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# NOTHING LOST;

OR,

## *The Universe a Recording Machine*

BY REV. LEWIS O. THOMPSON, M. A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRESIDENTS AND THEIR ADMINISTRATIONS,"  
"A HISTORICAL CHART," ETC.

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"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING BE LOST."—JOHN VI: 12.

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NEW YORK:

DE WITT C. LENT, PUBLISHER, 446 BROOME STREET.

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## C O N T E N T S .

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INTRODUCTION, . . . . .	4
I.—MATTER, . . . . .	5
II.—THE UNIVERSE, . . . . .	9
III.—THE HEAVENS, . . . . .	12
IV.—MIND, . . . . .	17
V.—THE EARTH AND THE SEA, . . . . .	20
VI.—ATMOSPHERES, . . . . .	23
VII.—SOUND, . . . . .	26
VIII.—LIGHT, . . . . .	32
IX.—OTHER AGENTS, . . . . .	36
X.—GRAVITATION, . . . . .	40
XI.—EQUIVALENCE, . . . . .	42
XII.—THE ETERNITY OF MEMORY, . . . . .	45
XIII.—CHANCE, . . . . .	47
XIV.—CONCLUSION, . . . . .	52

## INTRODUCTION.

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HE who decides to make reason, observation and experience the sole guides to all truth, follows a trinity that is reliable as far as it is able to take him, but fails only in not taking him far enough. He who reports that there is no God; professes to have made a complete tour of the universe; to have looked into its heights and depths; to have been every where; to have vision both microscopic and telescopic; claims that his reason is infinite and has observed all things; that his experience has extended to ages most remote and includes all facts; and believes himself adequate, from experience so extensive and with reason so enlightened, to be in possession of all thoughts, facts and secrets.

If he has left any nook unexplored, there he might have found the missing evidence to show that God exists; if there is an age whose testimony he has overlooked, just at that time he might have received the proofs of God's existence; if he does not know every thing, in that which he does not know may lie the very testimony and truths that would change his convictions and abundantly satisfy him that there is a God.

There are three great books to teach us that God exists. First, the material universe. In all human works there is thought; but thought implies a thinker, and a thinker is a person. Does not this analogy apply to nature? Second, conscience. We have convictions of right and wrong. The moral law written upon the tablets of the heart testifies that a moral lawgiver exists. Third, the Bible. This puts us in possession of the facts and truths, which, supplementing the records of these two volumes, teach us more fully what we are to believe concerning God, and how to discharge our duties.

The present Essay is a series of hints which point their index fingers to the Unseen, the Eternal, and the Spiritual.

# NOTHING LOST.

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## I.—MATTER.

THE only consistent explanation of all things is found in the words of Moses, which carry us back as far as the boldest thought or highest imagination can reach: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Of course, we can not account for the origin of God; but in believing that God is an eternal and self-existent Spirit we escape the dilemma and find an intelligent cause that is adequate to create and produce all forms of being, all kinds of substances, and all the changes that take place. So far as at present discovered, there are but two kinds of substances: matter and mind. Before the birth of modern chemistry, matter was believed to consist of four elements — fire, water, earth and air. But every body now knows that these are compound bodies. The alchemists, who were the harbingers of chemistry, held the elements to be salt, sulphur, and mercury. But even salt is not elementary, but is composed of chlorine and sodium. With the progress of science, the list has been corrected and increased until it has reached the number of sixty-three elements. We mean by an element a simple form of matter, or an atom that can not be changed into any other form or lose its individuality. We do not know how many elements all forms of matter in the universe may include; they may be more, they may be less. By the atomic theory, there is scarcely a limit to the number of combinations into which they may enter to form compound bodies. In the English language there are twenty-six letters, and by their union to a very small extent

we have already formed over one hundred thousand words. Say then that God originally created one hundred elements,—if there be that many, more or less,—then, as every student of Algebra knows, the formulas of arrangements, permutations and combinations admit of an endless variety that is more than sufficient to account for all the diversity of form, color, quality and characteristic now discernible in the material creation.

With these elements certain laws and forces are found connected, such as gravity, heat, light, actinic power, electricity, chemical affinity, cohesion, and adhesion. It is one of the secrets of science, to tell who or what these forces are. We simply know how they are produced, and in what circumstances they manifest themselves, but we can not tell why they so operate. After centuries of experiment and speculation, these laws, forces, and the myriad changes which vegetable and animal life introduce into the composition of matter and the union of elements, remain as profound a mystery as ever. A law of Nature is a uniform mode of activity, or a line along which Nature uniformly runs; but the law must not be confounded with the force or power that is back of that law. No law has ever executed itself; it has never worked, and no one has ever detected it so working. A law has never arrested a criminal; it simply states who shall be arrested, and then requires an officer to execute it. The Creator likewise must be back of the laws of Nature to administer them, to make things conform to them, and, like a coiled spring, unite power to these laws, that the machinery may run and the hands move. We can not push inquiries very far in any direction before we reach what is mysterious and unexplainable; and just there, and all along the line, the heart of faith lovingly and with profound gratitude and relief cries out, "God, God." Both evolution and development require a Creator to energize their processes, and those laws or principles of their unfolding which, it is claimed, have been discovered, are the methods or plans to which

God in the formation of the heavens and the earth is pleased to conform.

It is just as reasonable for a person to try and account for his advent to this earth without father and mother, as to try and account for the existence of matter without a creator; and if any where it is reasonable to exercise faith, it is just here, in denying the eternity and self-existence of matter, and postulating an origin for matter that is commensurate with our requirements; that shall abundantly account for all things, though it leave the Creator Himself unaccounted for. And if there be such a Creator, He must necessarily be infinite; and the possibility of accounting for Him by a finite mind would remove that finite mind from the category of its limitations, elevate it to infinity, and make it that very God who is infinite, eternal, self-conscious and self-existent. In other words, you can not pour Niagara into a tea-cup: the attempt breaks the cup. Infinitely impossible, therefore, is it for the Infinite Creator to fully reveal Himself to the tiny cup of a finite mind. No finite mind can comprehend Jehovah. God alone comprehends Himself. A finite mind can simply apprehend that God exists; and in so apprehending God, the mind of man rests from a flight that is too high for it, and happily finds shelter beneath the wings of the Almighty. And, as somewhat reflecting this view, we insert the following lines. It is an attempt to show how Abraham was led to reject the idolatry of his father and embrace the worship of the true God. Such is the impression, we think, that the visible works of God make upon every sincere and unprejudiced seeker after Truth and God.

All night young Abram stood on Chaldee's plain,  
 And scanned the dark-blue vault in search of God;  
 "Oh, where canst Thou be found?" he cried in pain,  
 "Doth Nature truly teach there is no God?  
 Must all our searching ever prove in vain,  
 Is man but born a creature of the clod?"  
 An answer seemed to come from out the sky;  
 Orion brightly blazing met his eye.

"Be Thou my Lord! To Thee my vows I bring;  
 Thy light is clear and fair; first source of all  
 Art Thou; Thy praise I will not cease to sing."  
 The star shone on and heeded not his call,—  
 Orion could not break the crystal ring,  
 But sped his way o'er western hills to fall,  
 And glided down beyond Great Hermon's head.  
 "I like not those that set," young Abram said.

To him the moon uprising in the east  
 Its silver sheen soon made the night to glow  
 As it had been the day; and now at least  
 The homage of his soul through life shall flow  
 To this divinity. "On Thee I feast  
 The hunger of my heart," he said. And slow  
 The moon her pathway threaded the heavenly route  
 And left the seeker after God in doubt.

And now the quest to end the sun arose  
 With life and light and healing in his gleams;  
 More fair and clear than moon or star, it shows  
 A glory none can bear, as forth it streams.  
 "My Lord is here! From hence all goodness flows  
 To earth below; and who can quench his beams?  
 Oh, guide my steps, or I shall err and die,  
 Vainly in search of Thee," this was his cry.

But, like the rest, the orb of day went down,  
 And gloomy clouds obscured the firmament.  
 "Is there no God, or hides He in a frown  
 His face from Terah's son? Nay: these were sent  
 As dazzling rays that sparkled from His crown  
 To point me to the Fount of Light unspent.  
 I am from low idolatry set free;  
 Great God, I turn from all Thy works to Thee!"

Four thousand years have come and gone since then;  
 A throng of seekers after God untold  
 Have gazed upon Orion, moon and sun,  
 And vexed all Nature with their questions bold:—  
 "O God, if Thou dost live, send down some token!"  
 But Nature, like a sphinx, in silence cold  
 Has answered not; the riddle still is new.—  
 Faith sees, hope hears, love finds—the gift of few.

## II.—THE UNIVERSE.

When we gaze into the starry deep on a cloudless night, we are oppressed with the feeling of its immensity and perplexed with a sense of its mystery. Millions of our fellow beings have gazed upon this profound beauty and been as perplexed and oppressed as we. The universe refuses to give up its secret. "Thou canst not by searching find out God unto perfection." We require, therefore, a divine revelation to guide us in the proper interpretation of Nature, and take us just where Nature leaves us. When we read the two records together, they give us a true philosophy and combine in beautiful harmony.

Matter has united into different aggregations which are scattered through space as planets, stars, comets, and meteors. Dr. Burr, in the *Ecce Coelum*, has grouped these various forms into a variety of systems. The classification can only be a suggestion of what may possibly be true; for the universe is so vast that it is difficult to say that there are no more than these systems. But as far as it goes, and in the line of analogy, the arrangement is excellent, and gives a better idea of the construction of the universe than we can get without such classification.

First, we find satellite systems, of which the moon and the earth are a ready illustration. These have mutual relations to each other, and so constitute an order by themselves.

Next are the planetary systems, such as the Sun with its eight larger planets, and a greater number of asteroids and comets. Some of these planets, as Earth, Saturn, and Jupiter, have satellites of their own, and their revolutions around the sun are somewhat modified by these their more contiguous bodies.

Third in a progressive order must be noticed the sun systems. Many of the stars that to the naked eye appear as one are found, when pierced by a telescope, to be double, treble, or even sextuple. Sirius, for instance,—the star that twinkles with such glory on the snow-bound earth,—

has lately been discovered to be double. The inference is a fair one, that these stars and suns revolve about each other, and they have in all probability their court of planets and retinue of satellites. It is claimed that some of these systems have been traced in complete revolution. How vast must be their orbits, and how various their circling dance as they roll and swing and nod to each other in their various revolutions.

Next may be named the group systems. As an example, the telescope has resolved the bright-blue star Vega into four stars, and these are so situated in space that each pair revolves about the other before they revolve about their common centre of gravity. Orion contains a star that is sextuple. These are so ranged that pairs revolve about themselves whilst trooping about the common point of all. Now let us suppose each star has its planets, each planet its satellites, and what Hogarth can trace their bending lines of beauty? It is enough to make the head giddy.

There are still other combinations that may be called cluster systems. The face of the sky is dotted with little spots that the minutest scrutiny reveals to be composed of from ten to twenty thousand stars. They are so remote from us that the light coming from them is composed of many thousand strands woven into one thread. When Sir William Herschel first penetrated the constellation of Hercules with his great reflector and saw myriad suns leap into view, the sight nearly drove him frantic with delight. These are clusters sailing like squadrons by themselves on the outskirts of creation, that dazzle the imagination, and confound description. It may be that in them are found all the single and various systems that have previously been considered.

Sixth, we advance to an order that may be called nebular systems, of which the milky way may be taken as a familiar illustration. These populate space and fill it with a sort of fire-mist, in which each atom is a burning star, but so immensely remote that all individuality seems ready to vanish

into air. Brilliant beyond conception in importance and glory are these innumerable stars, planets and satellites. No thought can follow them through their giddy labyrinths, as star swings to star, as planet nods to planet, as satellite bows to planet, and each sways and bends the movements of the other, as in the infinitude of years these nebulæ revolve about their point of gravity.

We have now to suppose, still farther, that these nebulæ, by their contiguity and in the line of analogy, have a common centre about which they sail in grand orbits that defy the power of arithmetic to express. This has been named the ulterior system. For instance, the Magellanic clouds are composed of numerous nebulæ, thirty-seven nebulæ in one, and three hundred in the other. Who shall describe their cycles and the convolutions of those circling lines that make up their various orbits?

And now, in the eighth and last place, we come to the Cosmos, or the complete system, which embraces under one code of laws all the misty spots and fiery specks, the stars, the planets, the asteroids, the comets, and all other forms of matter, aye, every single atom. This grand system has its point of centre to which all preceding orbits must bend and conform, tracing on infinite space their golden girdles. Who will tell us the number of the stars, and weigh the planets, and write their histories, and describe the races, the dynasties, the pursuits, the arts, the sciences, the civilization and the religion of intelligent and moral creatures that may be scattered through the universe vastly more numberless than the stars themselves? Has such a record as this been kept from the beginning, and are its chapters still being filled out? We may at least suppose that all this magnificence and wealth of light and glory are for the delight of other beings than those who merely dwell upon one of the smallest of all worlds. At all events, they express as no words can the glory of the Creator; for these are but a part of His ways. God is infinitely more glorious, beautiful, powerful, wise, and majestic than all

material things combined can image forth. They are but the folds of His garments. Now, what if the universe is engaged in writing its own history?

### III.—THE HEAVENS.

Before we proceed farther, let us get some idea of the extent of the universe. Astronomers have labored to give us their conception of how the universe is grouped, or how it would look if we could, so to speak, get a bird's-eye view of it from the outside. Ancient astronomy taught that the universe was inclosed by a spherical shell, from whose sides the heat and light were radiated back to all parts within, so that there was no waste or loss of these precious essences. Kepler held this view, and he even went so far as to estimate—and the calculations were deemed most reliable—the thickness of this crystal vault, and he found it to be just 70 miles thick. It is worthy of remark, that astronomers could predict eclipses just as accurately under the Ptolemaic system as since its displacement; and also, that modern astronomy has not affected the three famous laws of Kepler. But the Copernican system, by the help of Galileo's telescope, has pierced this crystal shell and swept away the cycles and epicycles of the old astronomy from the celestial sphere.

Milton's conception of the universe is connected with the Ptolemaic philosophy. He understood, but rejected, the Copernican system. It forms the system upon which the machinery of his greatest poetical work, "The Paradise Lost," depends. His universe is an infinite sphere divided into two hemispheres; the empyrean, or heaven, is located above, and chaos below the celestial equator. They are separated from each other by crystal walls. The heaven above this floor is the special home of God and His ministering spirits. He located hell near the south pole in chaos, and the world is swung as a small circle in chaos between heaven and hell. The word *world*, including our solar system and all the stars, is hung by a golden chain

to the crystal floor of heaven, through which there is a gate to open a passage between heaven and the world. The world is surrounded on all sides by an opaque shell, which has an opening in it at the top to correspond with the gate of heaven. The earth is the centre of this world, and is motionless. Ten concentric circles enfold the earth, and all the motions visible among these heavenly bodies is accounted for by the revolving motion of these ten circles: 1st, that of the moon proceeding from the earth; 2d, Venus; 3d, Mercury; 4th, the Sun; 5th, Mars; 6th, Jupiter; 7th, Saturn; 8th, the fixed stars; 9th, the crystalline sphere; and 10th, the primum mobile.

If we could take the standpoint of Wright's or Sir Wm. Herschel's theory, we should have some such view as that sketched in the preceding chapter—a single starry system composed of many different systems revolving in harmony about a common centre, whilst at the same time conforming to the bending motions of their own system and that of all the other systems. We may conceive the earth in this system to have a variety of motions, such as that about its own axis, around the sun, slightly swayed by the moon, and influenced by the planets, its onward motion in space with the sun as he revolves about his centre of gravity, this onward motion still modified by the movement of the sun's system with some other system, and groups with groups, until finally its completed motion is blended into a waving line of beauty around the cosmical point of gravity.

Another view is that of Lambert, which has been erroneously ascribed to Sir Wm. Herschel. This regards the systems as scattered in groups to form, not as in the view above, a sphere, but a monster capital letter Y. Now, which may be the correct view can only be ascertained by mapping out all parts of the heavens, locating the stars and groups relatively, and taking, as it were, a photograph of this grand aggregation of suns and worlds.

It is evident when we use the word universe as applying

to the sum-total of matter, that it is finite. If matter were infinite, these vast interstellar spaces would be filled up, and it would extend infinitely in every direction without end and without vacuum. Indeed, that the planets and stars are at almost such infinite distances from each other, shows plainly that, not only is matter not infinite, but occupies also a very small room within this boundless space. But the universe as relates to space may be infinite; that is to say, we can not conceive of space as stopping in any direction. Let thought fly as far as it will, and you will still conceive that space extends beyond that farthest bound, that the same profound deep must still spread out ahead as behind, above as below, a universe without circumference and without centre. It is certain that matter in its different forms of satellite, planet and sun is finite; it may be that space, or indefinite extension in height, breadth and length, is infinite.

And just as we are about to be perplexed with a thought of this kind, as the brow is about to be wrinkled, and the mind burdened and oppressed with this feeling of immensity, the Bible comes to our relief. Science teaches that there are two heavens; the Bible, that there are three.

The first heaven is that which immediately surrounds the earth: in other words, the atmosphere. This is a very thin shell around the earth. When the sun shines upon it, the air is so flooded with light that the naked eye can not see objects outside of it.

The second heaven is the planetary and stellar heaven, in which all the stars revolve about their common centre. Astronomers have not been able to give us its dimensions. In the day we see merely the first heaven; in the night this appears veiled, and now we see the second heaven, in which the moon, the planets, and fire-mist, shine, burn, blaze, twinkle and blink upon us with their varied hues. The view presented to the naked eye is most certainly finite; for we can not see farther than to take in about 3000 stars, and the telescope does not and can not pierce to

infinity. Its view is limited, though a telescope of 18 inches in aperture, like Herschel's, will present some 20,000,000 stars. And science can never soar above or beyond this finite second heaven; it matters not how much the power of the telescope is increased, its view will still be finite. A finite quantity can never be multiplied by infinity and changed into infinity. Science, therefore, must ever dwell in, and deal with, the finite. And just where science droops upon its wing and can soar no farther, revelation meets it to supplement its teaching.

The Bible tells us about three heavens. It does not contradict the positive teachings of science. It speaks of the heaven in which the sun shines, the first heaven of science, the heaven of the day-time. "Let there be an expanse in the midst of the waters"; and this expanse "God called heaven."

The Bible speaks about another heaven, the second heaven of science, the heaven of the night-time, and as including the first calls it "the heavens." In these the stars are set. It should be observed that the Bible is not designed to be a treatise on astronomy, chemistry and philosophy; it leaves that for man's unaided powers to investigate; but when these things are adverted to, they are used as they would be in a treatise of Natural Theology, to teach the power and the wisdom of God. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

The Bible tells us of just one heaven more, the spiritual heaven, called the "third heaven," and also, as including the other two, "the heaven of heavens." This is "my Father's house," in which "are many mansions." Of this science can say nothing, its little telescope can not pierce it; it is the heaven which the martyr Stephen saw when he said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened and the son of man standing on the right hand of God." This heaven has been seen by many a one just at death's door. Into this heaven Christ went when "a cloud received him out of

their sight." Day brings out the sun, night brings out the stars, and death brings out Paradise. Day and night can not hide the spiritual heaven when the eyes of the soul are opened. There is nothing absurd in this, but a beautiful harmony. Organs of vision must have an adaptation to the medium in which they are designed to be used. A fish in the ocean has eyes adapted to that dense medium, and can not see the objects that are above and outside. The third heaven, then, is the unseen universe which the bodily eye can not see till its scales fall, and the eye of faith, the eye of the spirit, is opened. The treatment of these three heavens, and the objects for which they are treated, in the Bible is grand, glorious and masterly. In itself it is clear and consistent. The errors of translators do not adhere to the text, neither do the views of commentators upon it, for these have varied from age to age. And we may say that the Bible is not chargeable with these erroneous interpretations, but science. Students of the Bible have always taken the reigning views in astronomy and science, and applied them to the interpretation of the Bible. Indeed, there is nothing else by which they could interpret; and we come back then and say that all these errors are chargeable upon that science that has progressed age by age and required all this shifting. The Bible is the book of the ages, and stands the test only because its statements on these great themes are intrinsically true.

God is infinite, and every where present. This relieves us from all that vagueness which thoughts about space give us; and we have only to say that, somehow, and in some way, though utterly incomprehensible to a finite mind, God fills up infinity with His spiritual presence, and enfolds in His bosom heaven, the heavens, and the heaven of heavens,—all things. All space is pervaded and surrounded by His glorious presence, vivified by His power, governed by His wisdom, and upheld by His love. The mind "that acheth with the feeling of this immensity" can safely nestle beneath His outspread wings, and be at rest and peace.

## IV.—MIND.

But there is another class of substances that is immaterial, which is called life, mind, soul, or spirit. Life possesses none of the characteristics of matter, and therefore can not be the product of matter. The cup can not generate the wine it holds. It is a special creation. It does not transmigrate through different forms, appearing first as vegetable life, then as animal life, and then as rational life; but these three kingdoms are entirely distinct, separate and individual in their functions and manifestations.

The realm of vegetable life rests upon the mineral kingdom as its basis. This differs from the former in that we here find operative an organic force called vegetable life. What that law or force is by which an acorn is caused to sprout and grow into an oak no man can tell; or what it is that makes one seed differ from another, so that one shall be an oak, and another a cedar, an apple or a rose, a cabbage or a pumpkin, no one knows, and what is more, no one can produce the force nor create the seed. Science can not do it, nor all the academies in the world. Life is a power supernatural to the mineral. Without the manifestation of vegetable life the rocks would remain barren and the earth would turn its sterile and scorched face to the sun continually. When God created vegetable life, he introduced a force among the elements that combines them into herb, flower, shrub, and tree, and in clothing the earth with verdure, fruit and cereal, He spread over it a mantle "of beauty" that makes it "a joy forever."

We find another department, different from vegetable and mineral, and that is the animal kingdom. It is superior to both, in that it introduces voluntary motion and a self-determining power. By its instrumentality results are produced which neither plant nor stone, nor both together, can accomplish, and hence this force is supernatural to both. The vegetable stands as a bridge between animal life and material forms, and so is a food-producer. What would

an animal amount to, let us suppose man, if he were obliged to stand six months of the year, like a plant, with his feet changed into vegetable roots, to draw his supplies of food direct from the soil?

Upon these, as the rounds of a ladder, we enter the domain of rational life in man—of free will and accountability. Man, to be sure, is an animal, and in the substance of his body a part of the material world, and subject to physical law and natural forces; but he is vastly more than an element, or vegetable, or animal,—a stone, a cabbage, or an ape,—he is soul, spirit, a moral being. The lower orders are his servants; they supply proper material for food. He could not live on the elements, nor on the vegetable, nor on the animal merely. These all unite in proper proportions as supply and food-producers, that man may be left unincumbered with roots and leaves and branches and capacious stomach, to walk the earth, and have full sweep for those splendid and godlike gifts of will, sensibility, and intellect. Without these man would never be the crown of creation—its crown and glory. Personality, or soul or spirit, is a distinct creation, and is as mysterious as animal or vegetable life, or elemental subsistence. Man is a supernatural agent with regard to all the realms below him. All the elegancies, refinements and luxuries of civilization—such as art, poetry, eloquence, philosophy, history, science, industry and commerce, with all those varied agencies that build cities, form governments, produce pleasure, gratify taste, inform the mind, stir the feelings, influence the will, and make life secure and comfortable—all these are not original products of nature, or the natural world, but supernatural to the orders below, that would never have been achieved without the immortal mind working in, through and above these realms.

In man, then, we find a personality working through organs, senses, faculties. Personality is the very highest form of organized intelligence of which we have any knowledge. In looking upward to God through the eye of faith, we perceive that there are other ascending, related

and subordinate realms. The Bible gives us the hint of a limited series, in speaking of angel, and archangel, cherubim and seraphim. "For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him, and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." When we look at the material universe, the mind is awed by its vastness and magnificence; when we contemplate the invisible world as revealed in the Word of God, we catch a glimpse of spiritual hierarchies that rise above us to the very precincts of the eternal throne—a host of angels, innumerable spirits, and potent personalities that encamp about Jehovah, gifted with such richness of knowledge, such fullness of capacity, such volume of power, as to dwarf the importance of man and make him but a drop in the ocean of living intelligences. How little we know of the wonderful works of the Perfect in Knowledge! We can barely know about that for which we have special sense and faculty. If we had a hundred senses, in stead of five, a thousand mental faculties and spiritual organs, in stead of a score or two, through which to test matter, through which to look upward, through which to see as we are seen, our acquaintance with the universe, both material and immaterial, seen and unseen, would be vastly more extensive than it now is or can be. And because the spiritual organs of man are entirely closed in a fallen state, he is dead blind to the visions of heaven, and must ever depend upon the Word of God for knowledge about spiritual realms, and must ever wait the regenerative command of God, "Lazarus, come forth," by which a dead soul shall become a quickened spirit. The curtains now confine the spiritual world; and, as compared with things that are seen, the Word of God draws them back just a little, that we may now and then catch a glimpse. But in that view we look upon a kingdom of God so vast as to embrace all things, seen and unseen, and a central throne of grandeur and sublimity upon which sits the Supreme Gov-

error of the universe, of which He is the centre and circumference, about whom all things revolve, and in whom all things move, live and have their being. There may be a hundred subordinate kingdoms rising rank above rank from the material creation up to God; but separated from all by an impassable gulf—that between finiteness and infinity—is enthroned the infinite and adorable God. God reveals Himself as a person; for, in speaking to us, He uses pronouns; but He probably includes in His being something higher than personality. What that may be is incomprehensible; but it is just this, a divine trinity in unity. How three persons can subsist in unity transcends experience and human philosophy.

But it matters not how many ascending realms there may be up to the innermost circle about God, they each have a natural subordination to the other. Each kingdom is a separate creation, and set in its appropriate place as jewels in the Creator's diadem. The world is not an isolated speck upon the face of creation. In all its bearings and relations it is connected with the universe, and has its true sphere and function in that single plan which finally includes and embraces all. The earth is no outlying post that has been cut off from the grand encampment. "The Lord hath prepared his throne *in the heavens*; and his kingdom ruleth over all."

#### V.—THE EARTH AND THE SEA.

Returning now from this rapid view of the universe, its possible structure, and the different substances in it, to the planet we inhabit, let us glance at the record the earth and the sea have prepared and treasured. "The crust of our earth," says Agassiz, "is a great cemetery, where the rocks are tombstones on which the buried dead have written their own epitaphs." Every living thing by necessity, as it yields up the generous flame of life, when the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl is broken, or the pitcher is broken at the fountain, or the wheel is broken at the cistern, sinks into the tender bosom of mother earth for sepul-

ture, and becomes an enduring part of the earth's surface, or has a resurrection in other forms of life. Plants and animals of every description have printed their history on and in the living rock, which man in after ages has exhumed and interpreted. "And this our life," says the great English dramatist, "exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." "Nature will be reported," says Emerson. "All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river its channel in the soil; the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone. Not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground, but prints, in character more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face. 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."

In certain caves bones of animals have been found under calcareous deposits. Water dripping through the roof charged with lime and carbonic gas has given them a solid stone covering. Some of these thus found are gnawed and others split lengthwise. With these are found traces of the hyena, ashes, charred wood, and stone implements. Man is the only animal that lights a fire; hence, the geologist finds here a history of earlier times, when men of the so-called stone age dwelt in caves and but partially protected themselves from the ravages of wild beasts. The thicker these deposits, the earlier the epoch to which this race belonged.

A remarkable case has come to light where the entire body, flesh and bones, of a now extinct animal has been found preserved for ages in ice. "In 1802, on the bank of Lena,—a river which flows into the Frozen Sea, and traverses the country of the Yakoots in those parts of Asia

that lie about the North Pole,—there has been found a perfectly preserved carcass of the gigantic pachyderm. The frozen earth, and the ice that covered the banks of the river where it was buried, had preserved it from putrefaction so thoroughly, that the flesh of the animal, which died many centuries ago, served to regale the fishermen along the banks.”—*L. Figuier*.

The unmutilated bodies of flies have some times been found encased in amber. A piece of chalk is composed of myriad bodies of little beings that once sported their brief existence upon this globe.

Geologists tell us if we drain a circular meadow and dig below its surface, we shall find evidence to show that it was once the bottom of a lake. There is first the sod, next a layer of peat, then one of marl, and finally one of clayey sediment. “In the peat we find antlers of deer, and bones of oxen; in the marl, fresh-water shells; and in the sediment, a log hollowed out into a rude canoe. Here we have the whole history of the lake, and in reading it we can trace the successive stages as clearly as if we had lived by its shores from the time it was a sheet of shallow water to the hour of its final obliteration. Such ancient lake-bottoms are seen in the Lowlands of Scotland. The geologist finds below the peat-bog the bones of horse, pig, deer, dog and man; deeper still, the Roman eagle or sword; next, the bones of the wild ox, bear, wolf, beaver; then the wooden canoe; below the marl, bones and antlers of the gigantic Irish elk, and tusks of the great mammoth; and at the bottom the solid rock, strewn with ice-borne blocks—the original bed of the lake when its waters were first gathered together.”—(Geology.) And now, to show how significant is this record, how valuable these traces, how suggestive these hints, we are told that Cuvier, or Owen, or any first-class geologist, could or can reconstruct the entire animal from a single bone. Agassiz drew the picture of a fish with only a scale as his pattern. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, contains the model of a megalosaur constructed by B. Waterhouse Hawkins from

a few bones that had been discovered. This eminent anatomist decided that this extinct animal, in order to have its head effective, must have a huge bunch of muscles on its neck something like the withers of a horse. An entire skeleton found since the model was constructed has proved the correctness of its plan and his conclusions.

It therefore only needs an enlarged culture and intelligence to read and understand the record which the sea and the earth together have been keeping of the past history of the globe. And if the changes through which the earth has gone can be thus interpreted, if the remains of all kinds of former life have been so safely treasured, and if even from a scale, or bone, or feather, the entire living animal, whose once it was, can be reconstructed from even so slight a hint, we need not be surprised if increased mental vigor should be able to find in these hieroglyphics the condensed history of intelligent and moral actions. "If the Almighty," says Sir Charles Babbage, "stamped on the brow of the earliest murderer the indelible and visible mark of his guilt, he has also established laws by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its severed particles may migrate, will still retain, adhering to it through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort by which the crime itself was perpetrated." "Be sure your sin will find you out," says Holy Writ. How can it be otherwise, when we look at the wonderful testimonies to Divine Truth which Geology, Chemistry, and Philosophy in its different departments of natural, mental and moral, are finding all around us in air and earth and sea?

#### VI.—ATMOSPHERES.

The earth is surrounded by a spherical shell called the air, supposed to be, by various estimations, from 50 to 500 miles thick. Now, the question comes up, Is there outside of this any other atmosphere? Is planetary and stellar

space destitute of all other media than those which more immediately surround the heavenly bodies? It has been a very ancient opinion that Nature abhors a vacuum. It is now generally believed that a tenuous, subtile and elastic medium, called ether, fills all space and pervades all bodies.

Our atmosphere serves the globe in a variety of capacities, all related to the present order of things. It rests upon bodies with a uniform pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch. Bodily life could not get along without this uniform pressure. The air is a sort of hot-house to retain the heat and light of the sun. Perpetual snow rests upon the mountain's peak because there the heat is so rapidly scattered and dissipated. Aëronauts do not ascend very high—indeed, the highest ascension ever made was seven miles high—before reaching the regions of insufferable cold. The air, by its mixture of oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid, is an indispensable element to all kinds of vegetable and animal life as at present organized. It supports respiration.

If the air should be removed, the eye and ear would require new adjustments. If man could get along without it in other respects, yet this itself would prove so serious a defect as to rob life of all its charms. No blue sky would ever spread out its beauties with many tinted shades and colors that linger in the gloaming or herald in the dawn of day. Night would never blaze and glitter like a crystal vault studded with stars and gems; and day would never flood us with its cheering light. The sun would appear like a ball of fire in a dark night; and the stars would never twinkle upon us with glad delight, but look like little spots of fire in a vault of inky darkness. Sounds, too, would cease to ravish the ear with their harmony. If a clock be placed under a pneumatic tube and the air exhausted, its ticks and strokes become silent; its motions still continue, but no sound escapes.

Besides all this, the air prevents the water of the earth from escaping. That side of the moon which is turned toward us is without air, and as a result it is a desert void,

without water, without vegetation, and without life. If a vessel of water be placed under the pneumatic tube, and the air gradually pumped out, the water begins to boil and bubble, and finally it disappears. To remove the atmosphere, then, would be to dry up the oceans and the lakes, every river and every fountain, all springs and all reservoirs, and change the earth into a perpetual desert, desolate caverns and barren wastes. No spear of grass, no single flower, could ever grow or bloom.

But, by the theory now held, light and heat require a medium for their vibrations outside of the earth's air. In a recent Treatise on the Nature of Light, it is held that "light must consist in undulatory movement of an attenuated elastic substance. The phenomena of polarization demonstrated, in point of fact, that the vibrations of light take place at right angles to the direction of the rays." The ether is an infinite ocean through which rays of light rise and fall, roll and vibrate. A crystal sea more ethereal than air envelops star, sun, and planet, binds them all together in the same system, and possibly pervades all the different forms of matter in the universe. Light does not leap across abysmal gulfs of nonentity, like waves hurled from the sea upon projecting cliffs, but vibrates and flashes through such media as the ether, the air, and other atmospheres, if such there be, that light may come and go with its tidings from star to star and world to world, and produce in each such lingering and luminous vibrations as shall be needed and required in each by their constitutional adaptations and mutual relations in subordinated realms.

But if space be an absolute vacuum, it has the property of permitting light and heat to leap across it and continue their vibrations and impressions in such media as may be found immediately surrounding the various orbs in the universe. Our atmosphere has the capacity of catching these rays of light and heat and actinic energy, holding them, spreading them out, and reserving them in many ways for the various uses of earth and man.

## VII.—SOUND.

Sound is produced by the vibration of bodies in a medium such as air. These originate waves of sound, which produce on the organ of hearing certain sensations. These vibrations are distinct from their effects upon the human mind. Sound, in the language of philosophy, is both objective and subjective. The sound waves exist whether organs of hearing are excited by them or not. These waves diminish in intensity as they roll away from the exciting cause as a centre; at a certain distance they pass beyond the recognition of the human ear as now constructed and become inaudible; but we can not suppose that the effect of these vibrations, or the impact upon surrounding media, is ever lost, any more than gravitation as a force is destroyed by distance. Every word, whispered or spoken, prints itself upon the air and neighboring media, which treasure up the indelible record. Aëronauts, in their ascensions, hear with great distinctness the barking of dogs, the song of birds, and the humdrum of a city sounding like the grinding of a mill. It would only require a keener sense of hearing and a power of mind to turn from all these sounds to a particular vibration, that is to say, a modification of the organ itself and the relation of the mind to a special vibration, to enable the mind to distinguish these sounds and tell from what source they issued. We may go even farther, and say that these vibrations are transferred from the air to the ether, or other medium, where they are imprinted into the very constitution of the universe.

We may conclude, then, that every word originated by man is found some where in the universe in the peculiar vibration which received and perpetuated it. The pebble dropped into the ocean is not lost; the word committed to the air is not destroyed. The air is another Ear of Dionysius that receives and transmits every, even the faintest, sound. "The pulsations of the air," says Sir Charles Babbage, "once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to

exist with the sounds to which they gave rise." "The air itself is one vast library on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said, or even whispered. There, in their mutable but enduring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeful will." "If we imagine the soul in an after stage of our existence, connected with a bodily organ of hearing so sensitive as to vibrate with motions of the air, even if of infinitesimal force, and if it be still within the precincts of its ancient abode, all the accumulated words pronounced from the creation of mankind will fall at once on that ear. Imagine, in addition, a power of directing the attention of that organ entirely to any class of those vibrations; then will the apparent confusion vanish at once; and the punished offender may hear still vibrating on his ear the very words uttered, perhaps thousands of centuries before, which at once ceased and registered his own condemnation." William Cobbett has said, "A man, as he writes on a sheet of paper a sentence, ought to bear in mind that he is writing something which may, for good or evil, live for ever." And with accumulating force Dr. South says, "He who has published an ill book must know that his guilt and his life determine not together; no, such an one, as the Apostle says, 'Being dead, yet speaketh'; he sins in his very grave, corrupts others while he is rotting himself, and has a growing account in the other world after he has paid nature's last debt in this; and, in a word, quits this life like a man carried off by the plague, who, though he dies himself, does execution upon others by a surviving infliction." But spoken words likewise leave behind them a solemn power for good or ill. The same writer says, in a sermon: "There is a certain bewitchery or fascination in words which makes them operate with a force beyond which we can naturally give an account of. For would not a man think ill deeds and shrewd truths should reach further and stick deeper than

ill words? And yet, not so. Men much more easily pardon ill things done than ill things said against them, such a peculiar rancour and venom do words leave behind them in men's minds, and so much more poisonously and venomously does the serpent bite with his tongue than his teeth."

Samuel Lover has given us a happy conceit in his "Handy Andy," of the effect extreme cold has upon words. "You talk here of a sharp wind; but the wind is so sharp there that it cut off our beard and whiskers. Boreas is a great barber, sir, with his north pole for a sign. Then as for frost! I could tell you such incredible things of its intensity; our butter, for instance, was as hard as a rock; we were obliged to knock it off with a chisel and hammer, like a mason at a piece of granite, and it was necessary to be careful of your eyes at breakfast, the splinters used to fly about so; indeed, one of the party did lose the use of his eye from a butter-splinter. But the oddest thing of all was to watch two men talking to each other; you could observe the words as they came out of their mouths, suddenly frozen and dropping down in little pellets of ice at their feet, so that, after a long conversation, you might see a man standing up to his knees in his own eloquence." We may imagine how these Arctic voyagers in returning to warmer latitudes must have been startled as by the noise of many thunders when these frozen words exploded in volleys about their heads and terrified their ears with the oaths and conversations of many months.

It does not appear that Babbage was the first to give expression to the idea that spoken words are permanently impressed upon the air. Chaucer, in his "House of Fame," has given a remarkable anticipation of this its fuller exposition in the "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise." After illustrating the subject by the concentric and widening circles which a stone dropped into water originates, he concludes:

"Right so of air, my live brother,  
Ever each air another stirreth  
More and more, and speech upbeareth  
Till it be at the House of Fame."

Our senses and faculties, as now constituted, have a happy relation to the physical universe. If they were more acute, it might add to our pain rather than enjoyment. If "the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all," as Prof. Huxley says, "due only to the dullness of our hearing," it is well for us that our hearing is dull; for, "could our ears catch the murmurs of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city."

But we must not judge of future possibilities by present experiences. Dr. Lardner wrote a book to prove that it would be impossible to navigate the ocean by steam. The first steamer that crossed the Atlantic carried that book with it, and gave a practical demonstration of its error. "Now we see through a glass darkly." The discoveries and analogies of science are merely types, symbols and prophecies to intimate the fullness of the coming life, when "we shall see face to face and know even as we are known." What now seems but a dream will then prove a glorious reality. As an intimation of possibilities in this direction, we may speak of the progress that has been made in telegraphy. At first it was deemed necessary to have two wires in order to complete the circuit. It was soon ascertained that the earth would do for one of the wires. Experiments are now being made which seem to show that the earth is a magnet and will answer for both the wires. It has been discovered that several messages can be sent over the same wire at the same time. In addition to this, by means of an instrument called the Telephone, music can be transmitted from one office to another. The *Boston Traveller* calls attention to some experiments that have been made with sounds, and it reads almost like a transcript from the "Arabian Nights." It says:

"The readers of the *Traveller* have often been made acquainted with the wonderful inventions of Professor Bell, by which musical and vocal sounds can be and have been sent over the electric wire, but few, if any, are aware of the

wonderful results which are sure to follow these improvements in telegraphy. A few nights ago Professor Bell was in communication with a telegraphic operator in New York, and commenced experimenting with one of his inventions pertaining to the transmission of musical sounds. He made use of his phonetic organ and played the tune of 'America,' and asked the operator in New York what he heard.

"I hear the tune of 'America,'" replied New York; 'give us another.'

"What do you hear now?"

"I hear the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' with the full chords distinctly,' replied New York.

"Thus, the astounding discovery has been made that a man can play upon musical instruments in New York, New Orleans or London, or Paris, and be heard distinctly in Boston! If this can be done, why can not distinguished performers execute the most artistic and beautiful music in Paris, and an audience assemble in Musical Hall, Boston, to listen!

"Professor Bell's other improvement, namely, the transmission of the human voice, has become so perfected that persons have conversed over one thousand miles of wire with perfect ease, although as yet the vocal sounds are not loud enough to be heard by more than two persons. But if the human voice can be sent over the wire, and so distinctly that when two or three known parties are telegraphing the voices of each can be recognized, we must soon have distinguished men delivering their speeches in Washington, New York, or London, and audiences assembled in Music or Faneuil Hall to listen."

And, as if this were not enough, another new and wonderful discovery, in connection with the telegraph, is reported from Paris, and is nothing less than sending portraits over the wire. We are assured that the portrait of a Lyons official was sent from Paris and was recognized at once; and in return, the Lyons police telegraphed to Paris the portrait of a run-away clerk, who was recognized

thereby as he alighted in Paris from the Lyons train, and arrested. Now, if these things are true, what are we coming to? We need, it may be, only a slight modification in our present organs and senses to enable us to communicate with the inhabitants of other planets and stars, if any of these are populated with intelligence. Why might not Venus, Mars and Earth communicate with each other through the agency of light, ether, gravity or sound, as well as Paris, London, New York and Peoria, by electricity? Perhaps no Morse will come to teach us how; but the spectroscope has already told us the elemental composition of distant stars. But however this may be, the Angel of the Resurrection will touch the body with power and endow it with faculties of which these intimated discoveries may be but faint adumbrations. In the spiritual body the organ of sight may become both microscopic and telescopic; the ear may become so gifted as to catch the harmonies of the universe now unheard; the voice may have the range of many octaves, and be not single merely, but a full orchestra; at any rate, all the senses will be raised in power and in glory; for Paul writes that the body "is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power." The ethereal body will be so reconstructed and enlarged with powerful and numerous channels for communication and information as will adapt it to its new relations, and prove a suitable companion to the ennobled soul in the full possession of life,—life, eternal life.

The credit of originality is due neither to science nor literature as relates to the immortality of words. We find the clearest statement of this truth in the Bible, and we close this section with the insertion of a few passages. "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—Math. 12:36, 37. "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore, whatso-

ever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops."—Luke 12:2, 3. "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."—Eecl. 10:20.

#### VIII.—LIGHT.

The luminous substance called light rushes through space with a measurable speed. Some bodies shine with original, and others with reflected light. It is estimated that it takes four thousand years for a ray of light to come to us from any star of the twelfth magnitude; hence, if a beam of light has reached any such star from this earth, its moment of arrival there is four thousand years subsequent to its departure here.

Let us combine with this fact the remarkable property which light as a picture-taking artist possesses. A single ray condenses within its narrow limits a view of surrounding objects. Innumerable burning strands from as many objects blend and converge in the eye upon the optic nerve; and a single ray imparts the complete view to the mind which each separate ray had brought. We look upon a landscape. Here we have a picture of houses, hills, valleys, river, lake, clouds, birds, trees, countless leaves, innumerable blades of grass,—a totality past enumeration, so far as details are concerned; and yet all these finally ride safely and accurately in the bosom of a single beam of light. It is easy to understand, then, that the single ray of light, as it darts forth from the earth at any moment, carries within its minute compass a picture of every thing visible upon half of the globe at the instant it flashes away. A beam of light, in its successive and continuous departures from the moment of the creation of man to the present instant, carries in minute photograph the complete story of human history in all its various mutations—the temptation, the fall, the flood, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the destruction of Jerusalem, the fall of the Roman Empire, the rise and fall of kingdoms and dynasties. And

the same is true of every star, sun, planet and satellite in the universe. Light is an artist that takes and keeps within its luminous folds a picture of every thing that is done any where and every where in the universe. We only need certain modifications of the mind and the organ of vision, such as increased power of sight, attention, and the ability of transportation to any point in space, in order to examine the pictures of a certain epoch; that is to say, to view the picture of a star with its history of four thousand years ago, or to fly onward in space and overtake the first glimmer of light that ever left the star in order to retrace it, we should be enabled to contemplate its complete history. With such liberty we might seek any point in a continuous beam and observe any desired event, just as now we turn the pages of a history backward and forward to examine at pleasure and more in detail the events and circumstances connected with any given period. If we could fly to that point in space where any *avant courier* of light from some world has just now for the first time penetrated, and follow it back to the world from whence it issued in continuous course, we should have imparted to us a full and accurate history of things done and seen upon that planet from its first appearance down to the present moment.

If a star or planet should be destroyed, its history would still survive; for this has gone out on the wings of light every-whither throughout the creation, carrying in pocket photograph the enduring record of its deeds. If a star is so remote that it requires a million of years for a ray of light to come to us from it, it would take a million of years before we could learn of its destruction. Now, if the freedom of the universe were granted us, such as angels seem to enjoy—as we may infer from the statement of Daniel, who says that while he was engaged in prayer the angel Gabriel, “being caused to fly swiftly,” came from heaven and stood by him before he had finished his prayer,—and we could transport ourselves with the speed of thought—think yourself there and you are there,—then

we should be able to follow these rays, or take such position that they would reach us to tell the story of their stars and be translated into enduring thought. A ray of light, when it strikes the eye, is extinguished, and the information it bears is imparted to the mind. By the law of passive memory, it may be that every ray of light as it flies to the mind, like bees to a hive, is storing it with histories of the universe, that shall be read in the quickened life and with the increased powers of the world to come. If, then, the universe should ultimately go out in darkness—burn itself out—and be changed into the unseen, it is not possible that any fact in its past history can thus be destroyed. By the law of equivalency, every fact a ray of light carries before the light goes out will be imparted to *some* mind, and its impressions perpetuated upon the indestructible tablets of memory. And should a single ray penetrate regions of space so remote and so obscure that no mind, human or angelic, should observe it, that luminous beam brightly twinkles upon the divine every-where-present and all-seeing mind of Jehovah, and from His knowledge not the simplest fact or event will ever vanish. Light thus, like a celestial Ithuriel, is photographing every deed and publishing it in the grand university press to all the universe for its intelligent creatures to read and study. When Cain raised his hands to smite his brother, the celestial telegraph caught the picture and sent the bulletin into all space and to all eternity to publish the brutal deed. “There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets;” “who will render to every man according to his *deeds*,” “for God shall bring every *work* into judgment, whether it be good or whether it be evil.”

An unknown writer, in pursuing reflections like these, shows us how the divine omniscience, with reference to past events, may be apprehended by a finite mind; and the perception is almost startling and overwhelming. “If we imagine the Deity as a man with human powers, but in a far superior degree, it will be easy for us to attribute to Him the faculty and power of really overlooking and dis-

cerning, even in the most minute particulars, every thing which may be sensibly and actually overlooked and seen from a real point of observation.

“Thus, if we wish to comprehend how any past earthly deed or occurrence, even after thousands of years, is as distinctly and immediately in God’s presence as if it were actually taking place before His eyes, it is sufficient for our purpose to imagine Him present at a certain point, at which the light and reflection of the circumstance is just arriving.

“Supposing that this result is established; Omniscience, with respect to the past, becomes identical and *one and the same thing* with actual Omnipresence with regard to space. For, if we imagine the eye of God present at every point of space, the whole course of the history of the world appears to Him immediately and at once.

“That which occurred on earth eight minutes before is glancing brightly and evidently in His sight in the sun. Upon the star of the twelfth magnitude, occurrences which have passed away for four thousand years are seen by Him; and in the intermediate points of space are the pictures of the events which have happened in every moment since.

“Thus we have here the extension of Time, which corresponds with that of Space, brought so near to our sensible perception, that time and space can not be considered as at all different from one another. For those things which are consecutive one to the other in point of time lie next one to another in space. The effect does not follow from the cause, but it exists visibly in space near it; and a picture has spread itself out before us, embracing space and time together, and representing both so entirely and at once, that we are no longer able to separate or distinguish the extension of space from that of time.

“The omniscience of God, with regard to the past, is become intelligible and easy to us, as a sensible and material all-surveying view. Before His eyes, endued with immeasurable powers of sight, the picture of past thousands of

years is, at the present moment, actually extended in space.

“Hence, when we imagine the purely human sense of sight rendered more extended and acute, we are able actually to comprehend one of the attributes of Deity.

“But, according to the reverse, the excellence of this human sense becomes clear to us, if we have by this time understood that it only requires an increased optical and mechanical intensity of it to communicate, at least by approximation, a divine power, viz., omniscience with regard to the past, to beings endowed with such exalted powers of vision.”

And in the line of these reflections, the reading of the 139th Psalm will furnish additional topics. “Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.”

#### IX.—OTHER AGENTS.

There is generally a picture on the first page of the almanac of a man with lines drawn from different parts of his body to the twelve constellations of the Zodiac. This is a doctrine of the old astrology to teach the influence which stars and planets were believed to have upon the body and temperament of those born under their ascendancy. This figment is still preserved in such words as jovial, mercurial, and saturnine. While all this, to the extent contemplated by the astrologers, is fanciful, yet it reflects a truth. Light, heat and electricity, and ethereal essences like them, when brought in contact with the mind, produce currents of influence that are equal to their action; for action and reäction are always equal. For instance, if the light of the moon enters a chamber and falls upon the head of a sleeper, its effect is most likely to man-

ifest itself in the restlessness of the sleeper. The Latins expressed this influence by the word lunacy, or moon-struck, thus making the moon directly responsible for all such aberrations of mind. And even as influences may originate in the stars to affect us, so our influence in the construction of society—"for no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself"—may and must go out to every member in it, and by means of those subtile and invisible agents by which we are surrounded, whether visible or invisible, the effect may be carried to the distant stars. "The influence," says a writer, "which a man exerts does not cease with the effect that he has upon his most intimate friends; nor does it flow from the power of his word alone, nor from the mere force of his example. Whatever a man does, or thinks, or feels, even in solitude, has an effect upon the world. For, in the first place, it affects himself and his own character; and that character must influence, in some manner, those with whom he comes in contact; influence them in proportion to the strength of his power to affect them, and to the weakness of their power to resist him. A cheerful countenance carries a gleam of sunshine into the darkest alley; a sad face throws a shadow over the hearts of those who pass it, even on a crowded thoroughfare; thus, every shade of thought and feeling, expressed in the countenance, or in word, or gesture, or action, produces some corresponding change, slight though it may be, in all souls that recognize, however dimly, the expression. And this change transfers itself, in varying proportions, to ever-widening circles. Thus the spirit and tone of the age is the sum of the individual thoughts, and thus also the individual character of each man is to some extent the product of all the preceding ages of the race." The philosophy of the last age is the common sense of to-day. We may not be conscious of our influence, but it goes on just the same. John outran Peter to the tomb of the Savior; but Peter was the first to enter; "then went in the other disciples also." At a time between the resurrection and ascension, when the disciples were without definite

plans and at a loss what to do, Peter said, "I go a fishing." And the disciples answered, "We also go with thee."

A chemist can discover whether poisons have been taken into the stomach by the analysis of its contents. It only requires a keener sense and greater skill to tell what a person has eaten by the analysis of his breath. Some foods proclaim their presence, such as garlic, more strongly than others. A man who uses tobacco or strong drinks can not disguise it, though he eat roast coffee or wafers: his breath tells the story. This is of importance only as showing that the elements have their indestructible individual characteristics; and when we read in the Bible of three great books which shall be finally produced—the "Book of Remembrance," the "Book of Life," and the "Book of Judgment,"—we may more readily believe this, as we see how the records of every thing connected with ourselves and the past ages are being indelibly worked into the very constitution of the universe. "Behold," said Joshua to the people, "this stone shall be a witness unto us." Habakkuk said to the Chaldeans, on account of their iniquity, "For the stone shall cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber shall answer." And when the Pharisees sought to rebuke Jesus, He answered: "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." Orators often, by a figure of rhetoric in their impassioned appeals, call heaven and earth to witness. Such language is more than a solemn metaphor. It will prove strict reality; for they do and will witness.

But whilst it may be admitted that deeds done in the light are caught and pictured, it may be that those done in darkness will escape detection. Science gives little comfort, however, to those who might thus think and prefer "darkness to light because their deeds were evil." President Hitchcock quotes from a paper by Mr. Hunt "On the changes which Bodies are capable of undergoing in Darkness," some experiments, which go far "to prove the existence, among bodies, of a power analagous to, if not identical with, that which accompanies light, and is the basis of

the photographic process. Some philosophers do not regard them as identical. But this is of little consequence in my present argument. For all agree that there is a power in nature capable of impressing the outlines of some objects upon others in total darkness."

"In respect to such cases, there are one or two facts deserving of special notice. And, first, we must not infer, because man has yet been able to bring out to human view but a few examples of this sort, that they are, therefore, few in nature. Rather should the discovery of a few lead to the conclusion that nature may be full of them, and that a more delicate and refined chemistry may yet disclose them. For the few known cases give us a glimpse of a recondite law of nature, which most likely pervades creation. Some regard these dark rays as neither light nor heat, nor chemical rays, but a new element; but whatever its nature, no reason can be given why it should operate only in a few cases, and those of artificial preparation. More probably, through this influence, all bodies brought into contact, or proximity, impress their images upon one another; and the time may come when, touched by a more subtile chemistry than man now wields, these images shall take a place among obvious and permanent things in the universe, to the honor and glory of some, but to the amazement and everlasting contempt of more." Truly did Hamlet say, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

"Of more I say; for wickedness has oftener sought the concealment of darkness than modest virtue. The foulest enormities of human conduct have always striven to cover themselves with the shroud of night. The thief, the counterfeiter, the assassin, the robber, the murderer, and the seducer, feel comparatively safe in the midnight darkness, because no human eye can scrutinize their actions. But what if it should turn out that sable night, to speak paradoxically, is an unerring photographer! What if wicked men, as they open their eyes from the sleep of death, in another world, should find the universe hung round with

faithful pictures of their earthly enormities, which they had supposed for ever lost in the oblivion of night! What scenes for them to gaze at for ever! They may now, indeed, smile incredulously at such a suggestion; but the disclosures of chemistry may well make them tremble. Analogy does make it a scientific probability that every action of man, however deep the darkness in which it was performed, has imprinted its image upon nature, and that there may be tests which shall draw it into daylight, and make it permanent so long as materialism endures."

But however that may be, the words of Holy Writ are true, and though deniable by a doubter, yet there is nothing that escapes the omniscient eye and mind of God. "If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."—Ps. 119:11, 12.

#### X.—GRAVITATION.

But we proceed even a step beyond this to show that deeds, whether done in the light or darkness, are carefully noted, and no slightest action ever escapes its scrutiny and record. More truly than we imagine "there's a chiel in among us takin' notes."

We may use for our illustration here the apple of Newton. So simple a thing as the falling of an apple to the ground in his orchard awoke in his mind those reflections which led to the discovery and statement of the law of gravitation. Observing that all bodies, when unsupported, fall toward the centre of the earth, he inferred that this must be due to an attractive force exerted by the earth, and that it was doubtless the same force that kept the moon to the earth and the planets to the sun in their orbits around this central luminary. The calculations which he instituted led to this result, and established it as a law of nature. Its simplest statement is this: all bodies attract each other directly in proportion to their mass, and inversely as the square of their distance apart. The uni-

verse is nothing but a self-adjusting pair of scales, where every movement, however slight or immense, must be felt and noted. I can not raise my arm, but the stars in their circling dance nod to it, and record the motion. The effect, it is admitted, is infinitesimal, but that does not show it to have been no effect; it is slight, to be sure, but that does not prove it to have been nothing.

Astronomers, following the tracings of this law, are able to predict eclipses and designate the hour long before the event. Tracing this law backward, they are able to declare the conjunction of bodies at particular eras in the past. Now it only needs that we should acquire this astronomical ability and have enlarged powers of mind to be enabled to read and trace in the movements of the heavenly bodies the forces and actions which have influenced them in order to bring them into their present posture. Dr. Hill, in a "Fragmentary Supplement" to the "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," speaks of this with an eloquence that is rare. "Every moving thing on the earth, from the least unto the greatest, is accompanied in motion by all the heavenly spheres. The rolling planets influence each other on their path, and each is influenced by the changes on its surface. The starry systems, wheeling round their unknown centre, move in harmony with each other, and bend each other's courses, and each is moved by the planets which accompany it in its mighty dance. Thus does this law of gravitation bind all material bodies in one well-balanced system, wherein not one particle can move but all the uncounted series of worlds and suns must simultaneously move with it.

"Thus may every deed on earth be instantly known in the farthest star, whose light, traveling with almost unbounded speed since creation's dawn, has not yet reached our eyes. It only needs in that star a sense quick enough to perceive the motion, infinitely too small for human sense, and an analysis far-reaching enough to trace that motion to its cause. The cloud of witnesses that ever encompass this arena of our mortal life may need no near approach to earthly scenes, that they may scan our con-

duct. As they journey from star to star, and roam through the unlimited glories of creation, they may read, in the motions of the heavens about them, the ever-faithful report of the deeds of men.

“Thus considered, how strange a record does the star-gemmed vesture of the night present! There, in the seemingly fixed order of those blazing sapphires, is a living dance, in whose mazy track is written the record of all the motions that ever men or nature made. Had we the skill to read it, we should there find written every deed of kindness, every deed of guilt, together with the fall of the landslide, the play of the fountain, the sporting of the lamb, and the waving of the grass. Nay, when we behold the superhuman powers of calculation exhibited some times by sickly children, long before they reach man’s age, may we not believe that men, when hereafter freed from the load of this mortal clay, may be able in the movement of the planets or the sun to read the records of their own past life?

“Thou, who hast raised thy hand to do a deed of wickedness, stay thine arm! The universe will be witness of thine act and bear an everlasting testimony against thee; for every star in the remotest heavens will move when thy hand moves, and all the tearful prayers thy soul can utter will never restore those moving orbs to the path from which thy deed has drawn them.”

#### XI.—EQUIVALENCE.

The conservation of energy and the correlation of force are among the most interesting discoveries of science. It is impossible for man, with all the appliances of power at his command, to annihilate a single atom. Compound forms of matter may be changed, but the elements themselves can not be destroyed. Man may well feel his insignificance in the presence of the tiniest mote that floats in the air. It has a subsistence he can not annihilate, nor can he call into existence one that shall float beside it. Here his alchemy and chemistry fail him. When a change takes

place in the structure of a body, the equation is so readjusted that nothing has been lost. If we burn a stick of wood, in the second member its exact equivalent is found in ashes, heat, gas, vapor, and smoke. It has now been resolved into the original elements, or into other forms of matter. He who created the universe is alone competent to annihilate it; man can do neither the one nor the other. In the Word of God we are informed that He does not design to annihilate the worlds He has created;—that, perhaps, would be too great a waste of substances—but, so far as our earth and its immediate heavens are concerned, He has determined that the heavens, being on fire, shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth shall be renewed, and out of this palingenesis shall come the “new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

Personality is distinct from matter, and must prove just as indestructible in its subsistence. The identity of the soul, its individuality and personality, can not, without annihilation, be changed or mixed up with other personalities. Unless God annihilates each soul, it must continue to exist in the possession of the attributes which constitute its personality. The Cartesian formula may be applied to the eternity of man. “I think, feel, and put forth will-power; therefore this self, that thinks, feels and acts, must exist. I exist; therefore I am immortal.” The reunion of the body to the soul, which death has separated, may be necessary in order to complete the selfhood of man. He has had various senses and organs with important functions to connect him with the material universe; and if, in the life to come, the physical universe is to be conserved, then he needs some sort of body and organs to connect him with it. In our present life, we are so much under the dominance of the physical that, in common speech, we say, “You have a soul.” In the future, the conditions may be reversed, and we shall live so much under the dominance of the spiritual, that it shall be common to say, “You have a body.” It is curious that so many should now be more certain that they exist as bodies—for so the speech, “You

have an immortal soul," confesses—than that they exist as personalities, or that the "I" is the soul. The soul of man has a distinct selfhood as truly as the body.

The idea of the soul coming back from the spiritual world to reïnhabit its former body is one with which literature is quite familiar. Not only were Enoch and Elijah translated with their two-fold parts of body and soul; but even Moses, whose body for a while rested in the grave, came back in that body glorified with Elijah to the Mount of Transfiguration. At the crucifixion of Christ, many graves were opened, and the souls of departed saints were brought back to this life. Lazarus, after a four days' sleep in death, was restored to his body. In the Gospels we have an account of the Savior dwelling with His disciples during forty days in a body that had been revived after death and burial, and then ascending to heaven with it in their plain sight, to teach the reality of the spiritual heaven, and what shall happen to our bodies on the glorious resurrection morning of our earth. The medical profession professes at times to witness illustrations of this same nature. Dr. Frye, a physician who has had a long and extensive practice in Peoria, relates a circumstance that, to his mind, was conclusive proof of the soul's eternity. Some years ago, he was called in to see a man dying with consumption. The patient's regular physician was not present. When the doctor entered the room, he saw that bodily life was extinct. To more fully confirm himself, he felt of the pulse, and found it still; he put his head to the heart, and lo, it had ceased to beat. "Madam," said he, turning to the wife, "your husband is dead;" and to console her, he added, "but you are prepared for this, having looked forward to it for some time." This conversation was kept up for several minutes, when suddenly they were startled by hearing the dead man ask, "Am I in this world, or in the next?" He then breathed several times and again passed away. To the reality of this event the doctor stated that there were several witnesses.

An occurrence like this will puzzle a materialistic phi-

losopher. He will probably deny its possibility; for, when the body is once dead, in his belief, its life is for ever extinguished and can never reanimate a dead body. As evidence of Bible truth, it is presumptive, and with the principle of equivalence in view, it is accumulative. If the soul can exist for one moment apart from the body—the latter being dead,—its subsistence must be distinct and eternal, and proves that it is the soul that gives life to the body, and not the reverse, that the body gives life to the soul. “The soul of man,” it has been well said, “is not a thing to be dissolved, or melted, or frozen, or pulverized. No axe can ever behead her, no polished blade can ever pierce her.” The spirit, being thus invulnerable, can not, but by being annihilated, die.

“Can it be so?

Matter immortal, and shall spirit die?

Above the nobler shall the less noble rise?

Shall man alone, for whom all else survives,

No resurrection know? Shall man alone,

Imperial man, be sown in barren ground,

Less privileged than the grain on which he feeds?”

## XII.—THE ETERNITY OF MEMORY.

An important disclosure of mental science is the fact that memory is a two-fold faculty of conservation and recollection. Reminiscence falls far below the capacity of retention. The power of recollection is stronger in some than in others. The first point to be established is this: that conservation treasures every thing that enters consciousness in any shape. The experience of every one furnishes points of illustration. There are times when we can not recall things; and other times when these things all come back without any effort on our part. This shows that an event may be lost to reminiscence but not to retention. In some the faculty of recollection is cultivated or manifested to a remarkable degree; and it is probable, before the days of printing, that this energy of memory was much stronger than now, because more reliance was placed upon it. It was more common at that time to repeat an

oration or a poem after having heard it once, than now, when such necessity is removed by the printer's or the stenographer's art. The lore of secret societies is preserved entirely by tradition, and if this, as in the case of masonry, is *idem semper, ubique et ab omnibus*, it shows that memory is exceedingly retentive and reproductive. Persons rescued from drowning are surprised by the recollection of events which up to that moment were entirely forgotten. Admiral Beaufort states that during the moments of submergence every incident of his life seemed to glance across his recollection, not in mere outline, but the whole picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature. We have it on the reliable authority of Coleridge that a young German maid, during a nervous fever, was heard to recite correctly passages of Greek, Latin and Hebrew, and this, as it appeared, from simply having heard her master, a clergyman, repeat them as she went about her household duties.

Facts like these establish the proposition that memory, in its passive form, is a storehouse to gather and keep every thing that in any way comes in contact with self-consciousness. The active power to recall may vary, but if the picture of an entire life, as in the case of Admiral Beaufort, may be produced when near to death, it is certain none of life's incidents have at any time been destroyed. They have simply slumbered in the chambers of passive memory, awaiting the action of certain principles before awakening. It follows, therefore, inasmuch as the mind is a primary and indestructible substance, which the change or even annihilation of matter can not affect, that memory, with all its hidden treasures, is as deathless as the soul itself.

"But she shall flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Facts and arguments might be multiplied to enforce Lord Bacon's remark that no thoughts are lost. They continue virtually to exist, and the soul possesses within itself laws which, when fully brought into action, will be found

capable of producing the prompt and perfect restoration of the collected acts and feelings of its whole past existence. The inscriptions upon monumental stone or eulogistic brass may crumble into dust or melt with fervent heat, but each one of us carries within himself a tablet upon which memory is writing down an imperishable record. The history of the universe and of individual life thus finds its indestructible transcripts in matter and in mind, and the contents of these two volumes can in no wise contradict each other.

### XIII.—CHANCE.

From a creation in time, the mind infers a creator from all eternity. The moment the universe was called into existence, it afforded an argument to intelligent beings for the eternity of God. In order to avoid and neutralize this just inference, the atheistic materialism of to-day is obliged to believe and teach the eternity of matter, and to rule out all traces of design, intelligence and personality. There is but one substance in the universe, and that substance is matter. Matter, they continue, is always attended by force, as a body by its shadow. Matter and force have existed from all eternity. Particles have been in motion from all eternity in the past, and will continue in motion through the eternity to come. Their coming together is cause, and the result is effect, and this law accounts for all that we see of reason, intelligence and design, for every thing that has taken place, or can take place. Outside of Nature, above or below, on the right hand or on the left, there is nothing. Nature is all, and in all. Now, this doctrine, or something like it, is advanced in the name of the science of the nineteenth century. The trinity of this *new* school is matter, force, and eternal motion. But is it *new*? There is scarcely a theory ever advanced that has been so riddled and torn to pieces by victorious argument as this *old* doctrine of the atomic philosophers. Empedocles propounded it in Greece, 440 B. C.; Lucretius revived it among the Latins, 95 B. C., and expounded it in a poem of six books which bear the same relation to this doctrine that Milton's

*Paradise* does to the Bible. Their arguments read much like the special pleading of to-day, rather than of the long ago. But even the pagan Greeks pulled it all to pieces, showed its weakness, declared its absurdity, and yet, notwithstanding this, it is revamped in our day as sober science.

Look at it just a moment. Is it not absurd on the very face of it that matter which is dead, force which is blind, motion which is impersonal, should be self-existent from eternity to eternity, and, by their accidental coming together in the perpetual motion of matter, should produce life; then, after an infinite lapse of time, intelligence, reason, order, beauty, harmony, contrivance, ideas of truth, right and justice; and again, those aspirations of the soul that cry aloud to the stars for immortality? Believe it, who can? Is it not senseless that what is essentially blind shall be the father of vision? is it not absurd that what is devoid of all reason and intelligence shall give birth to reason and intelligence? is it not ridiculous that chance—blind, thoughtless chance—shall be the ancestor of those infinite traces of design, skill and wisdom which have been scattered with a lavish hand through every nook, corner and crevice of the universe—aye, impressed upon the minutest atom that floats in a sunbeam? Absurdity has gone as far as it can go, when it adopts this theory and teaches that Nature is the creator of the soul of man; that the universe, with its marvelous laws and exhibitions of endless harmony, regularity and uniformity—more exact than any time-piece man has ever constructed—as shown in the varied movements of planet, sun, and star, has been born from blind impersonal chance! How long would a man have to throw together the words in the English language before they would fall into the order, beauty, force and logic of Milton, Shakespeare, and the sublime utterances of the Bible? Could it be done in a day, or a millenium, or an eternity? Removing the experiment back to times where no experience can carry us does not help to explain it, but rather to increase the difficulty; for by this theory, the farther back we go, the less we find of reason, intelligence and design.

Most pertinently did Bishop Tillotson ask those men of the seventeenth century who pointed to chance for a solution: "How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem; yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colors upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man! And is a man easier made by chance than this picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army! And yet this is much more easy to be imagined than how innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world."

The argument from design is one which can not be overthrown. It is a Gibraltar that resists all waves of scepticism. Denying that it amounts to any thing does not touch the argument, nor weaken it. The ostrich hides his head in the sand; but he has not rendered himself invisible. We come to a pyramid in the desert. We can not tell who built it, or why it was built. But we are perfectly sure there was some thought back of sphinx and pyramid, or they would never have been built. We come to Baalbec, or Petra, or Persepolis, or basilisk, or mausoleum, or broken column of Parthenon; and we unerringly say there was thought back of all these—thought to originate, thought to plan, and thought to work into stone and temple and city these poems of a past beauty and faded grandeur. No one stumbles here. We come to a magnificent bridge spanning some wide and rapid stream; we come to a tunnel cut under river or lake, or through mountain; we come to the cross-ties and the equation of iron; we come to engines of strength for ship and railway; we come to a church, a synagogue, and a cathedral; we come to capitol,

and obelisk, and arch; we come to statues of iron, brass and marble; we come to a crystal palace, a Sydenham, or a Centennial; and we as confidently confess our creed — back of all these was mind; back of all these was architect, artist, sculptor, engineer; back of all these the genius of thought; back of all these the immortal soul working through the hand of the artisan, mechanic and inventive skill. Here there is no trouble about the insertion of an *iota* and the addition of a *filioque*. Thought, thought, every where, and back of all these godlike thought.

But the moment we come to the little poem that has been expanded into a flower, color, symmetry, perfume, medicinal property, and other virtues, we say, well, this is another thing entirely—here we see the result of matter, force and motion—a blind chance aided by natural selection and the survival of the fittest. We come to the earth, and now geologist, and botanist, and chemist, and zoölogist and scientist gives us volume after volume of wonderful contrivances and adaptations; we come to the heavens, and the astronomer delights to trace their laws of beauty, and harmony, and correlations; we come to the inorganic department of elements, and the philosopher traces its adaptation to support vegetable life, and vegetable life to sustain animal, and animal to produce thought, feeling and will; we come to relations of organs to wisest uses, of this to that, not in one, not in two, but in myriad functions and the happiest combinations without number; we come to all these, but now there is no longer any thought back of these: we find Epimetheus, but no Prometheus; we find a pyramid, but it is on its apex; we find now most fortunately an eternal downpour of molecules, an endless motion among blind particles, the most happy combination of impersonal force. How lamentable such perversity! There is no use patting an argument on the back that denies you had father and mother. Does it not look as if the blindness were willful and the enmity determined, which in all human works acknowledges *forethought*, but denies it to the works of nature, and here finds evidences

only of afterthought? How much wiser to make the author of nature both Prometheus and Epimetheus! At all events, one is not to be blamed if he is reminded by this hostility of the argument two nocturnal visitants held around a hen-roost. "Sam, is it wrong to steal?" "Pete, that's a great moral question which neither of us is qualified to discuss. Hand us down another pullet."

Those who have read Boniface's French story of *Picciola*—and it is a prose poem on Natural Theology combined with that great impulse, love, which shifts so many of the scenes of this life, and such strange events as the mutations of time oft bring to men of fame and fortune—will perceive the drift of the following fragment. The study of nature ought to lead every intelligent mind to discern the thought back of nature by which even so small a thing as a flower has been fashioned, and from that thought it should turn as by instinct to the Great Thinker; for thought can proceed only from a thinker, and a thinker is a person. Thought in civilization requires a personal thinker; thought in the universe also requires a Personal Thinker.

In a fortress  
Sentenced lay  
His opponent  
Count Charney.  
Bonapartè  
Spared his life;  
Times were warlike,  
Full of strife.

In a crevice,  
On the floor  
Of the pavement  
Out of door  
Where the sceptic  
Daily strolled,  
Fell a seed-lobe;  
O, how bold!

But it died not,  
There it grew;

Day gave sunshine,  
Night brought dew.  
How he watched it  
Day by day;  
What to name it  
None could say.  
"Gilliflower,"  
It might be;  
"Picciola,"  
'T is to me.  
He had written,  
In his cell,  
With a bold hand,  
That should tell  
How dark his creed:—  
"Chance is blind,  
Sole creator,  
Matter, mind."  
Now he added:  
"This I doubt."

Without book,  
 He must look:  
 Every breath the flower took,  
     Each new change,  
     Gave a range  
 To his thoughts so strange.  
 "Picciola" taught him more  
 Than the learnèd had before.  
     Here he saw  
     Trace of law  
     Filling him with awe.

Teacher True,  
 Doctor too,  
 You did charm his life anew.  
     From your wealth  
     You gave health,  
     Stript of leaves by stealth.  
 Creation vast in a plant  
 Mirror finding — God doth grant.  
     To the weak  
     And the meek  
     Deity will speak.

Flower dear,  
 How you hear!  
 You do know when storms are near;  
     Closing so,  
     When winds blow  
     Over they will go.  
 Compass and barometer —  
 All to a philosopher.  
     Time you tell  
     Just as well —  
     You he would not sell.

Buds appear,  
 Spring is here,  
 Rainy tempests he doth fear.  
     Lessons wise  
     From the skies  
     In this plant arise.  
 What a world of thought and care  
 Makes the tiny flower fair!  
     Thought precedes  
     All our needs;  
     This he now concedes.

#### XIV.—CONCLUSION.

But it may be asked, If passive memory retains every thing, how will it be possible for any to go from an imperfect life, with its imperishable record, and derive any pleasure from its contemplation? It will depend upon whether love for sin or love for holiness shall guide the laws of association. If love for purity predominates, it will bring forth from the storehouse only such memories as are pure and holy. We shall not be helpless, and compelled to revel in the sty of Epicurus and the filth of sensualism. A flood of unholy memories shall not, at their pleasure, deluge the soul. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. We think and talk about things we love. There will be nothing to recall or suggest any unholy association. The record of an evil life will lie covered and hid in the chambers of passive memory, and no echo can come from it but such as shall show the greatness of our deliverance, and fill the heart with greater joy and sweeter melody. If any thing else can come, it will prove the momentary dis-

cord in music that makes the harmony more complete. Grace shall be written upon the entire scroll of a rescued and redeemed life, that, go where memory will among the hidden stores, they shall blaze and burn with everlasting glory.

Thus all the memories of this life in the redeemed soul will magnify the riches of grace and redound to the glory of God. This was the song of the saved that burst upon the delighted ear of St. John when brought to the confines of heaven. A Savior's love will sweetly mingle with all the memories of earth. "How strange to think," said Dr. Guthrie in a moment of sickness, "that within twenty-four hours I may see my mother and my Savior!"

And beside all the pleasant recollections which we may now be laying up in heaven, in the continuance of the life to come we shall gather only golden memories. God alone is in the possession of all truth. We are, and ever shall be, seekers after truth. Even eternity can never disclose to a finite mind all the rich treasures of the Infinite God. Heights and depths unexplored will constantly arise. In this holy and happy pursuit, joys will grow and not diminish; stores of knowledge will accumulate and never vanish; discovery after discovery in grace, truth and divine revelations of mystery will burst upon the ravished soul, to enrich the past with hopeful and happy memories; and eternity will prove a continuous and ever-present delight. Every thought, aspiration and reminiscence shall make life more great and more grand. The everlasting kingdom of our God shall be full of love, joy, peace, praise, and glory.

And, on the other hand, if the memory of an evil life be unrestrained by grace and holy love, its recollection will constitute a keen source of unhappiness. "Son, remember!" A wasted life, and its unholy deeds! The wicked, by the laws of association, will recall his wickedness, his envy, his hate, his lust, his murderous thoughts, his betrayal of trust, of youth and innocence, his destruction of good, his trampling upon holy opportunities, and this, all this—a deathless memory in a quickened con-

science—will gnaw like a worm that never dieth, and burn like a fire that is never quenched. “A rich landlord in England once performed,” it is said, “an act of tyrannical injustice to a tenant who was a widow. The widow’s son was a witness of it, and afterward becoming a painter, he transferred that scene to canvas. Years afterward the rich man saw it, and as he saw it, he turned pale and trembled. He wanted to purchase and destroy it, but the artist would not sell it.” So, too, will the memory of an evil life in the future arise like an avenging artist to paint the disgraceful scenes of the past to our utter discomfiture. It will be no excuse for one to say, “I did not know that memory was so complete and deathless.” The record goes on just the same. The boys that hired a carriage for a particular distance did not think, when they drove twice as far, that they should be detected. But every turn the wheels made the unseen clock attached to the axle was compelled to register, and when they returned and disputed with the owner about the distance and the price, he showed them the concealed clock and confounded them. The clock kept the record just as faithfully as if the boys had known all about it. Passive memory is a clock within, whose unseen register we do well to heed and not carry it to places where the testimony shall be all against us. We may and should so walk that its record shall eventually testify to a truthful and holy life.

And in view of all this, how necessary to fill the present life and its passing moments with kind words, noble thoughts, holy desires, useful deeds and sunny memories, that we may lay up a storehouse of good things for our future delight. Even now how bright are the memories of youth and our early associations. Life never seemed so hopeful and beautiful as then when we first drank at the fountains of life and knowledge. The past had no remembrance of evil. The earth never looked so green and fair as then. The stars never seemed to twinkle with such lustre and friendliness as then. Appetite never quite so keen and fresh! No evil habit had then taken hold of us with a Sampson grasp. In the memory of those sunshiny

days, when our father guided us, our mother loved and cheered us, and a happy household surrounded us with their loving words, remembrance finds but little evil and no guile; but little sorrow and few disappointments. Since those golden hours, unkind words and unkind thoughts, evil desires and injurious actions have arisen. And then, too, we can not help but think what we are and what we might have been! Shall we then cry, "Days of my youth, oh youth, come back!" Ah! it is all in vain. Let us rather turn to present opportunity.

There was an artist once in sunny Italy  
 Who made a vow, if ever he should see  
 Life's counterparts in ugliness and grace,  
 To paint the horrid wretch—the lovely face,  
 And fix enduringly with matchless skill  
 The two extremes in moral good and ill.

In Florence dwelling, with a painter's aim,  
 Much seeking what might gain a deathless fame,  
 He found a child of beauty passing rare:  
 It seemed not of the earth, but of the air.  
 For fear such heavenly charms, except in dream,  
 Would never more across his pathway gleam,  
 He caught on canvas true, with shading fine  
 And loving zeal, the form and look divine.  
 That gentle countenance in gloomy hour  
 His room adorning filled with cheerful power.

Time flew; its opposite he did not meet,  
 Though sought among the vilest in the street;  
 In vain he deemed his search for fit companion,—  
 A face as near to hell as that to heaven.  
 At length, in foreign lands sojourning long,  
 He found a culprit base in prison strong:  
 A fierce and haggard fiend, whose blood-shot eyes  
 Were kindling with a fire that never dies;  
 Whose scowling brow with passions wild grew dark;  
 Whose bloated cheeks deforming lust did mark.  
 The contrast could not be in aught more great;  
 His vow was realized; he had the mate  
 To loveliness in ruined counterpart.  
 How great the disappointment of his heart  
 To learn that these two pictures, none the less,  
 Were of the self-same soul true likenesses!  
 This loathsome wreck had been that lovely boy  
 Whose infant days had dawned in peace and joy.  
 These portraits in a Tuscan gallery  
 Hang side by side and prove reality.

Thus life is full of mystery and change—  
 An April day is not more fitful, strange.  
 The landscape in the morning may be fair,  
 The earth serene amid the lucid air;  
 A sudden storm sweeps o'er the charming scene,  
 The sun in inky darkness sets at e'en.  
 Thus impure paint the brightest tints doth taint,  
 Of life's sad counterparts an image faint.  
 The lad of brilliant parts and comely face  
 In after years may mar this youthful grace,  
 And show no signs of fairer prophecy,  
 Its words defaced—all, all most ruthlessly.  
 We hoped to see the boy live right along,  
 In virtue growing stronger and more strong;  
 Youth's beauty glow in manhood still more clear,  
 The strength of manhood strengthening every year;  
 The child become a youth in upright power,  
 Old age of youth's good seed the crowning flower.  
 But lust and vice, the easel taking, wrought  
 The hateful features with the force of thought,  
 Its wond'rous lines of beauty rubbing out;  
 A transformation daily, till we doubt  
 That this to that ere bore the slightest trace,  
 That fiend from angel ever got his face.  
 The foulest fiend was once an angel bright,  
 Proud Satan, Lucifer, the child of light.

There is no artist like the heart to make  
 The fleshly garment from the spirit take  
 Its form and shape. The pure soul will transform  
 The poorest tabernacle—'t is life's norm—  
 And cause beyond the fuller's power to glow  
 As on the Mount, and glisten like the snow.  
 There is no artist so can beautify,  
 And give to man a grace that shall not die,  
 As noble deeds, fine thoughts and holy love,—  
 These are the servants of the Heavenly Dove.  
 The soul is artist, sculptor, architect,  
 To fashion form—to mold, adorn, correct.  
 And so upon our faces you may read  
 What each through life has loved in thought and deed;  
 Such portraitures in character endure,  
 And make our life or death complete, secure.  
 The past is youth and childhood of to-day;  
 To-day but broadens out to-morrow's way.  
 To grow in good or ill is life's great law;  
 This two-fold germ of youth fills life with awe.  
 Each life in peace begins at mother's heart,—  
 Oh, guard thy life from evil counterpart!



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