

Hours  
With  
Famous  
Americans

Dr. James M. Peebles

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DR. JAMES M. PEEBLES



**M**ET a man to-day who is ninety years of age. He is a magnificent specimen of physical and mental manhood. In stature he stands six feet and is as straight as an arrow. His patriarchal and benign appearance is heightened by his flowing white beard, and by his abundant hair which he wears long over his neck, in the famous style of Walt Whitman.

My venerable friend's life has been filled with wonderful experiences. He is America's foremost Spiritualist. By this I do not mean that he practices table-tipping, or things of that sort. That, he tells me, is spiritism used by the curious, the superstitious, the mercenary and the credulous. The spiritualism of Dr. James M. Peebles is based on an effort to free the mind—to lift the veil—to know the sources of life—to be in short, the opposite of a materialist, who sums up our birth and our destiny with the words: "Death ends all. We perish and turn to dust. Death means annihilation."

It is not sufficient to say that Dr. Peebles's reputation in psychic research is first in America. It is international. He is as well known in London as he is in Calcutta or Melbourne. His influence girdles the globe. He stands with the great Harvard professor, William James, and with William T. Stead and Sir Wm. Crookes, in England. But Dr. Peebles has carried the study farther than these eminent inquirers. He has made five journeys around the earth and has counseled with psychic research minds, in every land and clime, on the shores of the Seven Seas.



Dr. Peebles has been writing, lecturing and leading for a period well nigh equal to three generations, and at ninety he is still seemingly as robust in body and as keen in intellect as a man of middle life. Far beyond this, his is the wisdom of a mind attentive to what he has seen. Dr. Peebles is one of the youngest old men I ever met, and one of the three wisest. I might add, he is one of the busiest, most optimistic and by all odds, the happiest. I cannot tell you whether he is



kept young by his mode of life or by his faith, or whether by a combination of these two supreme forces of his life. He has that Oriental calmness of intellect that is ever the mark of the man who has searched deeply throughout all nations, and pondered the writings of the sages, touching the question of all questions: "Whence came we, and whither are we going?"

We will talk to this leader on this subject, to-day. We will get acquainted with him, in a neighborly way, and we will ask him, after awhile, to tell us the story of his life. Let us step into his study and make ourselves at home. Dr. Peebles, in his long brown velvet dressing gown is at work at his broad table, which is covered nearly a foot deep with all manner of manuscripts, pamphlets, books, and the odds and ends of the student's den. Under the mellow light from the east window the scholar is seen to advantage. He has a noble Roman head, features strong and mobile enough to delight Rembrandt, who with such a model would achieve a masterpiece of grand old age.



OUR Dr. Peebles is of the stuff of which moral heroes are made, and for that matter, martyrs! He is of the type that would go to the block for his opinions! This indomitable fighting man has in a supreme degree that first mark of all leaders, springing from confidence in his own reason—the intense identification of the man with his object—which lifts him altogether above the fear of danger or death and lends audacity to his will. His is the conviction that shapes events, but he does not ordinarily show this hardened individualism, is not engulfed in his own serious life, but is sunny, tells amusing stories, is an admirable mimic, taking off the ways of men he has met, with good-natured imitation of their style, helping out the picture by off-hand acting, flexible gesturing and tonal imitations that sometimes verge on ventriloquism. In these moods Dr. Peebles reveals the bubbling humor springing from good health, a cheery heart and a well-



ordered life. You would think that he never had a care or a cross in this earthly pilgrimage, and you view him as a jolly companion who will tell a story, sing a song, or sit back and listen with the ready interest that makes for a pleasant afternoon. Hidden behind all this buoyancy is the fighting Peebles—the Peebles that fronts the clamor and commotion of parliaments of religion and beats down opposition by the force of his arguments—the Peebles that is hated and feared and defied—the Peebles that cares not whether you hiss or applaud, but will have his say against the combined forces of church and state.

Often too has he been adjudged "the master of Irony."



TO RECOUNT his battles would be to trace many phases of modern thought. Dr. Peebles has gone on more than one pilgrimage of our Nation, thundering against the evils of alcohol; and for this purpose was an initial organizer of the Independent Order of Good Templars. He raised a living voice of godly protest against slavery at a time when it was positively dangerous to say, "I am a friend of the Black man." He stood with John Brown in the days of persecution and was side by side with William Lloyd Garrison. He numbered Theodore Parker as a devoted co-worker, and many years later breathed a prayer beside Parker's grave in Florence, not far from the broad smooth stone marked "E. B. B.," the tomb of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. And Dr. Peebles was close at the side of that other notable American, Dr. Chapin, of the silver tongue and the imagination aflame, thundering out protests against slavery from the New York pulpit. Likewise, Dr. Peebles was a fellow worker with Horace Mann, along the educational lines laid down by the president of Antioch College. And Dr. Peebles knew intimately the Grey Eagle of Oratory, Col. E. D. Baker, the Oregon patriot, the man who worked with Lincoln in the log-rolling days, and who at one time ran against Honest Abe, for Congress; Baker, the man who led the troops at Cerro Gordo, the man who introduced Lincoln on the steps of the capitol,



to the vast crowd on inauguration day, while—irony of fate!—Stephen A. Douglass held Lincoln's hat.

All these men, like Peebles, were unpopular in their day, men who fronted what seemed lost causes, hopeless social reforms, but who by the magnificent power of their respective characters, backed by unconquerable will, ended by writing anew the history of our own times.

Nor should we overlook Thomas K. Beecher, half-brother of Henry Ward Beecher. T. K. Beecher, an intimate friend of Dr. Peebles's middle manhood, was another of the great captains in the fight for freedom of thought—and stood by Dr. Peebles's side.

Dr. Peebles met Beecher one bleak winter's day, at Elmira, N. Y., where Beecher's church was at that time, and Beecher was drawing a handsled loaded with baskets of provisions. The preacher, wrapped in a huge overcoat, a woollen comforter muffling his face and neck, leaving mere loopholes for his eyes, and his hands encased in big mittens, was scarcely recognizable. "Why, Beecher, is that you? What in the world are you doing?" "I am taking these provisions to a poor family!" "Taking things to a poor family! Why, isn't that the duty of the deacons? I never imagined a preacher bothered much about that, Beecher." "Oh, the deacons are so slow, and the family is on the verge of starvation."

This incident throws a broad light on the mission of orthodoxy, as conceived at that time, some fifty years ago. The great thought of the church was to save folk from hell fire. Such ideas as visiting the sick, clothing the hungry, feeding the starving, were wide from the creed. The genius of Thomas K. Beecher, the breadth of view preached by Dr. James M. Peebles, led the great forward movement that aided in humanizing the church. Beecher was the first preacher with the idea of a people's church, and he accordingly fitted up baths, and gave meals, and had a gymnasium, and a library, and a free employment bureau, and last but not least, an apartment for dancing up stairs; but he was careful, he said, to put in a double floor, that the dancers might not disturb the folk



praying in the hall below!

While Beecher and Peebles were Presbyterian and Universalist pastors in Elmira, they were inmates of Dr. Gleason's Sanitarium. Beecher coming into the service room for prayers one morning, sat by Peebles, saying: "I have a new idea"; Peebles said, "Hold on to it; it is so rare with the priests"; "No," said Beecher, I'll tell you: You have been all over this country preaching salvation—universal salvation—and I have been after you, preaching hell and damnation. Now, you just preach a little more hell to those Universalists over in your church, and I won't preach quite so much to my people, thus I think we will both come near the truth.... What say you?" There followed a general laugh of good nature.




But in those olden days, the celebrated pulpit orators could unbend at times and forget arguments. It was fashionable to have "preachers' sore throat," for which sea air and a vacation was considered the only sure cure. Dr. Peebles, Thomas Starr King and Dr. Chapin tented thus side by side on the New England coast; and made lively companions, telling each other plain truths that were good for the soul.

One day Dr. Peebles said the three greatest orators that he had ever listened to, were Kossuth, Phillips and Chapin. Here, Chapin, who liked his jokes, cut in, "Peebles, do you know the only word in our language that rhymes with Peebles?" "No; what is it?" "Why, it is the word, enfeeble." So the jokes went around.

"What power Chapin had for righteousness, and Beecher too," says Dr. Peebles, "in spite of the narrow sectarianism that tried him for heresy, expelled him from fellowship, but later, much chastened, asked the wronged man to return. And he was big enough to drop all rankling thoughts and say, 'If I can do any good I will come!' Beecher divided with Parker the power to pray in terms of grandeur surpassing all other men I have ever heard."



 SINCE the fourteenth century, the Peebles clan is heard of in Scotland, and the Peebles Castle on the Tweed was a rallying place. Earl John Peebles is delineated by Sir Walter Scott as a fighting man; and Burns makes musical mention of the doughty clan of Peeblestown and Peebleshire. The name Peebles, from the Roman meaning "mingling of the bloods," has always been a prophesy of restless activity to change the social order. The number of soldiers, prelates, doctors, and independent thinkers in the family has always been large, back to Caesar's time, so the records speak.

And behind all this the present writer discerns a mysterious analogy, beyond the ordinary materials of history. What began with physical blood-brotherhood has ended in the earnest struggle for the brotherhood of man. The force working to-day in the life of Dr. James M. Peebles is the old force, in a new guise. Once we get hold of this biographic key, the rest is mere detail.

Let us now place ourselves on the mountain top from which Dr. Peebles looks on life. His ideas are not so much those of to-day as they are those of to-morrow. He seems to be waving back to us his hand, beckoning to us from a peak some distance beyond.

I do not comprehend it all, in detail, but its force strikes me as a great influence in human affairs. I also know that, as one of the world's foremost masters of psychic research, Dr. Peebles is numbered as a co-worker in such brilliant company as Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Lombroso, and Professor James. And I have recently read his book of 238 pages, consisting of extracts from thoughts of the greatest minds, comprising a gigantic index to expressions of belief in psychical phenomena. The record goes from beyond Socrates to Tolstoi, an impressive company comprising the flower of human intellect.

These men all hold that there is a manifest destiny for the human race. In America, Dr. Peebles tells me, there are millions and millions of men and women—an army whose



numbers pass statistical bounds—now inquiring into psychical phenomena. And while you, personally, may not be able to believe that the dead do return to this earth, there is a vast company of Americans who hold to that very truth, or who are wondering if it may not be true, and are trying to lift the veil.

These thousands of believers, students and investigators look upon Dr. Peebles as their teacher, guide and friend.



HE unusual man before us has been in famous company and his missionary zeal has carried him five times around the earth. He told me of his friendship with the King of Siam, who kept blowing tobacco smoke almost in Dr. Peebles's face, and if there is anything that the Doctor hates, it is tobacco smoke! He has been close to Babu Keeshub Chunder Sen, founder of a strong sect in India; and His Royal Majesty Maharajah Sir Jotindra Mohun Tagore Bahadur, of Bengal, entertained Dr. Peebles two months at Tagore Castle; the Maharajah's son and heir, Sir Prodyot Kumar Tagore Bahadur, introduced Dr. Peebles to the elite of Calcutta, later also presenting the Doctor to an audience of three hundred cultured Hindus, with a sprinkling of Englishmen, Eurasians and Parsees, who had gathered in the exquisite palace hall for Dr. Peeble's lecture. Then he interviewed Arabi Pasha in captivity in Kanda, Ceylon. This exiled king has since returned to his native Egypt.

Amongst other notables and scientists, Dr. Peebles was intimate with Professor Hare of the Pennsylvania University, Judge Edmonds of the Supreme Court, New York; Robert Dale Owen, Chevalier James Smith of Melbourne; Garibaldi's Chaplain, at Naples; Hiram Powers, Salvador Brunetti, Signor Damiani, Bonnemere of Paris; Sir Henry Holland; Gerald Massey, William Howitt, Ashburton, and John Bright of England; of all these important folk in the realms of the psychic, Dr. Peebles tells interesting stories of an intimate personal character. The background of his life has been world-wide; he is recognized as a teacher among teachers.





HE obtained, in India, some of the mysterious soma vine, and saw two or more new phases of psychic phenomena, notably the casting out of demons, which is as common in some portions of India, today, as it was in Palestine in the times of Josephus and Jesus. Dr. Peebles frequently saw this ceremony, in the suburbs of Madras. In Australia he was a witness to unusual psychical researches, begun by Hon. T. W. Stanford, brother of the late Senator Leland Stanford. T. W. Stanford, is a well known Australian, and noted for his interest in art, science and psychic phenomena, much like Sir Oliver Lodge, Prof. J. H. Hyslop and men of that type. Dr. Peebles has also delved into the metaphysics behind the wonderful works of the Hindu fakirs, who fast and pray and evoke the ancestral spirits, known as the pitris. He came in close contact with the ancestral Veddahs of Ceylon, a race that thus far has largely evaded civilization. He also became acquainted with the Egyptain magicians, whose work is related to that of the alchemists and astrologers, giving us a splendid idea of the state of knowledge in the days of Father Abraham. The Doctor has interviewed Mohammedan hermits, who go about performing religious rites, heal the sick and live by begging. He studied with Megettuwatte, the Buddhist reformer who held the famous discussion in Ceylon with Rev. D. de Silva, a Christian missionary. Dr. Peebles has in turn listened with absorbing interest to the evening chants of the Buddhist monks, who bare their right shoulder and who when walking carry a fan before the eyes, to avoid worldly temptations. Dr. Peebles has visited the ruins of Sarnath, near Benares, and explored its mysteries. It was here that Gautama Buddha delivered his first public address after entering his Nirvanic condition. Dr. Peebles has also studied with great interest the Yogis practicing meditation, those strange priests who hold that their power in a measure equals the Creator, a result they avow is achieved by mastery of the flesh through fasting and physical tortures, passing ordinary human credence. Dr. Peebles met Babu Shishir



Kumar Ghose, the noted educator and editor at Calcutta; worshipped with the Brahmins in India, the Buddhists in Ceylon, the Parsees, in Bombay, the Mohammedans in Cairo, and prayed alone by himself in the evergreen groves, on the South Seas; ate with sinners and camped for the night in dens of thieves, and had his temptations, trials and victories; saw all races and tribes and many strange lands;—the black aborigines of Australia, the tattooed Maoris of New Zealand, witnessed the burning of the dead, by the Hindus, studied the Persians praying in their fire-temples, conversed upon antiquity and religious subjects with Chinese in Canton, Brahmins in Bengal, Parsees in Bombay, Arabs in Arabia, rabbis in Jerusalem, walked in the Garden of Gethsemane, stood upon the Mount of Olives, and bathed in the River Jordan. And everywhere Dr. Peebles went, he asked the age-old question, noted carefully the reply and squared it with his own experiences; the question as old as the longing of the human heart after immortality; the question phrased by the Old Testament writer: "Man dieth, wasteth away, giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

Always, the great question was ever before him, If a man die, shall he live again? And while studying all bibles, investigating all creeds, venerating the memories of all martyrs, honoring the deathless deeds of all who went to the scaffold or the cross for their conscientious convictions, Dr. Peebles insists that the final authority upon these momentous subjects, is within the conscious spirit of each person.



JAMES PEEBLES, up to his twentieth year, lived in a world so removed from this day and generation that, looking backward at ninety, he said to me: "The world is turned topsy-turvy since I was a lad. We have gone forward at a tremendous rate. Our knowledge has increased a thousandfold. But, I am not so sure concerning our integrity. How times change!

"My mother lived in a log house, brought up seven children, did her own work, spun the flax for the household linen and



helped raise the flocks from whose backs the wool was clipped that with her own hands she fashioned into cloth, and in turn cut and made into clothes for her family. At night, we were lighted by the feeble but kindly glow of candles dipped by her own hand. When we were sick, the medicine came from her herbs, drying in bunches over the fireplace, where also hung the red peppers and the dried apples on strings, and the ears of corn, the old flint-lock rifle of Revolutionary fame, and the powder horn, and in one side of the fireplace in a niche of its own was the oven, where the many loaves were baked to feed the family. There was a room which was musical many hours, now and then, with the whirl of spindles and the shuffle of the handloom, and mother was here, spinning and weaving. These were but part of her duties, as I look back, and not an hour of her long life—she lived to be eighty-eight—but her hands were occupied. She worked from dawn to dusk, and on Sunday with a sprig of spearmint and a rose in her hand she went to church and sang in the choir.

The neighbors used to call her Aunt Nancy, and when a child was born they sent for Aunt Nancy, and it was Aunt Nancy that laid out the dead. In one corner she had a cabinet of simples, her old-fashioned remedies for the sick. She was strong in her faith, and one of her favorite hymns was "While Shepherds Watched." I can, in imagination, still hear her strong inflections as she emphasized important words, like "angel" and "glory." She sang as though she could catch a glimpse of the other shore. And as she stood in the choir, with her little tuning fork to her ear, under her leadership the choir broke into such words as these:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The a-n-g-e-l of the Lord came down  
And g-l-o-r-y shone around.

My mother was a strong, noble character, severe but kindly. She raised five sons and two daughters, and brought them up in the fear of the wrath of God. Misfortunes taught her



many hard lessons! Father and mother, in temperament and to an extent in ambitions, were the direct opposite. Mother from her early youth had been taught to command, and she broke the horse on which she afterwards rode; and when she was a school teacher, she made her boys and girls mind the rules, or be punished. Father was a militia-captain, an easy-going, good-natured, honest jovial man, who loved pleasant companionships, and who sometimes drank more than was good for him; and so made bad bargains and at last his land slipped away. Mother and the growing children made another home, and late in life found them again independent, under their own roof-tree.



**HARD-DRINKING** era it was, and young James Peebles has reason to remember the "raisin' bee," when they named the barn, according to a familiar custom. "This is a good barn," was the formula, what shall we name it?" "Name it So-and-So!" "Good, so be it named!" The men had jugs of New England rum, and in a pail James saw about a gallon of the liquor, in which floated pieces of lemon rind. It seemed a delicious drink, and he helped himself and thought it fine. It made him feel so strong. "I can lift that beam as well as the next man!" And he busied himself in make-believe work while the neighbors laughed at the tipsy boy. By and by, his head began to swim! The homeward journey was begun, about a mile, and the first thing young James knew the earth flew up and hit him in the face, at least he thought so. At last he staggered into the kitchen. His mother took in the situation at a glance, put him to bed, and nursed him till he fell into a troubled sleep. Next morning, she called him into the parlor. Oh, how he dreaded that moment. She talked to him in a way that was a hundred times worse than a whipping. And when he saw the tears roll down her cheeks, a great light burst upon him.

"Mother!"

From that day to this he has never known the taste of strong drink.



Mother lived to be eighty-eight, grandfather well on toward the century; a great-grandfather might have touched a hundred had it not been that he committed suicide through fear of the orthodox religion, which upset his mind. In this happy off-hand way Dr. Peebles talks to me in his study, in his long brown velvet dressing gown, sitting at his ease among his books. Books, books, everywhere, on shelf after shelf. I step about and examine some of the titles. I find Oriental works with strange names, seemingly running the gamut of all manner of religions; and I find metaphysical works of all centuries; and science, art, medicine, poetry; and history, biography, and I know not what else. It was a genuine den of literature and research. But for the present, the erudite works were disregarded, as in a thousand tiny streams of memory, Dr. Peebles's mind was running back to boyhood and early manhood, when his world was bounded by the words father, mother, sisters, brothers, in the log homestead at Whitingham, Vermont.



FROM boyhood James was thoughtful, used to read every scrap of printed matter that fell his way. He would stretch himself out before the log fire and pour over some treasured volume. Books were rare and costly, and the standard was the Bible. Dr. Peebles, looking back through the mists of well-nigh ninety years, can plainly see mother with her black-letter Bible, following text after text with her first finger, the while reading aloud the words of wisdom. It was her pious wish that the children should learn the Bible; and the lessons were early begun. "And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth," read the mother, and James followed on through the forty-one verses of the ninth chapter of St. John, till he knew all by heart. The Bible moulded his mind, and later his literary style; and the directness of his teachings and writings, in after years, owe their undoubted inspiration to these days by the family fireside.



Young James was kept from close companionship with other lads because they mocked his stammering. A strolling teacher volunteered to cure the boy, and a class of stammerers from thereabouts was formed, the children in some instances coming for miles. The method was a complete success. "Keep your tongue down!" he would expostulate, and when an unlucky urchin simply could not make his tongue behave, the professor would make the boy place a pebble under the offending tongue and shout out to the luckless urchin, "Keep your tongue on the pebble!" Usually, the boy got along better, after that.



Then, he began telling me how he went to anti-slavery meetings, along in the early '30's, and sat on the same platform with William Lloyd Garrison, and how in time the two became fast friends, and co-workers; how, too, he taught in a log school, when he was only sixteen years old, and many of his pupils were older and bigger than he was. There had been trouble, with the former teacher, but Pedagogue Peebles didn't care to bring that up, so he told the pupils in his opening address, adding: "All I wish to say is that, in school, I am your teacher, outside, I will join in your games."

And what a good-natured pedagogue he proved. One day, he had to whip a big stubborn Dutch girl, and how he did hate to do it; and on another day when the bad boy of the school would keep throwing stones and breaking windows, it became necessary to take measures. "You may stay after school, Tommy!" Tommy sulked, but staid. The furrule? No, but a good-natured talk, instead. till Tommy began blubbering, his hard heart was melted by Peebles's kindness. "Now, Tommy, let's go home together!"

.....And at recess, teacher would throw snowballs with the other boys and coast down the stiff Vermont hills; they used goose-quills for pens, and each morning there was a long time taken to "mend the quills." "Daboll's Arithmetic," and "Gould-Browne's Grammar," and "Greenleaf's Speller," are books of revered memory.





HE fountain head of authority, along in the '20's and down to the '40's, says Dr. Peebles, was the preacher. Next to him, the doctor. Men took a decidedly indigo view of the future life. Orthodoxy was a mythology of hell-fire and brimstone, infant damnation, and other dogmas that threw a great fear into men's hearts. Weeping willows, cemeteries, grave stones, urns, mournful thoughts, shuddering pictures of man's innate and total depravity, became the subject of daily contemplation. Men and women capable of deep emotional feeling, sometimes ended in the mad-house, others took their lives in sheer despair. Under the stress of emotionalism, women threw off their jewelry, men stood up in the crowd and confessed crimes, and called on high heaven for salvation! Young Peebles saw all these strange sights and now and then witnessed some hysterical woman go insane with religious excitements, fall down and shout and sing. There was a final mysterious hypnotic state called "getting the power."

The preaching was frenzied. Sinners were depicted on beds of living coals, flames and sulphur around them. One verse of a favorite hymn ran:

Hell, 'tis roomy, large and wide,  
With stores of fuel, plenteously supplied!  
The breath of God makes the full furnace boil,  
And like a stream of brimstone fires the pile!

The Methodists wore queer-looking hats, no jewelry, and preached dreadful punishments, sang these mournful hymns, and passed their time largely in lamentations. James Peebles was stirred to the core, and at a revival one night many of his young companions "got the power" and began carrying on dreadfully, singing, shouting and rolling on the church floor, in religious ecstasy. Thus, they announced their salvation. Elder Bush, a terrific Bible-pounder, painted hell in a way to make gooseflesh creep up and down young James's



back! At last, James and some young lady acquaintances came forward and were converted, but an unexpected incident cooled James's belief. Mark the sequel! Some days later, Elder Bush could not be found. There was great excitement in the village. He had eloped with his wife's servant girl, and had left his wife and four small children behind!

Curiously enough, many of the preachers were even more afraid of death than were the church-goers! Elder Everitt, a Calvinistic Baptist preacher, especially, had his weak side. When in health, he would number from the pulpit, with dread impressiveness, the materialists and non-believers in the community, and warn them to heed the approaching day of judgment. Dr. O. Martin, Dr. Peebles's cousin, was thus called more than once; but when sick the Elder would slip quietly over to see Dr. Martin, saying, "Oh, doctor, I am feeling very sick and I am not ready to die!" But soon cured of his indigestion by the doctor's skill, Elder Everitt would enter the pulpit again, hurling his theological thunders and lightnings and rattling off the weird phraseology of Revelations about seven and nine-horned beasts. "Lord, burn up the altar! Lick up the river! Give hell a rim-racker to-night. Hallelujah!"



THE funeral of James Peebles's chum, Jerry Brown, proved the turning point in Dr. Peebles's life. The preacher's text was: "He that believeth not on the Son, the wrath of God abideth on him." Elder Scott delivered the sermon. People were there for miles around. Jerry was a good boy, says Dr. Peebles, but that did not satisfy Elder Scott. It was a terrifying sermon, charged with all the curses of hell for the poor dead lad! Suddenly the mother shrieked out, "Will I never see my darling boy again?" "Perhaps, for a few moments, only, on the day of judgment," thundered the Elder, "but then you will go one way and Jerry another, for the boy is eternally damned because he died without religion!" Jerry Brown's mother, on hearing these dreadful words, went out of her mind to the day of her death, some years later.



But young James Peebles, sitting quietly near, said to himself, "It is a lie, a wicked lie, and if Jerry has gone to hell, I want to go too, and with such religion I will have nothing to do, I'll go out and fight it!" And fight he did, for many years, as a platform orator of spirit and power. For Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, he substituted Tom Paine, Hume, Volney and Voltaire. As time wore on, gradually the equilibrium was restored; but Young James never fully recovered from the shock of Elder Scott's terrifying forecast.



FROM this time forward, James Peebles's mental life grew apace. He took a course at Upper Lisle High School, then went to Oxford Academy, from which excellent institution he is a graduate; and finally was ordained in the Universalist church, preaching his first sermon at McLean, New York, with a call to Kelloggsville, later with three years at Elmira, and terms at Oswego, and other points. Adopting as his proud device that stirring phrase, "The world is my parish, and truth my authority" Dr. Peebles became an unrelenting foe of warping dogma, whether in church or state, the central figure in that fearless brotherhood exemplified by such eminent and enlightened reformers as Theodore Parker, to whom Dr. Peebles has been often compared. A new time was dawning! "The manna that fed the Israelites is not befitting the nineteenth century," was one of Dr. Peebles's keynotes, "and thinkers demand knowledge rather than faith or tradition." Henceforth, Dr. Peebles's great phrase was, "Freedom of thought is the soul's birthright."

Instead of fearing new ideas, he welcomed them. There was an amusing side, occasionally, as when he invited Mrs. Amelia C. Bloomer to occupy his pulpit, at Oswego, with her dress-reform ideas. All the other preachers of Oswego had shrugged their shoulders and had turned her coldly away; but Dr. Peebles welcomed her cordially, going to the depot to meet her. Radical that he was, the Doctor was for the moment startled by her appearance! He beheld a plump lady, seemingly dressed for sea-bathing, in what at first



glance looked like Oriental trousers, reaching only to the knees! Dr. Peebles, who at that time of his life still had a strong idea of a preacher's dignity, wore a silk hat, white cravat and frock coat; and he hesitated just an instant, but recovering his composure, offered his arm, with the grace of a Chesterfield, and proceeded to conduct the lovely lady up the main street. A howling crowd which soon swelled to the proportions of a mob hung at the Doctor's heels, and he never spent a more unpleasant fifteen minutes in his life!



FROM these years date Dr. Peebles's first interest in psychic research, a movement begun by Davenport Brothers, the Fox Sisters, at Hydesville, N. Y., and by Andrew Jackson Davis, author of "Nature's Divine Revelations," and "The Great Harmonia," also other volumes that entitle him to be called the father of American spiritualism. In fact, Dr. Davis prophesied of the speedy communication with the world beyond, some years before the Fox Sisters made their demonstrations. These things were in the air, so to speak. There was unrest everywhere, and men were inquiring in new directions for old truths.

At the time of Dr. Peebles's call to the Universalist church, Baltimore, the investigation of psychic phenomena in America had just begun, and was regarded as tampering with Nature's own laws. The orthodox churches, especially, were up in arms. Dr. Peebles decided to trace the pathway of the spirit to the spiritual world, and largely devoted his life to psychic research, long antedating the results achieved by W. T. Stead in his recent exposition of the "celestial telegraph," in London, conversing with the spirits of the dead. Thus, Dr. Peebles is of America's pioneers in psychic research.


About this time, also, Dr. Peebles had been reading Gen. John C. Fremont's anti-slavery tracts and was likewise an admirer of Greeley's "Tribune." Preacher Peebles stirred up a hornet's nest in staid old Baltimore! He turned the tables when he exposed the fact that Deacon Ironmonger, the pious old conservative of his church, had in pawn a black woman,



## DR. JAMES M. PEEBLES

awaiting the auctioneer's block, in the slave market, for satisfaction of a debt! Dr. Peebles could not permit this blasphemy to pass unrebuked, and called on heaven to deal with Deacon Ironmonger as suited his iniquity. After that, Dr. Peebles took a vacation—preceded by the usual letters of felicitation and regret, at the sad church parting! Years later, Dr. Peebles was invited to recant and return! He was highly amused at the suggestion, but no doubt the good folk of Baltimore intended it as a compliment.



ATTLE CREEK once had a large colony of Quakers, in the earlier day, but the sect has died out, there, Invited by the Quakers, Universalists and others, Dr. Peebles began a seven years' ministry here. They met in Stewart's Hall,—they were composed of dissenters, freethinkers,—also a liberal sprinkling of folk who had tried all manner of creeds and were heartily sick of the very name "religion," but continued to seek the truth.

Here, Dr. Peebles was in his element! He took up work the orthodox folk didn't think worth while, such as visiting the sick, helping the widows and orphans and comforting the despairing. The other churches, engrossed in their favorite occupation of trying to keep folk out of hell, were not worrying about this world; or, as Dr. Peebles's friend, Dr. Harter expressed it, in his notable Auburn experiment, known as the "Church of the Divine Fragments,"—"The idea of the orthodox churches is to keep people out of hell, and mine is to keep hell out of the people." Of the Quakers, Walt Whitman wrote:

She looks out from her Quaker cap, her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.

She sits in an arm chair under the shaded porch of the farmhouse,  
The sun just shines on her old white head.

Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen,

Her grandsons raised the flax, and her grand-daughters spun it with the distaff and the wheel,



The melodious character of the earth,  
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go and does not wish to go,  
The justified mother of men.



The "queer folk" of Battle Creek, as they were termed in the early day of Dr. Peebles's preaching, were sharp shrewd questioners, and Dr. Peebles was often put severely to the test. Sometimes he came off second best, or had a narrow escape. The exercise did him good, however, teaching him not to be too dogmatic. There was often an unexpected turn, as for example when he preached a sermon on "The Immutability of God." "If God is immutable, why pray to him?" a Quaker asked. The logic seemed unanswerable, until Dr. Peebles restated the argument.

"What our brother says is true, but look at it in this way: Over yonder is an island filled with all manner of luscious fruits, and on the shore you and I stand hungering for the feast. We step into a small boat and pull the chain that moors her to the other shore; and by our exertions are slowly impelled nearer and nearer still; although it seems to us that our boat is standing still and the island is approaching. Thus, the power of prayer brings us to God, like a mysterious silver chain stretching from this world to the world beyond."

Among the followers at Battle Creek was Sojourner Truth, who for forty years had been a slave. Her voice was deep and husky, and her earnest anti-slavery speeches made her in great demand. One day at Coldwater, some Michigan lawyers were down in front, and one of them suddenly stood up and interrupting the big black woman, said impressively: "Why, you are not a woman at all! You are a man, and you have a man's voice and a man's ways!" Instantly Sojourner Truth opened her dress and showed her bosom, at the same time shrieking in rage: "You jus' come up here, sonnie, and see for you'self if I am a woman or a man!" The nonplussed lawyer was greeted with howls, and he made a hasty exit; and sometime later the church authorities of his denomination took it up and angrily suspended him.





ONE of the great moral issues early raised by Dr. Peebles was in California, fifty years ago—although he has since followed with other reform movements of parallel importance. He pleaded for temperance and better ways of living. The lesson was sorely needed, at the time, by an exceedingly large element of raw, rough mining men. Fannie Green, the poetess, addressed burning words of welcome, and Dr. Peebles saw the shadows of California life as few men have seen it, and as Bret Harte delineates the turbulent old times. Dr. Peebles was blessed and blamed and damned enough to show that his labors had not been in vain.

It was while in California that Brother John, aged ninety-three, a Quaker, working in his garden supplied a lesson. The old man was setting out pear trees no larger than canes. "Surely, Brother John, you do not expect to live long enough to eat the fruit from those trees?" "No, brother James," replied the Quaker, "but seest thou that pear orchard over yonder? Someone else planted that, brother James, and I have eaten of the fruit, and in turn I plant these trees for those who come after me." "When you are in Heaven?" suggested Dr. Peebles. "Heaven, brother James," replied the old Quaker, pausing at his work and growing reflective, "heaven is here, here and now, brother James. I have been in heaven for lo! these fifty years. I have brought it out of the skies by right living and fairness to my fellow man."



DR. PEEBLES has known many eminent men; and his stories of their idiosyncrasies would fill an entertaining volume. He called on Carlyle, in Chelsea, and after a long wait in a lonesome parlor the sage entered, rather mournfully. With rough humor the celebrated author took Dr. Peebles's card, and scanning it narrowly, said: "Oh, Peebles, Peebles." Then, after a pause, "Peebles, Scotch!" Then, after another pause, "Scotch, humph! five million of them in Scotland; five million Scotch!" Then, after a final deep impressive pause, "And most of them are fools!" "But I



am from America," returned Dr. Peebles, with a well-bred smile. "America," returned the sage, again falling into a brown study, "America it is, eh!" Then, after a pause, "America, that great maw which hatches out the world's fads!"

Dr. Peebles knew Emerson intimately, and had more than one notable interview with the Concord sage. Emerson's central thought was: "Cognize thyself!" By this he meant, "Be thyself!" Dr. Peebles says: "Emerson planted himself firmly on his own intuitions, seldom indulged in a systematic chain of argument, announced truths, as he felt them to be truths, and left them to produce the hoped-for convictions, replied to no attacks, made no explanations. He was a natural idealist. Caring little for the outer rims or shells, he went down to the soul of things. He must know the source, seeing the passing stream. Emerson urged Dr. Peebles to study the Oriental literature, and on one memorable occasion, the poet spent an afternoon with Dr. Peebles, discussing the wonderful literature of the East.

Undoubtedly another of the great American characters of this period was Elder Frederick Evans, the Shaker, of Mount Lebanon, N. Y., and a close friend of Dr. Peebles. The Elder sternly reproving men for their hypocrisy, wasted no words. One day, in London, the Elder and Dr. Peebles were guests at breakfast, at the house of a noted member of Parliament. The breakfast was sumptuously served, the menu was long and tempting, but it was noticed that the Elder was not eating. The host in perplexity, pressed on him fish, game, meats, cold or hot, and all manner of delicacies; and finally in despair asked, pleasantly, "What do you eat? I'll order my cook to get you up some special dish?" "No," replied the Shaker, "realizing in advance that you would not have anything fit to eat in the house, I brought my bread with me!" And thereupon he drew forth a hard loaf from a small black hand-satchel, and calling for a cup of hot water, in which he poured some milk, proceeded to eat his breakfast.

On the voyage, a storm arose and the Elder was found on the captain's bridge, going through motions with his arms,



## DR. JAMES M. PEEBLES

at the imminent peril of breaking his neck with the lurching of the ship. "Elder, what are you doing there!" called Dr. Peebles, in terror. "Come out of that; you will lose your life!" "Oh," replied the Elder, quietly, "I was merely saying to the waves, 'Peace, be still; peace, be still!'"

The preachers gathered around him, later in the cabin, and wanted him to preach to the frightened folk. "No," said the Elder, "you men must preach! I am a preacher to preachers, only!" And preach they did, as never before in their lives.

Aboard this steamer, also, was the irrepressible George Francis Train. In a talk to the passengers he said most cheerily, "I have been jailed seven times and to me the puzzle of all puzzles is how any honest man can keep out of jail."

Some lives seem immune from disaster. If Dr. Peebles, unlike the Pauline Missionary, was never in "peril by sea," his freedom was jeopardized when descending Mount Etna into the streets of Messina; he was spotted by the Sicilians as the expected Father Gavazzi, a noted church renegade exposing Catholicism. An excited mob surrounded him; the tumult increased till the doctor exhibited his Consular papers, with the signature of President Grant. The police made apologies ad nauseum. It is still an unsettled problem, which church, when it had the power, was the more violent persecutor, Catholic or Protestant.

Dr. Peebles was very close to that stirring journalist, "Brick" Pomeroy, exchanged confidences with Joshua Giddings; was also a confidant of Wm. Tebbs and Dr. W. Scott Tebbs; battled with Col. Ingersoll and is one of the few men who ever worsted Ingersoll in an argument. Dr. Peebles's best book, shining with brilliant literary coloring, struck off in the heat of argument with Ingersoll, "The Christ Question Settled," is a masterpiece.

Among Dr. Peebles's intimates was Victor Hugo. They discussed ideas on psychic research. Dr. Peebles sat at a seance in Paris with Hugo by his side. That night, Hugo wept tears of joy at a spirit message from his son.



Rabbi Wise, president of the Cincinnati Hebrew College, was at various times in cordial correspondence with Dr. Peebles, and together the two men considered certain difficult phases of the Talmud.

Thus, the list grows, by the hour. It numbers Brigham Young, who, by the way, was a native of Dr. Peebles's old village, Whitingham; and Lord Lytton; Hamilton Fish; Bishop Chalmers; Mrs. Max Mueller; Prof. DeMorgan; Baron Guldenstubbbe;—all expressing confidence in Dr. Peebles's leadership.



HERE was always much of the gentleness of the Quaker about Dr. Peebles, on one side of his character; as there is much of the evangelist on the other side. Greatly to the disgust of Gen. Phil Sheridan, Dr. Peebles showed himself an advocate of universal peace, at a time when Sheridan, at Cheyenne, then the end of the railroad, was endeavoring with one hand to make peace treaties, while with his words he was constantly stirring up hostility. Gen. Sheridan was an avowed hater of the red man, and openly declared that the only way to solve the Indian problem was to "kill all the nits," meaning to massacre the children and thus destroy the race. Dr. Peebles, on the other hand, went 'round among the Indians shaking hands and making friends. One day Sheridan was particularly outspoken, and the aged Gen. Harney, who stood over six feet, arose before the commission and solemnly interposed an objection, adding: "Gen. Sheridan, I have fought the Indians, sir, for forty years. I fought Osceola, sir, in Florida; and Blackhawk in the East, and I wish to say, here and now, that the first to break all the treaties has never been the red man." This sentiment was heartily re-echoed by Dr. Peebles, who was "just aching all over" to shake the doughty old Indian fighter by the hand for his outspoken words; but military etiquette forbade.

Another of Dr. Peebles's friends was the poet, Walt Whitman, whose student's den, in the old white cottage at Camden, N. J., was a veritable swamp of pamphlets, books and manu-



scripts. The two men read poems together. "Whitman was eminently social," says Dr. Peebles. "He wrote of life as he saw it, on the open road. Fame was to him a bauble, to be shunned. He was a giant of soul impulse. There was not a shadow of sham about him. Whitman regarded himself as an idea, a new idea, a new spirit, a new language for civilization!" Once the poet used these extraordinary words, to Dr. Peebles: "What am I but you, what are you again but the same I, the two halves of a circle in the infinite circle!"



O be in health, happy and optimistic at ninety, is in itself far beyond the routine of life. I found Dr. Peebles living in a pretty bungalow, near the foothills. His front porch is overgrown with a bower of red roses. The land basks under a vivid sunlight, mild, invigorating and not oppressive. Around about are gardens of semi-tropical loveliness. The hillsides are carpeted with wild poppies of the color known as king's gold. It is a retreat for a philosopher.

He tells me that as far as possible, he obeys the laws of nature. We were, at that moment, discussing longevity. Dr. Peebles sees no reason why man's span might not be much lengthened. Summing up his thought, and setting forth his system of living, I express his method, briefly, in his own succinct phrase: "I behave myself." This is his one golden thought, to account for his great length of years. He has, in short, lived according to Nature. And he has kept his spirit cheerful. This morning, he tells me, as on every morning, Winter or Summer, for well nigh nine decades, as men reckon time, he was up at five o'clock. Then, he went out on the porch to take keep breaths. For sixty years, he has abjured tobacco, liquors, meat, tea, coffee, and condiments. He has avoided black pepper, pickles, pork, catsup, cheese, pies, cabbage, cakes, spiced luxuries. He has nourished himself on fruits, coarse wheat bread, oatmeal, corn, rice, cracked wheat, cream, eggs, nuts, butter, and an abundance of water as his only beverage and liquid refreshment. At ninety years of age, he finds his eyesight unimpaired, his hearing acute,



his internal organs well disposed, his muscles strong, his spirit youthful, his sleep sound and wholesome and undisturbed by dreams—and no day too long.



I find Dr. Peebles filled with missionary zeal, ready to bear fatigues in lecturing, willing to undertake long journeys; keen in joint-debate, eloquent as an individual teacher, before an audience of two or three thousand, to whom he talks for an hour and the interest never flags; still alert to rebuke intolerance of opinion, or to encourage novices with kind words; busy for a part of each day with his intimate correspondences with co-workers, in various parts of the world, among whom are many famous thinkers, authors and leaders in reform movements.



**A**MONG his amiable traits is his fondness for young children. His venerable age and his kindly smile impress children and they instinctively trust and follow Dr. Peebles. Often, he is in the habit of taking the boys and girls in his arms and caressing them tenderly, but with a strange far-off reverence. There is something inspiring in the way in which Dr. Peebles lays his hands on children's heads and blesses them out of sheer goodness of heart. At such moments, he is natural and unaffected, and the moral beauty of his life shines forth to the dullest eye.

Wherever he goes, he keeps a fatherly eye on the young boys smoking their first cigars or cigarettes. He has a quiet, friendly way of going up to the young, and in a few words gaining their confidence.

He likes animals, is a defender and friend of all dumb brutes; and is so fond of flowers that he speaks to them familiarly, in his garden, as though they understood him. He is an outdoor man, and often looks at the sun and blesses the golden light. With friendly eye, he inspects the growing things in his garden and extemporizes poetic thoughts on the wonders of life, development and fruition. He marks the birds and says something to them out of the kindness of his



heart. And the venerable man with his long brown velvet gown, his great white beard upon his breast, his hoary head uncovered, in his beautiful garden, presents a picture not soon forgotten. Toward the end of the day, his literary labors over for the time being, he may pass some time near his roses, perhaps with a volume of his favorite poet of humanity, Robert Burns; and by such simple devices as these the time quickly passes and Dr. Peebles says good bye to the declining sun, not in sorrow as marking another day vanishing in his ninety years, but in joy of heart to think that he has experienced a perfect day and has enjoyed every passing moment. "I have lived this day. It is blessed to live, and to be ninety years old. God is good."

And mark well my words! When in the course of nature the time comes for Dr. Peebles to leave us—may the day be distant!—or as he phrases it in his quaint way, "to pass over," his optimism will not fail him, even to the going down of that last sun, on that last day. For, with him, to say "Good night!" is, he tells me, "Good morning!" and in the unending processes of Nature nothing is lost and nothing perishes. Such is his life's philosophy.

Thus, he works with a cheery heart and sings till the hills make answer, and he finds life well worthy. His long experiences with the sorrows of mankind have made him charitable of others, patient, long suffering, slow to take offence and prone to overlook the weaknesses of human nature. What a noble crown for a noble life!



HOUGH honored with membership in many of the world's learned societies, such as the Victoria Institute of London, he never became entangled in meshes of pride or puffed up with that personal glory, which dazzles, only to destroy.

That he has never sought a wordly fortune out of his activities, goes without saying. Funds have come to him in various ways, but he has used them liberally for his reforms. On the other side, there is no doubt that had Dr. Peebles been content to preach what "our church" wanted,



taking a timely hint from the trustees, cultivating the ladies, using also the right perfume on his handkerchief, in the interim making a surface study of society, and careful not to stir things up too much, there is small doubt that he would now be—and for years past—a bishop of some orthodox church, in demand for fashionable funerals, weddings and christenings.

But he has been too much of an apostle of the literal and primitive christianity, which he has sought in all manner of ways; and his offensive partisanship has naturally canceled many contingent dinner invitations in high quarters; but there are folk in the slums who like his work; and to-day child-labor is not as monstrous as it used to be; and drunkenness is not as common; and some men are living saner lives; eating purer foods; going more out of doors; walking more along Whitman's open road, through the green fields; and the wives are treated better, and there is a more wholesome view of life and of death as well, in many directions; and finally, that underlying idea of universal brotherhood, long by many practical men regarded as a dream, slowly makes its way, year by year, impelled by the friction of many minds now working in unison for the common end; but for many years Dr. Peebles and his devoted co-workers in this broad field bore the brunt of the battle, often enough disheartened but never doubtful of the final victory. And the veteran captain is still drafting soldiers for the social service, everywhere, through his books, his lectures, his pamphlets, and his general calls to arms.



IN those stirring years of warfare relating to the abolition of slavery, Dr. Peebles, well-poised, never wavered before responsibility nor shrank from the summons of that duty which knows neither choice nor compromise! He was one of the earliest to stand up for the black man, and at a time when to express favorable opinions meant to be greeted with a shower of stones. Dr. Peebles has always had in his



heart much of way of the old-time Quakers, with their societies against anti-slavery. For this, the Quakers were, in the early day, held to be enemies of the law and the government persecuted them, sorely. Also, on more than one occasion on the Pacific Coast, where race prejudice sometimes takes the form of personal violence on unoffending heads, Dr. Peebles has faced a mob to rescue from death a Chinese boy baited by enraged Americans armed with clubs, bricks and knives, and calling out wildly, "Kill the yellow-faced devil!" While U. S. Consul at Trebizonde, the leading commercial city of Turkey in Asia, Dr. Peebles went without fear and from a sense of solemn obligation, as he believed, to visit and comfort the wretched human beings dying of the plague. Thus, he has consistently taught, for years, in all parts of the earth, a simple faith in the literal idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He has preached the Lord's prayer, beginning with the words: "Our Father, which art in heaven." Reduced to practical application, God is our Father and we are his children. That is, in Dr. Peebles's view, the sum total of Christianity.



IN his long life-time, Dr. Peebles has seen many great changes and has helped make these transformations. Americans have widened their views and have now largely cast aside the worn out shells of theology. To tell it tersely, what Dr. Peebles has tried to do, in all his varied campaigning is to bring greater equality of rights, in a number of directions important to the race. Have you done as much? And could you do more? Let his record stand. He went to the wars, but at heart he remained a man of peace. Like Elder John, who at ninety-three planted young pear trees, that the men who came after could eat the fruit, Dr. Peebles has set out the root with no hope of personally profiting thereby. But he was looking to the future.



Dr. Peebles has gone everywhere closely studying the civilizations of the various countries, and everywhere he has found engrafted in the special form of civilization, a religion, a special language and peculiar customs to which the people tenaciously cling. Each race, black, red, brown, yellow, and white, lives as behind a wall. There are breaches here and there, and some of the old walls are crumbling, but they will individually stand for many years to come. As time goes on, it is inevitable that one race will attempt to absorb and lead the other, in all manner of ideas, and on the other side it is also inevitable that some must fall to the rear. Thus, the ultimate collapse of sectarianism, and the era of some new religion—at which Dr. Peebles, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and the others have aimed—will arrive. Dr. James Peebles, whose life's battle has been for religious and social equality, sees these facts clearly, and presents them forcefully. Dr. Peebles is content to wait. He knows that it is written!



Thus, to Dr. Peebles, the materials of history are not composed wholly of the interplay on society of innumerable biographies, the one against the other, as Carlyle tells us in his effort to account for great men. Behind all human lives—and behind each individual existence—are multitudes of subtle influences that eventually shape and direct the stream called contemporary civilization, utterly beyond the reckoning of the politician, statesman, or monarch. The materials of history follow inalienable laws, nor yet understood.



WILLIAM JAMES, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Dr. Peebles, Hiram Powers, Count Tolstoi, and Victor Hugo, hold that man has many powers not charted in the science of the day, that too there is a life beyond the grave, and that it is possible to know that life; likewise, that the dead do return, as in Christ's time, and life itself is at once pre-existent and perpetual.



To some men, psychic research and what flows therefrom is marvelous; to others, it is unthinkable. To some, it is a fairy tale in fascination and in fact; and to others, it is folly. Thus, each according to his light.

Using the phraseology of Victor Hugo: "When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind-alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight and it opens on the dawn."

"These are strange but true words, and to a certain type of mind," says Dr. James M. Peebles, "they cannot at present be brought home."



In what manner, then, the religion of the future will eventually express itself, is one of the momentous questions, on which Dr. Peebles has thought deeply; and now that you have read something of his life-long aims, his battles for opinion, his shaping of forces in newer directions, his alliances with other great minds, the world around, it is for you to say to what extent he fulfils the measure of a long and useful life, as a soldier of the social service.

Summing it up with words from "Toilers of the Sea," Dr. Peebles stands squarely where Victor Hugo stands: "There are," says Hugo, "times when the unknown reveals itself to the spirit of man in visions. Such visions have occasionally the power to effect a transfiguration, converting a poor camel-driver into Mahomet; a peasant girl tending her goats into a Joan of Arc. . . . Those that depart still remain near us. They are in a world of light, but they as tender witnesses hover about our world of darkness. Though invisible to some, they are not absent. Sweet is their presence; holy is their converse with us. . . ."

We leave Dr. Peebles, here, at ninety; his heart still optimistic!