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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

OF THE

PROGRESS

OF

Science, Religion and Philosophy.

J. Douglas

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SCIENCE, RELIGION,  
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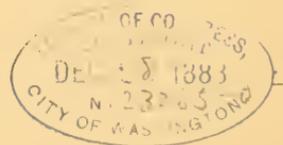
By Philomath.

*S. S. [unclear]*

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The word of God warrants a faith which reaches beyond all that science or philosophy has yet discovered.

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW  
OF THE  
Progress of Science, Religion, and Philosophy.

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TEACHERS of science, minds profound,  
You chase the heavenly bodies 'round,  
Scan earth, rock, sea, heat, air and light,  
To prove your novel theories right.  
Test by God's word ere you can know  
That Science may not further go.

Wise men of old assumed their ground,  
Based on it theories seeming sound,  
But new discoverers soon o'erthrew  
What older sages thought they knew.  
Philosophy, divinely taught,  
Leads to the higher, wiser thought.

The rainbow hues make rich display,  
When through the cloud light shoots astray ;  
These colors vanish out of sight,  
When all combine to make pure white.  
True chemistry and wisdom teach  
To combine thoughts, the truth to reach.

The rays of thought through one man's head,  
Paint an idea reflecting red ;  
One shows the yellow, one the blue,  
Green shining out between the two ;  
Some teachers' depth and power of brain  
Emit their thoughts in purple plain.

Some men are spreading creeds around,  
 That laws revealed have proved unsound ;  
 The light, reflected by their brain,  
 Forms no true color, but a stain.  
 Christians beware, their shams detect,  
 Lest they deceive the true elect !

Each step of knowledge shows its hue,  
 In its march upward toward the true.  
 What man has mind so clear and bright  
 As to diffuse the pure white light,  
 Until the lens of truth divine  
 His thought converge, or, shape to shine ?

The hill of science seems to rise  
 Till mountain views attract men's eyes ;  
 There, some their *ne plus ultra* write,  
 But *others* seek from God new light :  
 His thoughts are high above our own,  
 Far as the deep is from His throne.

As rainbow beauties fade away  
 In sunshine clear, in cloudless day,  
 So Science, at its zenith height,  
 Will merge its hues in Gospel light.  
 Test by God's word your theories new,  
 What that denies cannot be true.

Mistaken man who claims to know  
 That miracle doth law o'erthrow :  
 Law draws weight in, law drives it out,  
 Two laws combined whirl it about ;  
 As gravity thus yields to force,  
 Both yield to higher laws of course.

When apples fall and balloons rise,  
 And ponderous clouds float 'neath the skies,

We marvel not, they all obey  
 Nature's behest, that or this way.  
 Who knows but laws above our ken  
 May rule all laws now known by men?  
 The mere school-boy, by unseen thread,  
 Can make his gas ball downward tread;  
 Why may not God, by hidden force,  
 Turn Nature from her wonted course?  
 Science, stretch forth your power, to find  
 How Nature's laws are ruled by mind.  
 Not needing skins nor seeds, but juice,  
 To make the drink for ready use,  
 True chemist, Christ made water wine,  
 Speeding the change by power divine.  
 Let this convince the skeptic too  
 That *He* man's *spirit* can renew—instantly.

Light seemed to lead the heathen mind  
 Some shadows of the truth to find:  
 Show they not truth with their mistake  
 When idols they in semblance make,  
 To Father, Son and Spirit true,  
 Their Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu?

In "Light of Asia" light is good,  
 If light and shade be understood:  
 Confucius' lamp might have shone clear,  
 'Twas trimmed anew as death drew near:  
 He in the distance seemed to spy  
 Some Bethlehem Star, then drawing nigh.

And Socrates had such a view,  
 Like a prophetic glimpse, then, too,  
 But clouds from Boodh or Fo's Vedas  
 Befogged the light of lamp and stars:

Wanting the sun's direct pure rays,  
Asia's broad sky still dwelt in haze.

Oh haste, ye Gospel heralds, go,  
The unmixed truth teach them to know.  
With Pauline faithfulness declare  
The triune God is everywhere.  
True worship is in spirit given,  
By men on earth and saints in heaven.

Christ's last commission given to men,  
Obeyed by His apostles then,  
Has proved its power to send abroad  
True faithful servants of their Lord :  
Since then, thank God, His word has found  
Much soil prepared on heathen ground.

Christ sowed Himself the precious seed ;  
His life was mission life indeed ;  
His true disciples labored on,  
Cheered by His words, when He was gone ;  
When Pentecostal showers came down,  
Rich harvests did their labors crown.

For Indian tribes that went astray,  
Eliot and Brainerd cleared the way.  
For future progress in the right,  
They set before them the true light.  
God's word, translated in their tongue,  
Was made more clear for old and young.

The names of Judson, Carey, Price,  
Wade, Boardman, Newel, Colman, Rice,  
Suggest a panoramic view  
Of missions old and missions new ;  
Of mountains sinking into plains,  
Of barren fields refreshed by rains.

A host of followers, faithful, true,  
 Disposed their missions to pursue,  
 Have scattered seed that has been blessed,  
 In regions north, south, east, and west.  
 Christian oases now are found,  
 Where late was heathen desert ground.

God by His word hath wonders wrought,  
 And wonders, too, through Nature taught,  
 But still the harvest field's the world ;  
 Christ's banner needs be yet unfurled,  
 Till superstition's power gives way ;  
 Mohammed's Koran yielding sway.

The enemy still sows the tares,  
 The germ of truth is choked with cares.  
 In Christian lands we laborers need,  
 To till the ground and sow new seed,  
 To trim the trees, to prune the vines,  
 To bend the twig that wrong inclines.

Oh, let the word of God be taught,  
 And Nature show what she has wrought.  
 The two combined, when understood,  
 Shows the Divine, the True, the Good,  
 Calls for our service, homage, praise,  
 Obedience, trust, and love always.

It needs not Aristotle's brain,  
 Nor Plato's volumes to explain  
 How man is reconciled to God ;  
 That, He has told us in His word.  
 The unlearned man, though called a fool,  
 May understand the simple rule.

And yet so marvelous is the plan.  
 It could not be devised by man.

What boundless love and wondrous grace,  
 To save our lost and sinful race,  
 On terms with which all may comply —  
 The rich, the poor, the low, the high!

Against God's will did man rebel,  
 His steps then tended down to hell;  
 But God so loved the world, He gave  
 His Son to die, our souls to save.  
 He faithfully God's law fulfilled,  
 And for our ransom His blood spilled.

He rose again to justify  
 Believing souls condemned to die.  
 Now, He, the living Word, doth say —  
 I am the Life, the Truth, the Way.  
 They that believe, though they were dead,  
 Shall live in Christ, their living Head.

True faith unites with Him in love,  
 Who intercedes for us above,  
 The Spirit's work — the gift of God —  
 Leads us to choose Him as our Lord.  
 Thus God the Father, through the Son,  
 Doth by the Spirit make us one.

We live by faith, Christ is the bread,  
 We from the word are richly fed:  
 We walk by faith, we journey on  
 Whither our Leader, Christ, has gone:  
 We learn by faith, when hence we go,  
 As we are known so shall we know.

By prophet's voice and slabs of stone,  
 God's law was erst to man made known,  
 Then manuscript, in parchment scroll,  
 Filled with His truth the sacred roll.

Phylacteries and sculpture taught  
Of God His will : of man his thought.

By paper now, by wood and stone,  
By telegraph and telephone,  
By writing, printing, sight, and sound,  
Knowledge is spread the world around.  
Electric force will now outrun,  
To human view, even the sun.

But force of steam and light and air  
Cannot surpass the power of prayer.  
In the high heavens upon His throne  
God will His faithful suppliant own,  
And sometimes, ere the words are said,  
He grants the prayer for living bread.

God's will is law : at His decree  
The prayer of faith may turn the sea :  
But if we crave a gift too soon,  
He may awhile withhold the boon.  
He knows the time, He knows the way,  
To bless the faithful souls that pray.

Faith in Jehovah as their Lord,  
Saved Gideon's army from the sword.  
He with his faithful chosen few,  
Held forth their lamps, their trumpets blew,  
And Midian's host, all seized with dread,  
And Amalek, from Israel fled.

A man like us, Elijah, prayed,—  
Three years and more the rain was stayed ;  
Again, to show Jehovah's power,  
He asked of Him to grant a shower.  
The rain was sent : also the fire  
Came down from heaven, at his desire,

Consumed the sacrifice thrice drenched,  
 Wood, stones, and water in the trench.  
 Then Baal's worshipers did own  
 The Lord Jehovah claimed the throne ;  
 For Baal could not answer prayer.  
 Nor light the sacrifice with fire.

The Hebrew three in faith stood fast,  
 When in the fiery furnace cast ;  
 Since God says " worship only me."'  
 They durst resist the king's decree.  
 One like God's Son with them appeared,  
 And they were neither singed nor seared.

See faithful Daniel, thrice a day,  
 Risking his life, as wont to pray,  
 He 'midst the lions need not fear.  
 He found God's saving angel near ;  
 And praying men were deemed too good  
 For hungry lions' prey and food.

Peter came forth free as the air  
 From stocks and chains, by means of prayer,  
 God heard his brethren supplicate,  
 And open sprang the prison gate.  
 God's moral laws remain in force.  
 Though other laws should turn their course.

When, drifting o'er the surging wave,  
 His friends alarmed called Christ to save ;  
 Human, asleep, He now awoke —  
 Be still ! with power divine, He spoke.  
 The wind and sea at once were calm,  
 And His disciples saved from harm.

Read Socrates, Thales, Plato  
 And Aristotle, then Zeno —

While thus you plow deep waters through,  
 Pray terra firma keep in view ;  
 These drifting seas connect with lands  
 Where Seneca and Paul shake hands.

'Tis well o'er sophic seas to roam,  
 But solid ground's the safest home.  
 Descartes and Kant, Jacobi, Fitch,  
 On sea or land we scarce know which,  
 Plunge in the deep to find the shore,  
 Or, on the land, they search for ore.

From sea or land—the world of mind  
 A wealth of thought these sages find ;  
 When some to others gems transmit,  
 Caskets of theirs they seldom fit.  
 So pearls and gems and diamonds too,  
 Ground and reground, are formed anew.

Leibnitz and Kant lend of their store  
 To Herbart, philosophic ore.  
 He tests the mass, divides the loan.  
 Part he rejects, makes part his own.  
 Leibnitz durst not this method blame,  
 He served Spinoza just the same.

Schelling proceeds with Kant and Fitch,  
 But soon turns on another switch.  
 He runs through his discursive race,  
 Transcending science, claims to trace  
 How God exists—the absolute,  
 In Him, how Nature has her root.

The absolute, Subject — object, He,  
 Ideal, real, Identity.  
 The both in one, and one in both.  
 The coeternal, living, truth.

Nature in Him seems finite, grows,  
The infinite, thus to disclose.

He seems to show God as a mind,  
Of two grand principles combined ;  
Makes *universal* Will and *free*.

With Will self-limited agree.  
Hegel presenting his new views,  
Makes Schelling's logic seem to fuse.

Would that some names might be forgot,  
Their books were better blank or blot ;  
Some of Voltaire's, known by their fruits,  
Are poisonous seeds and poisonous roots.  
Their gems of wit, and pearls of thought,  
Obscenely set, were better naught.

Philosophers work hard to show  
What they can't do, what they can't know.  
While on firm ground some seem to stand,  
They find some slippery stone at hand,  
On this they step and turn aside,  
Into a vortex down they glide.

In vain they strive to pierce a view  
The infinite, eternal, through.  
In such a search they fail to find  
The ultimate they have in mind.  
We know not what the spirit's eye  
May yet discover, by and by.

Hinton, upright, unselfish, true,  
Gives us a system somewhat new ;  
Much we believed or learned before,  
Believing him holds true no more :  
All this grand universe so bright,  
He thinks we view in a false light.

He shows us truth cannot be found  
 By steps of truth from a false ground.  
 An edifice of solid stone  
 Or blocks of marble shapely hewn,  
 Constructed e'er so true and nice,  
 Must fall, if based on melting ice.

Though steps of truth to error tend,  
 When on false bases they depend ;  
 Yet if true stepping toward the false  
 Divest the error of its gloss,  
 Some progress in our search is made  
 To find a base of higher grade.

We see all systems hitherto  
 Have failed to bring the problems through,  
 That now perplex inquiring minds,  
 Though wrought by plans of various kinds.  
 So Hinton tries a stand-point new,  
 That sense perception is untrue.

All is phenomenal, unsound,  
 What seems to us substantial ground,  
 Matter not real, not physic — sense  
 Consists with high intelligence.  
 Nature's fair robe, but *seeming* dress,  
 Her garb — the spirit's type — impress.

Cause and effect known as a law  
 Merely mechanical, has flaw —  
 This law includes in its domain,  
 Pious emotions in its chain ;  
 Nature and spirit act as one ;  
 Appearances we learn to shun.

This seeming world — symbolic sign,  
 Answers an end in God's design.

Instinct, science, nature, mind,  
 Must in a truer theory, find  
 Their power, their origin, and end,  
 On righteousness, as law, depend.

The laws of nature show the fact  
 Of God's activity direct.  
 Though we in Him exist and live,  
 And by His power our minds perceive,  
 Yet He's ignored because so near.  
 Till miracle makes Him appear.

His universal law and act,  
 Not understood to be a fact,  
 He condescends e'en to withdraw  
 Necessity from His own law,  
 Thus miracles, of power, express  
 The arbitrary, not more, but less.

So God in Christ, to finite man  
 Is best conceived on this same plan—  
 By hiding the divine in part,  
 That He may touch the human heart.  
 By sacrifice He deigns to show  
 That by the *less*, the *more* we know.

No movement near or distant far,  
 No rolling sphere, or sun, or star,  
 No falling weight, no shooting light,  
 No growing plant, no flying kite,  
 No winter's frost, no vernal thaw,  
 But gives expression of God's law.

As here we view phenomenon,  
 And learn the laws that force it on,  
 Although our senses may deceive,  
 The essence typed, we must believe

Is wonderful, divine, complete ;  
 And for its Author's glory mete.

What is existence? In man's thought,  
 To solve this problem, means are sought.  
 Comte builds a pile as men are wont,  
 Reaches the infinitesimal point,  
 Placing his thoughts to suit their place,  
 He tries the point to serve as base.

Because the structure fails that way,  
 So on the point he's naught to say.  
 Hinton believes beyond the sight,  
 Faith may discern the point of right,  
 Where seeming substance loses ground,  
 By faith the essence may be found.

Not by the senses is it known,  
 Nor by the intellect alone,  
 But by the conscience, reason, faith,  
 Believing God and what he saith,  
 Where all phenomena are seen,  
 Something exists behind the screen.

So all appearances may lead,  
 To search to find the true indeed ;  
 Thus sick philosophy has found  
 Its cure on scientific ground.  
 The science of our dreaming life,  
 May help us through the dream of strife.

But sometimes Science needs a pill,  
 A tonic help to climb the hill ;  
 The moral sense and faith in God  
 Trusts Him to show the future road :  
 Industrious research thus controlled,  
 Will see new mysteries unfold.

Comte makes theology but fruit  
 Of childish minds, without a root.  
 And metaphysics can remain  
 But in the youthful, simple brain :  
 Philosophy he claims for men  
 Who Nature's laws can rightly scan.

If this be "positively" true,  
 Our thanks to God we will renew,  
 That what He's hidden from the wise,  
 Because they choose to close their eyes,  
 He unto willing babes imparts,  
 Of weaker heads but purer hearts.

Mansel, Spencer, Comte, these three,  
 As to phenomena agree ;  
 But as to evolution, they,  
 Seem each to show a different way.  
 Beware lest their agnostic creed  
 To Clifford's final "No God" lead.

Read not their books, or, if you do,  
 Read Wayland's Moral Science too.  
 Let appetite and passion know  
 How far self-love would have them go.  
 Let love of self be bound again  
 By love that best will serve all men.

God has put conscience in man's soul,  
 Sense and emotions to control ;  
 This lamp will shine with purest ray,  
 When filled with God's known will and way.  
 What skeptics find in nature sealed,  
 Science and faith oft find revealed.

Change sight to faith to see aright  
 This world ; the next, turns faith to sight.

Baptism has a meaning new,  
 Clearer by faith than sensuous view ;  
 The figure vastly more contains  
 Than merely *intellect* explains.

Water which was the sinner's grave,  
 When in the ark did Noah save.  
 By faith in Christ we with Him die,  
 And in the liquid grave we lie,  
 Immersing there the corpse of sin,  
 While safe in Christ the Ark we're in.

We share, as in His death, the grave,  
 His resurrection power to save.  
 Being baptized into His name,  
 As over Him in act the same,  
 The Spirit brooding like a dove,  
 Speaks His approval and His love.

Love fills the heart with joyous will  
 To all the Master's law fulfill ;  
 Devoid of faith, the act indeed  
 Would answer not the conscience's need.  
 This symbol is God's own device,  
 T'obey is more than sacrifice.

From out the eastern hiding-place,  
 The morning dawn of light we trace ;  
 Ere we perceive the orb of day,  
 We know he's marching on his way.  
 This grand phenomenon should teach  
 Of heavenly light, ere heaven we reach.

To view appearances aright,  
 Feeling is truer test than sight ;  
 So learning truth on moral grade,  
 Intellect serves as conscience's maid.

The feeling faith, or faith with love,  
Compared with thought, is far above.  
We ask not miracle, but light,  
The true necessity of right—  
This is Thy law, O holy Guide,  
Lead us Thy way, walk by our side,  
Nay, dwell in us, and we in Thee,  
United thus eternally.



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