentiments of these speakers are so lofty in spirit, under the hearty indorsement of Mr. Peebles in the chair, we deem a few extracts a beautiful adornment here:—

“Love is of God,—pure, holy, free. Lust, apostolically speaking, is ‘earthly, sensual, and devilish;’ and those who could not and did not distinguish between love, *free love*, and *lust*, only reveal the degrading depravity of their natures.

Love under the guidance of wisdom, is the great redemptive power of the universe. 'If ye love me,' said Jesus, 'ye will keep my commandments.' Freedom and love walk hand in hand in the resurrection-state,—a state attainable in this present life through self-abnegation, and holy consecration to the good and the true.

"Shakers and Spiritualists are one in their knowledge of immortality and the primal objects of existence. Through the influence of Spiritualism, sectarianism, with its bigotry, intolerance, and tyranny, will be swept away. Neither Spiritualists nor Shakers should be afraid of abuse, slander, and ridicule; for, if their doctrines were correct they could only be strengthened by opposition. Believers—meaning the Shakers—have come into order. Their baptism is from the heavens. The disorderly, disintegrating fanaticisms prevailing to some extent among Spiritualists bring dishonor upon the truth. There is no point upon which the Shakers are so misunderstood as marriage. This is the lion in the way. But believers are not opposed to those on the Adamic plane in the world 'marrying and being given in marriage.' This is well. But there is a Christ plane of purity above it. Their warfare is against the abuses of marriage, the wasteful expenditure of the seminal forces, the social evil, and the monopoly of private property.

"The Children's Progressive Lyceum is a live institution, bound to progress as one of the reforms of the nineteenth century. It doth not yet appear what it will be. God bless the effort!

"The Bible is a compendium of the history and literature of the Jewish people, and is no more the word of God than is the Bible of any other nation. Let us accord the same respect to the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Bible of the Chinese, or that of any other people.

"When woman shall have attained her full social and political rights, she will be the balance-wheel of government: wars will cease, and the political arena will be purged of its uncleanness. Shakers do not fight: they are an example of

what would be the result if women were put on an equality with men. The 'social evil' is everywhere perplexing the legislature and municipal authorities. We declare against war — the killing of hundreds of thousands of men, and entailing untold suffering upon widows and orphans, to gratify the whims of politicians. There is in every human soul the germ of a spiritual life, that, when quickened into activity, will lift persons up into the Christ sphere, where the animal natures and propensities are entirely subdued.

“ It is perfectly right and proper, that on the earthly plane, people should have husbands and wives, as much so as that they should have wealth; and they only sacrifice that for something better in the higher sphere. There is wealth enough in the world to give every human being enough to place him above want. The Shakers have proved that, under the community system, all have enough and to spare. We yearly feed thousands of poor who never do a stroke of work for us.

“ When these principles of fraternity become practicalized, the long-promised age of peace and plenty, of love and good will to men, will have dawned; yea, it will have been fully inaugurated upon earth, angels walking hand in hand with a regenerated humanity. Spiritualism is a call for higher religious observance in life: hence we find the highest class of Spiritualists organized in the heavens and on the earth, with self-denial as their savior, a divine life their basis, and the practical operation of the Sermon on the Mount their religion. True Spiritualists do not under-estimate self-denial: they see the elements of eternal life in a celibate life, and freedom from war, slavery, sickness, and destruction, by living a life above the plane of mere earthly loves and sensual excitements. Let Spiritualists organize on the principles of eternal, never-changing life, and they will see the shackles of marriage, war, private property, and disease,— all the relations and conditions of temporary corruption,— fleeing as does the dew before the rising sun,— the sun of the millennial day. The great lights of Spiritualism admit two distinct orders of life,— the physical and natural; the one belonging to the earth, earthy; the

other to the heavens, heavenly. And, as heaven is a condition of purity and holiness, it should be inaugurated on earth. This was the prayer of Jesus,—‘Thy kingdom come.’ This divine kingdom, or high spiritual condition, had come to Jesus. It will come to all, when, like the believers called ‘Shakers,’ they appreciate and enter into the resurrection-state. ‘I am the resurrection and the life,’ said Jesus.”

Working faithfully in Troy, N. Y., then in Boston, lecturing before the popular audiences of Music Hall, Mr. Peebles, by urgent request, went to New Orleans, La., sowing there and in other Southern localities “the precious seed.” The interest was electric. The Southern heart is exceedingly genial. Freed now from the incubus of oppression, the Caucasian and sable races, under the domain or the same “stars and stripes,” are greeting this morning of a new day with hallelujahs that find tongues in the very waves of the great Gulf. East, west, north, south!—so rolls on the tide of inspiration; and the lilies of our truth are blossoming in every isle, continent, and sea.

The city papers favorably noticed his successes there. The friends were encouraged. In “Editorial Etchings,” published in *The American Spiritualist*, he writes,—

. . . “Our rooms are in the St. Charles Hotel. Have already met several of the friends. The Southern heart is warm and generous. How easy to find the good, the beautiful, and the true, when we search for them! . . . There are many Spiritualists in New Orleans. . . . They need, as everywhere, system, method, and unitive work. . . . We have met noble, ay, royal souls in this city. The South abounds in them. It has gladdened our hearts to clasp their hands, receiving favors and personal kindnesses. Acquaintances of this character ripen into enduring friendships. All the memories of the month, connected with our lectures upon Spiritualism, are pleasant. Long will they remain in the treasure-chambers of the soul’s sanctuary. Dr. J. W. Allen, a most excellent man, is the president of the Spiritualist society. . . . A confession,— At two o’clock, accompanied by a friend, long known to us

in Michigan, started for a Spanish cock-pit, to witness some gaff and spur gymnastics. It was daylight: why not see all sides of the world? The building, at the corner of Roman and Dumaine Streets, bears some resemblance within to a theater. The patrons were mostly Spanish and French, with a fair sprinkling of city officials, and three members of the legislature. Though the fowls fought well, the sight was disgusting and hateful beyond description. The young lads smoked; the men betted, cheered, and shouted. A strange world,—cocks fight in New Orleans, bulls fight in Spain, and men fight in France; the motive force and purpose of the combatants being victory. Those French and German Christians did bloodier fighting, however, than do trained birds in the South, or bulls in Spain. Civil and national wars will prevail just as long as the animal predominates over the moral nature. Animal flesh-eating promotes the war spirit. War for any cause is utterly opposed to the whole genius and tenor of Spiritualism. No practical Spiritualist can buckle on the martial armor, and go out to murder his fellow-beings."

We quote again, from a private letter, dated Goldsborough, N. C., May 4, 1871:—

. . . "So, brother, I have visited every State in the Union, except Arkansas, Texas, and Florida. Spoke in Mobile on Monday evening. Had a pleasant time in Maysville, S. C. Here is a *military school*. Had a pleasant argumentative interview with some of the military students. The contest was on peace and war. They thought if all Northern men had cherished and practiced 'peace principles,' there would have been no war, North and South.

"Last evening I spoke in Goldsborough,—expect a crowd to-night. Bros. N. F. White and E. V. Wilson have spoken here to large congregations.

. . . "I ought to have said, that in Mobile, Ala., a gentleman, John Bowen, threw open his parlor-doors, and we had a large and enthusiastic meeting. On the whole, I am delighted with the South. The people are cordial, warm-hearted, and noble, and very liberal in theologies.

. . . "I have just dined with Rev. H. Bain, Universalist minister here in Goldsborough. He is a firm and out-spoken Spiritualist, and his daughter is a medium. Love to Olive, 'Uncle Harry,' and children."

Lecturing a month in Baltimore, his old battle-ground, now enflowering from the spiritual seed of his sowing, Mr. Peebles returned to Cleveland, from which city he writes in private:—

"Brother, I am going to Europe again; sail 1st of July. The London people insist upon my speaking much as possible while I am there. Oh, my dear English friends, how I love them! They beg of me to come and spend the winter, as Emma Hardinge returns to America. This I can not do, as I am engaged for October in Louisville; then for four or five months in Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, and Washington. Bro. A. J. Davis has just written me a long and beautiful letter, full of good words to bear to the English Spiritualists, etc. It was dated, Orange, June 11, 1871. In it he says:—

"'Mary and I always read your articles in the different journals and books you publish, and find you surely on the right side of *truth, justice, and love*. I was particularly interested in your late articles in *The Present Age*, on "Pymander," showing how exactly the human mind makes a circle every three or four thousand years in the perception and declaration of ideas.'

"This letter reminds me of William and Mary Howitt of England, whose hearts are in their hands. When shall I see them again? There is not a wrinkle on their souls; and, owing to a pure life, their foreheads are so spiritually beautiful, we forget, and scarcely see any wrinkles there."

Sunday evening, June 25, the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, with other generous friends, accompanied Mr. Peebles to the cars, where with "Angels bless you," he started for Europe. He went to England to make arrangements for the publication of "Higgin's Anacalypsis," to gather facts for the "Year Book of Spiritualism for 1872," and to consult English and French Spiritualists relative to a future world's convention of Spiritualists. He also gave a few Sun-

day lectures during his three months' sojourn. Elder F. W. Evans, editor of the *Shaker*, published under the auspices of the Mt. Lebanon Association of Shakers, was with him in England.

The year 1872 was memorable in the life labors of our brother, as it was during this year his first voyage around the world was taken. But January found him engaged on the Spiritual rostrum in Memphis. As was his wont, he handled the live questions of the hour without "mittens," which greatly disturbed the old theological fossils. The Reverend David Walk paid his respects to Mr. Peebles in the usual priestly parlance of the cloth, indulging in such phrases as "fustion," "bread-and-butter sensationalism;" "lugubrious accents;" "good square meal;" "opera house preacher;" "stuff;" "foolish rant;" "necromancy;" "devil worship;" "hypocrite," etc.

The following Sunday evening Mr. Peebles reviewed the reviewer to a crowded house. He was in his usual happy mood, abounding in felicitous expressions, keen, withering analysis and evidently had his auditors in full participation with his good humor. We quote a few passages from this discourse:—

"In the discourse to which the reverend gentleman paid his respects, I inquired if that hell of endless torments, so often pictured, could be any portion of the good tidings of gospel preachers? 'Yes, Sir,' replied the pastor of the Linden Street Church, quoting the verse, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God.' . . . May we not suggest, evangelically of course, a further modification, and cooling off, and at the same time gently hint, that possibly a Franklin, a Fulton, a Humboldt, or some other of the "list" of scientists and scholars, may discover a northwest passage, and let the suffering prisoners out. As there's no end to inventions and progress, is not such a consummation within the range of hope and benevolent faith? Our discourse in the Opera House, was upon salvation and damnation, immortality and —

" THE MINISTRY OF SPIRITS.

The reviewer confesses that he could not "treat the sermon seriously." Then by converse, mirthfully. Think of it—a clergyman mirthful and jolly, while endeavoring to prove that a multitude of mankind would be endlessly damned. If there's real heart and soul in this minister's words, he can be little more than a living walking demonstration of total depravity! If he could not treat such a momentous subject seriously, he should not have attempted the review. There are clerical gentlemen in Memphis morally competent to treat Spiritualism with its proofs of immortality and angels' ministries "seriously." This clergyman is shocked at the idea that angels or spiritual beings should

' THUMP ON TABLES '

and visit 'greasy kitchens,' to arrest attention, arouse the soul and awaken the spiritual natures of earth's inhabitants. Did not Jesus pursue a similar course when he condescended to eat with "publicans and sinners," to reform them? Do not philanthropists and reformers go into kitchens, lanes and brothels even, to reach and snatch their mortal brothers from perdition? We are accused of "confounding things in our previous sermon not equal.' How? In what way? Mr. Walk believes that three angels, with gluttonous appetites, appeared at Abraham's tent door—"kitchen" in the rear, perhaps—and partook of a 'good square meal' of veal 'tender and good.' How much 'butter and milk' they ate besides the 'calf' we are not informed in the scriptures (Gen. 17:7, 8). Though sneering at the heavenly principles of Spiritualism; though utterly disbelieving the well attested fact that guardian angels and immortal intelligences surround and, at times, communicate, this Christian minister does believe those ancient Bible manifestations that God or an angel met Moses at a country tavern and sought to kill him (Ex. 4:24, 25); that the Lord commanded the prophet to walk naked (Isa. 20:2); that the Lord came down to examine a city and tower (Gen. 11:5); that the Lord took off the Egyptian's chariot wheels

(Ex. 14:25); and wet Gideon's sheep fleece (Judges 6:31, 37, 38). Further, this clerical reviewer unwittingly asks if

“ ‘ BALAAM'S ASS

was in a clairvoyant state when it saw the angel.' Not well acquainted with these quadrupedal members of the animal kingdom, we are not certain. The Bible positively affirms, however, that “ the ass saw the angel; ” and Mr. Walk is the only clergyman we've ever known to ‘ bray ’ against the spiritual manifestation of the Bible.

“ The Rev. David Walk assured his church that he was ‘ ready to be convinced ’ of spirit communion — was ‘ sighing ’ to see spirits. This desire is noble. We recommend him to continue the investigation, to continue this well-doing, adding, among other necessary conditions, those of frequent bathing, ‘ fasting and prayer. ’ Surely, if stirring, thrifty Memphis has no lying Peter, treacherous Judas, nor weeping Jeremiah, it has a poor, tearful David! Be of good cheer, oh Christian teacher; the Scriptures give assurance that though ‘ weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. ’ But ignoring

“ DARK SÉANCES

he wants the spirits to come in the daylight. Quite probable. So the proud hypocritical Pharisees wanted their Messiah born in a magnificent palace, rather than a lowly manger. Beggars should not be too fastidious in their demands. . . .

“ As this reverend speaker, in the absence of argument, ridicules spiritual circles, especially those held in darkened apartments, will he inform us why most of the spirit manifestations recorded in the Bible — such as Abraham's test — the passage of the Red Sea, and the violent wrestling of Jacob with the angel, transpired in the night? when the purpose was to enlighten the world. The tremendous manifestation given to Moses on the Mount, the slaughter of Sennacherib's army by the angels, and the destruction of the Midianites, 20,000, in one night, brought about through the interposition of angels, took place in the darkness. The salutation to the shep-

herds, the stilling of the tempest, the walking upon the water, and the rolling away of the stone from the sepulcher by spiritual beings 'in white,' all occurred in the dark. Mary Magdalene came to the tomb, 'early, when it was yet dark,' is the evangelist's language. Again, it was dark when Paul and Silas were spiritually delivered from prison, dark when the angels released the apostles from their dungeon-cell (Acts 5: 19),— and dark, 'Peter sleeping between two soldiers,' when an angel smiting, raised him up, that he might go out of the inner gate, which 'opened of its own accord.' Were these patriarchs, prophets, apostles and angels all impostors? Did they all 'hate the light,' to use the basely insinuating language of Mr. Walk, because forsooth, these wonderful manifestations occurred by and through them in the night-time?

"Will the Linden street preacher tell us why Jesus, when called to heal the maiden, 'put them all out,' before He 'took her by the hand?' and why Peter, in the case of Tabitha, 'put them all forth?' Had Mr. Walk been present, after sneering at Peter and scoffing at Jesus, he would doubtless have cried lustily, 'Don't put me out, I want to see the tricks performed.'"

The entire discourse abounded with sharp thrusts, witticisms and brilliant passages, and the delivery was accompanied with a hearty good nature which is a conspicuous quality in Mr. Peebles's temperament and character. Indeed, we here get a fair portrait of the man,— a portrait which he has involuntarily sketched for our edification. The spectral shadows of despair can not impress their unlovely features upon this man's mental landscape. For him the traditional hell has no terrors. His personality is a center from which sunshine perpetually streams. As the birds and flowers rejoice in the manifold nature that environs them, so does he rejoice, and from the abundance of this joy there is a continued overflow into the lap of the great human world.

After all, it is a small matter whether we write a name which shall survive in mortal memory, but it does matter that our life and deeds become identified with that eternal reality

which lifts its waves in myriad formed lines to bless the world. The local scenes where our labors were once expended may disappear, and the marble slab that will be reared to perpetuate our name, will itself crumble to dust as old Time numbers his vast cycles! But the soul will endure, and somewhere there is kept an imperishable record of its long succession of pilgrimages.

“Queer faces of my comrades, peering into mine,—
Full of mystery to me, O you faces!
You do not know that you are ignorant of what you are;
From you the dream has not departed;
Still you sleep, murmuring;
Your dreams are troubled, but do not wake you;
O faces of my comrades, you are sphinxes unto me!”

XXXV

AROUND THE WORLD

“Where can I rest my soul? I am so weary
Of whirling from the sunlit mountain peaks of bliss
Down to the fearful caverns, cold and dreary,
Where no light is. *O, I am tired of this!*”

“Flapping of bats’ wings one day, next the eagle’s screaming
In the sun’s face, wide-eyed and jubilant of life,
But yet no still, low bower for quiet dreaming
Where exultation is not, nor yet strife.”

— *Emma Tuttle.*

Now Mr. Peebles saw before him the possibility of executing long-cherished plans. His journey to Western Asia and the classic lands, far from satisfying his thirst for a practical knowledge of the Eastern civilizations, only served to stimulate the desire for more extensive and thorough research. Consequently, in August, 1872, he started westward, slowly wending his way across the continent by the Central Pacific route, taking extensive notes of people and localities along the way.

To the great majority of people, travel and exploration possesses a peculiar fascination. There is a charm and exhilaration in gathering knowledge through object-lessons by means of travel. We shall, therefore, endeavor to follow Mr. Peebles through a small portion of his journey, and so get a glimpse of the great moving world through his eyes. But it is well to be reminded that no one individual beholds the entire panorama of events exactly as they are enacted on the world’s stage. He who gives us his interpretation of what he sees, thereby sketches for us his own portrait. Newton saw the world in a few of its manifold aspects; but his dog Carlo saw it only in some of its simpler aspects, and with a far more limited mental vision.

Through the eyes of Mr. Peebles we see nature in motion, abounding with glowing colors, throbbing with life, full of warm impulses, — having ugly features here and there it is true, but nevertheless, it is on the march toward a glorious fulfilment. Our hero is an optimist. When we travel with him the sun shines, is on the faces of all of his companions. Yet, withal, through his eyes we derive no great amount of technical knowledge, — no labored scientific classification of the objects of the living, or of the half-dead world. Moreover, his idea relating to dates, geographical position, topography and the various points of the compass, are not always sharply defined, and we sometimes wonder how, going so far from home, he ever finds his way back. He may not be able to analyze the rays in the solar spectrum, but he knows when he sees a waving harvest field or a glorious sunset. If he has neglected to carefully trace the botanical appellations to the myriad species of flowers and plants, no one worships or communes more ardently than he in his own flower-garden or returns from such communion more refreshed. His genius is of the lyrical order, and therefore he sings to us the manifold hymn he has learned from Nature, while he rarely explains and classifies after the manner of the slow-plodding scientist. He is inspired. He aims to see the world as it is, in its thinking and acting; and from an inspection of the monuments and memorials left us from former generations, he tries and succeeds in telling us how the human world thought and acted; how it governed and built and worshiped in the remotely ancient times. We shall surely find pleasant company with such a kind-hearted, clear-headed traveler.

As he sped towards the Rockies over the broad stretch of level land in Western Nebraska, from his heart Mr. Peebles pitied the poor farmers, living with neighbors scattered far apart, occupying board shanties, with scarcely a shrub or tree in sight, over whose silent landscape brooded a dreaded monotony, where the soul is condemned to shrink and shrivel to a mere continuance of life. Money hired at thirty-six per cent and land mortgaged to secure a team and utensils with which

to start in life. No wonder that such a desolate outlook should engender homesickness, despair and early death! The pioneer, who, three quarters of a century ago, blazed a way through the wooded wilderness of Indiana and Ohio, had a cheerful task compared with this.

Nearly a hundred years since Lewis and Clarke, and later General Fremont, recorded their topographical impressions mile by mile into the hitherto unexplored interior, every mile contested by hostile tribes. A period of two or three years was then required to traverse the great mountain plateau and reach the California coast. The same may be now accomplished in three days from what was then the limit of our Western border.

Good-by to the dreary monotony of a Nebraska prairie! In front we behold the titanic mountain axis of the American continent. Here is a type of mountain grandeur which can not be found anywhere else on the globe. What a scene of wrestling and writhing, of tilted and contorted strata! What heaving and groaning must have been expended beneath the granite pile, ere this huge osseous structure was raised to its vast demensions! Then the Great Basin this supports, nearly two thousand miles broad, is the youngest born of the continent, yet old in the history of its human occupation. Weird influences hover over this silent landscape.

Our traveler arrived in Cheyenne, the Capital of Wyoming, August 15. In his notes he tells us:—

“Cheyenne, capital of Wyoming, is the most populous town between Omaha and Ogden. The Black Hills in the distance were crowned with snow. The railway cuts each side of Cheyenne show volcanic matter, mixed with marine fossils. A rolling ocean once swept over these plains and mountains. Here are found beautiful moss agates. They are for sale, with rare mineral specimens at nearly every station. If London is the paradise of books, and Persia of roses, the West is the Elysian lands of geologists and mineralogists.”

“Wyoming is woman’s political Eden regained. Suffrage is here guaranteed her as a constitutional right; and yet only

about half of the women in Cheyenne use this ballot privilege. Why is it? Are there not far more women than men opposed to universal suffrage? Laramie was the first place in the world where a female jury was impaneled."

Emerging from that wonderful scenic representation of nature, Echo Cañon, our traveler at length saw spread out before him the broad and fertile valley of the Great Salt Lake Basin. He switched off at Ogden and spent several days with Brigham Young and the Mormons. Among the facts and impressions he has recorded in his books of travels, we reproduce the following letter written in 1842, by Joseph Smith to the Chicago *Democrat*, edited by John Wentworth. This letter gives us some insight into Smith's visional experiences:—

"While fervently engaged in supplication, my mind was taken away from the objects with which I was surrounded and I was enwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages who exactly resembled each other in features and likeness, surrounded with a brilliant light, which eclipsed the sun at noon-day. They told me that all religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines and that none of them was acknowledged of God as his Church and Kingdom; and I was expressly commanded to 'go not after them.' . . .

"On the evening of the 21st of September, A. D. 1823, while I was praying, a light like that of day burst into the house and filled the whole room. The appearance produced a shock that affected the whole body. In a moment a personage stood before me, surrounded with glory yet greater than that with which I was already surrounded. This messenger proclaimed himself to be an angel of God, sent to bring the joyful tidings that the covenant, which God had made with ancient Israel, was at hand to be fulfilled. . . .

"On the 6th day of April, 1830, the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,' was first organized in the town of Fayette, Seneca County, New York. Some few were called and ordained by the Spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance; though weak, yet were they strengthened by the power of God; and

many were brought to repentance, were immersed in the water, and were filled with the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. They saw visions and prophecies. Devils were cast out and the sick healed by the laying on of hands. God's angels and spirits are with us.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, . . . in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc."

We have here an added illustration of the fact, that all denominational religions originated in spirit manifestations. All the founders of special religious systems, Buddhistic, Christian, Mohammedan had visions and saw angels. So far as Mormonism is concerned, polygamy was an excrescence which the original founder did not dream of attaching to his system.

It is a suggestive coincidence that Brigham Young was born in the same town where the cradle of our hero was laid, though he preceded him about twenty years. What different careers spring from the same soil! But here were two long divergent lines of antecedents before they were brought to the same geographical focus; and from that material focus the two lines again diverged, each following the bent of his genius and impressing his individual character upon the pages of historic annals.

While sojourning in Salt Lake City Mr. Peebles met a band of self-sacrificing, independent thinkers, among whom was F. L. T. Harrison, a dissenter from the Mormon church, who was then the editor of the *Utah Magazine*. While yet connected with the Latter Day Saints, Mr. Harrison wrote thus:—

"When Joseph Smith inaugurated our church nearly forty years ago, it burst upon the world as a revelation of spiritual power. The main peculiarity of our system was, that we asserted the necessity of close and constant intercommunication between this and the heavenly worlds. . . .

"Abroad among nations, we had plentiful corroboration that this theory was no idle dream, but based on facts. Whole-

sale spiritual manifestations did there attend us. Our sick were then healed by the hundred. During the great cholera fear in England, among about thirty thousand Latter Day Saints, scarcely one succumbed to the disease. We were rich in spiritual manifestations; we felt angelic presence, even if unseen; we lived in an atmosphere that made us feel every day very near to God and the heavenly world."

Once more our traveler was headed westward, traversing the upland plains of the Great Basin—across Utah and Nevada towards the Atlas shoulders of the continent, the Sierra Nevada Range, a weird, strange country, which mayhap was the seat of prehistoric civilizations. A few lines from Joaquin Miller's "Ship in the Desert," descriptive of the Great Basin, will be appropriate here:—

Go ye and look upon that land,
That far, vast land that few behold,
And none beholding, understand;
That old, old land, which men call new,
That land as old as time is old.

"The vastness of that voiceless plain,
Its awful solitudes remain,
Thenceforth, for aye, a part of you,
And you are of the favored few;
For you have learned your littleness.

"A wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand;
A land of space and dreams; a land
Of sea-salt lakes and dried-up seas;
A land of caves and caverns,
And lonely wells and pools;

"A land
That hath its purposes and plans,
That seems so like dead Palestine,
Save that its wastes have no confine
Till pushed against the levell'd skies;
A land from out whose depths shall rise
The new-time prophets.

“ Yea, the land
 From out whose awful depths shall come
 All clad in skins, with dusty feet,
 A man, fresh from his Maker's hand,
 A singer, singing oversweet,
 A charmer, charming very wise.

“ And then all men shall not be dumb;
 Nay, not be dumb, for he shall say:
 ‘ Take heed, for I prepare the way
 For weary feet.’

“ Lo! from this land
 Of Jordan streams and sin-washed sand
 The Christ shall come when next the race
 Of man shall look upon his face.”

Among some unpublished notes which our traveler has picked up by the wayside, is a message given through a medium of Cleveland, Ohio, purporting to emanate from Yarmah, an old Atlantean, whose portrait was drawn by the spirit artist, Anderson. Here is the message:—

“ When I was one hundred years old, I came to this land (America), with six others, came from the land which tradition has handed down to you as the ‘lost Atlantis.’ The names of my companions were Yarah, Yonna, Yain, Yee, Yool, and Yak. I lived in the odd number. Seven of us started out and became the ‘Mound-builders.’

“ The six companions who came with me were born of parents fully ripe — two hundred and fifty years old. We were born for the work,— born to be nation-founders; all born within the same year. So we came, traveled over the land and set the nation-pivots where the nation cities were to be founded. Then another people started eleven years later, from another land, who were called Idanneans, who settled three of the cities which I and my companions located,— one of my companions becoming a head, or patriarch in each. The first city settled by these people — the Idanneans — was at Salt Lake, near the site of the temple which has recently been erected

there. My companion, Yak, was the patriarch over that city and nation.

“As I said, three nation cities were settled by the Idan-neans. Then still another people came a few years later and settled the other three great nation-cities; over each of which were settled as patriarch one of my companions. The city over which I was patriarch was central in the group of nations, for mine was seventh in the series, and therefore pivotal in its function. . . .

“My great city was where the big trees now grow on the uplands of the Sierras. I attained to three hundred and fifty years, and over the surface where my bones were deposited great convulsions have accumulated a thousand feet or more of rock material.

“The third time have the mound-building nations spread over the American continent, and the third time have they been destroyed; but the incipient nation which is now forming will build in permanence. The first destruction was by the great upheavals which changed the land surface, covered large areas with molten lava, and let the ocean in, covering much of the land. In the first settlement, the western border in some places extended several hundred miles west of its present limit. The second destruction was by another wide-spread convulsion, in which both fire and water were active agents. In the first settlement the climate and fruitfulness of the country were far superior to what they were in the two subsequent settlements. A long interval separated each settlement, and the continuity of their history became broken and destroyed.”

Toward the end of August, Mr. Peebles set his foot down in San Francisco, where fifteen years before he had landed an invalid. Here he delivered a course of lectures to crowded houses on the Harmonial Philosophy and social life in Turkey. Writing hasty notes of San Franciscans, he says:—

“Old heads guide the feet that tread this new city. Enterprise is the pass-word, victory the psalm. Enthusiasm anywhere is existence, and earnestness its own great reward.

Financially, Californian cups run over. This is the trouble,—
the material over-riding the spiritual.”

“Beneath the splendid chandeliers of sin
 We keep gay time to music on the floors,
While trampled Virtue, like a specter thin,
 Starves in her cot, or freezes at the doors.”

XXXVI

VOYAGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC

“Have you a friend, a comrade dear,
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet discourse
At length will have an end.
And when you part,— as part you will,—
Oh! take it not unkind
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.”

— *Pollock.*

On the afternoon of September 1, 1872, our traveler stood on the extreme western limit of the Occident, and gazed out over the calm Pacific waters toward the Orient. The massive engines of the “Idaho” were throbbing with potentialized power. The dream and prophecy of many years was now to be fulfilled. His own eyes were to behold the moving panorama on Oriental lands. At precisely four o’clock the gang-plank was hauled in, and the huge vessel steamed out through the “Golden Gate” and headed towards the Sandwich Islands. Dr. E. C. Dunn was with Mr. Peebles as his traveling companion, and through his mediumistic gifts was brought into daily contact with many more invisible companions. The passage to Australia usually consumes from thirty-five to forty days.

As the steamer glided over the smooth waters from day to day our brother fell to philosophizing:—

“How calm the sea! What a quiet life, reading by day, and gazing by night at the glittering stars,— those shining altar-lamps set in the heavens by the fingers of the Eternal! A change,— rough and rolling, the ocean! Would you escape sea-sickness? Walk the deck in defiance of the dashing

waves. Exercise a plucky will power; no compromise. Grace aside, it is *grit* that leads to glory on the ocean.

“The genius of this intellectual age requires the abolition of war, of flag and cannon, of whip and personal devil,—ay, more, the gradual, yet complete reconstruction of government, jurisprudence, theology. Oh, for the coming man, the constructor! Oh, for self-denial and more moral heroism! Why cringe and cower? Why lean like a half-dipped candle, and cautiously inquire for the winning way? Alone — alone with truth, is a majority!”

A brief halt was made at Honolulu — about two days. Our brother was charmed with the climate and scenery, and collected many interesting facts relating to the natives who had become decimated to a population of sixty-five thousand. In Capt. Cook’s time the population of these islands was estimated at four hundred thousand. Their contact with modern civilization was chiefly responsible for this rapid deterioration.

September 26th the voyage was resumed in the steamer “Nevada,” bound for New Zealand. The Samoan Islands lay along the route, whose great beauty and soft climate Mr. Peebles particularly remarked. He describes the scenery as transcendently lovely. Of the natives he writes:—

“The steam checked, and the vessel at rest the natives flocked to us like birds to a banquet. Physically they are a splendidly made race, with full, high foreheads, wavy beards, and white exquisitely set teeth. They are dark in color and quick in motion. They have very dark brown hair, eyes black and expressive. The occasional reddish hair seen had been lime-bleached. Honest and naturally trusting, they are evidently of the Indo-Malayan origin.

“The women are well-formed, healthy and handsome, and what is more, are famed for their chastity. Both men and women go as naked as newly born babes, except weirdly-woven leaves and sea-grass aprons around their loins. Our passengers bought of them war-clubs, fans, fruits, head-gearing, birds, baskets, spears, and shells . . . I can but deplore that conceited ignorance which characterizes two classes of

Americans,— radical rationalists who crankily assert that there are 'islanders in the Pacific and ferocious tribes in Africa that have not the faintest idea of God or another state of existence;' and pompous clergymen, who everlastingly prate about the 'polluted and fiendish heathen' of Oceanica."

The Fiji Islands, likewise, came in for a brief inspection. In this archipelago there are one hundred and fifty-four islands, seventy of which are inhabited. The natives are dark-hued, noble in mien, shrewd and enterprising. Missionaries have given them a hard name:—

"Bear in mind the Fijian side of the story has neither been heard nor published. . . . When discovered by the navigator, Tasman, they knew nothing of syphilis or the various venereal diseases that accompany "Christian" civilization. The taint of syphilis is not yet very common among them: . . . They believe in transmigration and immortality. They worship in caves and groves. They also have their mediums, who, when in ecstatic states, foam at the mouth; but every utterance breathed in this weird trance condition is carefully noted as the voice of a god."

During this voyage, which to many passengers was tiresome and monotonous, Mr. Peebles found a way to employ all his waking hours, writing notes of travel, reading and holding *séances* with Dr. Dunn, filled up the hours pleasantly. But his fellow-passengers exhausted their wits for ways and modes in which to "kill time" and find amusement—sleight-of-hand, trickery, story-telling, ventriloquizing, etc.

"Blab and witty words are cheap. Books, all afire with the personalities of their authors, nourish the soul. Pythagoras enjoined not only purity and patience, but seven years' silence, upon certain of his students, as preparatory steps to wisdom. This way, this way, O Samian."

In one of those *séances* held while on ship-board, Aaron Nite, controlling, said:—

"You and multitudes of others should never sit in spirit circles. Many of the best mediums on earth have never even attended a *séance*. . . . To see the impressional or truly in-

spired sitting in promiscuous circles, holding hands, and imbibing diverse aural exhalations, is to us mentally painful. . . . Promiscuous magnetic blendings are as injurious to the soul as sexual promiscuity to the body. These, all these practices opposed to the natural laws of life, yield but thorns for the flesh, and obsessions for the spirit."

After a confinement of nearly fifty days in the floating prison, the steamer at length touched the wharf at Melbourne, the principal city in Victoria. A committee of welcome met Mr. Peebles at the landing and conducted him to the hospitable residence of Mr. McIlwraith, who was a member of the city council and late mayor of the city. There a choice dinner was waiting, and in the evening a hearty reception was tendered our traveler at the Masonic Temple, in which nearly three hundred people participated. Soon a course of lectures was in progress.

But the Victorian press decided to write Mr. Peebles down. From the first, the Melbourne *Telegraph* and the *Argus* grossly misrepresented and slandered him. After the first occasion of Mr. Peebles's public appearance, by his special request his friends vacated the stage and he was given a clear platform. This request was made in public, but the following morning the *Telegraph* enlarged upon the "desertion of Mr. Peebles by his friends," which it attributed to their shame and disappointment. Speaking of these vile attacks by the press, Mr. Peebles writes:—

"Heaven save sensitive reformers in all lands from the mockery of an unprincipled press, from priestly throats that vomit falsehood, and churchly tongues that delight to lap blood! The majority of press reporters are liars! Though addressing audiences in all the American States, except Florida and Texas and Oregon, upon the unpopular yet progressive movements of the age, I was never so unjustly criticised, basely misrepresented, and shamefully vilified as by a portion of the daily Victorian press. Not content with this, I was burlesqued in the *Weekly Punch*, and pantomimed in the theaters. The personal abuse commenced with the delivery

of the first lecture in Temperance Hall. This was expected. Accordingly, Mr. Charles Bright, a literary gentleman contributing to the *Daily Argus*, was sufficiently farseeing to secure a superb shorthand reporter. And while a slimy, policy-seeking press was pouring out venom, the lecture of this "vulgar blasphemer" appeared in print, entitled, "Spiritualism Defined and Defended," ably prefaced by Charles Bright and published by W. H. Terry. The serpents of the press shake their rattles at all reformers."

The following was written by a man interested in the *Daily Telegraph*,—organ of the clergy, and was reprinted in *The Dunedin Morning Star*, New Zealand, before Mr. Peebles opened his course of lectures there:—

"I can not better begin to describe him than by giving a few of the delicate epithets bestowed on this Mr. Peebles in all the newspapers, town and country: 'an impudent American,' 'an impious pretender,' 'a long-haired apostate!' These figures of speech might be indefinitely multiplied, and yet half the truth would not be told. This 'great and good man' (Peebles) in speaking, works himself up to a frenzy, while with blood-shot eyes and rolling tongue, and foaming mouth, he tells the opinion that some 'heathen Chinees' had formed of Christianity away somewhere in the Far West. He then maudles over a Yankee story about some poor youth mourning for his granny whom he has never seen, and who came from 'Arabula' to pat him on the head."

Notwithstanding all this malicious abuse, immediately following his first course of six lectures in Temperance Hall, the committee resolved to secure a larger and more fashionable place for the second course. Luckily the Prince of Wales theater was obtained, to which, on the occasion of his first lecture, an audience of twenty-five hundred flocked; and before the course closed there was an attendance of over three thousand. Then the press suddenly changed its tone. The *Daily Herald* said,—“An immense crowd of people assembled again last night to hear the American Spiritualist expound the new religion. He was evidently in earnest, and at times really

eloquent." The *Daily Telegraph*, which had been the most bitter in assailing Mr. Peebles, thus prefaced a fine report: "A crowd filled the Prince of Wales Theater last evening from pit to ceiling. The assemblage was intelligent and orderly, listening to the lecture entitled, 'Spiritualism Becoming Universal.' The *Daily Melbourne Age* said, 'The theater was so crowded that even the upper gallery was opened, and many people were compelled to stand.'"

Commenting on this change of attitude, Mr. Peebles wrote:—

"This modification, this change of base on the part of the press conductors, entitles them to very little credit. The new and more tolerant position was forced upon them. 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin?' The press has three creed-words, 'Will it pay?'"

Though a few Spiritualists were scattered here and there over the colonies, and a few pamphlets and books were imported from London and Boston, Spiritualism took no organic hold in Australia until about the year 1870. In Melbourne the pioneers of this movement were such indefatigable minds as Messrs. Naylor, Terry, Ross, Walker, Tyerman, and other progressive souls.

Going inland a hundred miles by stage, Mr. Peebles visited and lectured in a number of mining towns,—Ballarat, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, and Geelong. In these large audiences greeted him—some attending out of curiosity, others to learn something about Spiritualism.

Our brother's sympathies have always been on the side of the aborigines of all lands. Whether it be the American Indians, the Sandwich Islanders, Samoans, Tasmanians, Fijis or South Australians, he is disposed to plead their cause and see that simple justice is awarded them. From personal knowledge he contradicts many popular conceptions relating to the native Australians. He says:—

"Aboriginal children are noted for retention of memory, quickness of perception, and readiness to acquire the usual elements of education. This was demonstrated at the experi-

mental school at Merri-Merri. And a few years since an aboriginal by the Normal School of Sydney carried off the prize from all his white companions. They are trusting and affectionate among themselves. Respect to age is rigidly enforced. Without the hollow fashions and jealousies, without the conventional decorum and restraints of civilized society, they sing and gambol in the evening time as though life were a continuous carnival. Suicide is unknown among them. . . . In mental acumen and in quickness of sight and hearing, they surpass most white people. Uncontaminated with modern civilization, they are not much lower than ourselves. . . .

“Nutrition was abundant till the invasions of the Europeans. They pitched their kangaroo meat upon live coals, steamed their fish, and baked their turtles in the shell. Hunting wild honey was a favorite pursuit. . . . They are rapidly declining.

“Their belief in spirits is quite universal. They believe that one class of spirits dwell in the air, another in the mountain caves, and others still wandering among the tall trees. These natives seldom leave a camp-fire at night for fear of encountering malignant spirits. . . . A principal cause of their passing away is the prostitution of their wives to the Europeans of the long-ago.”

XXXVII

IN THE ORIENT

“India of the East, o’er whose valleys sweet
Too quickly pass my ever-wandering feet,
Ere yet your shores in lengthening distance fade,
Let faithful Memory lend my pen her aid.”

On the 27th day of March, 1873, Mr. Peebles took passage in a sailing vessel from Dunedin, New Zealand to China, a voyage of sixty-one days, covering a distance of seven thousand miles. His friends, anticipating the tediousness of the journey across the tropical belt, prepared for his comfort flowers, fruits, jams, honey, and other delicacies so enjoyable on a long voyage. The crew of one hundred and eighteen were Chinese. Having reached the tropics, the vessel lay in a dead calm for six days.

“On Sunday morning at sunrise, there came on deck a dozen or more serious-visaged Chinese, with dishes of rice, bowls of tea, different colored paper, slim dry incense reeds, slender red-topped wax candles and matches. ‘What’s up?’ ‘The Chinamen are going to pray for wind.’ They went through with certain pantomimic incantations, ending by throwing the rice and the tea into the ocean. Result, fine breeze soon from the right quarter. ‘There!’ exclaimed our exultant Celestials, ‘the wind-god has heard us!’ Why not just as rational for Chinamen to thus pray for wind, as for Christians bowing over cushioned pulpits to pray in their way for rain, for the staying of the grass-hopper devastation, or for the ‘recovery of the Prince of Wales?’ God is unchangeable.”

During this long and tedious voyage, Mr. Peebles and Dr. Dunn punctually observed their four-o’clock sittings twice per week. Among the teachings received at these sittings from the spirit, Aaron Nite, we subjoin a few extracts:—

“ The truth is, millions of spirits have never got away from earth, spiritually speaking. They may be termed border-land spirits. Their past tendencies, present desires, and undone work, chain, mentally hold them near to your earth. . . . How long a time has man inhabited the earth? It is difficult to even approximate the period when man first appeared on earth. The most ancient spirits with whom I have conversed upon the subject tell me it was millions of years in the past. Three times, at least, the earth has been nearly submerged in water, destroying the people. The whole surface has been repeatedly changed and modified by fire and flood, heat and cold.”

At length Mr. Peebles landed on Chinese soil. Visiting Hong-Kong, Whampoa, Canton and other Chinese cities, conversing with Confucians, Taoists and Buddhist priests. Here everything looked un-American. On every hand he met with an overburdened population. About the rivers he saw multitudes living in small boats. “ Full two hundred thousand Cantonese live, traffic, eat, sleep, and die on these river boats. Their sam-pans, though floating property, are their real estate. The smallest children have bamboo blocks tied to their bodies, so that, should they tumble overboard, they could be easily rescued. . . . The streets of Canton, irregularly laid out, are from five to seven and ten feet wide. Broad avenues are yet to be dreamed of by Chinamen.”

Chinese scholars put their historic annals back fully forty thousand years. Even Confucius and Lao-Tsze — twenty-five hundred years back — lived in the modern times of China, and paid the same respect to the “ wise ancients ” as is recorded them at the present day. Mr. Peebles’s chapters on China, contained in his book “ Travels Around the World,” embody much valuable information, especially relating to their psychology, and are cast in an exceedingly entertaining style. This book is invaluable to thinkers, scholars and religionists.

From China he sailed down the Chinese Sea to Singapore, where he remained something over a month, visiting Johore (a small kingdom of Mohammedans) and Malacca also. In this interval he applied himself industriously to a psychological

study of the Malayan race. While on the steamer en route to Singapore, our traveler was much annoyed by the French fashion that prevailed. He was twice reminded that he should appear in a certain fashionable style of dress-suit at the dinner table. His American independence now asserted itself. He considered this a piece of impertinence, and penned a note to the commanding officer, which reveals one of the strong, independent traits of his character:—

“Commander of ‘Irrawaddy,’ Sir:—

“It is, in my estimation, nobler to be a man, maintaining true moral independence, than to be a Frenchman or an American. And as the two legitimate purposes of clothing are to cover the body, and conduce to its comfort, will you have the kindness to instruct your servants to give neither myself nor Dr. Dunn further annoyance by suggesting what hour we dress for the day, and in what style of dress we appear at the dining table? Fashion, a heartless tyrant, has no international standard; and if it had, I should be guided entirely by my own judgment and good sense of propriety.

“Respectfully thine,

“J. M. Peebles.”

The reply, prompt and gentlemanly, saved them from further annoyances.

On the 7th day of July, 1873, he reached Calcutta, India, calling at once upon that distinguished Hindu scholar, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, whom he had previously met in London. He was warmly received by him, and also by Peary Chand Mittra and other Hindus of that part of the country. After delivering several parlor lectures, visiting the temples and conversing with the priests, witnessing the burning of the dead and other ceremonies, he went up the Ganges to Benares, the holiest of the Hindu cities, and then across the country by railway to Bombay, stopping at several cities for the purpose of inspecting the ruins, caves, temples, and other matters connected with Buddhism and Brahminism.

Calcutta on the east and Bombay on the west, are the two

rival cities in India. The railroad connecting the two cities traverses an upland country for a distance of about fifteen hundred miles. The scenery is sufficiently bold and diversified to show a striking contrast to the Valley of the Ganges. Bombay much resembles San Francisco in the bustle of its business streets and diversity of its inhabitants.

A month's voyage from Bombay brought him into Egypt by way of the Suez Canal. Sitting one evening by the side of Dr. Dunn aboard the steamer "Aretusa" in the Arabian Sea, and reflecting upon the great transformations that overtake nations and races, Dr. Dunn unexpectedly became entranced. The controlling spirit, bowing low after the Oriental custom, said:—

"Good evening, stranger. I see you are wrapt in meditation; perhaps my coming is an intrusion?"

"Not in the least, sir; I am glad to welcome you."

"The origin and destiny of races is a subject of vast import. I lived in Hindusta, the land of plenty,—now called India,—about four thousand years ago. We spoke the Sansar, the language of the sun, vulgarized into the Sanscrit. It was the language of sounds, and compassed the uttered emotions of man, beast, insect. . . . Our government, embracing a portion of Africa, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and India, was patriarchal; the emperor being considered a father under whom were kings over smaller divisions, lords of cities, and head men of villages. This extensive government, having no coin currency, and transacting business, even of a commercial character, upon the principle of equivalents, was largely sustained by voluntary contributions. A moderate competency was regarded as sufficient with my countrymen.

"Indeed, it was a maxim with us, that man wants only what he lives upon; and accordingly, at the end of the year each city, village, and family paid over to the government all its surplus produce and treasures of every kind. And then, in times of scarcity or famine, the government upon the principle of compensation, supported the people from its public granaries and accumulated stores. Disputes were settled by arbitration. Capital punishment was unknown to us.

“The Aryans, or rather the Aryas, who came down from the north, were among the first of the blood-spilling nations. They were the lower athletic classes, the rovingly disposed, in Central and Northern Asia, speaking a mongrel Sanscrit. Their descent into India was long after my time. . . . We had extensive canals through India, Egypt, and other portions of Africa. Some of these countries have been greatly changed by convulsions since I left the body. . . . Literature was patronized among us, and beggary was unknown. . . . There have been many ages of iron and ages of gold. Nations are ever rising and descending, as do waves upon fathomless oceans.”

Prof. Lethbridge of Oxford, now professor in Calcutta, gives his testimony to the effect that a highly-civilized race antedated the descent of the Aryans into India. The scattered remnants of this race are now recognized in the “Dravidian” stock which still inhabits southern portions of India. The “Kali-Yuga” age, or date of India’s decline, is coincident with the occupation of that country by the Aryans from the north. Hence, thus far the history of India—like that of Egypt—which has been accessible to us, is only the history of her decline.

From this strange, weird land our traveler at last took his reluctant steps.

“Already more than a year has passed since leaving my native land. Time flies. August days are upon me; and I must take my departure from this mother-country of civilizations and religions. Egypt and Palestine are before me. But dear, old India! land of my early dreams, receptacle of Oriental learning, and the most interesting of all countries my eyes have yet seen, I leave you reluctantly, sorrowingly. You Aryans are my brothers. Peace, peace be unto you,—peace from God and his good angels!”

A month’s voyage from Bombay brought our pilgrim into Egypt, by way of the Suez Canal. Here he visited the pyramids, the catacombs, and the ruins and relics of that ancient country. By some scholars the hieroglyphic is regarded as

the earliest written language of Egypt; but according to Swedenborg, in the far ancient times the people talked in the language of correspondence; afterwards the symbolic, or pictorial; this degenerated into the hieroglyphical; and this again into the various dialects spoken by the Semitic races.

On the summit of the Great Pyramid Dr. Dunn was entranced, and spoke in part as follows:—

“Traveler, you stand now on the summit of one of the world’s wonders—a mountain of stone rising from trackless sands. I once lived under these skies, vested in a mortal body. . . . This pyramid, upon which I often gazed, was even then more a matter of tradition than history. . . . This wonderful pile was built upon mathematical principles; built for the preservation of public documents which in future ages should stand as a record of a civilization during a period which the world to-day regards as prehistoric; built as a storehouse for grains during famines and devastating floods, with that mystic coffer in the center as an exact measurer of the world. . . . This pyramid was not built by forced toil, and at great sacrifice of life, but by gratuitous contributions. . . . There are seven apartments in the structure, with shafts leading from each to the common granary of the coffer, now called the King’s Chamber.

“During long rains and terrible floods ancient Memphis was twice swept away,— once even to its walls with its inhabitants, in a single night. Convulsions of nature and terrible floods were then common. . . . Once in my time the water rose and rolled over the very apex of these stones.”

Our voyager’s farewell to Egypt is couched in quite different language from that employed in his farewell to India:—

“In bidding Egypt, the Mizraim of the Hebrews, farewell, I have to say, O Egypt! your reigning viceroy is an ambitious Mohammedan polygamist; your government in its taxation is oppressive; your slavery is a blotch upon the face of the nineteenth century; your religion is a gaudy show; your people are terribly ignorant; your guides are shameless liars; your donkeys are hopelessly impenitent; your ‘backsheesh’ crying

beggars are a disgrace to any country; and your hungry fleas and flies are more numerous, if possible, than they were in the times of the Biblical patriarchs."

From Egypt he went to Joppa and Jerusalem, visiting also the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, Bethlehem, and other places of interest in the Holy Land. Dr. Dunn, while entranced, assured Mr. Peebles that if they would prepare themselves by bathing, fasting, and spiritual harmony, ancient spirits living in Jesus' time would be present in a séance held in their room on Mount Zion. A full description of this séance he has not yet given the world. He was requested not to do so by the spirits there assembled. Suffice it to say that the apostles and some of the disciples of the Nazarene purported to be present, and Dr. Peebles questioned them upon many theological subjects that have so long disturbed the religious world. This visit to Jerusalem and interview with ancient spirits, and the Jewish Rabbis that he there met, made a very deep impression upon his mind, and helped to confirm — irrevocably confirm him in the general truthfulness of the historic records relating to Jesus of Nazareth.

"Jerusalem! I would have seen
 Thy precipices steep;
 The trees of palm that overhang
 Thy gorges dark and deep.
 Around thy hills the spirits throng
 Of all thy murdered seers;
 And voices that went up from it
 Are ringing in my ears."

There has been much misunderstanding among Spiritualists about Mr. Peebles's use of the word "Christian," many charging him with being a Christian in the narrow theological sense. Let us hear his own definition:—

"Melchizedec was the peace-king of Salem, the baptized of Christ; in a word, a Christian. This Christ-spirit or Christ-principle it truly without father or mother, without descent,

having neither beginning of days nor end of life, a continually abiding spirit priest. There were Christians in those prehistoric days, Christians in golden ages past, Christians long before the Old Testament patriarchs traversed the plains of Shinar, and Christians who spoke the mellifluous Sanscrit. Many of the most genuine and self-sacrificing Christians on earth to-day are Brahmins and Buddhists, because afire with the Christ-spirit of pure, and unselfish love.

Leaving Palestine, he shipped from Joppa to Trieste, Austria, and reached London by way of Italy and France. His sojourn in England was this time rather short. As he had become much exhausted with his protracted travels in those hot oriental countries, he felt it fitting to return without unnecessary delay to his own home. But he experienced a great joy to be dropped down once more in London; to mingle again with the English-speaking people, to walk familiar streets, clasp cordial hands, and hear voices of friendship.

Summing up his experiences, Mr. Peebles writes of this year-and-a-half's pilgrimage:—

“It seems hardly possible that I have seen the black aborigines of Australia, and the tattooed Maoris of New Zealand; that I have witnessed the Hindus burning their dead, and the Persians praying in their fire-temples; that I have gazed on the frowning peak of Mt. Sinai, and stood upon the summit of Cheops; that I have conversed upon antiquity and religious subjects with Chinamen in Canton, Brahmins in Bengal, Parsees in Bombay, Arabs in Arabia, descendants of pyramid-builders in Cairo, and learned rabbis in Jerusalem; that I have seen Greece in her shattered splendor, Albania with its castled crags, the Cyclades with their mantling traditions, and the Alps impearled and capped in crystal. . . . It is difficult to realize that I have been in Bethlehem, walked in the garden of Gethsemane, stood upon Mount Olives, bathed in the Jordan, breathed the air that fanned the face of Jesus when weary from travel under the burning skies of Palestine, looked upon the same hills and valleys clothed in Syrian

spring-time with imperial lilies, and had the same images daguerreotyped on my brain that impressed the sensitive soul of the Man of Sorrows, — the Teacher sent from God.”

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—
‘This is my own, my native land.’
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.”

XXXVIII

OTHER TRAVELS AND LITERARY LABORS

“When I sitting heard the astronomer when
He lectured with much applause in the lecture room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wandered off by myself,
In the mystical, moist night-air, and from time to time,
Looked up in perfect silence at the stars.”

— *Whitman.*

Having arrived home from his extensive travels, Mr. Peebles set to work lecturing Sundays, and preparing a volume, which, in 1874 appeared in a book of five hundred pages, entitled “Travels Around the World,” a volume which has been extensively read in Australia, South Africa and England, as well as in our own country. It never becomes tedious, for it is pervaded with that warm glow and racy vividness that characterizes all of Mr. Peebles’s published works. He relates his observations on mankind as he found them, in widely different degrees of development, and everything is looked at from such a strong individualistic standpoint that we get graphic delineations quite unlike anything we generally meet with in books of travel. Indeed, he makes the reader feel as though he had taken up temporarily his abode with the people he is reading about. We travel in company and behold with him the strongly contrasted lights and shadows which surround the outgoing and incoming peoples of the world. Old themes, new scenes, famous countries, and mysterious rites have thrown around them an interest entirely new, which renders them peculiarly instructive and entertaining, even to the most scholarly and well-read men.

The year at home with his wife and family soon fled, occupied as it was by continuous platform work, writing the

“Travels,” work in his garden, and producing numerous long communications to periodicals and Magazines.

Late in the autumn of 1874, Mr. Peebles was again in Louisiana, where he spent two months as a Spiritualist teacher. He delivered a lecture before the Literary Association, on the merits of which and other lectures delivered by him, he was soon after elected a corresponding member and fellow of the Louisiana “Academy of Sciences.”

From thence he proceeded to Vera Cruz, the principal port on the Gulf of Mexico. Calling upon the United States Consul, he was warned against going into the interior of the country, because of the prospects of a civil war. This did not deter him; he passed from Vera Cruz to Orizaba, from here across a spur of the Caribbean Mountains to the old City of Mexico. While there, the civil war broke out, resulting in the overthrow of the then-existing Government, and the placing of General Diaz, called the Mexican Dictator, in power. General Diaz is truly a native potentate, being a descendant of the Aztec Indians.

Mr. Peebles visited the noted localities in the vicinity of Mexico, paid great attention to the old pyramids and ancient mounds that are found in that country and others further to the south. By examining the relics stored away in the Mexican Museum, relating to the Aztecs and Toltecs, he satisfied himself from studying these symbols, that 2,500 and 3,000 years ago there were commercial or maritime relations between that country and Tyre, Phœnicia, Egypt, and the East. He saw the winged god, the sarcophagi, the immortal lamp, the Phallic emblems, and other symbols, showing the origin and relations of the ancient religions of both the East and the West. From Mexico he went to Yucatan, and securing an Indian guide, visited the ruins of Uxmal, Palenque, and other dust-buried cities. His letters to the press describing these ruins were deeply interesting, and extracts from them went the rounds of many American journals.

Mr. Peebles’s love for antiquity and ethnological subjects had led him many years ago to study the origin of races, and

if not an outright believer he was at least a sympathizer with the Darwinian theory of development. This must be evident to those who are acquainted with his earlier writings; but after his return from Yucatan and Central America he wrote a very pithy and good-sized pamphlet, entitled "The Conflict between Darwinism and Spiritualism." This pamphlet called out emphatic reviews from Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Hull, Mr. Coleman and others. Hudson Tuttle, especially, gave the pamphlet a pretty sharp review. Then Mr. Peebles, quick to see the weak points in his reviewers' positions, promptly and keenly reviewed his reviewer. Several passages of arms of the kind passed and repassed, the controversy becoming quite heated, and at times waxing almost bitter. Yet between these two men the warmest friendship existed, as the following correspondence — penned while the controversy was in progress — abundantly proves: —

"The following genial and deeply interesting letter from Brother Peebles is characterized by the profound fraternal love and catholicity which pre-eminently distinguish him. His allusion to the "Darwinian controversy" between us, shows that he has not seen the *Journal* containing the able articles of Wm. E. Coleman. But as he is on his way home, he will be able to reply to them as a whole.

"Although widely differing in our views on Darwinism and the 'Indian' question to which he alludes, we have agreed to differ in the most fraternal manner.

"Spiritualism has no more devoted, earnest, zealous apostle nor one who more completely embodies its doctrines of self-government, purity, devotion to duty, and benevolence, in daily life.

"And here I would answer the queries of many friends who have written me urging my acceptance of his challenge for a discussion.

"I have already gone over the same ground in my books I should be compelled to travel, and the labor connected with the task is shown by the length Mr. Coleman has been obliged to extend his articles, and then by no means exhaust the

subject. Other duties more imperatively called me, and I gladly yielded the field to him. He has been far more thorough than I could have been, and his articles, soon to be issued in book form, will be a notable addition to the library of Spiritualism.*

“All success to our brother in his wide pilgrimage, and may the good angels guard and guide him, until he again rests in his own home.
HUDSON TUTTLE.”

“PORT D’URBAN, NATAL PROVINCE, SOUTH AFRICA.

“MY DEAR TUTTLE,—Returning to America and reaching your hospitable home, after my previous tour around the world, you gently reminded me that I had not written a line to either Emma or yourself during the year and a half’s absence. Remembering the reproof—my memory is excellent—I guard against a similar reprimand by writing from this remote corner of the world. You see by the dating-place that it is Southwestern Africa, and though October, is springtime. Fruit trees are blossoming out beautifully. The sun at noon is away north of me, and the Southern Cross shines brightly by night from the bending heavens. The earth and the heavens seem so changed, that at times I almost lose myself. It is now over a year since I left home—a long time to be away from family, country, and old associations.

“My stay in Australia was much longer than I anticipated; but the serving-fields widened before me, and the work must be done—all nations, tribes, and tongues must hear the gospel of angel ministry. There are many royal-souled Spiritualists in Australia—many excellent mediums, and some shabby imposters. All genuine mediums are not only willing but anxious to be tested. Men who will traffic in immorality, and trifle with the soul’s affection under the name of mediumship, are ripe for any crime however black and devilish.

“My principal stopping-place in Australia was Melbourne. They have a fine lyceum in operation, that I helped to organize on my first visit to this colony. They use the ‘Lyceum

* This book was never issued from the press.

Guide' that you and Emma and Brother Barrett worked at so faithfully. Sadly in want of more copies, they plead with us to get out a new edition.

"Ceylon delighted me. It is the pear-shaped isle of plenty, and the authoritative center of Buddhism. The long-cherished desire to get into the confidence of the Buddhists — to see them in their homes, their schools, their temples, and converse with them calmly upon their doctrines — was fully gratified. I told them at first that I was neither an Englishman nor a sectarian Christian, but an American, a Spiritualist, and a brother of humanity. Our hearts were soon pulsing in unity, and our words free as the winds that 'blew soft o'er Ceylon's isle.'

"In Southern India my experiences were both rich and rare. It was in the greatest press of the famine. And going from the famine camps in the morning, to an evening festival given in the banqueting-room of the Government-House, in honor of Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India, feelingly told me of the sharp contrasts in life. Lord Lytton is very social, as all cultured Englishmen are. It is 'snobs' that swell and put on airs.

"It is many years now since I said to myself, I will cross all oceans; I will travel in all lands; I will see all races and tribes; I will know all things earthly either by observation or experience, for it is only by thus knowing that I can come into that sphere of sympathy requisite to the universal man. It did not harm Jesus to 'eat with the sinners,' Krishna to go among 'the immodest milk-maids,' nor Buddha to 'camp for the night in a den of thieves.' These Saviors had their temptations, their trials, and their victories.

"To love all individuals equally, is above the capabilities of my soul; and yet in each I see more or less of the good, the true, and the beautiful. The good in everybody and everything I love; I am an enemy to no one; I hate nothing but *hypocrisy* and *lying* and *slander* — these constitute the trinity of hell.

"All the exponents of the Spiritual philosophy have been either misrepresented, vilified, or slandered. My slanderers,

without a single exception as far as known, have been either libertines, self-polluters, or unprincipled prostitutes. One by one their names rot away into forgetfulness. Pitying them, I pass on — knowing that sin is self-punishing.

“It is golden to be off on the pathless ocean for months — away from one’s country for years — away from war-news, envies, and the jealousies of ignoble souls.

“In India I obtained some of the soma vine, and saw two or three new phases of mediumship. Casting out demons is as common in some portions of India to-day as it was in Palestine in the times of Josephus and Jesus. I saw the ceremony frequently in the suburbs of Madras.

“I am going up to Pietermaritsburg to visit Bishop Colenso, and then back into the country a few hundred miles further to see the African tribes.

“I do not yet despair of converting you to a love of the Indians, our dear declining red brothers of the West. And how about Darwinism? Perhaps you have not replied to my last letter — and *perhaps* you have *flaied* me mercilessly. Well, no matter — my beard is gray and my shoulders broad!

“I am wondering what you are doing these October days. Harvest time must be over. Are you gathering your fruits? Are the leaves falling from the trees? Are the children at school? I go from Natal to Cape Town to lecture awhile, and then on to Europe and London.

“Most cordially thine,

“J. M. PEEBLES.”

[Published Feb. 2d., 1878.]

His first tour round the world and study of antiquity having been accomplished, Mr. Peebles was continually impressed by controlling spirits to make a second tour round the world. This inspiration became so powerful that it was difficult to withstand the impulsive pressure. Accordingly he left his Hammonton home in New Jersey in August, 1876, and, lecturing through the different States westward, remained three months in San Francisco and other places upon the Pacific slope, lecturing upon Spiritualism, and distributing

periodicals, pamphlets, and books. All due arrangements made, he sailed for Australia by way of the Sandwich Islands, the Fiji Islands, and other groups in the Pacific Ocean. He was accompanied as far as Australia by Mr. Walker, a trance-speaker, of whose intellectual capacity when entranced he speaks in high terms of admiration. Most of his labors in Australia were devoted again to Melbourne. He was here very successful, as those who read the columns of the *Harbinger of Light* were well aware. Taking leave of this continental island, the productions and people of which he much admired, he shipped aboard the "Bangalore" for the island of Ceylon. This, it is well-known, is the head center of Buddhism, and Mr. Peebles evidently took the southern route round the world that he might go to the fountainhead of authoritative Buddhism, and then to Southern India, where Hindooism may be seen in its greatest perfection. While in Ceylon it was with him an overmastering purpose to see the Buddhists priests and study their religion. To this end he visited their colleges, conversed with the priests, went to the old city of Kandy, where, it is said, as a relic, is kept with great sacredness Buddha's tooth. The spiritual facts and spiritual doctrines of the Buddhist that he gathered from these teachers of a most ancient religion, will prove a valuable accession to the realities of ancient Spiritualism. He was partially promised that two Buddhists priests would visit America as missionaries to enlighten and spiritually educate the Christian world. Two Buddhist priest left Ceylon while he was upon the island, for France, the one to teach the Pali language in a French College, and the other to be a companion and at the same time to do some missionary work on behalf of Buddhism among the Roman Catholics.

Six days by steamer took him from Ceylon to Madras. He reached that city in the height of the famine time, a description of which he assured us, beggars the power of his pen or tongue; 500,000, during a period of six months, literally starved to death. Though but a few weeks at Madras and a few months in Southern India, he exhibited that energy

and enterprise characteristic of all his public labors. He visited the public buildings, the religious temples, dined twice with the Duke of Buckingham at the Government House, and was also one of an invited party that dined with the Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton. While visiting Madras, he discussed with the Governor the best and most efficacious methods for the relieving of the distressed and dying. He met several distinguished Brahmins and Mohammedans, high in authority, from the interior of India. He also traveled off into the interior, studying the characteristics of some of the hill tribes of the country, witnessed the effect of their psychological influences, saw them cast out demons, saw them entranced by higher and lower spiritual intelligences, and psychologised several subjects himself. Taken as a whole, Mr. Peebles declares he has never met a class of people so subject to biological or psychological influences as the Hindoos. The secretary of the Princess of Travancore procured for him the genuine soma vine, and other prominent Hindoos prepared for him such incense mixtures as they burn in their temples and their houses for certain purposes.

Mr. Peebles thinks it greatly to his advantage that he was an American and a Spiritualist, for, as he said to us in conversation, the Hindoos look upon Englishmen as bullying, beef-eating intruders in their country, who come either to gratify an idle curiosity or to fill their purses, and then return home to enjoy their hoarded gains. The real mediumistic seers take all possible means to keep their secrets and their esoteric knowledge and spiritual illuminations from Englishmen and Christian missionaries.

He brought with him from India, relics, old manuscripts, figures, and diagrams of their mysteries, and other matters relating to antiquity, which he will probably use in future volumes.

There being no steamship communication between Southern India and South Africa, he embarked on board the sailing ship "Suffolk," carrying 450 Tamil coolies from Madras and adjoining regions to Natal, South Africa. This, in consequence

of the crowded conditions of the ship and the intense heat, was a disagreeable passage. Arriving at Durban, the seaport city of Natal, Mr. Peebles lectured upon the Indian famine, and nearly \$5,000 was raised at once and forwarded to the Governor of Madras. He also lectured in the Council Chamber upon Spiritualism, the Mayor of the city presiding; and as a sample of liberality it may be said that a vote of thanks to the speaker was proposed by the Mayor himself and carried unanimously. This speaks well for the liberalism in Natal Colony. While in Natal our traveler went back into the country among the Kafirs, Zulus, and other African tribes. He also saw some specimens of bushmen and other natives, and studied their manners, customs, laws, and peculiar characteristics.

A fine steamer, after a six days' passage, landed him in Cape Town, South Africa. Immediately after his arrival he commenced a course of lectures on Spiritualism in the Athenæum Hall, built for this purpose by the energetic and enthusiastic Dr. Berks T. Hutchinson. This faithful worker had prepared to some extent the ground by the distribution of papers, pamphlets, and books, which he had scattered broadcast in the city and Southern Africa. Mr. Peebles lectured four times per week during his several weeks' stay in Southern Africa, and the Athenæum Hall was crowded each Sunday evening. This course of lectures being the first upon Spiritualism given in Cape Colony, they elicited a great deal of controversy and newspaper correspondence. While in the land of diamond digging and ostrich farming he visited the scenery, studied the peculiarities of the natives, and acquainted himself so far as possible with the resources and productions of that great and rapidly-improving country. He likewise gave considerable attention to the ostrich farms, and was the first to suggest through the *New York Herald* the feasibility of this branch of industry in Southern California.

In addition to the large book of travels already referred to, Mr. Peebles had in manuscript the rich results of his second voyage, and proposed to complete the data for another

large volume by a third voyage around the world. But with the burning of his sanitarium in San Antonio, in 1894, these manuscripts together with his magnificent library went up in smoke. The third voyage, however, is still in prospect — on the very eve of its fulfillment — and its purpose is to gather data for a forthcoming volume which will probably be the crowning labor of this indefatigable worker's life.

Upon his return to Boston from his second voyage, the editor of the *Banner of Light* gave Mr. Peebles a magnificent reception at one of the leading hotels, on which occasion Mr. John Day rendered a beautiful original poem in honor of his return from his extensive travels.

“Man is all symmetry;
 Full of proportions, one limb to another,
 And to all the world besides,
 Each part may call the farthest, brother,
 For head with foot hath private amity,
 And both with moons and tides.”

XXXIX

PROFESSIONAL, OFFICIAL, AND LITERARY

“What artist would not grieve to see
His brother paint as well as he?”

“The spirit of the years to come,
Yearning to mix itself with life.”

After the return of Mr. Peebles from his second voyage around the world, in 1878, he began to devote a large portion of his time to professional studies and medical practice. He had, while yet a young man, studied medicine under Dr. O. Martin, one of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in the New England States. His early medical education was “regular” or alopathic. After attending the prescribed course of medical lectures, he graduated from the Philadelphia (Pa.) University of Medicine and Surgery, and registered at once in Philadelphia as a practicing physician. He also received a certificate of practice from the University Hospital of Philadelphia Polyclinic College for graduates only. He likewise holds several honorary diplomas, and is a member of State and national medical associations. So we shall henceforth make free use of the designation “Doctor” in connection with his name.

It seems an unusual share of public honors have been showered upon Dr. Peebles, but he has richly earned them all. Besides his appointment by President Grant as U. S. Consul to Trebizond in 1869, his participation in the “Northwest Congressional Indian Peace Commission” in 1868, and his participation in the “International Peace Congress,” of Europe, he was likewise made a fellow in the Academy of Science, New Orleans, La.; a fellow of the Anthropological Society of London; an honorary member and fellow of the Psychological

Association, London; a fellow of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, Naples, Italy; a fellow of the American Akademie, Jacksonville, Ill.; a member of the International Climatological Association; a member of the National Hygiene and Health Association; a member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy; a member of the Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society, of Great Britain.

These honors and fellowships were conferred upon the Doctor without his asking, and hence are more highly appreciated. To this day he does not know in London who presented his name to that quite aristocratic Victoria Institute, for election, the members of which are said to constitute the most learned body of men in the world. His name was presented to the Psychological Institute by W. Stainton Moses, M. A., Oxon, without his knowledge, as the following personal letter will testify:—

“UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, Feb. 8, 1878.

“MY DEAR DR. PEBBLES:—

“Last evening at the council meeting of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, I did myself the pleasure of proposing your election as a corresponding member of the Society. That proposal was carried unanimously, and I have the further pleasure of announcing the fact to you. There was a general feeling that you could give us some valuable and interesting facts as to psychology in the East, and I ventured to say that, from what I knew of your cheerful readiness to oblige, you would comply. The difficulty was that there was no time to communicate with you, as it was necessary to announce a paper at once.

“Under these circumstances I accepted the responsibility of advising that a paper on another subject should be given out, and a provisional announcement made that ‘we had hoped to have a paper from Dr. Peebles either next meeting, February 21, or on a subsequent occasion, on the Psychology of the East,’—in which case the announced paper will be withdrawn.

“If you can give us a speech such as you gave at the Soirie,

detailing Spiritualistic facts that have come under your observation, it will be a most acceptable thing; and I hope that February 21 will suit you. If not, the next meeting, a fortnight afterward.

"I expect a formal communication from the Secretary, which I will inclose; and will be happy to transmit your answer to him.

"Believe me,

"Faithfully and fraternally yours,

"W. STANTON MOSES, M. A.

"J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D."

This letter shows upon its face that Stainton Moses (M. A., Oxon) was prompted to this act by the genuine personal regard he cherished toward Dr. Peebles, and it is evident that it afforded him great pleasure to provide for him this pleasant surprise. It is generally known among American readers that Stainton Moses stood high, both in England and in this country, for his sterling character and distinguished literary attainments. He was a graduate of Oxford University, and member of several scientific and literary societies in Great Britain. He espoused Spiritualism when it was very unpopular in England, and did, perhaps, more than any other Englishman to give the Spiritual movement a firm footing on English soil. He was a writing medium, author and editor of *London Light*. It was he who assumed the task of writing a thorough review of the more important among Dr. Peebles's published works for the British public. These appeared in the *English Quarterly Review*. Between Mr. Moses and Dr. Peebles there sprang up a warm and ardent friendship, which suffered no abatement down to the day of Mr. Moses' transition, which occurred but a few years since.

About twenty books and pamphlets have emanated from Dr. Peebles's fertile pen, most of which were published by that liberal and enterprising house, The Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston. We will mention the more important here:—
 . "Seers of the Ages" — four hundred pages.

“Travels Around the World” — about five hundred pages,
 “Immortality, or Our Homes and Employments Hereafter” — three hundred and twenty pages.

“The Spiritual Harp,” words and music, three hundred pages.

“Christ, the Corner Stone of Spiritualism;” lately revised and enlarged under the title, “Did Jesus Christ Exist?”

“How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully.”

“A Critical Review of Dr. Kipp’s Sermons Against Spiritualism.”

“India and Her Magic.”

“Who Are These Spiritualists?”

All except the first four in this list are pamphlets. They are written in a vigorous style and are pervaded with a peculiar electric fire, which characterizes all the writings of this industrious and versatile author. The three large works at the head of the above list have a permanent literary value, and will remain to future generations as standard works on the religious and philosophical aspects of Spiritualism, as also the psychological aspects of the various races of mankind.

During a large part of his public life, Dr. Peebles has been editorially connected with prominent American journals, besides contributing lengthy articles from year to year to various papers and magazines, both in this country and Europe. At the present writing (1896) he edits the *Temple of Health*, in San Diego, contributes articles to various papers, gives an occasional discourse on Spiritualism, and conducts an extensive and constantly increasing medical practice.

XL

MEDICAL PRACTICE AND MEDICAL BATTLES

“ God works with all who dare to win,
And the time has come to reveal it —
The people’s Advent’s coming!”

With the advent of Modern Spiritualism there came to mankind divers gifts of the spirit,— “healing,” “casting out demons,” “speaking with tongues,” and various other departures from old-time customs. These seriously disturbed two of the great professions,— medical and theological,— which uniformly sought to intrench themselves with special privileges behind restrictive acts of legislation. Similarly as the politician and banker seek to control the supply of money, so these gentlemen of the cloth and lancet seek to control the supply of physic and theology to the general people.

For the last twenty-five years Dr. Peebles and Hudson Tuttle have been foremost in the fight against this class legislation, and especially have they fought the doctors in their attempts to fence themselves in with restrictive legislative sures. Dr. Peebles was in a position to contest them on their own ground, since he armed himself with legal diplomas from the best medical institutions in the country, and in no instance have they been able to convict him as a “quack” practitioner.

The Doctor placed in our hands two legal documents: one a ruling by the Wayne County Court, of Pennsylvania, in June, 1891; the other, a decree of the District Court of Bexar County, Texas, rendered in June, 1894. In both instances he had been arrested for not complying with unconstitutional medical laws, and in each case he won the fight against the local doctors. We will let him give his own graphic version of the outcome of these legal battles. In a letter to Luther Colby,— July, 1894,— Dr. Peebles says:—

“FRIEND COLBY,—I am again victorious! But why do I say again? Because, when practicing in Wayne County, Pa., three or four years ago, without paying a ‘license fee,’ or going before the Board of Medical Examiners, I was arraigned and brought into court. The case was argued and decided in my favor, the county and county commissioners having to pay their own costs, while the license money that I paid them under ‘protest’ was refunded to me.

“And now again, on the 27th of last month, after three years of successful medical practice in this city, I was indicted (all unbeknown to me) by the grand jury, and arrested by the deputy-sheriff — for what? Murder, robbery, arson, perjury, horse stealing? Nothing of the kind! But for the enormous offense of not having gone before the ‘Medical Examining Board’ of the city, paying them fifteen dollars, and getting a certificate. Immediately upon the arrest, I secured the best legal talent in the city, and coolly continued my practice.

“Yesterday my case was brought up, Judge Noonan, of the Thirty-seventh District, being upon the bench. The case, with the facts of legal diplomas, being duly presented by Lawyer Camp, the District-Attorney, the indictment was quashed, and the case promptly dismissed by the State. Here is the brief report of the affair in this morning’s *Daily Express*:—

“‘In the Thirty-seventh District Court, yesterday, the case against Dr. J. M. Peebles, for practicing medicine without a certificate, was dismissed by the State.’

“This is the second time I’ve defied and beaten medical examining boards, defied and beaten the ‘regular’ doctors, defied their class legislation, defied their unconstitutional laws, laws enacted not for the protection of the people, but for the protection of blister-plastering, calomel-dosing, drug-poisoning doctors. How long will these bumptious ‘regulars’ plead the baby act? ‘protect us,—oh, legislators, protect us!’ Personally, I fear neither doctors, devils, nor pagan hells; and mark it, American, I will practice in any city I please, and in any one of the States I please. My original Scotch temper is thoroughly up!

“ Every Spiritualist, every clairvoyant, every free-thinker, every American citizen valuing liberty should vote against any politician — Republican, Democrat, or Populist — that toadies to the ‘ regulars,’ or favors these medical boards and medical trusts.

“ As you well know, I am an old moral warrior, bearing on my breast the scars of many a hard-fought battle, gotten in the interests of Spiritualism, when it cost something to be a Spiritualist,—gotten in the interests of anti-slavery, when it cost something to be an abolitionist,—gotten in the interests of woman’s suffrage,—gotten in the interests of temperance and other reforms of this century. The doctors’ battle is now on; and though in my seventy-third year (yet hale and healthy), I am in this fight against these infamous doctors’ laws, and I intend to fight, and fight on, in this army militant, till death palsies hand and brain. Compare me not to the peaceful, loving John of the Gospels, as did my friend Hudson Tuttle, for I am war-panoplied, and with intellectual and spiritual weapons, I intend to fight these medical doctors’ trusts; fight the devil, under whatever guise; fight for the right, fight for the truth, till truth and liberty in all their gorgeous glories reign triumphant.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

“ *San Antonio, Tex.*”

We have here in strong profile one of the leading characteristics of the man,— an indomitable firmness and persistence relating to all matters when personal rights are involved. While there is an entire absence of the aggressive spirit in his nature, when the rights of an individual, or class, or race are assailed, Dr. Peebles never hesitates to stand squarely up in a fight for their full vindication. In this way he has rendered valiant service for the protection and preservation of our common liberties. When dealing with bigots he becomes the soul of scorn and invective, logic and irony.

The Doctor’s travels abroad and access to the hospitals of Europe and Asia, gave him that wide range of practical knowledge, which has distinguished his more recent medical prac-

tice, as also his lectures on physiology and hygiene before the medical colleges of Cincinnati and Los Angeles. Between the years 1880 and 1892 he devoted himself largely to his medical practice in Philadelphia and Hammonton, the latter place being his home and sanitarium, where he received patients.

In October, 1892, the Doctor purchased the fine sanitarium at the West End in San Antonio, Texas. Here he built up a fine medical practice, and won some important legal battles — as we have seen — over the local physicians, who were jealous of his success and rapidly growing influence in that section. On the night of Feb. 26, 1894, while the Doctor was sixty miles absent, this fine sanitarium was totally destroyed by fire, together with the large library which he had been collecting all his life. Much valuable data was also destroyed, which was intended to be embodied in this biographical sketch, and in a history of Spiritualism. The property was insured for about one third of its real value. The following account of the disaster appeared next morning in the Associated Press dispatches:—

“SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Feb. 26.—A destructive fire occurred this morning at the large and beautiful sanitarium, owned and operated by Dr. J. M. Peebles. The fire was at first discovered by one of the patients, who gave the alarm.

“The sanitarium was one of the most beautiful buildings in the State, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and furnished in most elegant and costly manner. To-day all that beauty lies in a charred heap, with the surrounding pretty cottages belonging to the place.

“Dr. Peebles, who is a noted specialist, was absent from the city at the time, and when he received the news of his great loss, and also the terrible end of one of his patients, he was so overcome and prostrated that he required medical attention.

“The doctor is now a man about seventy-three years of age, and the loss is a hard blow on him. His magnificent and choice library could not be replaced for money, as he had many ancient and modern medical books that can not now be obtained. His loss is about fifty thousand dollars, with the small insurance of

only fifteen thousand dollars. Visitors to West End will sadly miss the beautiful building on the lake that was the admiration of all. The doctor has the fullest sympathy of all, for he is most highly respected for his education, talent, and skill as a physician, besides being an urbane gentleman and Christian.

“Our city has had a run of bad fires this month. Not long ago two leading hotels burned down, the Central and the St. Leonard, while our large, new court house, now in course of construction, was damaged to the extent of nine thousand dollars. Fires are occurring almost daily, some incendiary, and some whose origin can never be known.”

With the remnant recovered from his property in San Antonio, the Doctor came to the genial climate and beautiful location of San Diego, in Southern California, arriving in March, 1894. The following August he purchased a fine residence on “Sherman Heights,” near the “Montezuma Villa,” of Jesse Shepperd fame. He bought during the extreme reaction from the “boom,” when real estate was low. This property he enlarged and improved, making it a beautiful home and location for his rapidly increasing medical practice.

In the autumn of 1894, Dr. Peebles was elected president of the “College of Science,” at Los Angeles, having a branch at San Francisco. This institution was fully chartered and equipped for the instruction and graduation of medical students. The following winter the Doctor delivered a full course of lectures, both in San Francisco and Los Angeles, on physiology and hygiene, before the students. He has twice resigned his presidency, on account of his increasing medical practice, but in neither instance was it accepted; so he still remains officially connected with the institution. Prof. J. R. Buchanan and Prof. E. D. Babbit are also prominently connected with the College of Science.

From his home office in San Diego, the Doctor edits and publishes the *Temple of Health*, a bright and spicy journal, with a circulation of four thousand.

His medical practice was never so large or prosperous as at the present time (autumn of 1896), and so large a proportion

of his patients were east of the Rocky Mountains, he deemed it best to open a branch office in Indianapolis, which he did in September of the present year. This was placed under the immediate management of Dr. John A. Burroughs, a graduated physician, who has been with Dr. Peebles since his boyhood.

While lecturing in an eastern Pennsylvania town about eighteen years ago, the Doctor gave out that he would like a certain number of boys the following day to distribute handbills. Among those who reported was the boy Burroughs, then a lad about twelve years of age. The Doctor was quick to detect that the boy was bright, enterprising, and efficient. Whenever there were handbills to be distributed, young Burroughs was on hand. The Doctor became interested in the boy, took him into his confidence, and learned his situation. He had no memory of his mother, as she died when he was very young. His father entered the Union army, was injured, and came home and died. Young Burroughs was placed in the Soldiers' Orphan School. Dr. Peebles informed the boy that he would like just about such a lad as he to accompany him on his lecturing tours, to assist in handling his scientific apparatus, distribute handbills, and make himself generally useful. Young Burroughs was delighted, but, "how should he get permission to leave the Orphan's School?" The good Doctor assured him that he would manage that, so he immediately went to the proper officers, explained matters, gave his assurances, and soon gained their consent to let the boy go with him. He proved apt and efficient, and a warm attachment sprang up between them. He has remained with him some twelve years or more, and still cherishes for him a warmth of affection which is seldom seen on the part of a so-called son for his father. He has accompanied the Doctor on his various journeys ever since he was brought under his care, even going with him on one of these to England and Scotland. Working with the Doctor so long in his medical office, he acquired a practical knowledge of materia medica, and for several years has been the Doctor's efficient business manager. On the occasion of Dr. Peebles's last birthday greeting, given

at his home in San Diego, Dr. Burroughs paid him the following tribute:—

“ I am pleased to be one of the number assembled to pay honor to Dr. Peebles upon this, his birthday.

“ How true it is that those whose motives are good, and lives pure and useful, need no alchemist’s art to bring a harvest of rich enjoyment. For each added year to such is an added glory. Varied experiences round out and mold characters, which in their perfection are like lighthouses set upon rugged, rocky, and dangerous coasts of life, which younger men, like myself, may see, and be guided thereby.

“ Reviewing the past, I feel to thank Almighty God that my life lines have been cast so close to those of Dr. Peebles. Seldom do we find the virtues and tenderness generally associated with woman, coupled with the positive character of manly men. But in the Doctor, we find a gentle, loving, trusting spirit, so much admired in woman, combined with all the stern positiveness and rugged characteristics of the Puritan, modified by diverse experiences, depth of research, and extensive travel.

“ Poets have sung his praises, learned societies in this country and Europe have conferred upon him their highest honors; and I who have been the privileged protégé and co-assistant for these dozen years or more, delight to testify that his friends are almost countless. I, who having access to his mail (not marked personal) have many times been astonished at the numerous and unanimous testimonies to the good done, and the inspiration given, by the way of help, by the good Doctor, to others. Nor are these deeds of kindness confined to any time, place or country. From Europe, Australia, and the isles of the Pacific, come the same stories of inspiration and fraternal help.

“ We all know, especially do I, that this grand work of doing good goes steadily on. I am one example of his help and training. While I can claim but little as the result of all these years of educational privileges and the inspiration which the Doctor’s presence necessarily imparts— and while you may

wonder that one with these advantages of study, with travels at home and across the waters, that it has been my privilege to enjoy, has produced so little,— yet were you acquainted with the boy as he left the orphan school, and with his ancestors, you would wonder that he had accomplished so much.

“As it has been both truly and beautifully said of ‘Washington (he had no children) that he might be the Father of his country,’ so it is with our friend, the Doctor; he has been left childless that he might be father, in a spiritual sense, of many,— and there are many who very truly say, ‘Dr. Peebles has done more for me than did my own parents.’ He seems to relish helping others along the rough journey of life.

“In these times when friends, so called, prove untrue, we can generally form a pretty correct opinion of a man by the character of his enemies. Of these useful appendages of the baser sort, the Doctor has a few: some through envy; some because he will not fall in with all their schemes; and others still who have a horror of liking any one who is popular and progressive. Yet I have never known one who had a valid reason for enmity. And while he is the enemy of no one, he is not a comfortable companion to one he does not like. I should never care to come under the fire of his invective or his merciless sarcasm.

“The Doctor, like all inspirational men, has his moods; and yet, in all these years, I never heard him use a vulgar word; never heard him utter an oath; and never saw him angry,— but, manly or unmanly, I’ve seen him weep hot tears of sorrow. His sympathies go out to every one in need. His heart is larger than his purse; and I believe that others can say with myself, the more thoroughly and interiorly we know the Doctor, the more highly do we esteem and honor him.”

It is truly wonderful what confidence and esteem Dr. Peebles is able to inspire in the great majority of his patients. They implicitly trust him. He not only treats their physical maladies, but pays particular regard to their mental condition as well. His nature seems to overflow with a superabundance of the elements of life and health, of cheerfulness and hope and

joy. This he readily imparts to others, often through his letters, but more especially through his voice and magnetic personal presence. Wherever he may be, or to whatever point his personal sphere radiates, his influence makes for gladness and peace. We have known, but one other physician in this country who sustained a similar relation to his patients, namely, Dr. James C. Jackson, of water-cure fame in western New York State. We are persuaded that Dr. Peebles's success as a physician is largely, if not chiefly, due to this personal quality of love and faith, that he communicates to his patients. "I was feeling so badly," writes one; "but when your letter came, the dark clouds sped away, and it seemed I immediately gained new strength and courage to continue the fight for health." And so the list might be indefinitely extended, of people who have written him their grateful acknowledgements.

"Companion of my school-boy years,
 Partaker of my joys and tears,
 A brother's LOVE in thee I found,
 When those less faithful on me frowned,
 Thine open hand and heart, to me
 Were full of aid and sympathy,
 And bore my sinking spirits up
 While drinking from life's bitter cup,
 Our very souls together blent,
 And many happy hours we spent
 In boyish pranks, and healthful jokes
 Which sometimes shocked more sober folks!

"Our hearts were open to each other,
 Like trusting child unto its mother,
 We ate, and slept, and laughed together,
 And prayed and sang of joy forever,
 When universal love shall reign,
 And severed links be joined again.
 And now my faithful, dearest friend,
 My hearty greetings I extend."

— *From Spirit Life, J. H. Harter.*

XLI

A BIRTHDAY GREETING

TO MY FRIEND PEBBLES

“Thy friends outnumber God’s bright stars
Which circle o’er our continent,
And are as varied in intent:
From Venus sweet to flaming Mars
How many ways their spirits tend!
But thou art unto ALL a friend.

“Ah! Friendship was too opulent,
To braid such massive wreaths for you,
Bright vernal and celestial blue
And lily-snows and rose hues blent!
And yet ye won the treasure so
We would not pluck one bloom I know.

“Ye won it by no false pretense;
Ye did not daze by gems and gold,
Nor buy by flatteries sweetly told;
But by thy soul’s magnificence
And kinship to thy God maintained
Our spirits unto thine are chained.

“I will not pray, as others do,
That angel messengers attend
Thy every footstep, oh, my friend;
But rather, till life’s play be through,
Thou may’st sustain thy lofty part
AND BE THE ANGEL THAT THOU ART!”

— *Emma Tuttle.*

It was at the spring equinox, the year of 1896. Our brother had come out of the fire at San Antonio, and planted himself

a home in San Diego, where his public and private ministrations for two years had won him a host of friends. Seventy-four years of his earth pilgrimage had gone to record. A birthday reception was planned by prominent Spiritualists and liberalists in San Diego, National City, and Chula Vista, and on the evening of the 23d of March, 1896, there was a brilliant gathering of the friends of Dr. Peebles, at his residence,— 3121 K Street, San Diego,— clergymen, judges, lawyers, prominent lecturers, poets,— over sixty in number,— in honor of the Doctor's seventy-fifth birthday. It should be remembered that the spring equinox in San Diego has no unpleasant climatic associations, no blustering winds with sleet and slush, but rejoices in the budding glories of a New England June.

The parlors, under the supervision of Mrs. Christensen, floral artist and musician, were magnificently decorated with roses, lilies, smilax, heliotropes, twining vines, and baskets of flowers. The Rev. Solon Lauer — Unitarian — was selected as the presiding officer of the evening. Upon taking the chair he said in substance:—

“ I do not know exactly why I have been invited to act as chairman of this meeting, unless it is because I have become so near and dear to Dr. Peebles, in my short acquaintance with him; near, as I am his neighbor, and dear, as I have made him considerable extra expense in repainting and repapering his cottage which I have just rented. Another reason may be that, inasmuch as reading the Scriptures is a part of a clergyman's duties, it was deemed fitting that I should have the pleasant duty of reading aloud these tributes to Dr. Peebles, which are certainly inspired by the spirit of devoted friendship. We may well celebrate with these friendly tributes the long lifetime of public work, for which Dr. Peebles is distinguished and known around the world. To arrive at one's seventy-fifth milestone on the journey of life, with a frame erect and vigorous, a mind unclouded by disease or weakness, a soul still alive to every good cause, a heart still warmly pulsing for humanity, with hope large enough to include an eternity of good for man,— this, I say, is an event worthy the congratula-

tions of the Doctor's many friends. Although I have but recently had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Dr. Peebles, I have heard his name since boyhood, and always in connection with some great reform work. Communion with divine principles keeps mind and body young; and it is not surprising that Dr. Peebles has renewed his youth like the eagles, when we remember that his mind is constantly occupied with the mighty problems that tend to the elevation of the human race. May he have many happy returns of this day, and grow old gracefully, until he shall have reached a hundred years, and more."

At the close of Rev. Mr. Lauer's address, he introduced Mr. Geo. E. Rogers, President of the First Spiritualist Society, who, in a neat little speech, presented the Doctor the congratulations of the society, together with a set of *Encyclopedia Britannica*, to repair in part the loss of his library in San Antonio, by fire.

After the presentation of the books, poems from James G. Clark, Emma Rood Tuttle, Rev. Wm. Brunton (Malden, Mass.), Mrs. C. K. Smith (in her seventy-ninth year), San Diego, and Mrs. S. M. James, San Diego, and nearly a dozen papers, were read by the Doctor's old-time friends; several short speeches were also made.

Here follow some of the poems and extracts from some of the letters and papers read:—

ETERNAL YOUTH.

[“ To my friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birthday, March 23, 1896.]

“ On the camping ground of Life,
 Kind Pilgrim, Sage, and Friend!
 You stand with strong and youthful face
 Where two worlds meet and blend,
 Defying Time's rude hand to trace—
 On brow or cheek—a line
 That angel hands may not efface,
 Or touch with light divine.

“ On the battlefield of Life,
 Bold hero of the Right!
 There are conflicts to be fought and won
 Against the foes of Light:
 Wherever work pleads to be done,
 In every phase of Truth,
 We see you face the rising sun
 With all the zeal of youth.

“ From the signal heights of Life,
 Brave Traveler, Friend, and Seer!
 We hail you from a hundred lands
 And nations far and near —
 From India’s shrines, and Jordan’s strands,
 From Islands far away,
 We lift our hearts, we lift our hands,
 And greet our friend to-day.

“ Always your friend,

“ JAMES G. CLARK.

“ *Pasadena, Cal.*”

“ Mrs. Harter-Reynolds, writer and artist, contributed a most interesting letter. Here is an extract: —

“ I remember well the first time that I ever saw you. It was more than fifty years ago, when you were laboring publicly in Genoa, about twelve miles south of Scipio, N. Y., my birth-place. You could not have been over twenty years of age, as I recollect your face and figure. You were tall, lean, light-complexioned, flaxen-haired, graceful, poetic, and flowery in your public deliverances. You exchanged with the Rev. Harvey Boughton. You lectured, too, in those times, young as you were, upon temperance, abolitionism, botanic roots and herbs, as preferable, in your estimation, to poisonous drugs. You gave everything the tinge of sunshine. Life seemed a gala-day, and your life journey a pathway paved with gold. You believed God too good to eternally torment anybody. You ever helped the wronged and the downtrodden. You advocated the immediate emancipation of the slave. You was by nature an enthusiast, energetic, impetuous, and intensely pushing in

any cause you espoused. You were pale, tall, studious, and ambitious. And had I not frequently seen you all these past fifty years, keeping in touch with your work, and noting the gradual change, I should certainly call for positive proof that the venerable Dr. J. M. Peebles, now so hearty and symmetrical in manly proportions, is the veritable outgrowth of that light-haired, pale-faced youth of over half a hundred years ago."

Prof. S. B. Brittan, entrancing that excellent speaker and grandly inspired woman, Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, said:—

"DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHERS:—

"It is with profound pleasure that I come to add my congratulations to the glowing tributes already given, and beg you will accept our recognition of the noble and efficient labors of your past life. The continued devotion to your work in the education and uplifting of humanity, shall crown you with well-earned laurels, fadeless and pure.

"You have recognized the law of brotherhood, you have wrought for justice between man and man, you have advocated the truth of spirit communion and of spiritual growth, you have helped to inaugurate the reign of peace on earth, and are richly worthy the encomiums of your co-laborers, in both spheres of existence.

"Accept from your old friend, S. B. Brittan, in common with this distinguished circle of earnest pioneers in the cause of truth and spiritual freedom, joyful greetings in view of your lengthened years, which like a jeweled circlet, adorn your brow with innumerable blessings.

"Brother, the energy and self-sacrificing efforts we gave to the work of enfranchising the people from theological dogmas during those early years, exacted from the devotees of spiritual reform a sublime and heroic courage. No good word or work is ever lost. Our fidelity has been fruitful of many rich rewards. And though the great majority of these old pioneers have preceded you to those higher realms on intensified activities and spiritual blessedness, we are still in harmony with your incessant labors for the physical and spiritual benefit

of all tribes, tongues, and races. Your field has been the world. Angels, all unseen, have been your helpers; and we come at this hour, with gladness, to offer the assurance of continued fellowships, until you shall have completed this allotted, and I may add, propitious, cycle of time. Then shall we welcome you with fraternal rejoicings to the higher spheres of knowledge and the fairer realms of immortality, where the ineffable wisdom of the ages shall crown us one and all with unspeakable glories."

From Prof. E. Whipple's remarks on the occasion, we extract the following:—

"This is a birthday greeting. The circle of the year is completed. The earth has made her annual round. The sun has just re-entered that point in the zodiac which he occupied seventy-four years ago this day, when the infant cries of a man child were heard down in a little hamlet of the State of Vermont. Who, then, suspected the potentialities that slumbered in the brain of that man child? The years swiftly ran their course. That child grew up to manhood, entered the arena, and made a record. We are assembled here this evening to look back at the record. The personage who made that record is present, and we are honored guests under his roof. Abundant harvest sheaves from his life toil may be seen all about these premises. The name his parents gave our host was James M. Peebles. What his antecedent and succedent name may be,—that is recorded on the "White Stone,"—we know not. We are now chiefly concerned with the local name and local history. And I assure you, friends, it affords me great pleasure to meet this select assemblage, to interchange fraternal greetings, and to tender my hearty congratulations to a long-cherished personal friend and eminent public worker, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday,—Dr. J. M. Peebles,—whose fame has thrice encircled the globe. .

"It must be very gratifying to the Doctor that this anniversary occasion is held under his own roof-tree, on the sunny slopes of Southern California.

"When I first met Dr. Peebles in Michigan, in 1862, I little

thought I should clasp his hand in the land of the orange and lemon, where the roses bloom all the year, and join in the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday. But I suppose it was long since decreed that it must be so.

“ I first met Dr. Peebles at an immense public gathering,— a two days’ meeting in a grove near Kalamazoo, Mich., thirty-four years ago. The Doctor was settled at that time over a liberal society of ex-Quakers and Spiritualists, at Battle Creek. The following autumn, he opened the way for your humble servant to give a course of twelve lectures on astronomy and geology, opening his Free Church for that purpose, and taking him as a guest to his home for entertainment. The acquaintance formed during those two weeks ripened into a friendship which has continued more or less intimate from that day to this. Not one unfriendly act or word has ever marred the smooth current of that friendship. We never became jealous — as public men often do — of each other. I have followed him in his brilliant path of public labor, and rejoiced in his manifold successes. Indeed, I have regarded Dr. Peebles as I never could regard one near of kin by the mere ties of blood. It has seemed to me that our friendships met on the higher ground, above the ordinary conventionalities, where soul communes with soul by virtue of an antecedent acquaintanceship. Our souls must have met and communed in the ages that are behind us, when “ we were the masters of the seal of things.” Upon this present earthly tabernacle there is reflected somewhat of that light that was once a glory, and that glory shall be recovered when the final purpose of the earthly pilgrimages shall be achieved.

“ Now I am tempted to claim a small share of these congratulations for myself, since my own birthday has just past. The Doctor and myself were both born at the spring equinox, when the sun was entering Aries,— the head of the zodiacal man,— both born when the sun and moon were in conjunction; but he preceded me by eleven years. Hence I suppose I may claim him as an elder brother.

“ If I may be permitted to speak after the manner of the

astrologers, the Doctor's ruling planets are placed high above the earth in his natal figure, near the south meridian, in his ninth and tenth 'mansion,' the houses which signify long journeys, extensive explorations, success in literary undertakings, and large public honors. Dr. Peebles has fulfilled such a forecast to a remarkable degree. . . .

"I think it was in 1863 that Dr. Peebles became the western editor of the Boston *Banner of Light*. His department attracted thousands of subscribers to that periodical. During the four years in which this connection lasted, Dr. Peebles's editorial page uniformly displayed a remarkable freshness and brilliancy. It was as much sought after as Brick Pomeroy's famous 'Saturday Nights.' . . . A life career such as Dr. Peebles's has been makes a voluminous record, only a few fragments of which can be passed in review on an occasion like this. . . .

"Though exceptionally genial and social, he has always been too much under the pressure of literary labor to give much attention to the social amenities. I have often advised him to place a notice on his study door, which would read something like the following: 'No admittance, except on business. No business, save by the Lord's appointment.' But few people realize what a serious thing it is to interrupt a literary man's labor. A forenoon call often effectually destroys the inspiration for the balance of the day; and many of these calls have no other motive than to 'kill time' and ventilate one's personal affairs. Letters also, spun out page after page, are often more intrusive than callers. A popular man has to endure these crosses. When will people gain a conception of the divine economics? The Doctor, naturally generous and kind-hearted almost to a fault, is also vehement, emphatically self-willed, and in discussion, sharp, incisive, and defiant. The fiery Mars is stationed on the ascendant of his horoscope. He eats no animal flesh, uses no liquors, no tobacco, no tea, no coffee. He is passionately fond of flowers, and you will find them crowded in on these premises pretty thick, to each square yard. Above all else, he worships little children. He

is never lonesome, too much occupied for that. He is considered by his friends as too kind-hearted, too trusting of the average human nature. It is a favorite theory of his that all are brothers and heirs of the same blissful immortality. His trust in the divine Providence is absolutely unswerving.

“Behold our brother now, on this anniversary evening of his seventy-fifth year. Is he not a fair illustration of what he has himself taught ‘How to grow old gracefully’? Note his general physique — his form erect, his skin with a soft and rosy tint, his step elastic, his eye undimmed, his voice sweet and finely modulated, his hair soft and silken as that of a maiden. The beauty of youth is excellent, but that of old age is altogether admirable. Blessed, indeed, is old age, when the body retains its youthful graces. A dissipated youth and manhood are never crowned with such graces in old age. In my thirty-four years’ acquaintance with our venerable brother, I never heard him utter an angry word. He is considered, wherever known, as the soul of honesty. He often reels off scathing Philippics with his pen against a literary adversary, but cherishes no real anger in his heart toward any mortal.

“And now, in conclusion, dear brother! Your steps are turned toward the golden sunset. Your evening star shines brightly in the West. A celestial boatman hovers over your path, and when your earth labors shall be finished, may the gates swing on their unruined hinges of gold, and may the glory which you have earned encompass you and bear your form to those holy heights your soul was familiar with ere the earth careers were known.”

“Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last;

* * * * *

“He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.”

We present a paragraph or two from the remarks of J. W. Marshall:—

“ The occasion is a particularly happy one, not only on account of the social features, but it affords us an opportunity to say things about the Doctor, that on ordinary occasions we would not have the assurance to indulge in, so at the outset, we beg to warn him that no possible protest from him will be tolerated. The duty of the hour with him is silence.

“ In our attempt to give some faint expression of the high esteem in which this grand man is held, we realize the poverty of words at our command to do full justice to his life and work.

“ We, in this presence here to-night, are to speak not only from the fullness of our own heart, but for the multiplied thousands of spirits, both in the body and out of the body, who have been inspired and lifted up to nobler deeds by the soulful, magnetic words and writings of this broad-minded and truly just man; and who would, if present, gladly join us in praise of his manly character and helpful life.”

In Dr. Peebles's feeling and sympathetic response, he took occasion to remark:—

“ Listening to the speeches, poems, and papers read, I think you are doing me altogether too much honor. I am but an unassuming, humble worker, author, and physician among a band of noble, self-sacrificing co-workers and toilers in the ripening fields of progress.”

After thanking the ladies for so profusely decorating the parlors, dining-room, and with trailing vines, roses, lilies, heliotropes, and baskets of flowers, Mrs. Christensen, a neighbor, providing the most of them; thanking Mrs. Bushyhead and Mrs. Custer for their good graces in the absence of Mrs. Peebles; thanking Mrs. Murphy for flowers sent from Los Angeles; thanking the First Spiritual Society for their gift of a set of Britannica Encyclopedia; thanking the office young men, for their presents of an elegant dictionary stand with adjustments, an enameled inkstand adapted to different colored inks, and a fine gold pen and other fine presents, not forgetting a magnificently embroidered pillow slip of remnants of silk and satin, artistically adjusted and woven into completeness by Mrs. S. J. Panoyer, of Bay City, Mich., the

Doctor continued, referring feelingly to the letters and poems read, and the extempore addresses, not reported: —

“The letters read from friends of forty and fifty years ago revive thousands of pleasant memories. Friendship, unselfish friendships, never die. Love is immortal. Memory’s loom pauses not in its weaving, nor are any of its golden threads broken. Many of the acts and minor events of our lives have partially died out, or cease to echo in the memory chambers of the soul, yet their results live in our characters. Nothing is lost. It is not wise to brood in sadness, or in rejoicings, over the past. The present is; and a golden future lies invitingly before us all. This whole mortal life is but a minute segment — but as the tick of a clock compared to eternity. No matter about the soiled rounds behind us. Pictures must have a background. The summit of the temple is to be reached. Angels’ hands are beckoning us all upward to the higher altitudes of heavenly truth and wisdom. Believing in God, the Absolute Good, and appreciating the moral grandeur of a broad religious optimism, I can scarcely refrain from repeating a part of one of Alice Carey’s soul songs, this much: —

“I said, if I might go back again
To the very home and place of my birth,
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth.

* * * * *

“I would not make the path I have trod —
More pleasant, or ev’n more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair
This way or that to either side.

“My past is mine, and I take it all,—
Its weakness, its folly if you please;
Nay, even my sins if you come to that,
May have been my helps,— not hindrances.

“So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best — or, it had not been, I hold.’

“Old age is a misleading phrase. The inmost spirit is always young. Existing in the center of eternity, it summers in eternal youth. Never did I feel younger,—never, if I am judge, was I doing so much work; for, besides my literary pursuits, writing for the press, writing books, writing pamphlets, and writing (in connection with another pioneer) a three-volumed ‘History of Spiritualism in All Lands,’ I am attending to and treating over three hundred patients,—and yet I count upon another round quarter of a century’s work before me and another voyage around the world. The world is my parish, and truth my authority.

“Deeply do I regret, this evening, as do you, the absence of Mrs. Peebles. I expected from her a letter of congratulation. This may have been in the mail car that, with all the other cars of the train, were burned recently in the railroad wreck between here and Los Angeles. A letter just received from her informs me that she is visiting in Boston and Brookline, in the midst of a New England blizzard. God be praised for the frostless lands of the orange and the lemon, the palm and the pineapple. . . . Old age! The old age of the body is what people make it. Eternal youth comes from obedience to eternal law. There should be no death of the body,—there is no death of the spirit, because the spirit is a potentialized portion of God,—God incarnate in man.”

Ample refreshments were served the guests, and about eleven p. m., after a most enjoyable evening, the select assemblage broke up and repaired to their homes.

During the following season the Doctor gave a number of receptions to gentlemen prominent in the cause of Spiritualism and reform work: one to Mr. Newman, of the *Philosophical Journal*; one to the poet singer, James G. Clark; and lastly, a reception to W. J. Colville, on his arrival in San Diego.

XLII

THIRD VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

“And thou shalt write!
Behold we bring a pen
Dipped in the burning flame of East and West!
Go, trace the lessons thou hast learned, and when
At last with writing worn, thou long'st for rest,
Sink, body, sink to sleep on earth's fair breast.”

Early in 1896 Dr. Peebles began to feel an interior impulsion toward another Oriental journey; a journey long contemplated, which should constitute the crowning labor of his life. He had already instituted three distinct explorations in the far East, and twice completed the circuit of the globe. The first voyage only extended to Western Asia and Egypt. The second voyage—first around the world—was undertaken September, 1872, under an Australian engagement, not alone to see, but to teach as he traveled. Five years later he again girdled the globe, via Australia, India, Madagascar, Natal, South Africa, teaching and lecturing as he went on the great moral reform subjects of the age. But now he felt that his mission in the Orient was not yet completed. The field was not exhausted. He desired to again press his feet on the soil where the old ancestral peoples once lived and wrought; where the arts and poetry and philosophy arose in their splendor, making light for the races of the succeeding ages.

Our brother was now advanced in years, when most men retire from the field of active conflict and content themselves with such laurels as they may have already won. His friends vehemently protested against his taking so hazardous a journey at his time in life—and especially not to undertake it alone. But the ardors of youth still survived in his veins. He would listen to no objections. His heart and purpose were

set on this journey, and so he answered his friends with: "I know nothing of age. I am rollicking, glorying in the gorgeous morning of abiding youth. Onward, then, O my soul, like the sandal-footed Solon of Grecian memory! Why not travel? Why not lift old manuscripts from their moldy recesses?"

Moved by the missionary spirit, Dr. Peebles sailed from San Francisco December 5, 1896, for Melbourne, Australia. He went forth with a lofty purpose and feeling of kinship with the tribes, nations and races — past and present — with whom he wished to enter into a more intimate communion. To him it would be like a revival and celebration of old family ties and friendships. He was not seeking alone to make a cold record of facts, but he was going to clasp hands with the populations of the Eastern Hemisphere, to greet them as brothers and to interrogate them on their interpretations of the past, and their hopes regarding that future toward which we are all drifting.

It is not our purpose here to write in detail regarding this third tour around the world, but chiefly to speak of a portion of the Doctor's labors in Ceylon, where his work for the most part was pivoted. It is sufficient to state here, that this journey, now completed, has both an exoteric and esoteric use and significance. The exoteric part — what he saw and heard and felt — is fitly recorded in this recent volume of travels. But the esoteric, and most important feature of this journey, will not be published now. Among the secondary objects connected with this tour, may be mentioned: (1) To prosecute his archæological explorations in the Far East; (2) to study more closely the psychic and spiritual phenomena in Oriental countries; (3) to advance the objects of the Medical Red Cross Commission — a movement in which Clara Barton is identified; (4) to solicit memberships for the International Congress of Physicians and Surgeons, which will be convened at Paris in 1900.

Arriving in Melbourne about the middle of January, our traveler was met at the steamer by a number of his old-time

friends, and repaired at once to the home of Mr. Terry. A public reception soon followed, and the following Sunday he commenced a course of lectures, of which the *Harbinger of Light* contained the following:—

“A large audience filling every seat in the Masonic Hall on Sunday evening, January 17, assembled to hear Dr. Peebles’s first public lecture on Spiritualism, in connection with his third advent among us. A number of those who had attended his previous lectures nearly twenty years ago were present, and general surprise was expressed at the slight change time had made in his appearance, whilst his intellect was as clear and vigorous as ever.”

In a letter from Australia to the *Boston Banner of Light* Dr. Peebles writes:—

Though taking this tour largely for a change and a rest, I have worked incessantly with tongue and pen. After public receptions by the Victorian Association, which were decidedly flattering, I commenced lecturing—lecturing *free*—for the Spiritualist Association in Masonic Hall, which has thirteen hundred seats. Whenever the weather was fair the hall was packed, and many standing in the hallway entrance. During the nine weeks’ stay I have also lectured for the Unitarians in their church, for the Swedenborgians, for the Vegetarians, in the Rev. Dr. Strong’s church basement, and for the ‘Church of Our Father,’ three-fourths of which congregation are considered Spiritualists. Their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Trumbull, certainly is. He voluntarily left the English Church priesthood.”

Our voyager reached Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, from Australia April 5, 1897. He was surprised to find in Colombo—a city of 130,000 people—though under English supervision, no street-car accommodations. The only public facility for getting about was a two-wheeled little carriage, drawn by a Tamil Coolie. In one of these he repaired immediately to the Musaeus School for Buddhist girls—mostly orphans—to which, from time to time the Doctor has made liberal donations. Here he found a home and warm welcome, both

from Mrs. Higgins, who conducts the school, and from the hundred or more of the orphan girls who are beneficiaries of his generosity.

For the establishment of this school Mr. De Abrew donated the land, and Mr. Wilton Hack, Esq., of West Australia, contributed the principal funds for erection of the building — a fine brick building in the cinnamon gardens. The Doctor writes: "It was a pleasure to me to wedge a brick into this magnificent structure dedicated to the education of Buddhist girls." It may also be said to the honor of Col. H. S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, a noted American and author, that he has organized over one hundred schools in Ceylon for elementary instruction in English, yet sectarian missionaries do not like the colonel. It was Dr. Peebles's "Buddhism and Christianity, Face to Face," published after his first trip around the world, that gave Col. Olcott an introduction to the Buddhist High Priest, Sumangala, ultimating in his efficient educational work on the Island of Ceylon.

As Ceylon was the objective point where the most important labors of our traveler converged during his third tour around the world, we will note a few features of this Island of the Sea, whose firm granite base has withstood the great oscillations and revolutionary changes in which the continents have participated. It is shaped like a pear. In esoteric parlance it is the womb of the planet. It has remained stable above the waters throughout the whole history of man,— however many millions of years we choose to carry back that history. The underlying rock is a granite formation, nearly all over the island, which proves that it was not alternately submerged to receive the sedimentary deposits of the intermediate geological eras. It was originally called Lanka, and was undoubtedly a part of the old Lemurian continent which went down in the Indian and Pacific Oceans nine million years ago — according to the "Inner Doctrine"— while the main continent of Atlantis — according to the same authority — went down about eighteen hundred and sixty-nine thousand

years ago; and its last remaining island—to which Solon and Plato refer—perished about eleven thousand five hundred years ago.

The Island of Ceylon had a length from North to South of about two hundred and eighty miles, and an area of twenty-five thousand square miles. A story this island will have to reveal to “Children of the Dawn” when it shall be time for the old to be folded away, and the new in its splendor of achievement shall begin to appear.

Before Dr. Peebles started on his second journey around the world, the scribe for ancient spirits—previously alluded to—gave him some general hints and outlines regarding the spiritual and mental value of Ceylon to the present age. From much which was written we quote the following:—

“A doorway hath been opened to lands of Ceylon by master spirits. Going unto those lands is a necessity of some lives. Of the uses of all, we are to speak in another volume. On the lands are fine white mists lain, to be grown into lights of the orbs, to come forth as love’s own intelligences, mounting upon wings of aspirations to attend the courts of the just on the lands of the wisdoms. One great call is heard by one and another to go unto that land, to open the avenues there, that other and more sensitized lives can go forth and speak in tongues of flames to the understandings of the people there. Home rests will be found there when conflicts shall rage upon the continents. One and all here (a small group then located in Cleveland) shall sojourn on that land ere the fatness of the earth lands is apparent to the idler, to those who see not the quickening of those forces to bear royal sway on the earth lands. Overcoming the pride of the flesh, one grand army is coming from the sun sphere to dwell on that land, to make ready for the highest life to be known on the planet earth,—to be known as unearthing the vast treasures of the deep ocean lives, these lives of the values of worlds, whose loves are full and complete in the services they are called upon to render to the universal. O ye people, are ye not loving to hold forces for the amassing of these large wreaths on lands of the ocean

waters? . . . A grand light the islands doth hold. The astral lamp of a thousand rays was given, being on the airs of the lost continent, was transferred to lands of Ceylon, laid away in the interior of a mountain range there found, holdeth its own amid all the changes of the earth's transitions. Counted a sun of wonderful health forces the lamp; sought after as the Philosopher's Stone, holding rare virtues that all good gifts do come to the people from the distribution of the rays of power. Holding grand powers in abeyance to the lamp, and all who go there in trust, awaiting for a golden development, are attracted by those rays of power, and take the loves of the mountains as the answer to prayer. . . .

"A resurrection of forces one can see even now on those lands; to be increased in value a thousandfold as the herds give forth of their health forces. One grand ancestral mansion will be builded up there. The doorways leading to the dome terraces will be found in process of erection there,—to be borne to lands of the Americas on other days, to be found as possessing the values of those odorous airs, and placed in the hands of the faithful in labor. . . . The ways of the olden lawgivers will be paid to the uttermost farthing on those lands, and departures taken to the sunny slopes of the western continent. . . . Blessings, benedictions to all who love to see those lands as a stepping stone to the grandest life period the earth planet hath ever known of. So out of the white channel of the forces of the olden ancestral loves, cometh grand presentations to the isle of wonderful beauty. Hopes lain low of the people of soul are to be so holily resurrected, all will exclaim: 'Behold! our great parent life hath passed to our own lives that which buildeth up on the heights of the mountain of power.'"

These quotations from those ancient sages addressed to Dr. Peebles in a manner that he understood, will sufficiently explain the chief motive that urged him thither for a third time.

On this last tour he visited the famous rock temples at Anuradhapura, riding out from Kandy in a springless bullock cart. From his report we quote:—

“Ceylon abounds in buried ruins, some of which are pre-historic. Among these are remnants of antiquity near the Aluxihara temple in Dambulla. But these pale away into insignificance compared with those at Anuradhapura and vicinity. Approaching, you first see the so-called brazen palace, which is a vast collection of monolithic granite pillars, 1,600 in number, standing about twelve feet out of the ground, and arranged in lines of forty each way. The corner pillars are massive in size. They were probably all coated with churnam and covered with copper. The foundations of this palace were laid by King Dutugemunu, in the second century, B. C., and supported a building nine stories in height, containing one thousand dormitories for priests, and some other apartments. These were the palmy days of Buddhism. The roof of this magnificent monastery was of brass, the walls, says the native historian, were embellished and resplendent with gems, the great hall was supported on golden pillars resting on lions; in the center was an ivory throne, with a golden sun and silver moon on either side, and above all gleamed and glittered the imperial ‘Chatta,’ the white canopy of dominion and peace. This monastery was reconstructed and reduced to seven stories in height in the year 140 B. C. Just south of the brazen palace is the ‘sacred road’ along which the pilgrims have come for over two thousand years with their offerings to the shrine of their religion. . . . All about are figures of Buddha, monolithic pillars, medicine baths, degobas, statues leaning or fallen, ponderous cisterns, ancient shrines crumbling with the weight of weary centuries, and costly carved ascetic cells, — clustering acres upon acres of ruins, revealing the ancient grandeur and glory of Ceylon.”

Of the Buddhist priests, he writes: —

“Priests dress in yellow robes,—a cloth around their loins to the ankles, and another of deep yellow, several yards long thrown over their left shoulders and reaching nearly to the ground. Generally they wear no shoes; a few wear sandals. They shave each other. They take no money for services. They live by alms-asking. Their feet are handsome, and their

eyes expressive and bright. They are celebrates. They eat but twice a day. It is considered great merit to feed or give to a priest. They bless the giver. . . . In traveling, he must see no more than the length of a bullock before him. Gazing about is considered irreligious. No priest must sit privately on a seat with a woman secluded from sight. He must not address a woman in more than five or six sentences, without an intelligent witness present."

Kandy is the old capital of the Kandian kings, a city of 25,000, situated on the mountain plateau, about seventy miles from Colombo. Although it is but ten degrees north latitude, the air is cool and bracing, owing to its altitude. The next day, April 16, the Doctor went to another ruined temple out in the jungle. He was to meet Colonel Olcott there, and with him address a large concourse of native Singalese. The journey was made with bullock carts and elephants. Tired of the bullock cart, our traveler took to one of the elephants, whose movements were "comparable to a steamer rocking, struggling in a howling monsoon. It was soon a question of bullock, cart, or elephant, which?" Introduced by Colonel Olcott as an old American friend of his, imbued with the ethics of Buddhism, the brotherhood of man, and all humanitarian reforms, Dr. Peebles addressed this great mass-meeting of Buddhists upon the schools, manners, customs, and religions of America; and "never did I address a more quiet and appreciative audience."

From a private letter received from the Doctor, dated Adyar, Madras, India, April 25, 1897, we quote:—

"Am just in by steamer and rail from Ceylon. Am at the magnificent home of Colonel Olcott. On my way here I went to the great temple in Madura. The Hindoos say the oldest portions of it have an antiquity of more than four thousand years. . . . Many of the temple ruins in Ceylon seem much older, and some of them antedate authentic history. I had a great time in Ceylon, making a study of its ruins and its people. Went to Kandy, the ancient capital. Saw Arabi Pasha and his children. He remembered your correspondence with

him ten years ago. He is in poor health, and pines for his own native country. He occupies a splendid residence, but is ill at ease. . . . I went up into the jungle with Colonel Olcott, to address some Singalese schools. We were accompanied by twelve yellow-robed Buddhist priests, two elephants, and over a thousand people, some beating gongs, others waving flags, others dancing devil dances. . . . In Colombo I was permitted a seat in the Pavilion to welcome the King of Siam. He is a plain, pleasant, cultured man, educated in English. I had a chat of five minutes with him about his country and ours. He is on his way to the Queen's jubilee. . . . I make only passing mention of my hard rides on the bottoms of carts, drawn by oxen; of the horrible food I have had to eat in the temple jungles; with the hard slabs to sleep on, with only my coat for a pillow; of my elephant ride in the jungles of Ceylon. There will be thorns and briars where berries grow. . . . I go next week to Madras and down into Southern India, but shall not go through Northern India, as they not only have Bubonic plague and famine, but cholera has now broken out in some districts. This matters little, as I have been through Northern India on previous tours. These are wonderful countries. The more I see of them, the more I feel and realize a grand and hoary past. Pen can not describe their perishing magnificence. . . . I am not troubled with fear or forebodings. I go just where I feel inclined to go, and do what I feel impressed to do. Living or dying, I can't get out of the universe. Here I coolly, calmly take everything that comes, as being the best, upon the whole. Each plane and sphere must be worried through. Three words impart to us the major objects for human endeavor: Education, Renunciation, Emancipation. These steps, rightly, conscientiously taken, lead to peace and a repose of spirit unspeakable."

Buddhism arose in India about 700 B. C., or perhaps a trifle later. The early Catholic missionaries were surprised to find its ethics, ritual, and entire church machinery so completely like their own, that they at once charged theft and appropriation by the Buddhist priests. Had Christianity anteceded Buddhism

by seven years, instead of the reverse, such a charge would have had some show of plausibility. Some of the inscriptions which still remain on the old temples of Asoka's time, Dr. Peebles designates as a "Bible on rocks." He writes:—

"No interpolations can here be charged. Defying the cankering tooth of time, these inscriptions are genuine. What is their moral import? They breathe the spirit of toleration to unbelievers, and brotherly love to all. Buddhists have never persecuted for religious opinion's sake. In this, Buddhism puts Christianity to shame."

Arrived in India, a little after the middle of April, our traveler was for nearly two months the paying "guest" of Colonel Olcott, at his palatial residence at Adyar, situated five miles from Madras. To a reporter of *The American Nonconformist*, the Doctor gave, after his return, a contrast of India's poverty and New Zealand's progress in such striking language, we will quote at considerable length:—

"It was only a few weeks since that Dr. J. M. Peebles, a noted writer, author, physician, and formerly U. S. Consul in Asiatic Turkey, returned to our country from his third journey around the world.

"Being, as he is, a close observer of countries, races, and nations, relating to their civilization, government, laws, and currencies, we gathered from him the other day, the following items of political interest:—

"India," said the Doctor, "is by far the poorest country that I visited on my late tour of observation. Making no mention of the plague, the famine, and the cholera in Central India, the country is decidedly poor. England, through excessive taxation, has squeezed the life out of these thronging 270,000,000 of people. They are uneasy and dissatisfied with English rule; but to rise and throw off the yoke is utterly impossible, as no Hindoo is allowed to own a revolver, or firearms of any kind.

"New Zealand, situated 1,200 miles from Australia, with a climate like that of Italy in the north, and England in the south, is decidedly the most prosperous country that I saw —

no tramps, no millionaires, and no honest toilers seeking, pleading for work at good wages. And why is this? Effects have their legitimate causes.

“ Briefly summed up, these are the causes. The government of New Zealand owns the railroads, the telegraphs, the telephones, and through Parliament has so arranged her laws that those who squatted in early years, or subsequently purchased large tracts, are taxed — so heavily taxed for their unoccupied land-holdings, that they are very glad to sell them at a very reasonable price to settlers who want to make homes for their families.

“ New Zealand has also woman’s suffrage. The Bishop of these islands, my traveling companion by steamer, from Auckland to Sydney, was a devoted advocate of extending full and free suffrage to women. ‘ It had already,’ he said, ‘ raised the standard of politics, and elected a higher class of officials.’ Those who most violently opposed the woman’s suffrage movement were gamblers, liquor dealers, and the men that owned or patronized houses of ill-fame. Our sainted mothers, wives, sisters, daughters,— in a word, women,— being the subjects of law, and punishable if violating law, it is but the simplest act of justice that they have a direct voice in the making of law.

“ Permit me to be more specific touching New Zealand’s prosperity — a magnificent country without plutocrats or beggars.

“ 1. The law imposes a tax upon incomes, and an ordinary tax upon land and mortgages, the amount of which is fixed annually by a ‘ rating act,’ and also an additional graduated tax upon the unimproved value of land held in large blocks or tracts.

“ 2. The schools are free. The government has already expended between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 in establishing ‘ Technical Schools.’

“ 3. The government controls the postoffices, and the post-office savings bank, and the rate of postage between any two nations on the Islands is one penny.

“ 4. The government owns and manages the telegraph systems, and a ten-word message costs only a sixpence.

“ 5. The government owns and operates the telephone system, which is excellent, and the charges are more than one third less than they are in America.

“ 6. The government gives State or mutual life insurances; and the premium rates are considerably lower than the average rates charged by the private companies. Accordingly, every government policy-holder feels that he has the whole country as a guarantee behind him.

“ 7. Eight hours constitute a legal day's work throughout New Zealand.

“ 8. The government has established, or rather, is establishing, a government bank. South Australia and Victoria, of Australia, have already done this, thus making deposits safe as the government itself.

“ 9. The government, through Parliamentary law, administers and is responsible for, all estates, thus insuring justice and safety to the widow and the orphan. In doing this it charges 'a graduated successions' tax of from two to ten per cent, according to the value of the estate.

“ 10. The government owns and operates the railroads, and the passenger and freight rates are such as give about three and one half per cent interest on the capital invested. Traveling railroad rates are considerably less than in my native country.

“ 11. Conciliatory boards have been established by the government in every city and town where disputes are likely to arise between labor and capital. Each board is comprised of three representative business men of capital, and three representatives from the labor organizations and the District Judge — a veritable board of equity. Hence a strike is next to impossible in New Zealand.

“ 12. The principal public highways are under government control. Some, however, have been turned over to the municipalities. There are no toll gates, and the roads are most excellent. Public libraries, museums, parks, gardens, and bath-houses are established in every town of note.

“ Considerable land adjoining the cities is held as public

domain for small homesteads and the toiling artisan classes. Law compels one half holiday each week.

“New Zealand has a population, or had at the last census, of 686,128,—including Maoris, or natives, 800,121,—in all about 1,000,000 up to date. There are two or three Maoris in parliament. Suffrage is universal. And it is emphatically a government ‘of the people, for the people, and by the people.’ The English appoint the governor who has some veto powers, but is little more, as I was often told, than a ‘dignified figure-head.’

“The country is wonderfully prosperous. I know of none where there are so few very rich and so few poor. There are no great soulless syndicates, nor great heartless trust companies. The laws of parliament tend toward providing an equal opportunity to all and to check to overreaching of those possessed of miserly and wolfish propensities.

“True, there is some opposition to these liberal laws that give all an equal chance; but the opposition comes from the money loaners, monopolists, and those who wish to have special privileges, privileges to further fill their already gold-puffed purses. Though in Auckland, Dunedin, Christ-church, and other New Zealand cities, as well as Wellington, the capital, conversing with farmers, mechanics, miners, manufacturers, merchants, members of parliament, and ex-members of parliament, I heard no good and valid reason assigned why these parliamentary laws should not be repealed.

“When our glorious country, purchased at the price of patriotic blood, owns the railroads, the telegraphs, and the coal mines, there will be no strikes, no beggars, and fewer syndicates, and overbearing millionaires to oppress the honest, hard-working toiler and tiller of the soil.”

Leaving India, our traveler returned to Ceylon to complete his labors there. His temporary home and objective point was the Musaeus School. In the success and enlargement of this school, he feels a very deep interest.

When he set out on this last important journey, Dr. Peebles expected to remain abroad from twelve to fifteen months,

spending considerable time in Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, and China; but when his labors were concluded in Ceylon, not only circumstances at home, but his own interior feeling, prompted an immediate return. So he made but a brief sojourn in Arabia and Egypt, when he went direct to London, arriving there July 26. Here his old and well-trying friends, J. J. Morse and wife, gave him a splendid reception in their commodious parlors. Invitations poured in from many quarters for lectures, but he felt obliged to waive them all, for his business affairs at home required his presence. From the *Two Worlds*, of July 2, 1897, we clip the following:—

“Will you allow me the privilege of announcing in your columns the unexpected arrival, in our midst, of our distinguished co-worker and indefatigable traveler, Dr. J. M. Peebles, who, on his third tour around the world, has now reached London.

“The Doctor has made his headquarters at the residence of his old and esteemed friend of the past thirty years, Mr. J. J. Morse. Unfortunately, his stay in England will be very brief, and I am informed that his friends who desire to write to or call upon him, may do so, at their convenience, at Florence House Hotel, Osnaburgh St., N. W.

“Our distinguished visitor is somewhat fatigued by his late journey from India and Egypt to our shores, and it is with regret I have to state that he will be leaving for the United States of America quite early in July, as important private affairs demand his presence at home. B. B.”

Also a letter from Dr. Peebles to the *Two Worlds*, after his arrival in London, was published, from which we clip the following:—

“I am somewhat way-worn and weary. During my two or three months’ travels in Southern India, among Brahmins Swaites, Yogis, and Fakirs, with the thermometer at 107, 115, 127 *in the shade*, I parted with twenty-seven pounds of avoirdupois. The heat was intense, and the poverty deplorable. I remained several weeks in Adyar, the headquarters of the Theosophists— and am still a more ardent Spiritualist! Spir-

itualism is rooted in God, who is Spirit, infinite, and immutable. The nineteenth century is hungering neither for the manna of the Israelites nor the Kama-Loka mythology of the Hindus. Scientific proof — demonstration — is the demand of the thinking Western world. Last evening (Sunday) I slipped into Cavendish Rooms, to listen quietly to Mrs. M. H. Wallis's answering of questions sent up by the audience; and, without the least thought of flattery, I have this to say: for grasp of the subjects involved in the questions, for clearness of expression, for practical elucidations and logical conclusions, I have never heard platform answers to such and similar questions excelled. I sent up no questions, because I did not enter the hall till the lady was going into the trance. Among the questions were these: "Do animals maintain their individualized existence in the spiritual world?" answered in the negative, with the reasons for their non-existence. Another question was, "Do spirits in the spiritual world recognize the existence of Jesus?" answered in the affirmative. Another most excellent thing in the lecturer was, when she or the controlling intelligences had fairly, clearly, and concisely answered a question, they knew enough to stop — and I will stop. I am staying at the Florence House Hotel (Mr. J. J. Morse, proprietor, as you well know — 26 Osnaburg Street), where I find board, room, music, spiritual library, and journals — everything pleasant and most comfortable. I remain only about ten days before sailing for America. Medical and other business demand my early return; but sincerely do I hope to see you before departing."

In the August *Lyceum Banner* (1897), conducted by that staunch veteran worker, J. J. Morse, we quote the following from the editor: —

"The Spiritualists of Great Britain have lately had as a visitor the gentleman whose honored name is at the head of this article. The writer of these lines first made the acquaintance of Dr. Peebles at the old Spiritual Institution of Mr. James Burns, in London, in August of 1869, when our good friend made his first visit to London, en route for Trebizond, in Asia

Minor, to which city he had been gazetted as Consul by the United States government. It was in accordance with Dr. Peebles's suggestion that the Friday evening séances, which the writer held for nearly four years at the above-named place, were inaugurated, which was his first step into public activity. The Doctor was at this time a very active personality in Metropolitan and Provincial Spiritualism; he it was who first used the Cavendish Rooms as one of our lecturers, and in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, Cheshire, and other counties, his voice was raised on behalf of our cause and work, when he returned from Asia in the following year, ultimately sailing for home from Queenstown, in the steamship, "City of London," on Friday, June 10, 1870.

"The good Doctor visited us subsequently, again doing good work, during 1873, when in company with Dr. Dunn, a very fine trance medium, the Doctor made his second trip around the world, and now again he is completing his third trip, in spite of the fact that he is now in his seventy-fifth year, having begun his early pilgrimage on March 22, 1822.

"During his late visit he was the guest of Mrs. J. J. Morse's Hotel, and it was a delight to all to renew the old acquaintance in person, for the mutual friendship of eight and twenty years' standing remains as firm and true as ever. Hale, hearty, upright, and as vigorous in mind as in body, the Doctor is a personal embodiment of his teaching that there is nothing to prevent a man from living a hundred years, and growing old gracefully! Much to his regret important business called him back to his Californian home, but time was found to enable him to deliver one lecture at the Cavendish Rooms which were crowded to their utmost capacity to listen to him, and for a pleasant reception, which Mr. and Mrs. Morse tendered to him. But, ere departing, the Doctor promised that if nothing prevented him, he would return to London next year for the International Congress, that the London Spiritualist Alliance is promoting."

On the evening of August 8, 1897, our voyager stepped off the cars in San Diego, having circumnavigated the globe

in eight months and eight days. The visible result of the voyage is a superb volume of travels, comprising 454 pages, which, in our estimation, is the best written and most entertaining of the numerous volumes which have emanated from Dr. Peebles's pen.

From the *Banner of Light*, of December 25, we clip the following:—

“The venerable ‘Spiritual Pilgrim,’ Dr. J. M. Peebles, having been called to Boston to read the final proofs of his latest work, ‘A Trip Around the World,’ was tendered an informal reception by the *Banner of Light* Publishing Company, on Wednesday evening, December 15, at 8½ Bosworth Street. Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant, the *Banner of Light* Circle medium, kindly placed the circle-room at the disposal of the public for the occasion. The floral decorations were tasty and numerous, transforming the room into a bower of beauty. Dr. Peebles's Boston friends are legion, and many of them sought this opportunity to take him again by the hand and wish him ‘Godspeed’ on his journey to the West.”

Arrived in San Diego, the Doctor's numerous friends planned a magnificent reception, but he put his foot down positively, and said, “No! I have been fêted until I am tired. Accept the will for the deed. For the present I demand rest and quiet.”

But be assured, we gladly clasped the Doctor's warm right hand once more, and welcomed him back to this perpetual summer city which proudly lifts its spires on the shores of the Western Sea. Here he expects to spend his autumn days, and complete his earth labors. From his own doorstep he will behold the sun sinking in the ocean, while his glory yet lingers on the brown summit of old “San Miguel.” From the dusty roads of the world's great highway it is proper he should retire to the peaceful arbor walks where he may once more don the cap of the student and with busy brain and fingers give unto the world from the storehouse of his ripened wisdom.

“ Brother, thou pilgrim on earth’s stormy shores,
 Thou who hast traversed all the lands between
 The distant East, where deserts’ burning sands
 Pour their full tide of splendor sent from Heaven,
 To where the gorgeous Occident doth lay
 Its full, rich offerings of burnished gold
 Upon the purple earth; surpassing rare
 And all untold are splendors that are given
 In this your mortal birth.

Thy pathway has been traced. Ere childhood’s day
 Had passed was thy whole life foreseen, and one
 Had marked thy toilsome way; where’er thy feet
 Weary and sometimes faltering may have been,
 The angels guided thee, led thee alway.
 Not for the purposes of human fame,
 Nor for the paltry power which wealth can give;
 Not to emblazon with the pride of name
 Thy deeds on palace gates — (true fame shall live
 While ages pass) — no, not for these thy bark
 Has been storm-tossed on many distant seas,
 Thy weary footsteps trod o’er desert waste
 And burning sands, and mountain’s barren face.
 No, not for these. Behold our offering:

“ The gorgeous gateways of the purple east
 Open their splendors to the day’s clear eye,
 And earth, expectant for the morning feast,
 Beholds her god when the bright sun on high
 Bids from his victor path the misty shadows fly.

“ The Brahmin’s unseen God defies the power
 Of modern sophistry and ancient lore;
 But in that solemn and most sacred hour,
 When that Dread Presence did its offerings pour
 Upon the earth, God spake as erst before.

“ Egypt’s vast pyramids uplift their brows
 Against the heaven Osiris calls his own;
 The veiled Isis breathes her vestal vows:
 The Sphynx reveals to oracles unknown
 The wondrous secrets of the heavenly zone.

- “ Jerusalem, lost city of my love!
 Thou who dost sit alone and desolate,
 Waiting erewhile the heaven-appointed dove
 That shall upbuild again thy fallen state,
 What dread Nemesis doth thine hour belate?”
- “ Or where the Mount of Olives lifts its brow
 Anear the bending sky and breathes of peace!
 Oh! even there Christ’s self appeareth now
 The weary spirits once more to release,
 And bid all raging tumults cease.
- “ Beyond the pillared Gates of Hercules
 Thy bark has passed — once more toward thy home
 Amid the glowing far Hesperides
 Thou turn’st again; once more they bid thee ‘Come,’
 And claim thee that thy feet no more may roam.
- “ Around the fireside, by the home-fraught hearth,
 Sweet smiles and hands of friendship beckon thee;
 And once again bright thoughts of purest worth
 Rise like calm angels, glad and strong and free,
 And with white lilies wait to welcome thee.
- “ And thou shalt write! Behold, we bring a pen
 Dipped in the burning flame of East and West!
 Go, trace the lessons thou hast learned, and when
 At last, with waiting worn, thou long’st for rest,
 Sink, body, sink to sleep on earth’s fair breast.
- “ Then, lo! the gates of heaven shall open wide,
 And vistas of rare glory meet thy view,
 The gold-crowned mountains ranged on either side,
 The morn of knowledge, ever bright and new,
 Shall dawn, and love shall safely bear thee through.
- “ Then no frail form nor fading sense shall pale;
 No weary struggling through the patient years;
 But courage, life, and strength that ne’er shall fail,
 And hopes that perish not, nor melt in tears.
 Receive the pen, go, wear the laurel crown;
 One is of earth — the other Heaven’s renown!”

— *Cora L. V. Richmond.*



XLIII

RECENT LABORS IN THE SPIRITUAL VINEYARD

“ Proud is the nation that can own
Thy treasured name, on memory's page;
A light in darkness it shall be,
Forever, down each coming age;
Proud that thou wert our own, a while,
Ere thy bark reached 'The Utmost Isle.' ”

Having returned from his Oriental travels to his San Diego home, in the late summer of 1897, with his vigor and ambition in no wise abated, Dr. Peebles commenced to plan a series of labors which demanded his immediate attention. His medical business in Indianapolis had sensibly declined during his absence. He must put his hand on a few levers, and give a new impulse to the business machinery, which quickly responded to his magnetic presence and personal force. His new book of travels, too, was announced to appear in autumn, and several hundred pages of the manuscript still remained to be written from his extended notes. And last, but not least, his beloved Spiritualism was being fiercely assailed by his old polemical enemies, the clergy. So notwithstanding the press of other labors, he found time to meet gentlemen of the “cloth” with a strong pamphlet, and during the autumn months contributed a series of characteristic articles to the Spiritualistic press.

From Sept. 9 to 12, 1897, there was convened at Anderson, Ind., a national Anti-Spiritualist Convention, to which the clergy flocked in strong force. Spiritualism was to receive its “death blow!” Our indefatigable Doctor and Moses Hull attended to see that everything should be done “decently,” and in order. But the ambassadors for Christ” were fully resolved to do the “claying” in their own

way and without interference. So our brave defenders were compelled to sit still and see whole battalions — men of straw — fall before the fusillade of the clerical army. The “show” was attended on Thursday, Dr. Peebles wrote it up on Friday, had it printed on Saturday, and on Sunday it was freely distributed among the people. We append one or two extracts:—

“Where there is no vision,” say the Scriptures, “the people perish.” Do you, beloved brethren, have visions? If not, is it not one reason why our churches are so empty on Sundays? Paul declared that he “was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.” Signs, trances, visions, clairvoyance, and the “discerning of spirits” accompanied the apostles, disciples and primitive Christians for three hundred years after Christ. Then there came a “falling away” of Christianity. It became political, commercial, worldly, creed-encrusted — in a word, unspiritual. And you Christians, because of your schisms, sectarian creeds and scheming worldliness have lost the gifts of the spirit — spiritual manifestations; and you seem to be mad because Spiritualists, or anybody else have these gifts, and hence the inauguration of this unchristian “anti-spiritualistic” movement.

* * * * *

“If a personal devil exists, and is rapidly converting so many millions, and among them multitudes of Christians, to Spiritualism, as the Rev. Mr. Hagaman admitted — if he is roaming about ruining souls, why doesn’t God kill him at once? An all-powerful omnipotent God can destroy the devil, but will not; or he would destroy the devil but can not! How is it brethren? I see no use in the world for the devil, do you? Preaching him does not scare people as it once did, and neither does the preaching of hell. In the revised version Hell is polished down to *Hades*. Another word rendered Hell, is Gehenna, the Valley of Hinnom, originally just outside the walls of Jerusalem, where the worm should never die, nor the fires of Hell be quenched. But the worm has died and the fires of Hell have been quenched (Mark 9:43,

44, 45), and I saw vegetation and vines growing there luxuriantly in this valley called Hell in the New Testament. Later in the season I plucked and ate most delicious grapes in Gehenna, this Hell mentioned in Mark's Gospel. Think of it brethren, clusters of luscious grapes growing in Hell! Let us now sing:—

“ Oh! what would it be to be there ”—

In the fruit season? ”

The poet must have just returned home from this Convention when he wrote his reflections on the “ New Journalism: ”—

“ Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
Twenty-two pages of rot,
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

“ Seventeen hundred pictures —
Death, disease, and despair —
Lies and fakes and fakes and lies
Stuck in 'most everywhere.

“ Thirty-four sad comic pages,
Printed in reds, greens, and blues;
Thousands of items we don't care to read
But only two columns of news.”

While lecturing in Melbourne — May, 1897 — a certain member of the clergy came out in a bitter attack on Dr. Peebles through the *Melbourne Herald*. His reply shows what a rare old fighter he is,— this genial mild-mannered man, who would at all hazards shrink from the job of killing a chicken! We can only give a few extracts from his caustic reply:—

“ O. D. C. believes in ‘ Spiritism,’ but declares that it is of ‘ the devil.’ How does he know? What does he know about the devil, anyhow? Does a semi-omnipotent devil really exist? If so, who created him? Admitting his existence, his industry is certainly very commendable. And if he exists, why does not God, who is omniscient and almighty,

slay him at once? I see no practical use for him. People are seemingly going to damnation fast enough without any devil to tempt them. But I deny—deny the existence of the devil—and so this matter is out of court. . . .

“The Rev. Mr. Brandt, making no distinction between soul and spirit, asked in substance, what ‘knowledge I have that the spirits influencing mediums are the souls of the dead?’ Come as a pupil, sir, and I will tell you—gladly tell you—what knowledge I have. But my knowledge would not be your knowledge even then; for I can no more know for you than I could eat or drink for you. You must fast, pray, investigate, study, and know for yourself. Personally, I know that these influencing intelligences are the spirits of the so-called dead, because, while in the full exercise of my intuitions, reason, and best judgment, I have seen them, heard them, and conversed with them—all of which, to me, constitutes positive knowledge. And now will Mr. Brandt tell us what he knows about this personal devil, of whom he writes so glibly? Did he ever see him? Ever hear him? Ever converse with him? No dodging! Tell me what you know about the devil, and how you know it.

“This gentleman thinks it ‘silly,’ that I should ask (admitting His Majesty’s existence) why God does not kill the devil? Let us see. If a mad dog were rushing along Collins Street, biting, poisoning the people, would it be thought ‘silly’ to ask, ‘Why not kill the dog at once?’ And so, if there’s a personal devil, ‘converting millions to Spiritualism,’ and tempting, winning, and dragging millions more down into endless hell torments, I ask, in all honesty, Why does not God kill him, and so at once end his devilishness? Logically put, if God can not kill the devil, he is not infinite in power; if he can kill him, and will not, then God is not infinitely good. Friend Brandt can pose on just which horn of this dilemma he finds most comfortable. . . .

* * * * *

“The Rev. Brazier’s church dogma of atonement is grossly immoral; inasmuch as it opens a way of escape from

just punishment. Here's a case in point: Charles R. M'Gill of Cleveland, O., U. S. A., a drunken, thieving libertine, shot and killed Mary Kelly, who, not having been converted and baptized was, or course, sent to hell; while the red-handed murderer, M'Gill, repented in prison, accepted the 'atoning blood,' was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Cooley, on Thursday, and on Friday was executed, swinging from the gallows to glory. The next day the secular press announced the hanging under the flaming caption, 'M'Gill jerked to Jesus.' Such is the practical outcome of the 'vicarious atonement,' one of the apostles' doctrines of devils.' And the three personal Gods in one God is another."

Creeds and confessions? High Church or the Low?

I can not say; but you would vastly please us
 If with some pointed Scripture you could show
 To which of these belonged the Saviour Jesus.
 I think to all or none. Not curious creeds
 Or ordered forms of churchly rule, he taught,
 But soul of love that blossomed into deeds,
 With human good and human blessing fraught.
 On me nor priest nor presbyter nor pope,
 Bishop nor dean, may stamp a party name;
 But Jesus, with his largely human scope,
 The service of my human life may claim.
 Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,
 The church is mine that does most Christlike deeds.

— *John Stuart Blackie.*

In a very interesting article from the Doctor's pen, published in the January, 1897, *Hamanitarian*, London, we extract the following:—

"That spirits exist I know, and that under certain conditions they communicate I also know — know by the investigations and observations of nearly half a century — know by personal psychic experience — know by my reason, my highest judgment, and my soul's divinest intuitions. Genuine spiritual phenomena constitute the New Testament of the nineteenth century. Spiritual gifts have never ceased to

gladden world-weary hearts. They are God's present witnesses of immortality.

"I know India well. As to its magic and wonder-working fakirs, it would require a volume for a full elucidation. Only a few days previous to my leaving Adyar (the headquarters of Theosophy), accompanied by Dr. English and Mr. Kneusdon, a cultured gentleman of Honolulu, I went to see a famous Yogi, living in the outskirts of Blacktown, near Madras. . . . Here we are now at his hermitage. This Yogi had sat, so we were informed, twenty years in this miserable palm-thatched hut (smeared with cow-dung), innocent of chimney, window, or doors. He kept a light constantly burning. Personally he was offensive; dirty, lean, skinny, eating but a little cup of rice, with some milk once or twice a day. Entering the low doorway, he arose and sprinkled our foreheads with the ashes of burnt cowchips. His long nose indicated the mystic. He conversed freely of Vedic literature, and of the magic of antiquity. He said his aim was 'Union with the Supreme.' The atmosphere of his hut was insufferable. He gave no proof of psychic power. The visit was a failure. My uppermost thought was bathe, ventilate your floorless room, and engage in some manual labor. Though much of magic in India is fraud and jugglery, there is with it, however, a vein of the real.

"I saw a Hindoo out in the open street take three good-sized balls, larger and heavier than hens' eggs, and commence tossing them up in the air, catching them as they returned. Soon his hands were motionless, but the balls kept ascending, and, so far as I know are ascending still. They did not return. Were they dematerialized by some invisible psychic power? Such is my opinion. . . .

"True, that which seems supernatural is the natural on the spiritual plane of existence. Law, which is the divine method of procedure, reigns supreme in all worlds. God is unchangeable. There are no miracles in the old ecclesiastical sense of that word. The age of reason and the fiat of science have consigned miracles as supernatural events, to a resur-

rectionless grave. Had Peter telephoned from Jerusalem to Joppa; or had John telegraphed from Jericho to a friend residing at the foot of snowy Hermon, the event would have been considered by the unlettered of old Judea as an astounding miracle. So with India. The all-too-often magnified marvels of this country may be rationally explained by jugglery, by hypnotism, or by the psychic influences of invisible helpers."

In a letter to the Melbourne *Daily News*, he answers some charges made by the editor, that "Spiritualism leads to insanity." We quote briefly:—

"SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

"To the Editor of *The Daily News*.

"SIR,—The dispassioned and kindly purposed paragraphs in your yesterday's issue, hinting that 'Spiritualism might, from overexciting the nervous system, lead to insanity,' would require not a word in reply, were it not for the quite common opinion that the lunatic asylums of America are crowded with deluded Spiritualists. But the carefully collected and published statistics of Dr. Eugene Crowel, of New York—after either visiting or corresponding with the superintendents of every insane hospital in the United States of America—prove exactly the reverse to be true.

"Pythagoras was denominated 'the mad man of Samos.' The wicked and idolatrous of Hosea's time not only pronounced Israel's prophets 'fools,' but exclaimed, 'The spiritual man is mad!' The Jews said that Jesus 'hath a devil and is mad; why hear ye him?' And Festus said with a loud voice, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad.' The distinguished Swedish seer, Swedenborg, was considered in his day and generation 'mad;' and that eminent American jurist and Spiritualist, Judge Edmunds, was, some twenty years ago, called by New York pettifoggers 'mad'—that is, insane—but somehow these great moral chieftains, these leading minds pronounced 'mad,' managed to live in history immortal, while the very

memories of their traducers rot away into eternal forgetfulness.

J. M. PEEBLES."

An old friend of Dr. Peebles—a lady friend of Atlanta—loaned a copy of "Seers of the Ages" to a lady friend who had no object or incentive in life. The perusal of this book brought this lady friend face to face with an entirely new mental scenery. Life to her took on a new aspect, and there was straightway born in her consciousness an ardent desire to accomplish some good in the world. She is well-to-do, having in her name a rich tract of land—1,040 acres—at Helmerdale, eighteen miles from Atlanta, Georgia. She at once resolved to donate this—or partially donate it—to serve as a nucleus for a social colony, which Mr. A. E. Seddon is (at this writing) trying to organize. "Bread cast upon the waters" will return after many days. Mrs. Fanny M. Jenks, M. D., writes from Atlanta under date of Nov. 19, 1897:—

"Dr. J. M. Peebles.

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I went last evening to hear Mrs. Prior, a medium, and she had some *Banner of Lights* to sell. I got a copy, and looking over it, I saw your name. I had been thinking of you so much of late, that I was rejoiced to learn that you were still in the land of the living.

"There was a dear good little woman who was hungry for the right kind of spiritual food. I said to her, 'Do not get so despondent, but come to my office and I will lend you a book that will lift you out of your troubles.' I loaned her your book, 'Seers of the Ages'—my Bible. After reading it, she was so thoroughly changed in her doubts that she came, and returned the book, and said; 'I have brought this circular to let you see what I am going to do with my land.' The circular will speak for itself. Your book helped her to decide her course of action."

Early in the history of the Spiritualistic movement Dr. Peebles took note of the dominant tendency to individualism, and the almost infinite diversity of doctrine and opinion which have divided the rank and file of those who accepted

the broad fact of intelligent intercourse between the two worlds. And while he has been nominally in favor of national, state, and local organization of some kind, he has nevertheless, recognized the almost infinite difficulty of framing a set of principles which the Spiritualists as a whole will accept,—the hazard of trying to unfurl a banner under which the Spiritualistic hosts will consent to march, without murmur or protest. The moment some leader comes forward with a set of principles as a basis for national or state organization, that moment, the Spiritualists whom it is attempted to gather into the organic fold, begin to protest and growl; and where little had been done without organization, it is discovered that nothing can be done until the fence is taken down or reconstructed.

The Spiritualistic movement without organization, or with nothing more than an ephemeral and faulty organization, has, nevertheless, saturated the thought and literature of this generation. Why should we clamor for a statement of principles or defined limitations when we stand in the presence of the marvelous revolution already wrought by that spiritual potency which was liberated and sent down from the upper world, and given to the airs of America at Hydesville in 1848? Now, our good Doctor has always been "instant in season and out of season." He has done valiant service and stood erect as an uncompromising defender of Spiritualism for the last forty years or more. But he felt the rust of fetters too keenly while in the Universalist fold to commit himself unreservedly to the policy of organization for Spiritualists. True, he has always stood for organization in a kind of a "Pickwickian" sense. He sees the propriety of Spiritualists organizing for "business purposes," but not to put fetters upon the soul. He believes the potency behind the movement will insure a triumphant progress and growth quite independent of any church ritual.

In a communication to the "Philosophical Journal," of date Jan. 27, 1898, under the caption of "How Much Organization Is Necessary," he says:—

“Organization is absolutely indispensable to success. This is true all the way from a common school district up to the President’s cabinet. In union there is strength. Harmony opens the door to an influx of truth and wisdom from the higher spheres of immortality. The difficulty in organization and the adoption of a declaration of principles is that Spiritualism is blessed with so many ‘exceedingly great men and women,’ all scrambling for the highest seats in the synagogue — all considering themselves born to rule; and if they can not rule, then they will seek to ruin. Or, once in power, they constitute themselves into a sort of central propaganda, running the organization in the interest of themselves and a few pet associates. Psychic thinkers look at them — pity — and pass on.

“The rankest individual and the most despicable bigotry often go hand in hand. Neither is justifiable — neither becomes the cultured Spiritualist. Regretfully do I say that there are many Spiritualists enrolled and belonging to the *great unorganized* who professedly can see no good in a declaration of principles, in Spiritualists’ organizations, nor in any religious organizations, even though they erect homes for the aged, retreats for the poor, and infirmaries for the sick.”

Our friend occasionally likes to wander into a Universalist Church and get a reminder of the “old, old days,” even though mournful reminiscences are awakened. He reverts to the old-time fellowships much as one does to the old farmhouse where he was born. The cradle associations remain fresh and green in the memory, but when, in the autumn of life, we visit that old farmhouse, we find it silent and deserted! An oppressive loneliness settles on the soul. The cradle has passed to other uses and is for us no more. Thus musing, while he paced the streets of Indianapolis one Sunday morning in September, 1897, our Doctor dropped into a Universalist service. From his observations published in the *Light of Truth*, we extract the following: —

“This religious body has a small church edifice here and a

small congregation, all of which is in perfect keeping with their narrow creed. The founder of American Universalism was John Murray, a Spiritualist medium. Universalism has been preached in America over a hundred years, and yet, the state secretary reports a total membership of 1,895 in the great State of Indiana. Slow progress this! Indianapolis alone has a population of 200,000.

“ I listened to a straight old-style Universalist sermon last Sunday. It reminded me of the explorations in Babylon. The point urged was ‘ sound doctrine a necessity for present peace and salvation.’ And this sound doctrine, simmered down, meant — there’s no endless hell and everybody will eventually be saved. Hallelujah! ”

His religious status may be inferred from the following extract from a letter addressed to Hon. J. O. Barrett, Sec’y of the Minnesota State Forestry Association : —

“ Why should I, as you urge, attend the World’s Parliament of religions? I have studied these religions and their influences in the Oriental land of their birth. Religion is innate in human nature. It is not superstition, but the soul’s aspiration for something higher and better. Both Oriental and Occidental religions are schools of development. All are in some way or form religious worshipers. Atheists, so called, worship reverently at nature’s shrine. I believe in religion, in freethought, in Christianity, and in Spiritualism, as I understand them. The Shakers are the only organized body of plain, practical Christians upon the earth. Briefly put, I am a Christian, a Spiritualist, a Buddhist, and a Freethinker. Is there not honey in the rose, the thorn and the thistle? Bigotry is the twin brother of idiocy. Men of travel and culture are never bigots. Sectarists are but blight-stricken skeletons. When traveling around the world I worshiped with the Brahmins in India, the Buddhists in Ceylon, the Parsees in Bombay, the Mohammedans in Cairo, and in God’s first temples, the evergreen groves of the South Sea Isles, I myself, constitute a Parliament of Religions.”

“They who truly live and clearly see
 The truth wrapt in their lives, and can set forth
 Amid the trivial and the commonplace
 The soul of truth for which they dared to live,
 Leave to the world a nobler legacy
 Than wealth of hoarded gold, in that they kindle
 Lights on the dim uncertain way we go.”

The Jubilee Year of Modern Spiritualism fell in 1898, and was quite generally celebrated both in this country and Europe. The most notable among these jubilee gatherings were those which convened at Hydesville, Rochester and London, in each of which Dr. Peebles was present and took a conspicuous part. From the Rochester jubilee a large party went to Hydesville — the birthplace of modern Spiritualism — and there celebrated on March 31. On this occasion Dr. Peebles gave the regular address, which was reported in the Rochester *Express*. The London Jubilee of International Spiritualists was held the following June. At this important gathering the Doctor gave a characteristic address on “Spiritualism in All Lands and Times.” The three jubilee lectures were published the following Autumn in a neat volume of 122 pages by the Temple of Health Publishing Co. In this visit to London the Doctor spent about six weeks renewing old acquaintance, but chiefly in the British Museum collecting data for one of his most important books, which he had in preparation.

A seventy-page pamphlet from the Doctor’s pen, published several years ago,—“Did Jesus Christ Exist?”—became the future occasion for a vehement and widespread discussion touching the question of Jesus’ historical existence. W. E. Coleman, Hudson Tuttle, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, J. S. Loveland and B. B. Hill took a prominent part. *The Progressive Thinker* of Chicago was the principal organ and channel for these polemical displays. But after giving Messrs. Tuttle and Hill the last word on the negative side, the editor of the *Thinker* refused to publish the replies of Mr. Coleman and Dr. Peebles. This refusal roused the “old war horse” to one

of the best literary efforts of his whole life, out of which has sprung an elegantly bound volume of 370 pages (Banner of Light Publishing Co., Jan., 1899), entitled,—“The Christ Question Settled, or Jesus, Man, Medium, Martyr—a Symposium,” in which the whole question of Jesus’ existence is exhaustively treated, from both the affirmative and negative side. The affirmative is presented by Dr. Peebles, William E. Coleman, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Rabbi I. M. Wise, and Moses Hull. On the negative are ranged Hudson Tuttle, J. S. Loveland, B. B. Hill, and Col. R. G. Ingersoll. The latter, however, did not deny the existence of Jesus Christ. From opening to finish this passage of arms is spirited, brilliant, vehement, and sometimes both passionate and personal. Nevertheless, we find in this book Dr. Peebles at his best. His old-time fire and brilliant literary coloring shine out conspicuously on every page of his own handiwork, while his historical materials are marshaled in more than their usual order and effectiveness. This volume will prove not only attractive and interesting to the general reader, but will also serve as a compendium of the best modern scholarship and thorough historical research extant, relating to the question of Jesus’ historical existence. It is a masterpiece.

XLIV

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS

Leaving his medical practice in the hands of his manager, in Battle Creek, Dr. Peebles returned to his home in San Diego — November, 1898 — to spend the winter in the midst of sunshine and flowers. Still vigorous in body and mind, and not feeling any abatement in his impulse to labor, he devoted himself assiduously to literary work, putting the finishing touches on two books for the press, editing his *Temple of Health*, contributing voluminous articles to the spiritual press, and participating in a heated controversy in San Diego over the question of compulsory vaccination in the schools. This controversy became so spirited, that Dr. Peebles offered to open his own house for a school to those children whom the "school board" should expel on account of the refusal of the parents to comply with the law. Not only this, but he offered to pay one hundred dollars toward the support of this school. The old school physicians generally favored the law, but two or three took sides with Dr. Peebles. The parents also became highly wrought up over the issue, and for a time it seemed that the winter school would be broken up.

The *Sun* and the *Vidette* generously opened their columns to Dr. Peebles, from which we subjoin a few paragraphs:—

"Every man's house is his castle, and upon the constitutional grounds of personal liberty, no vaccination doctor, lancet in one hand and calf-pox poison in the other, has a moral right to enter the sacred precincts of a healthy home and scar a child's body for life.

". . . That the eighty-five doctors, or the most of them, favor it, counts but little. Doctors without exception once favored bleeding in fevers. Both Washington and Byron, it is believed, died from blood-letting. Doctors do not bleed

men nowadays; nor will they vaccinate in the near future. 'Only about one' doctor, we are gravely told (there are some eighty-five or ninety in San Diego) speaks against vaccination — so much the worse for the doctors! 'Only about one.' Well, I am proud to be that one! for in fact, with the right, is a majority. Truth is never in minority — and laggards often find it out to their disadvantage.

"In Rhode Island, after a committee of the senate had heard evidence on both sides of the question, it repealed the compulsory vaccination law by a majority of 16 to 9. Petitions should be hurried on to Sacramento demanding that this disease-breeding law be promptly repealed.

"A late press dispatch informs us that Wm. Nagengast of Cleveland, O., aged eleven years, was vaccinated in the free dispensary on January 4. His arm soon became terribly swollen. The same night he exhibited symptoms of lockjaw, and the next evening he died, suffering intense agonies. In London, from 1859 to 1896, there were one thousand two hundred and seventeen admitted deaths from vaccination. There were doubtless five times this number, say the minority reports, but they were 'hushed up to prevent vaccination from further reproach.'"

Under date of April 14, he writes: —

"Editor *Sun*: Honoring your manhood and admiring the breadth of thought and freedom of expression that characterize your daily columns, allow me to say that the heads of twenty-three families have called upon me at my residence during the past week, saying: 'What shall we do, doctor, about having our children vaccinated? We think vaccination dangerous. We do not believe in it, and yet we want our children to attend school and be educated. What shall we do?'

"My invariable reply has been. I am not 'my brother's keeper.' You must exercise your own judgment. I am frank, however, to tell you what I should do.

"First — I should send my children to school unvaccinated with any pox-lymph virus, and put the responsibility

upon the official authorities for refusing to educate them in the schools, for the support of which I have been taxed, I should then, as they have done in Philadelphia, commence legal proceedings. . . .

“Queensland, Australia, has no compulsory vaccination law; and grand, conservative old England, after a dozen years’ fight of the people, assisted by the ablest members of Parliament, against a majority of the doctors (who evidently had an eye to business), passed what has been termed the ‘conscience clause’ as an addendum to the vaccination bill. This was signed by the queen, August 12, last year. Therefore, any person now going before the registrar of the district and making declaration before the justice of the peace that he conscientiously believes vaccination to be detrimental to the health of the child, is exempt from arrest or penalty. All honor to England.

“Accordingly, in the single city, or ‘town’ of Oldham, Lancashire, England, 43,000 certificates of exemption under the ‘conscience clause,’ had been issued up to the first of March. Other cities and towns are doing nearly as well. Shame, shame, to San Diego, to thus snail-like drag—drag along in great reforms behind England, Australia, and some of the isles of the ocean.

“There are not only thousands of our citizens, but there are members of the health and school board, just as strenuously opposed to compulsory vaccination as I am. I speak by the book. ‘But it is the law.’ Granted. ‘It has been sustained by the supreme court.’ Then in the name of law and order, why was it not enforced by the previous health and school board authorities? Did they not know their duty? Why were they not dismissed from office or fined \$500? Who was responsible for that gross, official neglect? and why this vaccination law been virtually a dead letter throughout California these past ten years? And what has caused this present health-spasm? There is no smallpox in our city—and it is the general opinion that there has been none.

“Finally, this so-called compulsory law, now the terror

of many parents, is NOT law. That only is a law which is based upon the principle of justice, of right and of personal liberty. Enactments are not necessarily laws. Enactments made by one Legislature are very often repealed by the next. The 'fugitive slave law' was once pronounced 'law' by politicians influencing even the supreme court and yet a band of Quakers, with myself and many others, deliberately violated that law — defied it, in fact, as often as possible, by helping such frightened fleeing negroes as Fred Douglass on their way toward the freedom of the British flag in Canada. The framers of that law are now remembered only in pity, or deserved infamy. And so history will brand the mark of Cain upon the Legislature that ten years ago passed that infamous, unconstitutional, compulsory vaccination enactment. I would not — will not — obey. Arrest me, jail me, imprison me behind iron bars. I would stay there and rot in prison before I would obey it. And futher, in the future, I will vote for no member of the Legislature till I know — positively know, how he stands upon this vaccination question. We must organize for the battle as they did for years in England; we must call meetings and distribute literature."

In the midst of this controversy, he wrote the *Banner of Light* under date of March 4, 1899:—

"A vaccination law, passed some ten years ago by the California Legislature, has remained nearly a dead letter, but now, with no smallpox in our midst, the board of health in this city, afflicted with a sort of health spasm, has proposed (and many think in the interests of hungry doctors) that vaccination be enforced by vaccinating all of the school children in San Diego, a city numbering over 22,000. And further, the threat is thrown out that unless parents comply and have that putrid calf-lymph brute poison thrust into their children's arms, these children are to be denied the privilege of attending the schools.

"I repeat, the battle is on. My whole nature is aroused, and I have written articles in every San Diego newspaper except one against the enforcement of the unjust law. Of

the eighty-five resident doctors in San Diego, only three or four are opposed to vaccination, and these, with one exception, are too cowardly to stand up and say so; or, to sign a legislative petition to repeal the law, or to so amend as to make it optional with the parents. The school board has not yet issued the order, though the health board is urging them to do so. The war paint is on and I am in for the fight.

"The public is thoroughly awake. Yesterday at the Mother's Club meeting in our city, the lower room in the schoolhouse was literally packed to hear the vaccination question discussed. Though many doctors were invited to come and defend vaccination, only two made their appearance. These spoke in its defense. I was present, clad in war armor, with my left hand full of anti-vaccination documents, sent me by Wm. Tebb of London, Prof. Alexander Wilder of Newark, and others. The discussion was hot. Thank the gods, a large portion of the mothers present were opposed to vaccinating the children. My opposition was vehement, if not violent. I defied the law. I pronounced it unconstitutional; and, treasonable or not, I advised the mothers present to positively refuse to have that damnable poison put into their children's arms—a poison that upon the highest medical authority does not prevent smallpox, but kills thousands every year. Foolishly vaccinated a second time myself when in San Francisco in 1861, I was in bed three weeks from the poison, I came near losing my arm, and I felt the effects of it for several years.

"What the doctors call pure virus, I publicly pronounced filthy impure, calf-lymph cussedness. I was accused by the Christian opposition of using 'swear-words.' I did not. It was only emphatic Bible language. During the discussion, I advised that instead of vaccinating and poisoning the blood of our clean, sweet-faced children, that the doctors, druggists, lawyers and preachers of San Diego be vaccinated, and the dear innocent children be spared. This was not a popular presentation to vaccinationists, and yet two-thirds of the ladies present cheered me roundly. Oh! that our mothers, wives,

sisters, and daughters could vote. Heaven hasten woman's suffrage. The order to vaccinate the children has not been officially issued. . . .

"This vaccination law is so odious, so dangerous to health, that it has never been enforced to any considerable extent in California. It never will be. The people are too progressive. And as I before said, petitions are now being circulated for its repeal. The English Parliament has recently, be it said to the glory of England, made vaccination optional with the parents."

Two other notable occasions were presented during the winter — February and March, 1899 — in San Diego, which our Doctor was not slow in taking advantage of. One was the advent of Dwight L. Moody, with a series of revival meetings, which brought a spasm of piety among the churches; and the other was an up-to-date sermon by his old orthodox antagonist, Dr. Kipp, pastor of the First Presbyterian church.

After hearing Mr. Moody preach, Dr. Peebles wrote a long, caustic and racy letter, which was published in the San Diego *Vidette*, of February 12, inviting the evangelist to take a trip with him around the world — a proselyting tour for the good of mankind. We quote a few paragraphs:—

"To Rev. Dwight L. Moody, Brother in Christ:—

"Grace and mercy, peace and good will, be unto you.
— Amen.

"You and I are both evangelists, you giving especial attention to the soul and I to the body — the twain constitute the man. It gives me great pleasure to hear you say in your sermon the other evening that you 'hoped you would not see a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or a person from any other sect while in our city.' That was good. You wanted to see 'unity'— you wanted to see 'Christians.' To this, in my soul's silence, I said amen.

"Three times in circumnavigating the globe, I saw plenty of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans and church missionaries, but I saw no Christians. None that had sold what they had and given it to the poor — none that went about

like Jesus doing good — none that always returned good for evil — none that when smitten on the one cheek turned the other also — none that had the Bible-promised gifts of prophecy, the gift of tongues, the gift of healing, or that made the lame to walk and the blind to see. No — I saw no Christians! You want to see them, and so do I. And so our sympathies here blend like the most delicate rainbow hues. . . .

“In your sermon ‘upon the spirit,’ and a double portion of the spirit, you said that we might have a pentecost right here and now. And yet, if a pentecost should come, as of old, with cloven tongues like fire, and if believers should begin to speak with other tongues, exhibiting signs and wonders, I fear that you would not only be ‘amazed,’ but in the fact of your sons and daughters prophesying, and of your young men seeing visions, as the scriptures teach, you would be among the first to cry out, ‘Satan! It is the work of the devil!’ Jesus and the Apostles were similarly accused. It was ever thus. The world slays its saviours and then thousands of years afterwards, builds costly monuments over their tombs.

“Speaking of spiritual gifts and spiritual manifestations, you need not remind us, my brother, of mediumistic frauds, base impostors, and unworthy Spiritualists, nor need I remind you of Parson Brown, Durrant, the number of religious bank-defaulters, and preachers that, imprisoned, are wearing, not robes of righteousness, but are vested in penitentiary stripes. We both sympathize with these erring, unfortunate men. None are perfect, neither you nor I are infallible. There are frost-bitten fruits, there are fields of wheat and tares, let them grow together until the harvest; then each and all, Judas-like, will go to their own places. But how sweet, how encouraging the biblical assurance that Jesus preached to ‘spirits in prison,’ showing that there is probation and necessarily progression in the life over there. Surely Jesus would not preach if these were beyond repentance, reformation, and salvation. . . .

“While remembering that ‘pure and undefiled religion’

consists in visiting the widows and the fatherless in their afflictions, and keeping ourselves 'unspotted from the world,' I heartily join you in praying for a stirring, soul-awakening, and life-enduring revival in San Diego of that religion which embodies honesty, morality, truthfulness, benevolence, veracity, and a high moral integrity, with a special application to those pious hypocrites that say, 'Lord, Lord,' yet continue loaning money at 12 per cent and foreclosing mortgages, turning the poor into the streets to beg for bread.

"Yes, my brother, with you I want to see a revival of religion, a return of pentecostal times, a return of that Christianity which gladdened and glorified the first three centuries after Christ. To be a Christian then meant something. Now Christianity is little more than sectarianism, creeds, ceremonies, and social church club rooms. Why, if that poor, long-haired, Syrian-clad, sandal-footed Jesus of old should come into any San Diego church edifice upon a Sunday morning and begin to repeat the sermon on the mount, and follow it as was his custom by laying hands on the sick and 'healing all manners of diseases' among the people, he would be pronounced a fanatic, a crank, a fit subject for the mad house, and your Christian police would arrest him for a vagrant; or as a disturber of Sunday worship.

"Though the different sectarians of San Diego have by your request 'pooled their issues' and temporarily concealed their sectarianisms, mark my word, as soon as you depart each preacher will return to his own tent and guard well his own little flock. The Episcopalian will not exchange pulpits with the Presbyterian; the Presbyterian will not exchange with the Unitarian; Baptists, who have transferred the Lord's table into a close-communion Baptist table, will not exchange pulpits with the Mormons, who insist that they are the 'latter-day saints of Jesus Christ;' and then, Father Ubach, declaring that there is 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' and one church (the Roman Catholic church), would not condescend to exchange church services with any preacher in this city. He declares in conformity with his church that none of you

preachers have been ecclesiastically ordained. More, he deliberately pronounces you 'heretics,' out of the pale of the true church here, and logically must be out of the kingdom of heaven hereafter — and 'damned!'

"What a theological mux you professed Christians are in! If there is no change after death, as you preach, heaven will be a funny place surely. Yes, God grant that you may have a pentecost of real Holy Ghost fire in San Diego — a fire of the spirit, that shall so burn the selfishness, the worldliness, the hypocrisy, and the sectarianism out of 'Christians' that, being really converted, they may, 'in honor prefer one another,' love one another, and, as did the early apostles and disciples 'have all things in common.' Try, brethren, to become Christians — real, spiritual Christians. This will increase the angel joys of heaven. . . .

"Contemplating a fourth journey around the world, Brother Moody, I have thought since hearing the many good things that you have publicly said in the pulpit, that, if we could make up a sort of a pentecostal combination, you to preach (and, I hope, be entranced, having the gift of tongues), I to interpret the tongues and heal the sick, Mrs. Freitag to give ballot tests, clairvoyant tests, clairaudient tests, and other spiritual manifestations, with Professor Towner to sing — what a power, what a mighty power, under the good providence of God, we should be in evangelizing the world.

"I have written you in all sincerity; and, hoping that you may cultivate spiritual gifts, despise not prophesyings, and withal, remember that when Jesus sent the Twelve to preach the kingdom of God, He commanded them to 'heal the sick.' A pentecostal combination embodying preaching, healing, music, and spiritual gifts would be a mighty evangelizing power. And now, dear brother in Christ, will you join me in such round-the-world missionary work?

'Yours very truly,

"J. M. PEEBLES.

"*San Diego, Cal., February 10, 1899.*"

It is not necessary to add that Mr. Moody took no public notice of this well-intentioned open letter. But the public read and enjoyed it exceedingly. The Sunday edition of the *Vidette* containing the letter, was soon exhausted, and the demand was so great that it was republished the next morning.

Four years ago the Rev. Mr. Kipp was a divine of the most orthodox and conservative type. It will be remembered that in the winter of 1895 he delivered a series of Sunday evening sermons against Spiritualism, which Dr. Peebles critically reviewed and published in pamphlet form. Last summer — 1898 — Dr. Kipp visited his aged mother in one of the Eastern States, and a little later she died. He sensed her loss most profoundly, and doubtless this painful event became the chief occasion of his revision of his theological creed. At any rate, on March 19, 1899, he preached a sermon from his pulpit, which for its radical and most advanced liberalism, took everybody by surprise! Our Doctor was especially delighted, and straightway went to his desk and penned his most felicitous congratulations. We reproduce the entire letter, published in the San Diego Daily *Vidette*, March 23, 1899. He quotes quite liberally from the sermon: —

“EDITOR OF *Vidette*: It is pretty well understood by a majority of the 23,000 residents of San Diego that if they want strong facts and truths touching religious progress, divine healing, home-of-truth teachings, spiritualism, or vaccination, with equal space given the opposers of calf-lymph poisoning, they must turn to the columns of either the *Daily Sun* or the *Daily Vidette*. The other two daily journals are too busy writing up and writing down, settling and unsettling the water question, to deal with some of the higher vital questions of the day.

“But I took the pen to commend the general trend of Rev. Mr. Kipp’s sermon of yesterday (Sunday), as reported in one of our dailies.

“‘I think that there can be no doubt whatever that there has come a great change over the spirit of the times,’ said

Rev. Mr. Kipp. 'The trend is certainly away from the position which the church once held. This change can be seen in Sabbath observance, in divine worship, in the differences of popular belief. So if we look calmly at the facts we can not deny that there is a change.'

"Certainly, Mr. Kipp, there is a change, a very great radical change, and 'the trend,' as he says, 'is away from the position the church once held.' Yes, the church must change, must grow, or die. The Calvinistic creed of the Presbyterian church is already dead, and should have long ago been decently buried, with no uplifted stone, to tell where its morally filthy carcass was laid.

"'One thing certain, you can't get the church back to the position she once held. No reforms ever move backward. The oak can not crowd itself back into the shell of the acorn. One generation can not go back to another generation.'

"True, true, Mr. Kipp. You can not get the church back to the 'position it once held,' say the seventeenth century, when those Calvinistic Christians were mere 'babes in Christ,' and whose preachers from walled-in pulpits dealt 'damnation round the land.' No, the young bird can not go back into the shell again, nor can the church go back to re-preaching the old dogmas of the 'filthy raggedness' of righteousness, the endlessness of hell torments, and other (once) evangelical doctrines. These doctrines are dead. Science, evolution, Unitarianism, Spiritualism, have killed them. 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

"'The church has got to recognize the change. The first thing to do is to study the book of Acts all over again.'

"Indeed, the church has got, as Brother Kipp says, to 'recognize the change;' but instead of recommending people to go back to studying the New Testament book of Acts, I would recommend them to study the Acts and Doings of the nineteenth century, especially such as relate to science, psychology, telepathy, trance, vision, and those 'spiritual gifts' of which Paul said 'I would not have you ignorant.'

"'The gospel is getting bigger and bigger. The church

to-day is meeting facts that it never met before; these are God's messengers, and we have got to change our theology to conform to them.'

"No, 'the gospel is not getting bigger,' but Brother Kipp's conception of it is getting bigger; that's it. It is the head that grows, not the hat. Yes, 'the church is meeting facts that it never met before,' such facts as spiritual phenomena, clair-audience, clairvoyance (or as Paul put it, 'the discerning of spirits'). Yes, yes, you have as you say, Brother Kipp, 'got to change your theology to conform to them.' And you had better get right about it at once. Human life is brief, and we are all sowing here to reap both here and over there.

"'The church is like a ship at sea. When the wind is from the northeast and the current from the southwest the ship has to make different tacks than when the wind and current are from the opposite directions. The vessel has got to shift her course and change her anchor. And so it is with the church. We have to change and become reconciled to the changed conditions.'

"How true! that the church, like a ship at sea, is tossed and tumbled about by winds and waves of research and investigation. If its timbers were all sound — if it were well-bot-tomed and builded upon the foundation of Spiritualism it would not be so moved by passing wind currents, but ride on as calmly as the stars that sail through the blue depths of heaven. Yes, this vessel, 'the church, has got to shift her course,' as Rev. Kipp says, and change her anchor, 'or be speedily wrecked.' She has got to steer toward the polar star of truth — towards God, the Infinite Life, and Light, and Love of the uni-verse, and towards the living Christ, rather than towards a devout, yet dead Jew of the dust-covered past. Yes, 'change the anchor' of your church-ship (the heretofore anchor of faith) for knowledge; and thus obey Paul's command, who said, 'Add to your faith . . . knowledge' of a future exist-ence, which knowledge you and all obtain through spiritual manifestations.

"'There are inventors in religion as well as in any other

profession. The progress of the church has been slow because of our stupidity.' No advanced thinker doubts the 'stupidity' of church members in the line of psychic research and practical spiritual growth. And that there are 'inventors in religion' none can doubt when they consider the history of the various sects and creeds. And should any of these 'religious inventors' be so unfortunate as to be sent to hell, may they not there in company with Franklin, Tyndal, Huxley, Humboldt, Lincoln, and other non-orthodox Christians, invent a way of escape? We remember that Jonah 'cried out of the belly of hell, . . .' and the fish that God had prepared 'vomited him onto the dry land.' Jonah was not digested. And since Jesus 'descended into hell' to preach, may there not be hope for all? May not inventors find employment in the hereafter life — inventing hell escapes? Why not?

" 'I want to say that the wind has changed and a new current is coming on. The thing for us to do is to accept the facts and let the church put herself in the lead. We have got to adapt ourselves to this change. We have got to make a change in our theology and make it more human.'

" Exactly so. And now, Brother Kipp, go right about it. Tell the people that you have 'got to make a change in your theology.' Their 'stupidity' you admit. Tell them that your theological creed, which says God 'predestinated some men and angels unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death, and that their number is so certain that it can not be increased or diminished,' is untrue and false. Tell them, further, that the moral monstrosity of your creed and your theology that you so sensibly propose to 'change' are the undoubted causes of so many of your members attending social clubs, masonic lodges, home-of-truth meetings, Spiritual lectures, etc. Your people are gaunt and lean and hungry. Hence, they naturally seek pastures new — seek fruit-laden orchards. Dried apples do not satisfy. Noah's ark may have been well for his time, but give us proud, wave-defying American steamers. It may have been well for Nebuchadnezzar to 'eat grass like an ox,' but think-

ing, progressive Americans prefer good graham bread and the various health foods adapted to their present demands. Several Presbyterians, during the past four years have come to my house, and borrowed Spiritualist books to read. They are spiritually hungry. Brother Kipp, Oh feed them! They are sick of your confessions of faith, sick of your dry theology. Feed them, and heal them of their theological diseases, lest they become entangled in the meshes of atheism and infidelity.

“‘There has been a change in the center of gravitation in the church. The center of the human system is not the sovereignty of God, but the love of God. More light has broken out in the world in the past two hundred years than ever before.’

“How true again! There assuredly has been a ‘change in the center of gravity in the church,’ as this preacher declares, a change from the ‘sovereignty of God, the divine decrees, election and reprobation and the damnation of non-elect infants,’ etc., a change—a mighty change—‘to the love of God.’ And it is equally true that as a vast amount of ‘light has broken into the world in the past two hundred years,’ and a far vaster amount within the past fifty years, since the dawn of modern Spiritualism.

“Saying nothing of such distinguished preachers as Rev. Dr. Abbott, Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, Rev. Mr. Savage, some of the most noted scholars, metaphysicians, statesmen, and scientists, beginning with Sir William Crookes, believe in the present communion of spirits with mortals. Yes, as Brother Kipp affirms, ‘the past two hundred years,’ and especially the last fifty years of Spiritualism, has let in upon our world a flood of light. Spiritualism is a light-bearer. Modern Spiritualism is a reaffirmation of Biblical Spiritualism. They must stand or fall together.

“The influence of modern Spiritualism is almost measureless. Returning spirits, while teaching that God is infinite, and just, and wise and good, that the soul is immortal, that sin brings suffering, that virtue brings peace, that the Christ-

spirit is the saving spirit, and that heaven may be attained in this or the future world by obedience and holiness, they (spirits) deny the old heathen doctrine of endless hell torments, deny the personality of a semi-omnipotent devil, deny a mercantile substitutional atonement, deny the resurrection of this gross physical body, and other pagan dogmas.

“Spiritualism has modified old theology, severed the tap-roots of creeds, lifted the veil, taken away the fear of death, and brought to our homes messages from the loved ones gone before.

“Hear Brother Kipp further: ‘You (Christians and preachers) have got to make the church more practical in its teachings. You have got to bring it down to every-day facts. The times demand that the Christian must be a better man than ever before. His orthodoxy has got to consist more in his doing than in his thinking.’

“Certainly; you have got to make the church teachings more ‘practical’—got to bring it down to every-day facts, and ‘Christians have got to be better than they have ever been before.’ Indeed, they must, Brother Kipp. Their conduct has often pained me. Personally, I would just as lief bargain with an infidel real estate land shark as a Presbyterian land shark, and the Christians are just as apt to put the big oranges on the top of the box, as infidels; just as inclined to put chalk in their sugar, and chickory in their coffee, as unchurched infidels. Possibly God may see a difference in the daily walks and daily lives of Christians and these so-called infidels—but I can not. Christians may pray more, but the more Stonewall Jackson prayed the more vindictively he fought—fought for slavery—fought for the overthrow of the American Union.

“Again, yes, friend Kipp: ‘A man’s orthodoxy has got to consist of more in his doing than in his thinking.’ How beautifully the Presbyterianism of the Rev. Kipp and the Spiritualism of Dr. Peebles blend in this matter—thinking and believing are small matters, indeed, when compared with ‘doing.’ It is the character that saves, NOT the creed.

“‘What has turned more people away from the church than anything else is the teaching that it is only in the other world that the reward will come to the Christian. The people want some of the reward here.’

“Indeed they do. ‘A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.’ Speak in praise of your neighbors, and put flowers into their homes now, instead of covering their coffins with flowers after they are dead. Yes, people want some reward here. It is but justice that they have it. For years I have fought sectarian creeds and theological confessions of faith, and now I am receiving my reward in sermons just such as this by the Rev. Mr. Kipp.

“‘The church has given its attention to the future, and neglected the present life.’

“Certainly, it has neglected it, most shamefully! It has preached a far-off ‘future’ heaven, a far-off future hell, a far-off resurrection of the body, a far-off general judgment, and a far-off millennial kingdom of God, while the destitute widow was unvisited, the orphan unclothed, and the honest poor man at your doors starving for bread. True, you preach and tell how God fed the Israelites with manna, and how Jesus fed the multitudes with the five loaves of bread. But thousands of the poverty-stricken are shouting, ‘We don’t care about the manna of the ancient Jews, or the loaves that fed the five thousand. We are hungry now, and we want bread now.’ Most truly does Brother Kipp say, ‘We have had a religion that is a Sunday religion and not an every-day religion,’ and he might have added that the thinking, reasoning public are getting tired of this ‘sham,’ this costly, showy ‘Sunday religion.’

“‘We have got,’ says the Rev. Mr. Kipp, ‘to reform it’ — this ‘Sunday religion’ — this Presbyterianism — ‘in a hundred ways.’ But mercy! If Presbyterianism is ‘reformed in a hundred ways,’ what will there be left of it? When thus reformed, it will be almost the equivalent of pure Spiritualism, the oldest religion in the world, because God is Spirit. If Mr. Kipp, whose sermons we had occasion to review a few

years ago, continues to grow in grace, grow in liberalism, and in the knowledge of the spirit, we shall soon see eye to eye upon the walls of Zion, and I am thinking it not only possible, but probable, that the Rev. Mr. Kipp will soon invite me to stand in his pulpit and give a description of my pilgrimage to and through Palestine; or perhaps he would prefer to have me give the present proofs of a future conscious existence from spiritual phenomena witnessed in all lands. This would inspire hope, strengthen faith, and deepen in many minds the consciousness of the soul's immortality.

"I fully agree with this sentence of last Sunday's sermon 'I believe that the church,' said Rev. Mr. Kipp, 'has gone away from God, and has gone down into the trough of the sea.' Verily, so do I. And now, as those sunken Spanish ships could be raised, possibly — yea, probably — the church can be. I think, honestly think, she is worth raising, really worth saving, rotten as many of her theological timbers are. Let us, therefore, unitedly try, unitedly struggle, Presbyterians and Spiritualists, to lift this trough-of-the-sea sunken church, and re-endow it with spiritual gifts and graces, and so make it a needed instrument in the world's redemption.

"J. M. PEEBLES, M. D."

Lo! as we write, a copy of the San Diego *Vidette*, of April 11, 1899, reaches our desk with a five-column open letter by Dr. Peebles to the Rev. Mr. Moody; a second epistle on things theological and spiritual. He prays for the evangelist, and warns him of needful preparations for their proposed trip around the world. On account of its spicy vein and many practical good hits, we quote quite liberally:—

"The Second Epistle of Dr. Peebles, the Pilgrim, to Rev Moody, the Evangelist.

"Rev. Dwight L. Moody,

"Brother in Christ.

"Peebles, a physician and an apostle of the truth, 'not of man, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and of God the Father,' to use Paul's language to the Galatians, comes to you again in all sincerity by way of epistolatory correspondence.

“ Though you were laboring in Los Angeles, and later in San Francisco, you did not reply to my previous letter relating to accompanying me on my fourth journey around the world, teaching, preaching the gospel, and singing the good news of the soul’s immortality and the present ministry of angels on earth. No matter. Forgiving your neglect, and remembering the apostolic command, ‘to continue in well-doing,’ I write you again. I am the more impressed to do so because in your last sermon in our city you said: ‘Pray for me, brethren; follow me, all of you, with your prayers. . . .’

“ The enlightened world has heard enough about the ‘fall of man,’ the mythic Eve of Eden, the blood of the dead Jesus, enough about the whale’s swallowing Jonah, enough about Nebuchadnezzar’s grass feast, enough about Gideon’s sheep fleeces, enough about Samson’s fox chasing, enough about John’s ten-horned beasts, enough about the old Moabites. Talk to us, preach to us, about the living issues of the day. The poor are at our doors, how can they be fed? Orphans, hungry and half-naked, how can they be clothed? Widows in want; how can their needs be supplied? Inebriates in the slums; how can they be reformed? There are thousands of fallen men patronizing houses of ill-fame, how can they be rescued? There were in the Kansas penitentiary in 1895-96, 343 Methodists, 41 Presbyterians, 61 Campbellites, 182 Baptists, 23 Lutherans, 9 Adventists, etc. Neither Spiritualists nor Unitarians were represented in the penitentiary institution of Kansas. Spiritualism and Unitarianism are both unpopular in penitentiaries, idiotic asylums, and among the ignorant. This is both wise and well.

“ But the question is, how can these professed Christians clad in prison stripes be reached and made good citizens, when they have respectively served their penal terms of imprisonment? These, Brother Moody, are as living as they are pressingly painful, problems. How shall we solve them? True, you occasionally preach to these imprisoned Christians. This is well, but would it not be better to so preach and teach and educate them, that they will not have to be thrust into prison?

“Starting up Moody revivals, here and there over the country, will not do it; for I hear upon the very best authority (Y. M. C. A. authority) that there was not one sound solid conversion made during your San Diego series of meetings. It was discouraging. True, some few slip-shod backsliders may have been retouched and revived; but will they stick?’ that’s the question.

“As my religious co-worker, the Rev. Mr. Kipp (I say co-worker, because his broad, liberal-minded sermon of the 19th, was very nearly along my line of religious thought), said, ‘We have got to make the church more practical in its teachings. . . . Our orthodoxy has got to consist more in doing than in thinking or believing. . . . We have got to reform the church in a hundred ways.’ To all of which, my earnest soul shouted, hallelujah!

“Yes, Brother Moody, as the most distinguished preachers say, you have got to ‘reform the church in a hundred ways.’ You have got to change your style of preaching. It is not preaching now; it is a kind of a hairlip effort between story telling and exhorting, and antiquated at that. Sermons about Job’s Satan scare nobody these days, except a few hysterically inclined women; and hell, so far off in the future with a blood-atoning way of escape, frightens no one except children. And they soon outgrow the fright, and further, they can no more have this spasmodic revival religion but once than they can have the measles but once. And those thoroughly inoculated with reason and good sound judgment, never get it at all. Indeed, this sectarian religion, however gotten, is a terrible misfortune.

“The times demand not anxious seats, nor hand-liftings in testimony of Jesus, nor solemn-visaged salaried priests prolific in ceremonies and lip religion. No, they demand a living Christ and a heaven now and here. The call is for men afire with the genius of reform, men soul-inspired with sympathy and progress, and love for the unfortunate, the oppressed, and the fallen. This nineteenth century pleads for a clothe-the-naked gospel, a bread-and-butter gospel, an educate-the-

orphan gospel, a daily-towel-and-sunbath gospel, a healthy-food-and-drink gospel, a continuous-deep-breathing gospel, a clean-the-streets gospel, a plant-trees-by-the-wayside gospel, a practical heaven-inspired gospel that sings, and trusts, and works for human good in every department of life. Such a gospel will receive the approval of God, and the blessings of the angels that do the will of God. Will you join me, dear brother, in bearing this gospel of glad tidings around the world? It is surely needed from 'Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand.'

"On this proposed evangelizing missionary journey, I should suggest that you use less hyperboles, tell a less number of exciting stories, and not talk so flippantly about God; as, for instance in this press-reported passage: 'When Adam fell in Eden,' you say he ought to have gone up and down saying, 'My God, where are you? But, instead, he went down and hid in the bushes, and God had to go and seek him.' This must have looked funny! Think of it—the infinite God of this measureless universe down in that Edenic snake-infested stamping ground of the serpent (Satan), hunting, seeking to find Adam who had 'hid in the bushes.' Adam was a coward to hide; and just how long it took God to hunt him up, Brother Moody did not inform us.

"And then, again, I should not wish my evangelizing co-workers to interpret the Bible, and especially Solomon's Songs, Esther, and Jonah too literally, as it would give us trouble among the Jainists, Buddhists, and the Brahmins, many of whom are scholars, critics, and metaphysicians. You publicly declared, Brother Moody, in one of your sermons, that the book of Jonah was 'literal history,' that you believed the 'whale swallowed Jonah,' that those who believed and preached differently were 'doing the devil's work;' and you emphatically added, if any deny the story of Jonah and the whale, they must deny the resurrection of Jesus Christ.' (See also Literary Digest, March 6th.)

"This revivalist sermonizing of the Rev. Mr. Moody, about Jonah and the whale, reminds me of an old Scotch song

about whales, cods, and the fish of the briny deep, all declared to be praising God. One stanza read thus: —

“Ye monsters of the mighty deep,
Your Maker’s praises spout;
Up from the deep ye coddlings peep,
And wag your tails about.”

“Soundly orthodox in the best sense of the word, relative to my religious convictions, I do not contend that it would be absolutely impossible for God to create a fish big enough to swallow Jonah; nor do I say it would be absolutely impossible for God to create a man big enough to swallow a whale. We must not limit nor be too inquisitive about the ‘divine mysteries!’ A very naughty skeptic once said it would be impossible for God to turn a grindstone two different ways at the same time, impossible for God to create a universe of worlds out of nothing, and many would be inclined to so think, since Brother Moody said that God had to hunt, had to ‘seek,’ to find guilty Adam, who had ‘snugly hidden in the bushes of Eden.’ ‘Great is the mystery of Godliness!’ . . .

We shall find many stumbling-blocks in our way in heathen lands, because all through the ‘pagan countries’ of the Orient, a very low estimate is put upon Christians and Christianity. They say ‘the same ships that brought us the missionaries brought fire-arms, tobacco, and brandy — a Bible in one hand, and a rifle in the other, and we do not care to have the gospel of peace bayoneted into us, or our fields plowed with Christian cannon.’ ‘We have found,’ say they, ‘that Christian nations are the worst fighting nations of the world.’ Only last year Christian bull-fights were gotten up in Madrid on Sunday, to raise funds to continue the Spanish war against Cubans and Americans — all Christians (Catholic or Protestants), fighting on crimsoned battlefields, like maddened devils. A late Japanese journal, the *Torodzu Choha*, declares that ‘Christianity, dooming every country that it has conquered,’ mentions the Montezumas of Mexico, the Incas of Peru, Burmah, Anam, and Madagascar. ‘It kills non-

Christians by its wars, brandies, whiskies, tobacco, opium, and the introduction among us of foul, vile unmentionable diseases.' With these pagan prejudices to contend against, Brother Moody, we shall have to walk under the banner of the Prince of Peace very circumspectly, preach very eloquently, teach philosophically, heal successfully, and practice most rigidly the golden rule; and, further, if you can, by fasting and prayer, become so baptized of the Holy Spirit as to speak the many tongues and languages of the Orient, as the 'Spirit shall give you utterance,' it will be to us a savor of life unto life. Wrestle, dear brother, to obtain these mediumistic gifts.

* * * * *

" 'Follow me with your prayers,' you said. Therefore, let us pray.

"We lift the affections of our hearts and the divinest aspirations of our souls to thee, the infinite Life and light and love of the universe, in thanksgiving and gratitude. Thou art the mystery of eternity, the incomprehensible, the immutable One, manifest in bud and blossom, in sunbeam and star — manifest in the Vedas, the Tripitakas, the Old and the New Testaments, in Shakespeare's sonnets, Longfellow's poems, and in all books and in all souls that are ablaze with inspiration.

* * * * *

"Being infinite, our sins do not trouble thee. If they did, thou wouldst be a much troubled, a very unhappy God. Our sins trouble us and our fellow men, and because of them we reap sorrow and suffering. Help us, oh God and good angels, to keep the law of righteousness, not to selfishly gain heaven or escape hell thereby, but because it is right to do so, and because in the keeping of it there is a peace that flows like a river.

"Oh, may the day soon dawn when Brother Moody, smitten like Saul of Tarsus and conscious of his night of moral darkness, shall see the light of heaven, shall feel the uplifting power of the Holy Spirit, hear the musical voices of angels, recognize the presence of God's ministering spirits,

and realize that humiliation, self-abnegation, self-consecration, and self-conversion naturally precede the conversion of others. Only the saved can be instrumental in saving others, as only the learned can teach. May his feet be taken out of the mire and the clay of superstition, and, shod with the sandals of self-forgetfulness, be placed upon the rock of ages. May the heathen dogma of damnation die away from his lips, and may he sing the new song of evolution and preach the good tidings of eternal progression. May he no longer go about as the hired machine-sectarist and a hypnotic revivalist alarming children and causing hysterical women to weep; but may he go about as did the good shepherd Jesus, comforting the mourner, healing the sick, and casting out the demons of depravity, Pharisaic bigotry, and church selfishness, thereby proving that he is a bona-fide believer in Christ — the living Christ of God!

“ We pray that the spirit of truth may be a lamp to his journeyings and a light to his path. May his spiritual nature, seemingly so dormant, be speedily quickened, his capacity for truth enlarged, and his moral nature so kindled with the inspirational fires of divine love and self-sacrifice that he may speak with tongues, and prophesy, and see visions, and become endowed with such other spiritual gifts as shall convict long-faced hypocrites, startle conscience-benumbed sectarists, and arouse to a newness of life and to a more intense activity such sleepy-lazy Christians as, having no merits of their own expect to sail into heaven on the merits of Calvary’s innocent martyr.

* * * * *

“ Thou knowest, oh God, whether thy servant Moody is worthy and well qualified to become a co-worker with us in our future pilgrimages. If he so be, impress him to join us in circumnavigating the globe, in sounding the trumpet of salvation, proclaiming deliverance to creed-bound captives, evangelizing, healing, prophesying, and curing of all manner of diseases as we go. Whatsoever we have prayed aright, that, oh Father, grant; and wherein we have asked amiss, that forgive. Amen.

* * * * *

“ An early reply to this epistle is requested.

“ Cordially, fraternally yours, IN HIS NAME,

“ J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.”

Note especially the “ stumbling-blocks ” in the above letter, which the “ evangelical band ” would have to contend with in heathen lands. In our estimation this is rare “ take-off ” on modern churchianity.

Early in April, 1899, a branch of Theosophists — who seceded from the original society about the year 1896 — began to gather in San Diego in large numbers from many parts of the United States, for a great display and demonstration on Pt. Loma, where they are establishing a school for the “ Revival of the Lost Arts.” This society is under the leadership of Mrs. Tingley. The San Diego papers published from one to two columns daily, setting forth their doctrines and objects, while the delegates were gathering. There are at least two sections or branches of Theosophists in San Diego who do not fraternize with the Tingley contingent. Dr. Peebles regarded them as sailing under “ false colors,” and so addressed the following letter to the San Diego *Sun*, which was published in its issue of April 11: —

ORIGINAL THEOSOPHY.

J. M. PEEBLES DISCUSSES COLONEL OLCOTT AND
MADAME BLAVATSKY.

“ EDITOR *Sun*: In a recent morning paper in connection with other errors, touching Theosophy, I find this glaring misstatement: —

“ ‘ Nearly twenty-five years ago H. P. Blavatsky founded in New York the Theosophical Society, or Universal Brotherhood.’ This is not true. The Theosophical Society, the headquarters of which are in Adyar, India, was founded by Col. Henry S. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky in concert, while I was filling a three-months’ lecture engagement in New York. They were both personal friends of mine, and I insist that so far as I am capable, justice shall be done them both, inasmuch as one is absent in India and other in the higher life.

This original Theosophical Society was organized in the residence of Henry J. Newton, a devoted Spiritualist, and Mrs. Emma Harding Britten, another eminent Spiritualist, was one of its charter members.

“ I had met Madame Blavatsky previous to the organization of the New York Theosophical Society in Cairo, Egypt. She was then a decided Spiritualist, and had there organized a Spiritualist séance, the Coulombs being members. This I reported at the time to James Burns' *London Weekly*. Later, I spent two weeks with Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott at the residence of the Eddy mediums in Chittenden, Vt. When the Theosophical society was first organized, Colonel Olcott was elected president, and Madame Blavatsky corresponding secretary. Mr. Felt was their first lecturer, but failing to produce the spiritual phenomena that he had promised, he was dropped. Madame Blavatsky was a powerful physical medium. Some day I shall publish a portion of her startling manifestations, some of which I witnessed. I repeat, Madame Blavatsky was a powerful spiritual medium for physical manifestations.

“ Holding my Theosophical diploma direct from the loyal head, Adyar, India, I write as one having some authority. On my recent third journey around the world, I spent nearly two months in Adyar, sitting in the shrine, reveling in the choice and massive library, listening to the readings of the Upanishads in both English and Sanskrit, and taking part in the discussions following the readings. Further, I accompanied Colonel Olcott on one of his lecture tours to the one hundred and more children's schools that he had established in Ceylon in the interests of education and Theosophy. It may not be amiss to say that the American Theosophical Society, or Universal Brotherhood, seceded from the original Theosophical Society, of which Colonel Olcott was and is the president. Mrs. Besant, when here gave the causes of the secession. It is not a pleasant tale to repeat. Since then there has been one, report says two, secessions, from the W. Q. Judge seceders. It is not very enjoyable to state these facts,

especially as our chief corner stone is brotherhood — universal brotherhood. During the coming Point Loma Congress, can not the three branches of this city so bridge the river and so cable the ocean of discontent and division as to come together' thus showing that our profession of brotherhood is not a mere name with which to conjure. J. M. PEEBLES, M. D."

"We are standing on the border,
We are waiting on the line,
We are listening for the order,
We are watching for the sign.
Many a heart with joy is throbbing
At the coming of the day,
When the mists of superstition
From the mind shall fade away."

XLV

TRIBUTES OF FRIENDSHIP

“ My soul was satisfied, I raised my eyes,
Filled with tears that would unbidden rise,
And read life’s lesson in the morning skies.

“ Above the mists and shadows of the night,
The new-born day climbed up the golden height,
And all the stars went inward, lost to light.

“ Thus, like the stars, our lives with light shall blend,
And onward still from height to height ascend,
Life is worth living. Death is not the end.”

— *Lizzie Doten.*

While the preparation of this work has been in progress, we have from time to time received letters from Dr. Peebles’s old and valued friends, in nearly all of which is contained appreciative testimonials of genuine friendship and esteem. We are also in possession of letters addressed to the Doctor, in which the writers turn to him as a sympathetic friend and wise counselor. From these personal tributes and voluntary expressions of personal regard we select a few and put them here on record.

For many years the Hon. Y. Kilgore, of Philadelphia, an eminent attorney-at-law, and author was upon very intimate terms and an active co-worker with our brother, if we remember, from the beginning of the war to the date of Mr. Kilgore’s transition. On Mr. Peebles’s return from his second tour around the world in September, 1878, at a reception given our brother in Philadelphia, Mr. Kilgore spoke in part as follows:—

“ *Mr. President:* An American citizen now traveling in foreign lands, receiving royal honors, will be given, on his

return to this city, the greatest ovation ever received by an American. He has been a faithful servant of Mars and Mammon, successful as a general in war, and successful, also, in strengthening the money power. The honors already paid him and those which await him on his return, are the tribute the world now pays to its heroes of gunpowder and gold. But with no such welcome of heartless pomp and show do we greet our friend and brother, James M. Peebles.

“The barbarism of war will sometime cease; the sounds of martial music will die away; the gilded trappings of courts will fade; earthly thrones will crumble and the purchased adoration of unthinking crowds will pass away, leaving no joy behind; but the approving voice of conscience; and the reward it brings, is in itself the highest honor, and will endure forever. A stern fulfillment of duty builds the only monument that will survive the wreck of Time and rear its bold figure in eternity. Such reward and such honor are already yours, my brother, and such a monument you are now erecting.

“You can say with Francis E. Abbott, ‘Once I felt the full power of the Christian faith; now I cleave to a faith diviner still. It is INTELLECT, daring to think unawed by public opinion. It is CONSCIENCE daring to assert a higher law in face of a corrupted society and a conforming church. It is WILL, setting at naught the world’s tyrannies and putting into action the private whispers of the still, small voice. It is HEART, resting in the universal and changeless law of eternal, transcendent LOVE. As an apostle of this faith, as an exponent of its *intellect, conscience, will, and love*, in behalf of all true Spiritualists I welcome you to Philadelphia.

“Having known you intimately for many years, it gives me joy to say that, whether upon the broad prairies of the West, sowing seeds of truth received from the Immortals; on the beautiful banks of the Tennessee, guarded on either side by hostile armies, or on the battle-scarred steeps of Lookout Mountain, you have nobly urged upon your fellow men the claims of never-ending life, of temerance, purity and peace. The same untarnished record comes from your tour in the

far Northwest, when, as a companion to the Government Commission, you visited the hostile Indian tribes. Since then you have gone into every State of our Union, save Florida, as the messenger of unseen guides, and everywhere you successfully defended the great truths of Spiritualism against the combined attacks of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry.

“But your spiritual pilgrimage has not been confined to the limits of your native land. It was your privilege to deliver the first regular course of Sunday lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy ever given in England, Australia, and Cape Town, South Africa. You gave the only lectures on this subject ever heard in Ceylon, India, or in Constantinople and Smyrna, in Asia Minor. As Consul of the United States to Trebizond, you acquitted yourself with honor. You have looked upon the ruins of the once-celebrated churches mentioned in the Apocalypse, at Ephesus and elsewhere. You have studied hieroglyphics, relics, monuments and tombs, the religion and government of the most ancient peoples in every grand division of the globe. You have seen more nations, races and tribes than any other American traveler, living or dead. You have stood upon the summit of Cheops — that miracle in stone — and have heard, through the angels whispers of its builders, of its origin and purpose. It was your exalted privilege to traverse the mountains and valleys of the Holy Land with celestial guides to point out your way; to walk through Gethsemane attended by angel footsteps, and on Mount Zion to learn from the risen disciples of the Nazarene of the grand mission of the GREAT REFORMER. Nay, more, you have learned the one great lesson of human life — the only one that solves life’s problem — that the earthly mission of human souls is not simply to be happy, but rather a complete development of all that is within of the *true*, the *beautiful* and the *good*.”

Dr. J. A. Burroughs, Dr. Peebles’s medical partner and business manager in their office at Indianapolis, was taken by the Doctor — as we have elsewhere stated — from an orphan school in 1885. He has now been with his honored father and

benefactor some thirteen years. Knowing that his acquaintance was familiar and intimate, we wrote Dr. Burroughs, asking for a brief statement from his standpoint, of his estimate of Dr. Peebles, both as a public man and in the domestic relations of life. His answer was so hearty and spontaneous, we give it entire:—

“ Prof. Edward Whipple,

“ Lakeside, California.

“ MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: Your letter dated August 26, was received in due time and deserved a much earlier answer, but I have had much on my mind, much to worry about and in consequence have not felt in a condition to answer a letter of so much importance as this until now, and it is with a great deal of hesitancy and a sense of weakness and inability to do the subject justice, that I approach it at this time.

“ I have been with Dr. J. M. Peebles since the early Spring of 1885; during this time we have been constant companions almost. Together we have been in the lecture field, in the practice of medicine, in-sanitarium work, together we have met the greatest of success and sometimes financial defeat and I have learned to love him and honor him as I have never loved and respected another. His friendship when once thoroughly enlisted is undying and unchanging and a friend never appeals to him in the hour of distress in vain. Other friends may come and go, when fortune smiles how near and dear they are, when adversity approaches, even though afar off, how quickly are they ready to declare they never knew you. I have ever felt and I feel to-day that his friendship has many times kept me from sinking, that it has guided me and strengthened me as nothing else ever has.

“ Dr. Peebles has the heart, the tenderness, the affection of a woman, the strength and courage and valor of the bravest man. With the Doctor I have visited nearly every state and territory and some of the foreign countries, accompanying him on one of his trips abroad. There is little doubt that with his matchless abilities he would readily excel in any walk in life that he should give his undivided attention to. As a

physician, I have seen him perform wonderful cures, but his heart has always been more in literary work, hence his greatest successes and his immortality in this world will doubtless rest upon his literary achievements. His lectures are always good, are even grand; at times there have been unmistakable evidences of inspiration from the highest spheres. Well do I remember once when on a lecturing tour, from long exposure and hard work, the Doctor was taken ill and had to be carried from his room to the platform in the opera house, where a large audience awaited him. He was so weak as to be unable to stand without supporting himself on either side, and yet, under these seeming difficulties, his lecture was never before and seldom since more grand and beautiful and the entire audiences were swayed as one person by his matchless oratory, and divinely inspired utterances.

“ I have never met or been acquainted with a person whose moral development was as near perfection, always unequivocally truthful and strictly moral in everything: a total abstainer from all spirituous liquors, never using tobacco in any form, nor even drinking tea or coffee. He has always lived since I have known him in the mental and spiritual atmosphere and never in the animal. With tongue and pen, he has ever labored for the right, and for the just and for the truth as he has seen it however unpopular and not in the way many modern reformers work, for fame and for gold. Instead he has fought at his own expense and often at the expense of alienating so-called friends. Especially has his work in the line of reform been directed so the saving of the young, and to my personal knowledge there are many, very many, who owe him more than they owe any other person for bringing out the good that was in them.

“ In his own home and among his own friends he is always cordial, frank, open, and entertaining, modest to a fault. He is a close student, attached to his library. It is seldom that a man is honored and beloved as is Dr. Peebles during his own life-time, and ere he has passed from earthly labors many years, he will be classed as one of the great men of the present century

and his labors along the lines of reform will be more fully appreciated, and his numerous books be living monuments of his greatness and his foresight into the true relations which man bears to man and the present to the future.

"I consider it the greatest privilege of my life to have been permitted to be his student and having his personal friendship these many years.

"Very truly yours,

"J. A. BURROUGHS."

"*Indianapolis Ind. Sept. 22, 1897.*"

W. H. Terry, writer, author, and editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia, writes:—

"Australia has always been an attractive field to Dr. Peebles during his several world-encircling journeys, and Melbourne, the capital city of the state of Victoria, his favorite halting place. Here he commenced his first campaign for Spiritualism, and made many life-long friends, besides sowing broadcast seeds of truth in fertile soil as far back as 1872. The press tried to write him down, but this was not to be done. Afire with enthusiasm and inspired with the consciousness of the truths which it was his mission to make known, the spirit of his teachings spread and within two months after his arrival the largest theater of the city was inadequate to hold his congregation. The papers had altered their tone, and the *Argus*, the leading journal, gave a lengthy and respectful report. Like Cæsar, 'he came, he saw, he conquered.'

"His reputation was established, and four years later when he made his second advent in the same city, he commenced his lectures with an audience of two thousand in the opera house, and continued to fill from floor to ceiling every Sunday during the whole period of his stay. At the conclusion of his final lecture, Sunday, July 1, the following address was read by Mr. Alfred Deakin, now a prominent member of the government of the Australian Commonwealth.

'ADDRESS TO J. M. PEEBLES, ESQ., M. D.

'DEAR SIR,—In welcoming you to this city, we avowed ourselves assured of the progress made, since your previous

visit, toward a more liberal interpretation of religious, and a more general search for, as well as appreciation of, spiritual truth.

‘Your exertions have not only been powerful agents in this movement by assisting the polarization and elevation of advanced thought, but in their results bear witness to the accuracy of such a statement.

‘How great the stride has been, and how deep our indebtedness to you extends may be best attested by the extraordinary success of your two series of lectures.

‘Interested and enlightened audiences have crowded this great building on every occasion of your appearance; the sectarian Press has been almost just, and its secular contemporaries even generous; the pulpit itself bore its deprivations quietly, while the character and conduct of the meetings have been invariably favorable.

‘Aware that to your eloquence and earnestness this signal triumph is due, we desire to add to the unreserved commendation of the public, thus decidedly expressed, the more familiar tribute of our sincere and unanimous thanks.

‘The various principles of a philosophic belief and their scientific understanding, comprised under the name of Spiritualism, have been rendered by your versatile abilities, in an attractive as well as an instructive manner.

‘Your wide experience of many lands, your geniality, and social qualities have contributed in no small degree to extend the respect accorded to your unblemished reputation for integrity and purity of life and purpose.

‘The purse containing upwards of 100 pounds sterling, now presented to you, is offered only as a token of appreciative friendship, and not as in any sense a discharge of the obligations which your unremitting generosity has laid us under.

‘The reward which you have sought, and so well won, in the intellectual and moral culture of your listeners, will in its enduring effects, remain a living monument to your memory.

‘Your recompense is of gratitude and affection, the highest that humanity can ever give or gain.

‘Richer in these, as we are in recollection, you are now leaving us to resume the pilgrim’s staff, and sow on other shores such seeds as you have plentifully scattered here.

‘Our best wishes go with you, and besides them one hope — that before many years elapse we may greet again, and gladly, him to whom we must now regretfully bid farewell.

‘HENRY BROTHERTON,

‘Chairman of Committee of Melbourne Spiritualists.

‘W. H. TERRY,

‘Melbourne, July 18, 1877.’

‘Sec. Committee.

“Though Dr. Peebles’s last visit to Australia was not an evangelistic one, he, in accordance to a promise made to his friend, Mr. W. H. Terry, the president of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists and editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, gave lectures to large and appreciative audiences in the Masonic Hall, and carried a lively controversy with the Rev. Mr. Brazier, a Church of England clergyman, in the columns of *The Herald*. At a farewell meeting of the Spiritualists held on the eve of his departure, an address, appreciative of the work he had performed for the society and the cause, and expressive of the affectionate esteem in which he was held, was read and presented. The following words of one of the vice-presidents are typical of what was said on the occasion, and convey in a condensed form the feelings expressed by other speakers:—

Harbinger of Light, April 1, 1897.

“Mr. R. C. T. Morgan, Vice-president, in supplementing the President’s remarks, said: ‘Knowing as we do that the Doctor must continue his work, yet there must be the alloys of a certain amount of regret mingled with this evening’s proceedings, for he has endeared himself to one and all, old and young alike, in a most singular manner. His deep sympathy, his evident love of his fellowmen, his great earnestness, his charity and broad toleration, his genial manner, all

these qualities combined have raised an enthusiasm that is seldom seen, and have enabled him to entwine himself round our hearts and live forever in our memories. The good work he has done can not be overestimated, and seed has been cast and is sprouting in places that the lecturer little dreams of.

'He has given an impetus to the movement which needed a revival, and a missionary. He found Spiritualism here in a state of debility and luke-warmness, and has administered a timely tonic.

'The large audiences in the Masonic Hall speak eloquently of his popularity, and of the great and widespread interest taken in Spiritualism in Melbourne; and their hearty applause, spontaneous and general, is a complete denial of the thoughtless statement of a correspondent in the *Herald*, that most of the audience came to hear the musical portion of the program. No, the Doctor was popular, because he spoke what he deeply felt to be true, and spoke from his heart as well as his head, and he reached the hearts of those he addressed. However one might differ from him, they knew he was in earnest; and more than words, his exemplary life and consistency appealed as a powerful support. The Doctor's most eloquent appeal to the world has been the blameless life he has led. Very many in this city will remember him as the guide who directed them on the path that leads to the peace that passes all understanding, to that glorious conviction that extinguishes his doubt. It is for this reason I have the most affectionate regard for Professor Denton, for strolling one evening to the Athenæum where he was lecturing, my interest was first excited and the first glimmer of truth dawned upon me. Several have told me that they so regard Dr. Peebles. Only this morning a man whom I knew only by sight, stopped me and said, "Mr. Morgan, I am sorry the Doctor did not lecture oftener. Is he really going away? I am an old man now, and I have in my time studied most of the creeds, tried many of the churches, but it was nothing but disappointment, however; one Sunday evening; seeing the advertisement, I thought I would go and hear the

Doctor, and to my surprise, I found the truth, not in a church, but in the Masonic Hall, and what a grand thing it is! I feel a quiet tranquil peace of soul that I have never enjoyed before, that thought I should never enjoy. Oh! yours is the only true religion.' And now, friends, I have only to say that I am expressing your thoughts and wishes when I assure the Doctor that he goes away carrying with him our deepest respect for his sterling qualities, and the profoundest affection of our hearts, which in his distant home will often through the future years go out toward him when the pleasant recollections of his 1897 visit recur to us, and stir that fire of sympathy which this visit has kindled.'"

We have told somewhat at length in these pages, the story of Dr. E. C. Dunn, and the peculiar circumstances which brought him in contact with Dr. Peebles, also the friendship which sprung up between these two men. Knowing that Dr. Dunn had not been with his old benefactor for the last twenty, and also that he has not of late years, taken any active part in Spiritualism, we were curious to know whether he still had a warm place for his friend of former days. Hence, we wrote him and asked him for a letter, embodying his most recent estimate of his old comrade and foster father. A lengthy and most appreciative letter came promptly to our request, the major portion of which we here append:—

“ ROCKFORD, ILL., Dec. 29, 1897.

“ Prof. E. Whipple,

“ MY DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of yours of the 21st inst. In reply to your queries will say:—

“ I was with Dr. Peebles about fifteen years, as friend, companion, and co-laborer in the lecture field, in the cause of science, religion, and humanity. I knew him as well as a child could know his father, for he was a friend, father, teacher, and companion. While I knew him he was always inspirational, both in speaking and in writing; especially so in his speaking during the later years I was with him. When I first knew him he used manuscript in his discourses. But after abandoning his manuscript, he at times showed very remarkably the

inspirational power that was upon him. It was very common for him to say to me: 'Charlie, I am not well to-night. I do not feel like speaking. I haven't an idea, and can not concentrate my mind on a subject.' And up to the moment of starting for the hall or church, he would say: 'I don't know what to talk about.' Alarmed always at such times, he made his best efforts, his countenance lighting up, his eyes brightening, and his words and sentences flowing forth in the most eloquent strains. On such occasions he would impart to his audience a sort of enchantment.

"Having lived and roomed and taken my meals with Dr. Peebles for fifteen years, enables me to say that I know his moral character to be above criticism. He not only lived, preached, and practiced the highest moral precepts, but he upbraided and condemned immoral conduct whenever and wherever he found it. He was often condemned by the 'Free-love branch of Spiritualists' for his bitter denunciation of their unclean lives and doctrines; and they often manufactured lies about him that they might secure his public condemnation. At one time the story was circulated that he was traveling with a woman dressed in men's clothes, and at Oswego, N. Y., they came near mobbing him for this. The person thus traveling with him was none other than myself. All attacks on his moral character of which I ever heard, had no more foundation in truth than the above. His character was unimpeachable.

"Dr. Peebles was a man full of sympathy, with a heart as that of a child; was always easily and deeply stirred by the pain, sorrow, trouble, or poverty of others; forgetting self in his desire to relieve and comfort others. He was benevolent to a fault, oftentimes giving to help others when it would distress himself. While in Melbourne, Australia, in 1872, the beggars of the city soon learned his vulnerable points, and in one day three women visited him at our lodgings, each carrying the same child, and each telling the same old story: that the baby was sick and they had no money to procure medicine for it. To each of these he gave a sovereign. He did not

recognize the child, being differently clad; but was touched with their tale of sorrow. I was almost obliged to take his money from him. After that I managed to see the professional beggars first, and we soon got rid of them. Being honest and sympathetic, and liberal to a fault, and forgiving to the last, he was easily deceived by selfish, designing, and greedy mortals. He is always unassuming. When led by love and sympathy he is as a child, and will sit at the feet of the most humble teacher from whom he may glean a fact or a truth. But when opposed or aroused by an ecclesiastic bigot or egotist, he then becomes the intellectual lion! His sarcasm is scorching, and his pen then flows with the blood of his literary opponent. To those who seek instruction of him he imparts with the love and gentleness that a mother gives nourishment to her offspring.

“I owe Dr. Peebles a great debt of gratitude for the mental and moral position I occupy to-day. To me he has been a ‘master-builder,’ and I always revert to him with the most grateful remembrance. I have enjoyed exceptional opportunities to study and know the man, and what I have written I know to be true.

“I remain,

Very truly yours,

“E. C. DUNN, M. D.”

In the summer of 1895 Dr. Peebles took into his home at San Diego, a lad from a Methodist family—familiarly called “Fred Green”—a quiet but intelligent boy, who was ambitious to obtain an education, and eventually to make his mark in the world. On the morning of Nov. 29, 1896, two days before the Doctor departed on his Oriental journey, we were seated at the breakfast table—four of us—the meal concluded, the conversation still lingered. At length “Frederick,” now a young gentleman, modestly pulled a letter from his pocket, and requested permission to read it, as the “dear old Doctor” was about to depart for the Eastern Hemisphere. Permission was readily granted. As he concluded, we observed the tears freely coursing down the old Doctor’s cheeks. And young F. E. Green is only one among

scores of boys and girls who gratefully remember Dr. Peebles as their foster-father and wise counselor, who assisted them in planting their feet on the rock of temperance, industry, and integrity. It is a source of great pleasure that we are able to put this letter on record:—

“ SAN DIEGO, CAL., NOV. 29, 1896.

“ TO MY DEAR DR. PEEBLES:—

“ One year and a half has passed since I first entered your beautiful home as office boy and general help about the house. That year and a half has brought forth untold treasures and experiences that will be of the greatest benefit to me throughout the rest of my life, no matter under what circumstances I may be living. When my acquaintanceship with you first began, there was not an inkling of a thought in my mind that you would be anything to me except a passing friend. But now, I call you my dear Old Father! What a strange contrast. It would require a large volume to put forth the causes of the change of my feeling to you a year and a half ago to what it is now. But as a memento and a loving remembrance of myself I jot down a few of my thoughts in writing to be carried next to your heart in whatsoever far-off clime you may wander. Although you may be psychically impressed by my thoughts, still it is more real to see the exact words just as they are formed in my mind.

“ I came to you with the divine spark in me, but undeveloped. I had a good moral sense, but not very far-reaching. Did not know the first thing about medicine or the sins and follies of youth, the latter never being taught to me by my parents. In fact I may lay at your door the thanks and praises for the half of what I know to-day! You began working with me from the very beginning, instilled into my brain those things that a boy ought to know when he is large enough to know anything. You taught me the laws of health and hygiene, and how to become a healthy, strong man. You straightened the crooks and deformities out of my body, and also out of my brain. Having been brought up in an old-

style Methodist family, of course I had been taught many ideas that were contrary to the real truth. A great many passages in the Bible had been misrepresented or wrongly interpreted to me by preachers, but now I look back on those years and see myself as if I were walking in darkness. I knew nothing of the various philosophies and the truly inspired teachings of Jesus. I had not been taught the Bible in the right way. . . .

“Summing up the whole of my friendship with you I may say that you have opened to me new fields of study and research, such as I had never thought of before. You have taken me into a new realm of ideas, and not only have you brought them before me, but you have taught me their underlying principles, and many things that none of my other friends could so clearly tell me. You have kindled new fires of aspiration in my nature. I can never repay you for these kindnesses, but in your forthcoming voyage shall do my best to send my good thoughts to you on paper once a week. I end with, God save the old Doctor, one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. May he live to complete his voyage around the world, and again return to his many friends in San Diego and America.

“With love and very great respect,

“FREDERICK E. GREEN.”

An old friend of Dr. Peebles — Robert M. Young — who was a colonel in the war of the rebellion, and who had seen better days, was now wandering off in Oregon in quest of something to do. At times he was so disheartened that he meditated suicide. Writing the Doctor from Coos Bay, Ore., under date of Dec. 27, 1897, he says:—

“I shall never forget your kindness to me at San Antonio. You are, indeed, one of the best and noblest persons that I ever became acquainted with, and how often I think of you, as one of old, going about doing good. It is only such inspired words and examples as your dear self, that keep me up now.”

While officiating as a clergyman, the first couple that

Dr. Peebles ever united in marriage were David W. Kellogg and Ann L. Sherman, near Moravia, N. Y. The children born to this couple never saw Dr. Peebles, but from the manner they were accustomed to hear their parents speak of him, they came to form a high ideal of the man. A daughter of this couple, Mrs. Mary L. Signor, of Binghamton, N. Y., wrote the Doctor under date of Oct. 12, 1897. We reproduce a portion of this letter:—

“ Dr. Peebles,

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I was fortunate, or at least I call it so, in obtaining one of your monthly sheets, called the *Temple of Health*. Almost as soon as my eyes fell upon the paper I recognized where, in your younger days, you preached in the little Universalist church near Moravia, N. Y. My mind wandered back to my younger days, when I used to hear my dear mother talk of you. She told me as I grew older, so many excellent things that impressed my mind, of you. As soon as I saw that writing and signature, I was pleased, surprised, and astonished to know you were the minister that married my father and mother over fifty years ago. My father's name was David W. Kellogg, and mother's Ann Liza Sherman. If I am not mistaken, my mother told me they were the first couple you ever married; also in those days it was the custom for the minister to give the bride whatever the groom gave him. My mother bought a set of silver teaspoons and a top silver thimble, which she used till ten or eleven years ago, when the top fell out as though it were cut out. I took the top and had an elegant pin attached to it, and at this writing I have the ‘stick-pin’ as a souvenir. I prize this pin more than words can tell you.”

In the last tedious illness of the Doctor's life-long friend—James G. Clark—he was tenderly cared for in the home of the Havens, in Pasadena, Cal. During these months of patient suffering, Dr. Peebles frequently sent sympathy and substantial consolation in the line of finance. These and other kindnesses, as well as his public services, attached

the Mr. and Mrs. Havens to him personally and otherwise, as the following letter from Mrs. Havens gives testimony:—

“830 BELLEVUE AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL., Feb. 16. 1898.
“ Dr. J. M. Peebles,

“ DEAR FRIEND: I write to thank you for the pamphlets, and to thank you for your good letter, that will be treasured. I feel that I have so many things to ‘thank’ you for, and the word has been used so much in an ordinary way that it does not express what I feel I owe to you for the many grand articles from your pen that I have read, and received courage, strength, and hope from, for you, like our dear arisen friend, have ‘battled with wrong till your armor has caught the gleam of eternity’s sun.’

“ We have known you for years, the great strong man that stood in the front and made a shelter for us all; but in your true love and friendship for dear Mr. Clark in his last days, you have come so near to our hearts that we think of you as the tender, loving friend, and I pray that God’s blessings shall rest upon you always, and though our precious friend will not be here to sing for you as you pass to the shores immortal, you may be sure his loving hand will be among the first to clasp yours on the other side.

“ Sincerely your friend,

“ MATTIE R. HAVENS.”

About the middle of February, 1898, the Doctor sent us by a friend, a copy of his recently published volume, “Three Journeys Around the World.” He was feeling sad, as he had just received the news of the transition of his old friend and cordial co-worker, Joseph O. Barrett, speaker, writer, and author. As the person who called was waiting, he hastily wrote with pencil on the wrapper, giving partial expression to his feelings. His words were such a spontaneous outburst from his soul, we feel constrained to reproduce them here:—

“ Professor Whipple,

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,— A letter from Henry Barrett informs me that his father, Joseph O. Barrett, my dear old

friend and fellow-worker for over a quarter of a century, died a few hours after receiving my last letter. I sorrow with his family.

“ It seems as though all the old pioneers were going and leaving me, a lone pilgrim — a sort of a wandering Jew — homeless and alone. Joseph and myself were as brothers, sympathizing in all the reform work of the age. He was a grand man. He was not quite as old as myself, hence I ought to have gone first. I write this with my eyes full of tears. It may be childish, but I can't help it. I loved him with a brother's love, and love him still, though his poor body is cold and dead; but *he* has risen. We shall meet again.

“ J. M. P.”

“ The morning came and also came the end —
I saw the great white calm of death descend,
And seal with peace the forehead of my friend.

“ Then o'er my soul went surging to and fro,
A nameless longing, to more surely know
That which my doubting heart had questioned so.

“ I gently laid my hand upon that head —
White with the snows the passing years had shed —
' Was life worth living? O, my friend!' I said.

“ And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,
He answered, ' Be thou comforted, O friend,
Life is worth living. Death is not the end.' ”

— *Lizzie Doten.*

“ Prof. Edward Whipple,

“ Lakeside, Cal.

“ MY DEAR SIR,— I can not consent to have your biography of my friend, teacher, and medical associate, Dr. Peebles, go to press without my testimony. I came to know this noble man in his beautiful sanitarium, San Antonio, Texas, in the early summer of 1893. I was then a schoolboy with broken health, discouraged, and with no well-defined purpose in life. Remaining at his lovely health home as patient, student, and

helper for several months, I returned home in the autumn in robust health, and what is more for a young man, with an ambition and determination of purpose that knew not the word "failure." His was the brain and guiding hand that led me on. Many are the young and middle-aged men and women who point with pride to the good old Doctor, who has not only been a friend to them, but in the highest sense, a father, warning them of the vices that beset human pathways and urging them to live for truth, industry, moral integrity and for the good of all mankind. Whatever degree of success that may in the future attend my efforts, I shall give the Doctor praise for having inspired me with his motto of success — 'Honesty, industry [the Doctor himself making it a rule to rise before the sun] kindness of spirit, fair dealings with all men, and concentration of energy till success is attained.'

"Leaving the good Doctor in the fall of 1893, I returned home and spent three years in school, preparatory to the study and practice of medicine. On March 19, 1894, I received a letter from him telling of the sad misfortune that had befallen him in the burning of his costly sanitarium. To show the spirit of the man in the face of such adversity, I quote from this letter of his: —

" 'I suppose you saw an account of the burning of my sanitarium in the daily papers. It was a most deplorable blow to me and a terrible financial loss; but I shall rise again. I *will*, has wrought miracles, and I will have another sanitarium.'

"Few men at seventy-four would have set about procuring another institution with the persistent determination here exhibited. While brave and strong as a lion in the face of misfortune, the Doctor bears prosperity modestly. There is not a proud, aristocratic thread in his garments.

"After finishing my literary education, I entered the Doctor's medical office then located at San Diego, Cal., continuing in earnest my medical studies, under his direction. This was in June, 1896, and since that time I have been closely connected with him, knowing him most intimately, as friend

physician, and business associate, and in all these capacities he has fully come up to my highest ideal of a royal manhood.

“As a reformer, he is untiring. He attacks vice whenever, wherever, and in whomsoever found, and as all true reformers should do, he studiously practices his own precepts. In some of his lectures and essays on reforms, he meets with stern opposition, wounding his opponent’s pride. It is not pleasant to come under his scorpion lash, and yet in the end he subdues by sympathy and good will. None knowing him as I do, doubt his sincerity. Some of the Doctor’s best friends have beseeched him when writing of intemperance, slavery, licentiousness, compulsory vaccination, to soften his stinging words. His replies are always such as to demonstrate his true devotion to the cause he espouses. He is in advance of his time. ‘I would rather die,’ I have heard him say, ‘the death of a pauper, and be buried in the potter’s field without a friend on earth, or rot in a martyr’s cell than yield one principle that I know to be right.’ And so he would, for being of true Scotch descent, he would ‘break rather than bend.’ And yet, once convinced that he is wrong, he retires to the side of truth and justice as quickly as gracefully. In this we see the real manliness of the man.

“He is an ardent lover of birds, music, flowers, and especially of children. Often have I seen him stop on the street, and speak encouraging words to some unhappy urchin, or slip into his hand some coin with which to buy what his youthful fancy might crave. His kindness to animals is proverbial. The children along the streets all know him, and shout with joy at his approach in expectation of the usual kindly word.

“Eighty years old is the Doctor, and yet hale, hearty, and in the full possession of all his faculties, and why?—a temperate life in all things except work. The exceptional care that he takes of his physical body gives him the vitality and power of endurance possessed by few at his time of life. He retires early at night, and rises at 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning. After his bath and deep breathing, he begins his daily work. His diet is exceedingly simple, excluding animal flesh

and all stimulants. Long will live his name in memories and libraries after he has gone, as one of the most persistent workers for humanity that the world has ever known. I consider that my association with him as student, friend, and business associate has done more to bring out whatever there is of talent in me than all other influences combined, and with many others of the young, I owe him more than I can ever repay. I would that the world had more such men. They are lights along the journey of life. May the Doctor live to more than see his prophecy fulfilled, of living a century, and dying gracefully.

WALTER T. BOBO, M. D.

"Battle Creek, Mich."

During the last generation Dr. Peebles, theologically liberal and cosmopolitan, has occasionally occupied Unitarian pulpits. Knowing that the late Prof. William Denton, the noted scholar, author, and scientist, who died while on an exploring expedition to New Guinea, and Dr. Peebles were the closest of friends during several decades, the Rev. Wm. Brunton, of Fairhaven, Mass., a very scholarly Unitarian minister, indited and published in *The Banner of Light* the following lines:—

Come from the past, dear friend of days gone by,
 Our Denton, stalwart, true as steel and strong,
 Whose face was ever set against the wrong,
 Who asked of earth and heaven, its reason why?
 Who for the Truth would even dare to die,
 Thy speech was welcome as the poet's song;
 Move once again in power our midst among,
 And give to us thy inspirations high!
 And Peebles, yet with all the sunset glow,
 With whitened hair but sunshine in his soul,
 A friend to us and all the human race:
 These two the pride of our religion show,
 And are examples of thy noble whole,
 And in their goodness, good of all we trace!

—William Brunton...

XLVI

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S INITIAL YEAR

Good-by, O century! thou
Closing circle year of
The tyrant's rule and age of iron —
The age of fraud and war and death!
Thy feet have trodden down the weak;
Thy mouth hath spoken lies;
Thy breasts have corrupted the race of man;
Thy arm hath wielded the battle-ax and spear;
Thy greed hath filled the earth with woe and strife,

Welcome! O Urn of Aquarius! and
Pour from thy crystal fount the nectar-healing stream;
The starry luster prepared by gods for man;
And welcome the advent of the Shepherd-Sign,
And sure precursors of the golden age restored.

Eighteen months have slipped away since we laid down the pen. Now we must take it up again to write the closing chapters ere this record of our hero is put into the printer's hands. Those eighteen months have been crowded with public events of vast import to the nations and peoples of the world. The Hague Conference in the closing year of the old century has proved to have no perceptible effect in checking the gigantic preparations for war; while smaller states, like the Transvaal, that are maintaining an unequal struggle with a great power, can not get their case even considered by The Hague Court. The implements of war multiply; national quarrels become daily more acute. The slaughter continues, and has assumed such shameless and wanton features, that we seriously ask if Christian civilization is not indeed rapidly reverting to barbarism! The beginning of the new century is here, with its restless and discontented peoples, while the signs of the times

point ominously to the closing of an old dispensation and the opening a new era in the affairs of mankind.

Although a little past eighty, dating from conception, Dr. Peebles was never more actively identified than at present with the great public questions that are agitating the world. In earlier chapters we have attempted to set forth his labors as an advocate of peace and arbitration as opposed to all war, his defense of the American Indian, his labors in behalf of woman's suffrage, and his uncompromising hostility to the persistent attempts of the medical fraternity to secure compulsory legislation in the interest of their craft. But in the line of religious teaching, he feels that his work is somewhat changing, and although invited to a half a dozen or more Spiritualist camp-meetings the present summer, he will attend but very few of them, for he is invited to another class and kind of work which is more affirmatively religious, and represents a phase of Spiritualism which is fraternal towards the multiform affirmations of the religious sentiment in the past. At Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin, they have a fine Metaphysical Summer School under the supervision of Dr. Alice Stockham. The Doctor is invited there to lecture. He is also invited to attend the "Congress of Indian Educators," at the Pan-American Exposition, and the "Universal Peace Union," which meets in Buffalo from the 14th to the 17th of July in the Congregational church. He will deliver one regular address, and take part in the conferences. He is invited to the State Temperance Association of Illinois, to last three days, and to attend the annual "Peace Conference," the last week in August, in Mystic, Conn. In a letter under date of May 28, 1901, he writes:—

"I find that this constant research, delving, thinking, writing for the *Temple of Health*, writing for newspapers and magazines, writing on books, etc., is undermining my nervous system, for even when I sleep, I dream of some controversy, or some pamphlet, or some book review, . . . and then, I am writing, as you well know, once a month, an essay in defense of religious Spiritualism for H. L. Green's *Free Thought*

Magazine, of Chicago, which, with my extensive correspondence, diagnosing, and pathologically and psychically examining the more complex cases of invalids, keeps my mind strung up to a high tension."

Again, under date of June 10, 1901, he writes:—

"I shall probably leave in November for Australia, largely for a rest. The rough and rolling ocean is to me always restful. I am invited there to marry a couple and to give courses of lectures in Australia and New Zealand. Mr. A. H. Green, my private secretary and stenographer, will accompany me. I sit here in my office and library and think, and dictate, and consult authorities, until I become almost a mental mummy. My library, you know, is my garden. I shall spend the winter either in San Diego or Australia. . . . I finished this morning the preface of about four pages for J. Clegg Wright's forthcoming book. Mr. Wright's controlling intelligence, Rush-ton, is a most brilliant spirit, and speaks beautifully of the Nazarene, and the savants of old. Next week I am to write a full chapter for a volume to be published this fall by the Rev. Dr. B. F. Austin, of Toronto, Canada. There is no end to this literary work."

The Doctor's pen was never busier than during this initial year of the new century. He works incessantly. The essays he is now contributing to the *Free-Thought Magazine* he intends to bring out in pamphlet form this coming autumn. In the last month of the century just closed, his notable volume of 326 pages—"Vaccination a Curse and a Menace to Personal Liberty"—was issued from the press. Immediately preceding this was "Death Defeated, or the Psychic Secret of How to Keep Young"—212 pages, both of which have been widely reviewed and extensively circulated. Only a few weeks since the Doctor was selected by the Michigan Woman's League to address them at one of their meetings in Battle Creek, upon "the distinguished persons he had met." Besides this prodigious amount of literary work and lecturing, the Doctor finds time to edit his *Temple of Health*, write for half a dozen periodicals, and conduct an extensive personal

correspondence. Of what stuff are this man's nerves made? Certainly nothing short of a temperate and well-ordered life would permit such a continued mental strain at eighty.

In the June number of his *Temple of Health*, 1901, Dr. Peebles has a five-column editorial on "Wars and Rumors of Wars." The following paragraphs will sufficiently indicate his attitude on this stirring theme:—

"In the South African war, both the English and the Boers have their chaplains, each of which pray to the God of battle for victory on their side. The allied armies in China, armies gathered from Christian nations, have their chaplains, and are mowing down thousands to introduce civilization and Christianity into China. During our Spanish war the proceeds of Sunday bull fights in Christian Spain, were used to pay Spanish war expenses.

"There were 88,500 lives sacrificed upon the war-altar during the Franco-German war. And the Emperor William, informing Augusta of the latest victory, devoutly thanked God, and the people catching the inspiration marched through the streets of Berlin, singing:—

"Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"'But,' says one, 'how shall we do away with war?' Teach in our schools, preach in our pulpits, and inspire the masses with the moral grandeur of that great word "*arbitration*."

"How to do away with war! Become true, conscientious, and honorable men,— practice that peace principles of Jesus Christ,— arbitrate in the spirit of confidence and charity, teach your children to overcome evil with good,— tell them that dogs fight because they are dogs and brutes, oppose military schools and standing armies, refuse to go into battle-fields to fight, as did the Shakers in our Civil war,— and cease to praise and glorify officers and military chieftains, who strut in the streets with epaulets and the insignia of war upon their bodies.

"There is a great crisis upon us. Dark days are before us,—

but after the darkness comes the sunshine. If Jesus of Nazareth, with bared head, sandal-footed, and coarse Oriental costume, should come personally into our towns and cities, preaching peace,— saying, 'Put up the sword,— return good for evil — ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world,' would he be invited into a Christian pulpit? Would he not be called a 'fanatic,' a disturber 'of the public peace'? Should he continue using the words of nearly two thousand years ago, 'Woe unto you, ye blind guides! Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.' Matt. 23: 15.

* * * * *

"I repeat, should he thus preach and teach, and heal the sick he would be considered a disturber of the public peace, and doubtless be thrust into prison. And these are the days of Christianity, are they? Days when Christian nations are shooting bullets into the bodies of the Chinese, and "looting" their homes to save their souls. Where, tell me, Oh where can I find the true followers of the Christ,— the men of self-sacrifice, of forgiveness, of peaceful spirits, of tenderest affection, of great, beating, loving hearts of charity daily practicing the golden rule?

"The much-praised Henry M. Stanley, when he told of his thirty battles in Africa, and how he enjoyed the beer when he reached Cape Town, was feasted — was lionized by the people, and nearly canonized by the church, the Dean showing him special favors. Such is the status of our civilization. Such is the present century Christianity. Is there no need of a baptism of fire, of pentecostal inspiration, touching the great heart of humanity and quickening the consciences of this wicked Christendom. True, Stanley tried to justify his murderous conduct by saying, 'It was in the interest of geographical discoveries.' Demons incarnate or discarnate can always find excuses for their deceit and treachery. So undoubtedly Jeffries, who wears the fisty-cuff belt, the champion prize-

pugilist, boasting of having pommelled and disfigured a goodly number of human faces, pleads justification that he is acting in the interests of muscle culture, and the "manly art" of self-defense. Men now-a-days, pickled with tobacco and beer and stuffed with hog-meat and the carcasses of other dead animals, seem to have almost renounced their higher natures, and ranged themselves on the side of the carnivora, and like them, they fight, rend, and destroy their enemies if they do not devour their prey.

"Pride, party politics, pleasure, sporting, soulless syndicates, pedro playing, pugilism, beer guzzling, and wars of conquest are popular with the masses. I say without a tear in my tone, with the deepest sorrow in my heart, and a sincere prayer from my soul that the living God through the living Christ and through ministering angels will touch as with a coal of fire, the people and the churches, and so the more speedily usher in the millennial morn of honesty, integrity, peace, love, and good will to men.

"When the present overshadowing war-clouds lift, when these blood-stained crises are past, and when Christian nations become truly Christian, living the Christly life, individually and nationally; then from the descending heavens shall come again the living Christ, the Christ of prophecy, the Christ of history, the Christ of poesy, the triumphant Christ of the ages, and,—

"A better church shall come, the church of love.
 Men shall not ask their brother any more
 Believest thou; but lovest thou? and all
 Shall answer at God's altar, 'Lord, I love.'"

Hence it will be seen that our brother stamps war as murder, on an unmitigated curse in the world, without a single redeeming feature. With the distinguished General Sherman, he pronounces it "hell." Upon this as upon some other public questions, we can hardly regard him as representative of that breadth and universality of view which characterizes such writers as John Ruskin, whose humane impulses were equally

opposed to bloody wars and strife, yet who was able to detect a providential beneficence crowning every battle-field. In his address given at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Ruskin pointed out that "all pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people if it remains at peace. There is no art among an agricultural people, if it remains at peace. Commerce is barely consistent with fine art; but can not produce it. Manufacture is not only unable to produce it, but invariably destroys whatever seeds of it exist. There is no great art possible to a nation but which is based on battle."

It will thus be seen that great men who are noted for their humanitarian impulses take almost diametrically opposite views and draw different lessons from the military achievements of modern nations. Our tender-hearted and compassionate Doctor contemplates all wars, with all their horrid and multiplied accompaniments, as one unmitigated curse to the human race. His soul revolts against every detail of the military equipment, — against slaughter and bloodshed; against the utter desolation that ever follows in the track of invading armies, — the cindered remains of once peaceful firesides; the mutilated bodies of strong young men; the widows and orphans left dependent and desolate; the demoralization of industry; the debauched habits of the soldiery; the national and race hatreds engendered; the tyranny and oppressions that ever accompany war — together with an interminable list of incidental evils and horrors which would seem to stamp the whole practice of war as the parent woe which breeds all other woes that have cursed and afflicted mankind! To this view our brother has an unmistakable leaning. He believes that there is a better way than a resort to wholesale slaughter to adjust the disputes between nations, — peace — peace through arbitration, and that better way he has been tireless in holding up to the attention of legislative bodies.

Ruskin was no less tender-hearted, no less devoted to the arts of peace, yet after viewing the paintings of Tintoretto,

the greatest of all Venetian artists, and noting that three of them had been nearly destroyed by Austrian shells, he deliberately formed the conclusion that had the Venetians not been a war-like people, there would have been no Tintoretto — formed the conclusion that war and conquest have been the chief factors in bringing out those qualities which have distinguished the dominant nations in history. A genius like that of our brother, warm and sympathetic, and being in close touch with the miseries of our common humanity, takes note of the immediate and visible accompaniments of war, which are horrid enough; but a more general and universal genius, of which Walt Whitman was a good type, accept all the major facts of vigorous national traits, believing that a stream of beneficence courses through all the race movements, that in the final summing up, all will be turned to good account, and that eventually the arts of peace will supersede those of war as being conducive to the highest good.

As the last days of the old year and old century were entering their winter solstice, Dr. Peebles began to seriously meditate a change of front touching some aspects of the Spiritualistic movement, with which he has been prominently identified for half a century. The "burden had been resting upon his higher nature for years." It had long been his dream to see Spiritualism organized into a concrete working system, in which the religious sentiment should find recognition, and the worshipful feeling should be allowed some latitude for expression. But he has noted that every attempt to organize in permanence has resulted in dismal failure; that schism and the multiplication of irreconcilable differences everywhere abound; that Spiritualists are not united upon any one fundamental thesis — not even touching the return of spirits, since a considerable percentage of these nominally called Spiritualists — more properly Spiritists — hold only a quasi intellectual belief, being skeptical and agnostic concerning any continued life whatever.

About thirty-four years ago the Doctor became acquainted with a noble and pure-minded man living in Byron, N. Y.

Unexpectedly he became a medium, and the teachings through him were of the highest order. At length, being prepared, the Nazarene purported to approach and entrance him, delivering a very spiritual, loving, gentle, and practical discourse. It was published. Later this Nazarene came to the Doctor in a communication and requested him to go forth as a missionary of the higher spiritual truth, and organize societies. These religious, yet creedless societies were to be entirely affirmative and in no way combative. The movement was to be called something like this, "The Church of the Divine Truth." The Nazarene said that all the truths uttered by Gautama Buddha, by Confucius, and by the world's saviors were to be conserved and re-enunciated. This church was to have no fixed creed, and to be in no way sectarian. The Doctor writes, Dec. 31, 1900: "While this has been buried in the depths of my soul I have only once or twice spoken anything of it, and it has lain upon me like a burden. I have found so much fighting to do in the medical line and the spiritual line that the thought and application of the thought was never prominent."

During last November and December, Mrs. Weatherford, an unconscious trance speaker, gave a series of lectures in Battle Creek. She visited the Doctor on two occasions in his library, and on each occasion was entranced by spirits from the plane of the ancient prophets. He was again urged to enter upon this missionary movement; to write out and publish a declaration of principles and commence the organization with such gatherings in the parlors of those who would appreciate them. He was assured that the present movement is largely in the hands of earth-bound spirits; that a higher phase of Spiritualism and a better class of Spiritualists will unite with the liberal churches; that this movement which they urge the Doctor to inaugurate, will meet with the most violent and bitter opposition from the Spiritists, and that they will treat it as a menace to bring further divisions in the ranks of Spiritualism. They further assured him that if he would begin this work, health and long years would be given him.

Dr. Peebles has long debated whether the movement of

modern Spiritualism — in its organic and working phase — is not indeed, “a house divided against itself;” and whether it really contains a rallying cry worthy of the name “religion.” It does not tend to organization and unity, but its mission seems to be merely provisional, as the great disintegrator of the old order, and it is effecting that with marvelous speed! The majority of its advocates are iconoclasts. It is an image-breaker rather than a spiritual builder. Its societies are declining. It is in the “feet and toes” of the old order, and its symbol is division! When that order is finally dissolved, we may seriously ask if the mission of spiritism will not then have been accomplished? Yet there is a precious something in Spiritualism that will never die, and we heartily indorse the sentiment expressed by our brother in a letter under date of Jan. 15, 1901:—

“God and the angel world did not permit this wave of Spiritualism to come to this earth over fifty years ago as a curse. It had its divine mission. The truth it has taught will never die. It was demanded to startle the atheist, the agnostic and the cold materialistic scientist, and open the way for them to know of the finer invisible forces of a future conscious life. Saying all of this, I have not a particle of sympathy with the frauds, imposters, agnostic Spiritists, materialistic Spiritists, brawling atheistic Spiritists, and this continual egotistic antagonism on Spiritualistic platforms. In none of these senses am I a Spiritualist, nor will I be called one. I said the same last summer in several of the camp meetings, and wrote it recently in the Spiritualist journals. Man is not as pseudo-scientists say, an evolved monkey. His soul did not originally float in primitive fire-mist, wriggle in a tadpole, howl in a wolf, nor grin in an African baboon. No! Regal-souled men and women are not the children of anthropoid apes — but the children of God, and legitimate heirs of his immortality. And now, as of old, God “maketh his angels ministering spirits.” The more startling phenomena are largely the work of demons or earth-bound spirits, and yet God has not barred away from our earth the higher spirits — the angels of love and truth.

They come from the spirit realms with messages of sympathy and peace."

In his January *Temple of Health*, (1901) Dr. Peebles published a statement of "Aims and Principles," from which we append a few extracts:—

"As the past molded the present; as the wisdom of the ages was not born to-day; and as an inspired apostle once wrote: 'Now, concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant,' so I would not have Spiritists, sectarists, and secularists longer ignorant of the Church of Diviæ Truth, with its gifts and manifold graces, the doors of which swing invitingly inward, and over which is inscribed in letters of flaming light, 'Come with us and we will do you good.'

"Freely entering this church, or sympathizing assembly of souls, anyone dissatisfied—if so choosing—may just as freely depart from us, with a hearty 'God bless you in the pursuance of all that is good, and true, and right.'

"This church is not instituted for saints, for the aristocratic rich adorned in silks and satins, nor for any particular class, or caste, but for the people, regarding the rich, the poor, and the unfortunate alike, as brothers—brothers and sisters all.

"Truth—being the eternal fitness of laws and principles, and the ideal to be attained,—is divine and unchangeable. It recognizes Infinite Spirit as the embodiment of all energy, life, consciousness, purpose, love, wisdom, and will. And while in loving, trustful reverence, we invoke the presence of angels, we worship this Infinite Spirit of wisdom and love, manifest throughout the measureless universe.

"Conscious of our individuality and innate divinity, we believe in the continuity of life, the necessity of obedience to the principles of right, and in a just, yet disciplinary retribution for the violation of all law. We believe in right generation in a high moral education, and in love, guided by wisdom as the great redemptive force for the reclamation of souls in all worlds. We believe in the uplifting energy of evolution—in arbitration, and in all the reforms under whatever name, in whatever land, and by whomsoever advocated, that educate and

morally benefit humanity. We believe in that pure and undefiled religion which visits the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions and keeps one unspotted from the world. And while it is vastly, if not infinitely better, to repent and reform to-day, we believe in the opportunity for progress for each and all in that more ethereal realm of spirit beyond the change called death, for through all time, God is love, and the door of mercy is never shut."

It will be seen that the form of labor which Dr. Peebles has mapped out for the present summer — 1901 — is largely along the lines above mapped out. We God-speed him in the work he feels impelled to perform, but we can not avoid the conviction that the church above outlined is essentially of the old order, and will at best serve only as a provisional haven for aspiring and restless souls until the church of the new dispensation shall materialize on earth. We now seem to be passing through a great transition from petrified tyrannies to a new freedom; from the misery and want of the Iron Age to the joy and gladness of the new Golden Age; from the era of strife and doubt to an era of love and saving knowledge. Hence, when the builders began to erect on earth the solid masonry of the New, we conceive there will be a clean-cut division between the edifice constructed from the one "Mountain Rock," and the rotten, moth-eaten fabrics of the old. Those builders will restore,—

The long lost scepter of a righteous rule,
 Bring heaven below, and lift earth to heaven,
 And make it one with the brotherhood of suns.
 A new heart will be beating in humanity;
 Brother will turn to brother, and a world-wide comradeship
 Will knit soul to soul and race to race, until a
 Song shall rise and fill the world with excess of joy.
 Again the "solar language" will move the lips of men,
 Again the noble arts will live,
 Again the melodies will rise and
 Fill the earth with poesy and song.

XLVII

BIRTHDAY MUSINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

(TO DR. J. M. PEBBLES, BATTLE CREEK.)

To-day in all the vales are seen
The glossy leaves of laurels green,
With glimpses of April snow between.
But soon the spring with warmth replete,
Presaging summer's hastening feet,
Will work a transformation sweet.

Those pearly snows will disappear.
The fairest flowers of all the year
Will bloom in winsome beauty here;
And so, good friend, upon thy brow,
Mid chaplets from the laurel bow,
The snow of time is drifting now.

But still the glad eternal spring
Shall o'er thy path new glories fling,
And to thy heart new treasures bring.
Though great thine earthly life and grand,
The noblest still remains unscanned,
In fairest realms of morning land.

So shall sweet peace abide with thee,
Of brighter dawn yet to be.
Creation rings with prophecy,
Though snows among the laurels lie,
Thy day of endless night is nigh,
Where love and glory can not die.

— *Sarah W. Keen.*

Life abounds in unfathomable mysteries. With some,
dangers and mishaps seem to be ever present, encountering

tragic scenes at every turn. Others lead a charmed life, walking in the midst of stirring events all their days the wide earth over, and never receive a scar. Though our brother has crossed the Atlantic Ocean thirteen times, thrice circumnavigated the globe, clasping the hands of kings, dining with princes and tenting under the open sky at night with savages; though traveling by steamers and railways, and lecturing in nearly every civilized country abroad, and in every American State in the Union except one, never has he been the unfortunate subject of an accident by sea or land. Is he indeed, within the charmed circle of the gods? Do guides unseen, and guardians from realms invisible protect? Are mortal pilgrimages mapped out and automatically fixed by the stars, or are they purposed, outlined and impressionally directed by those grand old souls that graced the elder ages of antiquity? Some there are whom it would almost seem are paying a penalty and expiating sins committed in past careers, thus balancing accounts with the Karmic law; lives which exhibit one unbroken series of tragedies, never knowing aught but sorrow and struggle, continually bearing the heavy crosses of life—lives which, from our human point of view, are failures. Others there are who seem to have the way prepared for them by guardian powers; lives who come to perform a distinct mission in the world, to whom consecration and opportunity are given equal to the successful performance of their task. This is not a chance world. Every unit in the race series has a long antecedent history and prospective fulfillment, and the present is an essential link in the chain of lives.

Like most men of mark, the Doctor is a man of moods. Sometimes he is quick and impulsive, and then so solidly deliberate as to border upon a rigid conservatism. May not these in part result from invisible influences, of which he is often conscious? This matter of moods may be applied to his writings, which run the scale from the most fraternal and tender spirit down to the satire of a Juvenal, or the invective of a Pitt; and yet, I never heard him speak an ill, malicious word of an opponent.—As a controversialist, he is never averse to

crossing swords. The case demanding it, he turns upon an opponent with the most stinging satire. His language being clear-cut and incisive. He delights in the *reductio ad absurdum*.

A changeable style of composition is not peculiar to *The Pilgrim*. *Paradise Lost* is keyed in a much higher strain than *Paradise Regained*. Burke on the sublime and beautiful is far tamer than on his fiery orations. It is as true to-day as in the past, that occasions temper inspirations.

Though accredited with being an orator in his palmier days, he would not be so considered now. He is certainly no student of gestures. He is unaffected. In his public addresses, he strikes straight from the shoulder, and aims to hit, his language being terse, keen-edged, and at times incomparably beautiful. In utterances, he is absolutely fearless. He sometimes says on great public occasions, when thoroughly aroused and impassioned, "If you don't like these truthful words — these scorching, telling truths, you can leave and go home." In his lectures, on physiology, and especially those relating to the secret habits of youth, Dr. Burroughs informs us that he has frequently seen young men faint and have to be carried out of halls and theaters from the thundering truths that he drove home to their secret sins and midnight orgies.

In his *Temple of Health*, April, 1900, Dr. Peebles published six columns under the caption — "A Pilgrim's Birth-day Musings," which reveals the best side of his rich and genial personality. In this he gives us a glimpse of his soul graces, and of those sweet and brilliant gifts which, despite the fighting side of his character, has endeared him to tens of thousands of sympathetic souls who almost idolize him. We here append a good portion of these divinely inspired musings: —

"Life is too short for any bitter feeling;
Time is the best avenger, if we wait,
The years speed by, and on their wings bring
healing.
We have no room for anything like hate."

“Has my pen at times been too incisive, my words too hot and hissing? I bid these down forever. Under the hot prairie fires, later the green grasses grow — under the ice the rivulets run. Hatred, anger, envy, I know them not. Farewell Mars — Welcome Jupiter!

“Ten thousand are our pens
But all our hearts are one.”

“Only pleasant memories do I cherish of my old co-workers — of all the great moving caravan of mortals that I met in the past. What care I whether they worshiped Brahm, Buddha, or Allah — one God or thirty thousand gods — one Christ or a thousand Christs. I am no man’s judge. We differ in theories as do our heads in shape, our eyes in color, and what of it? We are brothers all, and God, under whatever name, is good.

“About fifty-eight years ago, smooth-faced, sensitive, timid, I commenced public speaking. What changes since! Where are my old comrades? Where those old pioneers that led the advance columns in the lines of reform? — gone one by one, leaving behind the odor of soul royalty and loyalty to truth — gone to swell the unnumbered congregations of the star crowned immortals. Thinking of them, seeing them through the mists of old time memories, my spirit grows stout. My nerves become steeled anew and my heart flames with enthusiasm afresh, to continue the campaign that they inaugurated and baptized with the *sweat drops* of suffering and persecution. Though they are risen — and though their white feet press the evergreen gardens of the gods, their souls still vibrate in sympathy with ours. Memory is undying. Spirits know little of time or space. Recalling the past and recounting the deeds of these old moral heroes and martyrs, my eyes moisten with tears.

“The buds of April ache as they swell under the laughing sunbeams that slide down the shining sky-paths to caress them into blossoms. Stripped aside, the rustling husks reveal the golden corn. Trampled flowers exhale their sweetness, and

purpling grapes yield their most delicious juices when torn and bleeding in the wine press. Souls, like unripe fruit, are often hard and unsympathizing till crushed by pain's afflictive hand. God is good.

"Weep on, oh, weeper! Chisel, mock the flinching marble that you shape. Lash, lick the blood you spill. Poverty, bid the winds whirl the rags that patch the poor. Sickness, sorrow, suffering; ring your changes on nerve and muscle; blessed ministers are you all. Are not medicines good? Do not storms purify the air? God is good. I swim just now in the ocean of infinite love. I've no enemies to punish; I love my fellow-men, Catholic and Protestant; Christian and Atheist, Spiritist and Materialist — all are my brothers, sisters, neighbors. To you all I extend the hand of friendship.

"Still a pilgrim — still on the stormy, thorny journey. Others, an innumerable throng, afire with hopes, the aged leaning on their staffs, are on the way also. Let us bestow a smile, speak a word of cheer, or lift some burden as we meet, or pass along the checkered highway of time. There are sad ones calling for comfort. There are weary ones pleading for rest. There are tears — hot, scalding tears, to be wiped away.

"There are lives that may be brightened
 While the days are passing by;
 There are hearts that may be lightened
 While the days are passing by.
 All around us, everywhere —
 Men their wrongs and burdens bear,
 Oh, the good we all may do!
 While the days are passing by.'

"Personally, my crosses have been many, my crowns few; and yet life has been richly worth the living. My library of 2,000 volumes was burned, the ashes serving as seedings for newer and better books up in the better land of immortality. I shall yet walk along the alcoves and read the Alexandrian library. Nothing is lost. The refuse of the yard makes the grass greener, and the flowers to bloom more beautifully. God

is good and angels are our helpers; all in ways mystic and marvelous, is overruled for good. Sorrow is an educator, pain a prophet, and death a trumpet-toned call to come up onto the highlands of immortality where way-weary pilgrims rest — where twin souls, long severed, meet, and golden ideals become divinest reals.

“Unmoved by the dulcet smiles of the charmer; untouched by the groans of the agonizer, steelcoated, I journey on — journey, singing the inspired song of the soul: ‘All is well — all is well! Compensation comes with the scales of justice, and God reigns.’ Yes, singing, though the greatest sufferer of all, buried under sands, scorched by soroccos, and burdened with the draped garments and the powdered bones of momentary failures to-day, triumphs to-morrow, yet singing because night is mother of the day, winter of the spring, and earth, with all its hidden stings and pains, prophet of the resurrection-time, when mortals, freed from shells and shadows, and closeted skeletons shall rise like sheets of living flame, heavenward, to meet in holiest friendship the loved gone before: meet to walk along aisles tufted with velvety grass, through vales perfumed with the fadeless flowers of the evergreen Edens, going up at will onto moss-carpeted and magnetic-illuminated mountains of the beautiful, and, as if wearying with this wealth and magnificence of scenery supernal, bathing in the apocalyptic river of crystal — river of life — river of love.

“Another and a diviner baptism now! Country, race, clime, name all aside, we say to you, whoever you are: ‘Peace — my peace I give unto you.’ It flows like a waveless river. Gifts I give, and if afar, I send you greetings of fraternal love and fellowship; with fervent prayers for your prosperity and progress in the good, the true and the beautiful. God is good.

“Come, reader, your hand touching mine, your eyes looking into mine — listen to the declaration: ‘I love you as the son, as the daughter of God, heirs and joint heirs of the infinite. I love you as one banded brotherhood and sisterhood of travelers and inspired workers in the varied harvest fields of humanity; good, all good and noble in your central beings.

Oh, how divine this love; these broad, unselfish, universal loves. It is natural for souls, divinely unfolded souls, to love, as for stars to shine, or suns to shed their shimmering sunbeams. 'Love,' said the ancient apostle, 'worketh no ill to its neighbor.'

“ We loved, and yet we knew it not,
 For loving seemed like breathing then;
 We found a heaven in every spot;
 Saw angels, too, in all good men,
 And dreamed of God in grove and grot.’

“ Gladly do I now let loose this soul imprisoned carrier dove of mine with a message of peace and love. It is Platonian and universal. I send this dove swift on quivering wings, bearing sentences of sympathy and encouragement, and precious gifts of friendship. Around her neck I twine a wreath of flowers, fresh and fair, culled from the gardens of paradise; a wreath corresponding in mystical language to lilacs and clover, to lilies and orange blossoms, to holly and woodbine, and sweet eglantine. Her white breast I festoon with rose-buds and butter-cups, ivy and everlasting; a crown of olive leaves upon her head. I fasten to her tiny feet the violet, the daisy and the myrtle, and under her snowy wings I gently fold geranium sprigs and flowering forget-me-nots, and say: ‘Go, messenger-bird of peace and scatter these flower gems of sunshine into the hearts and homes of men. Go bearing to all hope, trust, faith, and sweet love memories that shall prove immortal as the existence of the infinite indwelling over brooding Soul of all souls, God—who, in the inspired language of the apostolic John, is love.

“ My life flows on in endless song
 Above earth’s commotion;
 I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn
 That hails a new creation.

“ Through all the tumult and the strife
 I hear the music ringing;

It finds an echo in my soul —
How can I keep from singing?

“No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging;
Since God is Love o'er heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

“I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin,
I see the blue above it,
And day by day this pathway smooths
Since first I learned to love it.

“The peace of God makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine, and mine are thine —
How can I keep from singing?’”

Now, in strict justice, we must present the obverse side of our brother's character — a phase or personal quality which sometimes gets into the foreground. In the same number of the *Temple of Health* from which we have extracted the above divine musing, may also be found a heated and somewhat acrimonious controversy between the Doctor and his old co-worker, J. S. Loveland, touching sacred themes. The following extracts from Dr. Peebles's pen will be sufficient to reveal the controversial side of his personality:—

“It is to be regretted that this brother feels so ‘sore’ over the deserved flagellation that W. E. Coleman gave him, expressing his lack of research, scholarship, and knowledge of Oriental literature: ‘No chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous.’ Possibly it may yet in this case ‘yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.’

“The most offensive portion of the Christian creed is, according to J. S. Loveland, the doctrine of God.

* * * * *

“In reality Mr. Loveland, floundering around in physics and metaphysics, has at last manufactured a sort of a new god. It is the ‘automatic result of immutable energies, polarized.’ That's it! Let the nations bow in reverence!

“Nothing is more certain than that Spiritualists — broad-minded, cultured and religiously inclined Spiritualists have heard quite enough of this dreary, prosy platform ‘slush’ — this God-denying, Christ-rejecting, N. A. S.-defaming, prayer-despising, medium-misrepresenting, religion-hating stuff, called, and rightly called, ‘materialistic spiritism,’ ‘the twin-brother of Jewish Sadduceism, veneered and besmeared by old Babylonian Necromancy.

“Thinking, intelligent, and rational Spiritualists, instead of hearing it, now stay at home Sundays and read the journals, or attend the liberal Christian churches. And who can blame them? Personally I honor them for it.

“Confession is good for the soul. The above style of criticism is not to my higher taste. But one must measurably adapt the tools to the soil he tills. No barber would shave with a butcher-knife. Accordingly when a Spiritualist writer pronounces the principles of his co-workers ‘infinite nonsense,’ when he charges the N. S. A. delegates with ‘intending to indorse the most offensive portions of the Christian creed,’ the Trinitarian God of wrath, and endless hell torments, when he charges me personally with employing a gentlemanly and scholarly government employee to write sneers, and falsehoods, and villifications of him, etc., I simply hurl his own lingual javelins, a little sharpened, back upon his own head. It is reflex action, — justice in irony. And he should take his medicine with becoming grace and manliness, for it is administered in justice, tempered with mercy, inspired by good will, and polished with that fine, tender charity, that thinketh no evil.”

In the course of our correspondence these contrasts and seeming contradictions have been pointed out to our brother, and we have on various occasions mildly criticised his momentary attitude toward his pen-and-ink opponents. A few extracts from his replies, written the last few months, will show how little of hate and how tempered with mercy and good nature this belligerent side of his character really is:—

“I read your letter of kindly fraternal criticism and was

delighted with it because true — because appealing to my higher moral consciousness — my peace nature for such, down in the depths of my soul, is really the case; but then, while I was reading your letter and resolving to be pre-eminently good hereafter, my stenographer, Archie Green, brought the mail containing my article of reply to the Rev. Mr. Bickford, of Rockland, Maine. This Baptist clergyman has been for years pitching into Spiritualists of Rockland through their newspaper and no one has replied to him, and this brother, whose letter I enclose, sent me his last onslaught, begging me to reply. Humbly, tremblingly, I forward it to you and yet I honestly think I have done better than usual, — honestly, brother, I tried to write clear, classic and spiritually sunny, but ere I was aware, I drifted into the critical and the severely sarcastic. His Calvinistic theology was too much for me — too far behind the age, and so I polemically pounded him. Did not Jesus lash the money-changers in the temple? Did not the devil 'carry' him up on to an exceedingly high mountain? Well, it is possible that the 'devil' got uncomfortably near me when writing the last part of the enclosed article. Can you not, figuratively speaking, see his claws? They are pointed and savage. . . . So long as my lungs can heave, my heart beat, my brain think, and my hand hold a pen, so long will I shatter the vase of error and defend the truth as I see it at all hazards, and in my enthusiasm I have sometimes wished that I had a throat of brass, lungs of lignum-vitæ, nerves of steel and a constitution immortal, here and now, to sound the glad tidings of the divine fatherhood, the divine motherhood, the human brotherhood, and the present ministry of angels to all the ends of the earth. . . . I am well and go to-day to Narcoossee, Fla., to stay a few days with some Shakers — the only Christians on earth. . . .

"Your two letters just received; and I am just back from Florida, healthy, robust, and vigorous in body and mind, and though I have a tomahawk in my hand, I only hew down to build up, cutting and carving to give a better body, a clearer mind, and to inspire nobler thoughts and more towering aspi-

rations. Humanity is a grand unit, and God is good. I find over a bushel-basket full of papers and magazines to run over, classify, and perhaps criticize. And this morning I found that there were fully forty personal letters awaiting me to answer. Some of these were from India, Ceylon and South Africa. Many of them were sent to me while absent in Florida. Florida has its advantages for northern men in winter time, being so much nearer home than California. The climate is good, and yet Florida is nowhere in regard to oranges, lemons, apricots and olive trees compared to Southern California,—the Italy of America—and the people of Florida are largely laggards, behind the age. Very many of the old settlers were primarily slave-holders, and still have the moral sense consonant upon slave-holding and weird superstitions.

“But to your letter. You commence your communication of March 27 with these words: ‘Well, you are at it again!’ Yes, dear brother, did I not confess to you that Methodist-like, I had temporarily ‘fallen from grace?’ did I not tell you that certain of my cranial organs that had been partially quieted, were stirringly aroused when I came in contact with some of the leaky members of a sort of a secret order, in Washington, D. C., the presiding genius of which had appointed himself president for life; and while professing to build up Spiritualism, was with a few colleagues, teaching all kinds of Hindoo superstitions to concentrate, to develop adeptship, to become yogas. You know that I have several times visited India, and consider myself well posted in yogaism, vedantaism, jugglerism, in a word, Hindu mediumship, under different names good, bad and indifferent! In his teachings he is very wordy and exceedingly pompous; in fact, painfully egotistic, and I could hardly resist the temptation to pleasantly puncture his highly-inflated balloon. I did so in the columns of the *Thinker*. The criticism fraternal in spirit was well meant. I know you think it was incipiently wicked in me, but did not God say in the older scriptures that we must ‘forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven,’ and did he not say that he was ‘slow to anger and plenteous in mercy?’

Did he not further say, 'I will not cast off forever, though I cause grief, yet will I have compassion according to the multitude of my tender mercies,' and would he not still further say from out the silence, 'Follow thou me?' Now, my dear Whipple, if you follow him, if you are slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, and if you forgive as you are commanded, 'seventy times seven,' I feel — comfortably feel that I am as the old Methodists used to say, 'on praying ground,' and I hope to still feel that I am in resumption of your pardoning grace, abundant mercy and abiding confidence. There, brother, is not that a pretty fair statement of my side of the question? It was the best I could do, being intellectually a little guilty, yet profoundly penitent, and rich in resolution.

. . . "Your letter of April, 1901, was most excellent. I thoroughly enjoyed the reading. In pointing out my contradictions in the last *Temple of Health*, you showed how very close your inspirational soul lies to nature, for she gives us such telling contradictions as the howling storms of March, and the mild, golden autumn of October. What a horrible contradiction! She gives us, too, the musical bird, lifting us heavenward, and the yelping of hungry wolves. What a contrast! My dear brother, can't you correct nature, and put her into strict harmony with herself? Surely there is no more perfect guide than nature, of which God is the infallible author. There, now I feel better! Of course I could not have the least scintillation of fault-finding with your contrasts because they were so true, and I so much admired them that I am strongly tempted to put them into the May number of the *Temple of Health*. Let justice be done.

"But, more seriously; I think, myself, that I was unnecessarily severe on Brother Loveland, and yet I esteem him for his works' sake. The inducements, however, for the moral thrashing were great, for in the *Light of Truth* he has twice sneeringly used the phrase — "Peebles! Peebles and Jesus." And he has pronounced Jesus 'a tramp, who sent out his disciples as beggars and tramps.' Now, we know what estimate the world puts upon the word 'tramp.' San Diego,

Cal., puts such characters into the 'chain gang,' shackling their feet with balls of iron. Mr. Loveland has, indeed, written many other things bitter and unsavory to refined and cultured natures. His irreligious cynicism is absolutely shocking to religiously inclined Spiritualists. I would defend Socrates or Plato as well as Jesus from any injustice. His calling the Christ 'a tramp' aroused my combativeness, which is generally ventilated through the front brain. The top brain, the spiritual region, may in the meantime, have looked on with pitying sorrow. Hereafter I am going to give the top brain the right of way. Such is my resolution, so help me Jupiter.

"You know that I have moved out from under the influence of Mars, so Prof. Daniels, an astrologist from Boston, affirms after due stargazing. It may so be. You must help me, brother, to keep my good resolution, when the temptation becomes so almost overpowering to pitch into orthodox sectarists and materialistic spiritists.

. . . "Your letter received to-day, and was most interesting and inspiring. The gentle thrashing and moral chastisement you administered was invigorating to my moral nature. Oh, the glory of the gad when applied by a tender-hearted monitor. The truth is, brothers Loveland, Lockwood, and one or two others, have been 'digging' at me for years, often misrepresenting my position. They have declared that I have one foot in the Catholic Church, that I was a Jesuit, supporting liberalism in disguise. No man has a right to mount the throne of judgment and judge another's motives. Bearing and forbearing, I finally turned upon them, vested in justice, and wielding the two-edged sword of truth. I did not spare them, and I am not through with them yet. However showy Saul's armor, it is of little avail. I must tell you that I have received quite a large number of letters heartily thanking me for mentally and morally vanquishing these illiberal sophists. Should they get over their deserved bruises, and should we get at St. Peter's gate simultaneously, I will most kindly, blandly step aside and say, 'Peter, let these poor brothers in — they had better hearts than heads,' and I will wait on the

outside and preach to the 'spirits in prison' until I have purged away my sins of so mercilessly thrashing my fellow-workers. . . .

"I have not answered your last communication, but did send you a postal card, and also the *Progressive Thinker*, containing one of those charitable (?) articles from our mutual friend, J. S. Loveland. You coupled him with Hudson Tuttle in referring to my controversial thrashing-machine. Your comparison was not exactly appropriate. There are few if any better personal friends than Hudson Tuttle and myself, though we decidedly differ in regard to several non-essential theories and the varied philosophies of human life. Hudson is always a gentleman, and Emma, his good wife, is a saint, already canonized in the church of humanity. You will see a manifestation of our friendship and kindly fellow-feeling in the next *Temple of Health*.

. . . "My lectures are not quite as popular with spiritists. They think me too religious. They also consider me severe, and pitilessly sarcastic at times. I tell them squarely, that they are going to hell,—that is, to those hadean spheres where many rich millionaires have already gone. Honestly, Brother Whipple, I told them at several of their camps last season that some of the hells were even now crowded with selfish, phenomenal spiritists. They have gone, like Judas, to their own place. They knew their duty, but did it not, and hence are now in the Tartarean underworld of moral darkness. One old lady said she believed that 'Brother Peebles was going back to the orthodox.' Well, there is some fun in this old world after all!"

In chapter forty-five may be found a personal tribute to Dr. Peebles from Frederick E. Green, a young man who had been with the Doctor much of the time for six years. Now we have here another personal tribute from his younger brother, Archie H. Green, who graduated last year with honors from the San Diego High School, and who is now Dr. Peebles's private stenographer. This should have been included in the aforesaid chapter, but as that is in the printer's hands, we will here insert it:—

“ Prof. E. Whipple.

“ DEAR SIR,—Hearing through the correspondence of others that you were preparing a biography of Dr. J. M. Peebles, and having worked for him so long in his sanitarium in San Diego, California, and so long since as his private stenographer and typewriter, I ask the privilege of giving a few of my own observations of his characteristics. I beg to say that the Doctor is a genius with many striking peculiarities—a man out of the ordinary ruts of society. He has devoted, as you well know, a long life to the reforming and uplifting of his fellow men, and has oftentimes sacrificed much to make human hearts happier. He is so very sympathetic and kind-hearted that much of his time is occupied by strangers, calling to tell of their woes and sufferings, and to get his kindly advice and sympathy. No tramp goes from his door empty.

“ Benevolence and generosity are among his strongest traits of character. These many times cause him to give to the unworthy. He is very easily imposed upon. He thinks everybody honest, judging them by himself. I never in my seven years of association with him, saw him angry nor heard him utter an unkind or profane word; but on the contrary, I have more than once seen him weep the tears of bitterness. He can hardly pass a child on the street without patting it on the head, and quite likely opening his purse, should it be decently filled. Children love and follow him. I have known him to give hundreds of dollars to the poor. But few know of these gifts. Only a few days since he took a family of poor children to a clothing store and in my presence supplied them with good winter clothing. He reads everything except novels. Sporting news he abominates. He is careless about his clothes, yet rigid in his diet. He often puzzles me. I would not care to come under his lance or the scorching irony of his pen.

“ The Doctor is a great lover of birds, flowers, music, trees, and children. He has quite often said if he could not find these in heaven he would return to earth where he could enjoy them. His paradise is a library. I have often known him to get up at midnight and write for hours. He is the most in-

different man to public opinion that I ever saw. I have traveled with him very much, and if he can start up a controversy on the cars with an orthodox preacher, he is happy. Some of the Seventh-day Adventists here think that the devil helps him. He has the Bible at his tongue's end, and I have heard him say that he and Paul often differed. He will sometimes quote a passage, not in the Bible, and when told of it by an opponent, he will look up so innocently and say, 'Well, it ought to have been there.' At times he becomes so absorbed in thought while walking along the street that he will often go several blocks beyond his destination. When walking often I see him gesturing and talking to himself. Like others, he is a man of moods, and when in the mood of sadness, he flies to some old archæological book, finding great comfort in the accounts of the explorations of Egypt, Palestine, and Babylonia. He is naturally genial and social, and I believe him incapable of real anger, and yet he has several cannons concealed for those who attack his position in theology, or medicine, or hygiene. He loathes fashion, calling it a tyrant, and I have sometimes thought he prided himself in going contrary to custom. At all events, he is always himself, and I am happy in being his private secretary.

“Very truly yours,

“ARCHIE H. GREEN.”

Youth is the golden time, the dreamland of human life, and the young — would that they could comprehend it — are not only dreaming, but forming characters to-day that will affect them to-morrow, next year, and in eternity.

About fifty years ago Dr. Peebles and Thomas K. Beecher were both citizens of Elmira, N. Y., boarding together at Dr. Gleason's Water Cure, Mr. Beecher preaching to the Congregationalists and Dr. Peebles to the Universalists in Ely's Hall. Socially they were chums. From the Doctor's reminiscences of the poet-preacher, we select the following: —

“Are my friends all dying before me? Just recently Prof. J. R. Buchanan, a philosopher, Ruskin, a poet-artist, Rabbi Wise, the Jewish leader, and now Thomas K. Beecher, the

poet-preacher — all within a short time have put off their sandals and passed the crystal stream of death up on to the highlands of immortality.

* * * * *

“ He was the one preacher that I ever really enjoyed hearing pray. He was most mighty in prayer. I have seen a large audience in tears during these tender, pathetic utterances, and heard the same audience laugh aloud at some of the drolleries in his sermons. He often shocked conservative people. He was natural. I once heard him say he could always gauge a person’s piety by the way he pronounced the word God. If he was a good, conscientious man, he would say God; but if he was a hypocrite, putting on a long face, he would say G-a-u-d, in a most sepulchral tone.

“ At a party I once heard him rephrase that old hard-shell, close-communion Baptist sermon from the text — ‘And he played on a harp with a thousand strings — “spirits” of just men made perfect.’ He stood behind a chair, hung his handkerchief over the back, put on a nasal twang, and waded in. It convulsed us with laughter, but he was as solemn as a Seventh-day Advent on Saturday. When through, he whirled around and said, ‘Peebles, will you exhort?’ Another roar of laughter. It was a terrible take off on the old orthodox whine, on bigotry and superstition.

“ In his sermons he spared no vice in politics or social life, and yet his heart was as tender as a woman’s. He could not keep a ten-dollar bill in his pocket. It would go out for some benevolent purpose. I once met him on a cold winter’s morning in Elmira drawing a handsled on the sidewalk.

“ ‘What have you there?’ I said, ‘Friend Beecher, so early this cold winter morning?’

“ ‘Well, I have on my sled, as you see, a bag of flour. In this basket I have some vegetables and some fruit. I have heard of a poor woman over the way, a widow, and I could not wait for our church committee to attend to her needs, and so am taking these down to her myself.’ ”

Our business relations with Dr. Peebles have always been

cordial and entirely free from misunderstanding and friction; but some amusing incidents have occasionally crept in. On two successive occasions he wrote, "Find within five dollars," but both letters were empty so far as money was concerned. Then we indulged in a little pleasantry at the Doctor's expense, to which he penned the following racy reply:—

"History says that a well-meaning ant tried ninety-nine times to get a grain of wheat up into his nest in the top of a royal oak, and failed,—but at the hundredth time succeeded. I have been trying and trying to get five dollars to you, but have so far failed. Stepping into the post-office, and inquiring if I sent the five dollars, I find I am the guilty fellow. Have mercy on this old *fad*, *crank*, and absent-minded *blunderer*,—and yet there is an excuse.

"You know it is the growing theory that there is no 'matter in the universe,' that '*all is mind*'—Christian Science says that all is *mind*, so in mind I sent you five dollars. If you had risen high enough above the material to have recognized the five dollars without the grossness of the paper and currency bill, it would all have been right and proper. My dear brother, you must struggle to attain and get up on that exalted Christian Science plane, where, when I think you five dollars, you get it in your *mind*, and so all will be well.

"But realizing the *fact* that you are still in the realm of the material, I herein inclose the five dollars that I previously sent you in my *mind*, for '*all is mind*.' By the way, Christian Scientists tell us that '*God does the healing*;' but I note that they take the pay for it."

Save for these occasional lapses of memory, Dr. Peebles is exceptionally thoughtful and prompt in meeting his financial obligations. He never haggles over a bill. There is nothing in his nature that is stinted and mean, but, on the contrary, he is excessively generous and overflowing with human sympathy. We have frequently seen poor children come to his door, whom he loaded up with clothes, shoes, and provisions to carry home, and we know of poor families in adjacent neighborhoods, the heads of which, while lying sick, the Doc-

tor has not only given free medical attendance, but kept them from starvation's door for months. But of these things he never speaks. The knowledge that he has relieved suffering and made other hearts glad is sufficient for him.

“I exist as I am, that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,
And if each and all be aware I sit content.”

Whitman.

XLVIII

AUTUMN DAYS

“ His wandering step
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old;
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatso'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble demons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around.
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth, through the long burning day,
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed,
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.”

— *Shelley.*

While sojourning in California in 1861, pale, thin, nervous, in quest of health, Dr. Peebles was assured by the “ voices ” which sometimes address him prophetically, that his work on the Western Coast was unfinished; that his ripening autumn days should be spent in a land that was consecrated by a pre-historic people with a deep spiritual and magnetic life, a people who deposited in the soil a rich, though invisible, legacy for the uplift of a race that should appear in later times,—

“A germ of heavenly power that only waits the magic touch of light to spring forth and assert its parentage.”

On the southwest coast of California there was to spring forth —

“A city fair,
From God’s divine ideal mapped and chartered,”

which, in its incipient outlines, can be none other than the city of San Diego. And this same prophetic voice said in 1861: —

“Thou shalt come — forget it not, I pray —
With all thou hast to that city, fair.”

Much of this singular prophecy is already fulfilled. Our brother has planted his home in that “city fair,” and a band of “glorious workers” are waiting his “stroke on the sounding anvil” which shall transmute the stubborn substances into golden links.

With no effort on his part to fulfill the prophetic forecasts, events began to take shape in the early part of 1894 which finally drew him to the beautiful city on the shore of the calm Pacific. He thought he was settled for an active business career in San Antonio, but as already stated, on the night of Feb. 4, 1894, while he was absent in a distant city, the fire fiend pulled up his stakes, root and branch, and he found it incumbent to seek a base elsewhere. San Diego was one among many locations in contemplation. So he came hither to canvass his relative advantages. He found it too remote from the center of the continent for his medical business,— which was scattered over the country and conducted largely through correspondence,— but the superb climate and the physical paradise which he found to obtain almost the entire year, offset all the business limitations, and so he was not long in deciding to make San Diego the home for his old age.

A certain captain of ocean craft had built a fine residence on “Golden Hill,” near the celebrated “Montezuma Villa,”

of Jesse Sheppard fame. This captain was caught in the maelstrom of the "boom," and the residence was offered for sale at a low figure, just as our Doctor arrived on the scene. The terms were soon arranged, and he took possession. This was now his home, and for the enhancement of its beauty he has expended upward of two thousand dollars. The grounds have all been planted to fruit trees and flowers, the flowers largely predominating, since no part of the material creation challenges his worship as does the floral kingdom. His soul goes out to nature as the birds do, with songs and rejoicing. He may not analyze a flower with botanic precision, but beholds its glory and rejoices in the splendor and plenitude of its coloring. He insists that they know him. The early morning and hour of sunset,—spent in his garden communing with his flowers,—are hours of involution, hours in which he imbibes that plenitude of magnetic and psychic inspiration which he pours forth in the literary effusions from his pen, and in the healing influence and cheerful hope which becomes to his patients a restorative potency and an assurance of continued functioning in the physical tabernacle. He often speaks to his flowers saying, "You darlings, how sweet, how beautiful!"

For the present, however, our brother can rest only a small portion of the year in this sunny home on the Pacific slope, since his business has been transferred to Battle Creek, and a portion of his labors is still distributed over wide areas, even extending to two hemispheres. Indeed, he is now seriously projecting a fourth journey around the world, and from present indications will set sail for Australia the coming November (1901). He writes under date of May 27, 1901:—

"The Spiritualists of Australia are urging—pressing me to come and lecture two or three months. You remember that I gave the first course of lectures there about thirty years ago ever given in Melbourne. These colonies have now become federated,—the United States of Australia,—and they now beg of me to come. I think, Heaven approving, I shall leave early in November."

The fourth term in a series is the full and rounded number, the sign of completion and fulfillment, and it would seem that another journey to the Orient by this indefatigable worker would be a fit rounding out of his earth labors.

We must now condense the ample field which lies before us into a few closing paragraphs; and in this final summing up it may be proper to make a few more passing allusions to our brother's personal traits and habits. An extract from a letter under date of Sept. 22, 1900, reveals how sacredly he cherishes the friendships and associations of earlier years:—

“At the Freeville camp in New York, I met old people that I married fifty-eight years ago; and the relatives of funerals that I attended from fifty-five to fifty-nine years ago. The first couple that I married I returned the five dollars to the bride. They had the money made into silver spoons, and have since had the spoons made into rings and ornaments as mementos of olden times. Dear me—how old am I? And the joke of the thing is, I am making no preparations to die. As you are my father confessor, what shall I do to die. There is so much to do in the line of temperance and woman's suffrage, arbitration, proper diet, together with keeping the Spiritualists straight, that I don't see how in the world I can get time to die. I know that it is fashionable to die, but I have an inborn hate of all fashions. . . . You see, that I have the world upon my shoulders, and furthermore, I am opposing the war in China, and, in fact, all wars. Nations should arbitrate and quit murdering. With all these matters to help straighten out, how can I take the time to die? Alfred R. Love, of Philadelphia, President of the International Peace Association, wanted me to go to Paris this last fall as a 'peace delegate,' but I had not the time.”

The Doctor is sometimes accused of vain glorying, but certainly, in private life one never discovers the slightest trait of self-adulation. He is as modest as he is obliging. It is in one's own household where all disguises are most likely to be thrown off, and where the real character stands revealed. In a word, we must live with one to know them as they are.

It is in this manner and from this standpoint we have gained our knowledge of Dr. Peebles's personality. And it is with profoundest pleasure that we can declare that we never tested a character where there is so much to admire and so little to criticise in the domestic relations, as we have found in Dr. Peebles. We have seen him tried with the caprices of domestic help, and with the multiform and varying circumstances incident to the ordering of a home, yet never have we seen him lose his temper or equipoise, or in any way descend from that station of manly dignity and considerate allowance for other people's faults, which has uniformly characterized his relations to those with whom he had any dealings. Nor is he ever obtrusive in his personality. No one ever had occasion to complain that he paraded any personal merits, or was in the habit of speaking of his individual achievements, foreign travels, or indulging in any verbal vanity, either in the presence of friends, acquaintances, or strangers. Whatever his publications may seem to imply of a vain-glorious spirit, would certainly never be borne out by a close personal intercourse with him.

He has lived in strict accordance with the text embraced in the following three words: temperance, industry, fraternity. His diet, his exercise, his cleanliness in both body and soul, his conversation, and his general habits through life have been ordered in accordance with the laws of temperance. All his waking hours are employed in a manner to serve a given end; and it is because they have been so employed that his years have been blessed with such productive and magnificent results. Moreover, he has always kept in close touch with the great heart of our common humanity, advocating both popular and unpopular reforms. In all races, and kindreds, and tongues, he sees a common bond of fellowship, a bond far too close and fraternal to suit the feelings of certain exclusives, who cherish an inveterate prejudice against all peoples not included in their own ethnic classification. This sentiment of universality, this feeling of fraternity endears our brother to the common people, and makes him a citizen of the world.

When at home, the Doctor retires between eight and nine o'clock, P. M., sleeps well, and rises early,—always before the sun appears above the brown crest of Mount San Miguel. He may be seen any morning as soon as it is light, walking bare-headed, and often barefooted, in his garden—in a veritable paradise of roses—going from cluster to cluster, tenderly caressing the responsive petals, and taking in their rich aromas. He knows his flowers well, and they behave as though they knew and loved him, and were anxious to impart to him their wealth of aromal essence for the replenishment of that vital and magnetic abundance, which so habitually belongs to his personal sphere. He is able to extract this element from flowers rather than from people with whom he comes in contact, because he is thoroughly in love with the floral world. He makes use of no stimulants, not even coffee or tea. He rarely touches animal food,—pork, never,—but his table is amply provided with the various cereals, nuts, vegetables, fruits, honey, milk, cheese, butter, etc. His dress is uniformly of broadcloth, but he is in no sense dudish or foppish. He abhors the current fashions, as his letter to the French captain, reproduced in a previous chapter, abundantly shows. His magnetic presence and perennial cheerfulness diffuses a perpetual joy and sunshine throughout the whole house. His habits are all clean and wholesome. His conversation, though often racy, pungent, and abounding in witticisms, is chaste and refined. Intimate with him for over thirty years, we never heard a coarse or vulgar expression fall from his lips.

Dr. Peebles is a good illustration of one of the titles to his various books, "How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully." Though eighty years of age in a few months, the lines in his face are soft and full of youthful expression. His step is airy and light. His frame is well filled out, so that now he is both portly and tall. He is still projecting labors which it would seem would demand a lifetime to carry out, while there appears to be no abatement in his mental productiveness. His study may be compared to a field in preparation for a new crop, full of potential possibilities, but

the crop in prospect does not present a very attractive appearance to the eye,—books, papers, scraps, and unfinished manuscripts lying all about. For the most part, he stands at his desk while writing, but much of his literary composition is dictated to an amanuensis,—dictated rapidly, as he alternately walks the floor or sits in a rocking chair. While thus engaged, witticisms frequently burst forth as a by-play which serves to “oil the hinges of the mind” and keeps the mental machinery in easy motion. In discussion, the Doctor often seems scathing, bitter, and biting; but beneath the biting there’s a spirit of love and fraternity. The words are severe, but the heart is tender and true. The hand that lifts the axe holds the balm to heal the wound.

Whenever it is announced that Dr. Peebles will lecture before the First Spiritualist Society, in San Diego, the hall is crowded with eager listeners. He carries to the platform not only a strong individuality, but a peculiar personal presence, which attracts the populace and secures attention. As a speaker, he is clear and cutting, yet poetical and sympathetic, emotional, hopeful, confident, and go-ahead. He is a master of invective. Inspirational and progressive, he keeps up to date in all the progressive movements of the age. He never minces matters, but speaks out plainly and unmistakably his approbation or disapprobation touching the matter in hand.

Regarding his claims as an author, he can hardly be said to be profound in analysis and arrangement of his subject matter, or always clear and explicit in his definitions. But he possesses what more erudite minds often envy—a way of reaching the popular heart. His descriptions are easy and natural. He is an adept in massing his facts to carry conviction. His pictures are outwrought from his inner consciousness far more than they are a portrayal of actual objects with which he comes in contact. They exhibit a warm and human feeling, while the coloring is both agreeable and effective. His narrative contains many eloquent passages, and is directly addressed to the popular comprehension. His perceptive powers seem more active than the reflective intellect,

and even these are chiefly qualified by the feelings and sensitivity. He is never prosy. He describes far better what he feels than what he sees. Indeed, his sensitive perceptions are unusually keen, and their intense activity often breaks the logical order and consecutive statement of his ideas. The perception of order is likewise broken into by his acute susceptibility to outward impressions.

Riding with him into the country twenty miles out from San Diego, just before he left upon his third journey around the world, we were surprised that he took so little notice, and seemed so indifferent to the natural objects along the way, notwithstanding the scenery was grand, and he had never traveled the road before. And we search his books in vain for any enthusiastic outbursts in the description of natural scenery. His realm is the human rather than the objective world. His intuitions are far more active than his intellectual perceptions. But his style is so direct and graphic, and so hearty and good natured and potent withal, he is able to reach a far larger class than the merely trained logician can ever hope to. He speaks and writes in intelligible language, directly to the minds and hearts of the people. He is at once eloquent, bold, reckless, and daring, and at the same time, sensitive, impressible, and reticent. On a first acquaintance he is quiet and retiring. He is exceedingly unhappy when obliged to tarry in the midst of unsympathetic surroundings, though people rarely see aught but the hopeful side of his nature. He is decidedly optimistic in his philosophy of life. He traces the outlines of a bridge across every chasm, and sees a dove rather than a raven fluttering out of every ark.

Moreover, he is averse to long drawn out social chats. When the visit is out he promptly takes his leave — or would be glad to have leave taken. He has no time for gossip, or for talk when it becomes a senseless rattle. When he has guests, he spends but little time with them, except at the table; but he makes them feel at home. His little world is his study, for there he is able to pour forth his mental abundance to some purpose.

Exceptional privileges carry with them exceptional responsibilities. Whether our brother should be congratulated on account of his easy way of access to public honors, depends on the attitude of soul with which he has accepted these various favors. To whom much is given, much is also required. He who consecrates golden opportunities to humane service, discharges the trust delegated to his keeping.

We do not mean to say that Dr. Peebles's way has not often been hedged with difficulties, that his life has been exempt from struggle and adversity, for we know he has encountered all of these. But we do mean to say that in comparison with the average lives of his contemporaries, his career has been an almost continued ovation. His life has been spent in the midst of the moving throngs, in close contact with the populace, and with that populace he has always been immensely popular. Gifted with a fine presence and a fluent eloquence, his acquaintance has been widely sought, his society courted, his literary productions widely circulated, while tens of thousands have been attracted and charmed by his public ministrations. He is almost as well known in the Orient as in the Occident. Thousands have flocked to hear his lectures in England, New Zealand, Australia, India, Ceylon, and China. In our own country his public utterances have been listened to in almost every town and hamlet.

His audience was ready when he left school. The ways opened auspiciously. His good planets shone high in the heavens, and from a clear sky. His path in life has been made luminous. Where others have trodden the winepress in sorrow, under manifold crosses, a superb highway opened before the nimble feet and ardent nature of this modern Apollo. The populace have made this highway beautiful with their voluntary offerings. He has been permitted to sit on the high places and join in the banquet with kings, princes, and literary celebrities of the earth. The wise sages of antiquity have opened their treasure chambers of knowledge to his inspection. His curiosity, his love of travel and insatiable thirst for knowledge lured him on; but, as we inter-

pret, this luminous path was opened to him to subserve a far different purpose from what either himself or the worldly wise are able to discern. While he has incidentally accomplished a large service in his advocacy and defense of Spiritualism, his Eastern travels — especially his last journey to the Orient — served to carry invisible lines and to plant seeds which will eventuate in a far greater harvest than aught he has done with tongue or pen for the world's outward movement. But the special character of this larger service need not be discussed here, since these pages were only designed to chronicle the apparent and visible events of a well-spent life.

In the morning of his earthly career, our brother set before him a purpose, which only a life of persistent industry would avail to accomplish. The summer season of toil and conflict found him out on the dusty roads, with soiled sandals, pursuing his objects of search and diligently performing his allotted tasks for the benefit and uplifting of the people of his generation. Nor did he once turn aside into the shady groves, in quest of rest or a life of ease, but cheerfully taking up his labor day by day, and year by year, he is able at last to stand face to face with the monumental results which he has worthily and so honorably won.

Behold! the autumn days are here, laden with the rich fruitage of consecrated effort, and prophetic of a still richer harvest to crown the full ripened years. The luminous pages of life's volume are hastening toward completion. The winter of the earth life is now not far off, when the white feet of the snow-king will press the grasses; but our brother's "century plant" is already crowned with a royal blossom, and a glory rests upon the holy mount up which his toilsome feet have climbed.



"As the sun walks in splendor through the
Twelve gates that open to his circuit,
So will thou go forth, O pilgrim! and
At thy command gate after gate will swing
Noiseless on golden hinges,
Revealing the gardens celestial."