

The Herald of Light,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH.



The New Church is the body of Christ, including within itself the good, of every sect and persuasion, throughout the world, excluding none. In its visible form it embraces all who confess that Jesus is the Lord; receive the Holy Scriptures as his Divine Word, and accept the Doctrine of Regeneration, through obedience to its commandments and in the uses of a godly and self-denying life.

REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

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[No. 10.]

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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THE MINISTRY FOR THE NEW AGE.

Every religious movement is led on by its champions, its banner men, its heroes. As Napoleon to his soldiers,—an embodied force, moving with dauntless resolution, with an eye presaging victory,—so the true priests in the New Church will stand amidst God's cohorts, animated by the Spirit of the Divine leader. We assume the premise that the whole world is to be converted; that black and white, bond and free, civilized and barbarian, are alike to receive the gospel in its interior sense; that the New Church is to keep perpetually before it the grand ideas of universality and eternity. Here we encounter the fact, proved by all history, that every recognized unfolding of God's Providence has been through men in whom the movement lived supreme, omnipresent and triumphant. When the Lord would inaugurate a new era in any department of thought or action, He selects individuals, who are literally absorbed into the essence and impregnated with the germinal principles which are to be evolved into these new forms of order. Taken from the natural ties of the selfhood, from the pursuits which are most congenial to intellect or ambition, from the pleasures which are most dear to taste or culture, they are henceforth simply the doers of a work of which they did not premeditate. They are the agents of the Supreme Will.

Of this class, in the realm of ideas, was Emanuel Swedenborg. With no power to move men by the preaching of the Word; with no sweet lyrical aptitude to see truth in fluent melody; with no faculty of adapting thought to all realms and ranks of men, to the savage and the child as well as to the sharp and logical sage; with, so far as we are aware, no gift of casting out demons,—all of which pertain to those who exercise a composite use in the New Jerusalem, his grand specialty was that of illumined composition, in

a uniform style, ponderous, diffuse and in keeping with the peculiar habit of expression which existed among the cultured Latinists of the eighteenth century. The friend of kings, the associate of nobles and philosophers, he was remote from the masses, and must ever remain so. The effect of his works is inevitably to draw together a select handful; they never can feed the heart-hunger of the many. Invaluable as expositions and illustrations of the spiritual sense of the Word, they contain arcana which are rich and wonderful, but so wrapt in abstruse terms that they remain, to the common thought, a certain mysterious agglomeration of bewildering conceits. Theologians cannot find out their value, much less the hard faring, hard worked millions. They are above the heads of all but a choice few.

It was believed by those, who, at the close of the last century, turning to these neglected oracles, found in them such ample evidence of a Divine Source, that they were to serve as the nucleus of a new and visible Church, taking the place of the decaying and petrifying ecclesiastical bodies, absorbing to itself the regenerate everywhere and serving as the initiatory institution of a fresh and glorious Golden Age. How lamentably this expectation has thus far failed; what a spectacle of inversion the pseudo church calling itself the "New Jerusalem" presents, at least in America, it is not for us to say. But the facts,—they testify. Since Swedenborg not one original man, in the sense of illumination, has been produced among his followers, so far as we are aware. The most able and brilliant Swedenborgians have been just Swedenborgians, no more; their office, that of commenting on, and presenting to the world, the writings of their master.—How conscientiously such men as Hindmarsh and Noble, to say nothing now of others near at hand, performed this especial task; how providential that task was, we need not state. Still the fact remains, the melancholy fact,—a movement comparatively without life, a priesthood avowedly without illumination, a body of people debarred from independent thought. We speak not now of the new school, led on by men like Weller, but of the technical Swedenborgian church, so far as within our own observation.

We take it that God has something to say in every man's soul. The merit of Swedenborg was that he had the moral honesty to

listen to the Inner Voice, to act in obedience to its suggestions. The objection which the New Church makes against the sect of Swedenborgians is, that they, as a body, while they profess implicit devotion to every word of doctrine written out by the pen of this illumined scribe, have left out of sight and out of mind his great example. The New Church proper, while it possesses perhaps a more true, because more interior and appreciative knowledge of Swedenborg, than does the Swedenborgian sect, differs from the latter especially in bearing in mind the example. That is, in persisting to keep the vision clear for the Lord's present and ever recurring manifestation, and the ear open for his fresh and constant message.

The sect of Swedenborgians is built around a nucleus of written memorials. It is purely historical; necessary perhaps to make up the complement of the sects, but valueless in the sense of a Divine Institution. In attempting to convert the world by paper missives it overlooks the fact that inspired preaching, through souls upon whom God has put an especial spirit, is the appointed method for reaching the masses of mankind. Differing from her, the New Church springs to life as an objective institution through the preaching of the Word, through the preaching of it by direct influx from the Lord, in forms precisely adapted to the exigencies of each individual congregation.

There is a gift, inherent in certain members of the human family, of being plastic in the hand of God. They are born with a facility of taking on the states, mental, moral and even physical, of those with whom they have to deal. When the gift is dumb it flowers out into philanthropy, but, when vocal, prompts the ready, burning utterance of the word that men's souls most require. "I cannot tell," says one, "how I preach; but this I know, that, to me, on entering the pulpit, sight fails. I cannot look at my audience. I must shut out the magnetism of opposing conditions, so susceptible am I. I wrestle with God in silent prayer and feel myself ascending to conjunction with His Spirit. Then I turn to my work, and read and pray and preach as if I knew the actual soul-state of every hearer. I see into their minds; then go into combat. I say to myself, 'I have a work to do in preaching. What is that work? To undo, in God, that

which Satan has been doing for them, in many cases, since childhood. I must reach the hidden soul-man, the man of the affections, who lives within the body's house. He is the man after whom I seek. I must get him to co-operate with me in fighting against the fantasies which possess the understanding, the demons who infest the body, the sloth and sluggishness and stupidity, that haunt the senses with a perpetual nightmare. To do this my own will must be an empty conduit, through which the Divine forces are to pass. Throwing myself back on primal inspirations, inwardly caught up into the sphere of Deity, I must take into myself great draughts of the Divine auras and throw them out as if I were a vehicle not only for verbal but for vital inspirations.' "Then," continues this thinker whom we quote, "I plunge into the very center of the fight. Eternity rolls bare of clouds, a luminous land flaming before my perceptions. To me all that is spoken is matter real as aught can be in nature or the skies. Every man becomes my brother, every woman my sister, and, in God's stead, I talk to their most interior consciousness. I rouse up from slumber that inner man who is so rapidly becoming either an angel or a devil, and with him I plead; ceasing, in all cases, the utterance, at the very instant when the Voice, of which I am the servant, arrests the onward flow. Then, when this part of my work is done, pausing not to ask the effect, to blame myself for apparent failure, to compliment myself on a seeming success, I throw myself back into the Lord and ask for the next use. My states change instantaneously, and for the ensuing hour I go from individual to individual, while the Lord lays open, so far as is needful, their peculiar internal history and experience, and addresses Himself through me to their separate states, whether of doubt, gloom, vascillation, combat, infestation, zeal or triumph. As soon as He, who guides me, announces that this mission is ended, I retire, exulting and praising Him in soul, and ascribing to Him all the glory."

"Again," remarks this preacher, "I write no sermons, take not a line of manuscript into the pulpit, allow myself to sketch no discourse in the mind, but trust Him who hath said 'When they bring you into the synagogues, and unto magistrates and powers, take ye no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what

thing ye shall say, for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.' Then I am, as it were, alive, and burn in heart with inextinguishable fire, that sets the words into a blaze and kindles in the soul of the receptive hearer. I am always equal to the emergency, be it little or great. No combinations of adverse circumstances have power to arrest that which is to be spoken, and the words go forth as if they were soldiers charging at the point of the bayonet."

The teacher, from whom we quote these words, adds also, "I go wherever my Lord, through the openness of the spirit to Himself, directs my feet, be it far or near. The Lord has much people not yet gathered in every city. They wait the coming of His messengers. They hunger and they thirst for the church whose coming shall be with power, with signs and miracles, with stony hearts melted and with pent up affections liberated, with souls converted, minds illumined, devils cast out and sins forgiven.—There is not a spot upon the habitable globe upon which human beings congregate, where materials do not exist for a New Church congregation. It only requires the men on whom God shall put His spirit to interpret to human souls their own necessities and point them to their abiding satisfaction in the ever-present, ever-communicative Messiah God. I override all authorities. It is not a question to me of what is in books, but what is in Deity. I am no proselyter but would rather go a thousand miles with this Word to a poor plantation negro, who shall receive it in the heart and through it be made God's freeman, victorious over the hells and so a living example of Heaven's truth in charity, than sit as its exponent in King's houses, where, received as a mere beauty and wonder in the intellect, it bears no fruit in saving souls."

Again he writes, "A false standard of preaching has made the pulpit a lecture stand or a place for mere textual elaborations.—I have no mission to analyze the foliage of truth, to delight a gaping crowd with elaborate and scholastic touches of eloquence, pleasing to the fancy but falling on the heart with as little weight as if they were but moonbeams. The pulpit is no flower stand. We have to deal, in these fast flying moments, with no less than three worlds,—the groaning, dying earth, whose children are flying from it as if they were dry leaves whirled from the branches

of an autumnal forest; and the hell that spins lying vanities from zone to zone, and that taints the air with poisons and runs riot in deluded hearts; and a serene Heaven, still, profound, peaceful, breathing over mankind an influence that falls as silent as the snow flakes, yet thunders everlastingly of the doomday, and bids the soul prepare for the coming of her God. What have I to do with a little clique or coterie who wish a quiet and genteel chapel, with a select and appreciative audience, who must be stroked down gently every seventh day, as one would smooth a pigeon's ruffled feathers? Oh! the woful ruin that is in men's hearts, the tophets of foul contagion that well-bred society conceals. It is not to soothe, it is not to play the mere orator, that the preacher comes. It is awful as of the visit of the Carmelite of old; the searching, penetrative inquisition of the Spirit; the breaking down of idols; the overcoming of sorceries; the unmasking of pretences; the revelation to every man of what he most is ignorant of, the state of his own soul, the posture in which he stands to God." Here we cease our extracts from this nameless author, and return to specify some things which it seems to us must ere long be pressed upon the attention of every New Churchman in the world.

First comes up this question of the ministry. How are we to obtain a real priesthood? In what is it to consist? What is that priesthood to do when obtained?

We are to obtain the priesthood only as God raises it up. A Boston licence, to say the Lord's prayer in public, will no more call down fire from Heaven and make a man fervent and effectual in the ministry, than a parchment from the Grand Lama.—We can manufacture pedants and manikins of the most approved clerical model, by stifling every germ of originality and stereotyping the phrases of our favorite author upon the surfaces of the brain; and have sermons produced after the fashion of college compositions. The world is sick of this. Disputants, who shall turn the church into an arena for Senior Wranglers, who shall deal with the gospel as if it were a matter that had only to be argued on dry points in the style of an attorney,—these can be found wherever we can pick up a genteel youth with a good memory, or find a forensic intellect with an aptitude for religious

controversy. In this land, where the main question is, of any profession, "will it pay?" we have only to offer inducements of a pecuniary sort to produce at once an ample stock of pulpit speakers. All denominations are afflicted with a class of hack writers and hack teachers, ready to fill pulpits at so much per diem. Well meaning Divines, accustomed to mechanical and routine service in their respective fraternities, who have been attracted to the writings of Swedenborg, and who are willing to preach, and baptize, and administer the sacrament for the New Church with the endless iterations that characterize the old,—these can be found by hundreds. In fact, the difficulty is not to look out clergymen, after this artificial pattern, but to find hearers for them. Officers are plentiful, but whence is to issue the rank and file? But the priesthood which is able to vindicate its claim to be from Heaven by doing Heaven's own work in its own grand way,—we cannot manufacture this. We are then to look to God, who sends men, as planes are formed in human nature, for them to work. He will give this ministry. We have only to look about us to discover that He is giving it.

In what is this priesthood to consist? We answer, in a class of men, able, singly, moved by the inspiration of Deity, to go everywhere, preaching the Word. Who sent John, baptizing with water in the wilderness, yet greater than all prophets? Who commissioned Peter, firm as earth's ribbed granite, fiery as its central heat? Who breathed balms and benedictions through the beloved disciple, till men almost forgot the servant as the light of the great Master's presence irradiated the face? Can we not trust Him to keep up a perpetual succession? Are there no tongues of fire, no hearts embalmed in charity, no intellects all illumined to declare the inner things of God's eternal Word in this nineteenth century? The old church in its beginning, when the apostles lived, was the nursery of heroes; and shall the new be less? Is the vast and awful greatness of a primal ministry to live no more, except in those bright memories that look out from the stained windows of the past upon us? Forbid it Heaven! We are to have a priesthood of pivotal men, opened through their respiratories to the Heavens, and throwing down God's battle gage against the warring hells. As Alexander or Napoleon for

the battles of the selfhood, so are these to be for the combats of the Lord. They are to be absorbed in their function. Whether simple or composite, it is to be to them life's one great object.—The question, not of guineas or of dollars, but of a Divine call; the end, not sect building, but plucking souls from perdition, from the demonhood into which men harden who indulge in the love of self and of the world and of ruling others. We cannot think that such will ever consent to be called after the name of any man.

But some will say, "How is this ministry to be sustained? who will pay the butcher's and baker's bill. This might do if the manna fell as of old and the loaves and fishes continued to be multiplied." This brings us to another point, namely the question of the relation which should exist between men on whom God puts the gift of the Spirit and sends them everywhere preaching the Word, and those to whom He entrusts other and secular service. Wherever there is a true ministry it will prove so effectual, in the conversion of men to the interests of the kingdom which is not of this world, that they will eagerly, so far as the Divine finger points the way, unite in bearing its material burdens. The exhibition of a complete self-sacrifice in the ministry rouses up the latent philanthropy of a people. As a selfish priesthood makes a selfish sect, and an ease-loving priesthood an ease-loving sect, and a cowardly priesthood a cowardly sect, so, on the other hand, the exhibition of Divine qualities through one who is received as sent of God, inspires in every receptive bosom, to some degree at least, a zeal in correspondence. So far as we have knowledge, the apostles went forth, as they were led by the Spirit, and were not hindered on their way, but, giving all, found, so long as their ministry lasted, the comparatively few things which this poor body needs; nor were beloved ones found wanting, at last, to rescue the relics of their mangled frames, from crosses and impalements, and from the wild beasts of the amphitheater, dropping meanwhile a sympathizing tear upon the pale, unconscious dust. So now; God's soldiers will find the due pittance of refreshment. They will not lack any needful thing, though He parts the heavens to rain down bread—as He can do. He wills His soldiery to put their trust in Him.—

Through perfect self-consecration to Divine ends, the true priest, becomes, in a special sense, the recipient of a constant Divine bounty. It is simply a question of trust; and here again the promise is, "Ask and ye shall receive." Who will walk the world with God? Who vow himself to be the servant of Omnipotence in lowly burden-bearing for the world, that, in all instances, tears and rends if possible the man who gives himself to be, for love's sake, its most tender and faithful friend? Who will, when the Divine Spirit pleads with him, go and do the bidding of the Lord? He shall know by daily experience, of a verity, that God is faithful and that none of His promises can fail.

What is this ministry to do? We answer; it is to do the works of God. If Swedenborg, who was simply illumined to write of things which he saw, and so to give, not the spirit but the letter, not the fire, but the verbal analysis of fire,—if he could declare, with truth, that the second coming of the Lord was through him; with how much equal truth may the man, in whom the Lord breathes by the opening of the respiratories, and speaks by the commandment, "Go preach my gospel, and wills when He casts out devils, and reveals Himself when the luminous thoughts, unfolding from the internals of the Word, marshal themselves in the express image of the Son of Man;—with how much equal truth may he affirm that the second coming is through him also; and through all, who in any degree or quality of use, communicate, not merely the verbal clothing, but the animating and the redeeming spirit of the truth which proceeds from Deity?

The first use of this priesthood is to preach the gospel; to preach it every where as they are sent to preach it, by influx and with direction; to preach, as not of themselves but of the Lord. When they begin the work, labors will multiply, of the particulars of which it is not now needful to multiply words. It will be as if the burning names of history, that live immortal in the world's remembrance, had revisited their kind, to raise the pulpit high above its great rival, the press, in the power which is higher than all powers, that of dispossessing mankind of the swarming myriads of corporeal, spiritual and infernal genii, who obstruct the soul's doors, and make the understanding gross, and the will

feeble, and the senses riotous and headstrong. It will be as the booming of signal guns from fortress to fortress in dark midnight; as æolian music from invisible harps beside the couches of the dying; the cry of the Word, grown audible and articulate and speaking in all human tongues. It will end the era of compromises and bring men to sharp decision between Christ-service and Satan-service. It will inaugurate the Golden Age in the peaceful bosoms of the just, serving as a center around which, everywhere, devout hearts will rally, to the final issue which shall decide whether good or evil are to possess the world.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

The advent star, that shone, of old,
Above Ephrata's lowly fold,
Was kindled in the eastern skies,
With seven-fold light, for trusting eyes.

From priestly pomp and kingly state
It led them to the manger's gate;
And Oromasdes shone for them
Within the babe of Bethlehem.

Yet not the less they bowed the knee,
And owned Incarnate Deity,
Or poured the costly gifts and sweet
Of gems and spices at His feet.

Dear Lord! Thy inward advent star
The faithful guides from strife afar,
And rests, with sacred beams, above
The humble hearts that own Thy love.

Oh! speed that greater Christmas morn,
When, in a ransomed world re-born,
On every brow shall rest the gem
That was the star of Bethlehem.

THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN:

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

When the seven years had ended,
In the mind of Mattavita,
Like a river from its mountains,
Like the moon-light from the heavens,
Vailed in images of beauty,
Half concealing, half revealing,
Grew a poem into language.
Then, in music all unearthly,
Like the rain-drops on the flowers,
Like the wind-harps in the forest,
Like the sound of buds that open,
Or the distant fall of waters,
Tuned to airy modulations,
Came the voice of Mattavita:
For the mystic leaf had fallen,
Heavy with the dew of silence,
And the tree of seven branches,
In the City of the Angels,
In the inmost paradises,
Dropped for him its liquid clusters.

From Arabia the blessed,
Like the antelope for lightness,
Sailing in a mystic pinnace
O'er the gulf of stormy waters,
Came a stranger maid, and listened
At the feet of Mattavita.

Faces furrowed as the plane tree,
Faces dusky as the twilight,
Faces rosy as the morning,
Faces pleasant as the summer,
Faces weary as the autumn,
Faces lonely as the winter,
Met the gaze of Mattavita.

Then the stranger maid beside him
 Pressed a kiss upon his forehead,
 Dropt a tear upon his features,
 Twined around his neck caressing,
 Sobbed and trembled and was silent,
 And the Ancient's prayer was answered.

By the spirit's divination,
 From the far-off land of Yehmen,
 O'er the gulf of stormy waters,
 Like a cloud before the tempest,
 Moving on through storm and sunshine,
 With the trance upon her vision,
 Came his heart's elected virgin
 To the feet of Mattavita;
 And she murmured, "My beloved!
 I have found thee, found thee!"

THE SONG OF LOTAWANA.

The airs of far Serendib's isle
 Are sweet as sweet can be;
 The Indian youths upon me smile
 Beneath the peepul tree.
 My soul's beloved hides away
 In these dim shades afar,
 Oh! who will guide my lonely way
 To where the sages are?

He met me on the hills of morn,
 A youth in manly pride;
 And I, before my dust was born,
 Was his elected bride.
 We two were one, we two were one
 And one shall be for aye:
 The moon must melt into the sun
 To bring the perfect day.

I know him not by outward name,
 But, when he feels my heart,
 His soul will burst into a flame,

And tremble, and depart.
The stars at glory's morning gate
Will chant in twilight dim ;
And I shall but the whisper wait,
To rise and follow him.

I listened to this continuation of the song of Mattavita, as one who hears voices, between sleeping and waking, mingled with the fragrance of unknown flowers, in a tender dream : through rapid changes of state, and through corresponding transitions from one realm of Heaven to another, standing at last upon the plane of that serene and inexpressibly sweet dominion occupied by the Ancient and his associates.

"Lotawana! Lotawana!"
As the loved one pressed his forehead,
Cried the ancient sage and whispered,
In a voice that died to silence,
"Thou the questions three shalt answer :
What is life ? and what is marriage ?
What the end of the beginning ?"
She dipped a tender, crimson shell
In water at his feet :
A rosy dove began to tell
Its love-song pure and sweet.
"Come back," she cried, "thou bosom bird,
Grow still within thy nest,
For sweetest songs are those unheard,
And in the heart confest.
"I'll clasp thy hand, thy faithful hand
Beloved, still in mine,
And bid the song of songs expand
To flowers of verse divine.
The secret of the poet's thought
The woman's heart may gain,
But still the outward forms are wrought
Within the manly brain.
"Remember then, our inward plight,—
Our ante-natal life,—

When, in the land of primal light,
 The husband owned the wife.
 Give up thy soul to thoughts that press
 Upon thy spirit brow,
 And inly feel my fond caress,
 And wake the numbers now."

THE SONG OF LIFE.

What is life? Oh! answer me,
 Fount of primal harmony;
 Essence, who the world did'st plan;
 Spirit of the earth and man.
 Vail the glory of Thy brow,
 While I bend and listen now.
 I am form of dust enshrined,
 Temple for the Father-mind,
 Oh! reveal Thyself in me.
 What is life? I question Thee.

"I AM LIFE," the answer came
 "And My essence now proclaim.
 I am God, revealed as Man.
 Ere the human soul began,
 In my thoughts' eternal rings
 Swept the stars with burning wings,
 Waking, when My word of might
 Leapt into creative light.
 I am God, unfolding still,
 Through the heart of loving will,
 Past and present and to be,—
 Wonder-thoughts of Deity.

"What is life? thou askest well.
 Take My Word and it will tell."
 Then came down a shining scroll,
 Message from the Father-soul,
 And a Voice, within the page,
 Sang of being's primal age.

"Life, within the Father-shrine,
 Is the Love-man of the Trine,

Love the Father, Truth the Son,
Power the Spirit, three in one."
'Glory be to God most high !'
Spake my heart and made reply.

Transfigured, in a sacred extacy
Of love and wonder and astonishment,
The poet gazed upon the kneeling one,
The rippling sunlight of whose yellow hair
Vailed her illumined countenance, and fell
Upon the rounded billows of her breast,
Like airy scintillations of bright gold,
Which morning casts on the enamored sea.

His spirit felt the dim, obscuring mist
Of dull sensation from its faculties
Uproll, and melt in nothingness, and then,
While on the sightless eye-balls fell no gleam
Of earth's reflected images, no ray
Dimmed by a mortal element, while all
The faculties of feeling and of thought
Seemed fusing in the breast, to form a youth,
With voice of poetry and heart of love,
Akin to the Immortals,—he again
Breathed the sweet numbers of the mystic strain.

I am young who once was old ;
Wrought with elemental gold,
Of the primal element.
Standing in the body's tent,
In creation's burnished glass
I behold the SPIRIT pass,
While the thought-beams of his eyes
Into planets crystallize,
And His breathings in the air
Grow to universes there.

We are fallen from the first
Glory in the spirit nursed ;
For a Ghost, with venom'd breath,
First in sin and first in death,
As the ancient songs rehearse,
Wrought upon our world a curse.

Of the primal harmony
We have lost the wonder-key.

Who the spirit shall restore?
Who re-ope the golden door?
He in whom the life began
That reveals its form in man.
He shall come, through being's gate,
And reveal the virgin state.

What is life? It is to be
Mirror-glass of Deity;
Or a crystal prism, lit
From the wondrous Infinite;
Or an echo, sweet and low,
Of the primal music's flow;
Feeding all our being's fires
From the infinite desires.

What is life? It is to be
Mingled in the melody
Of the Primal Mind again.
They alone are truly men
Who are passive, deep and still,
Open to the Primal Will.
Though a mould of shining clay
Costly jewels may inlay,
'Tis a hollow nothingness;
So, despite the body's dress,
We are caverns dark and drear,
Till our Life within appear.

As when a shadow, on the hills of dawn,
Leaps into airy nothingness, transpierced
By flame-tipped arrows from the bow of day,
My dust dissolves, and yet its spirit lives.
Draw near, ye sages! I will speak, while still
The mounting faculties transfuse their frame.
Life is to be a form, for Him to fill
Who is the soul of all things beautiful;
The Speaker, whose embodied thoughts are worlds.

Draw near, still nearer. Through my body's gate
I see the Land of Origins, the one
Essential, primal world; 'tis all aglow
With sempiternal lustres; thoughts unroll
From the God-mind in picture. I continents,
And wonder-teeming isles in seas of light.
I thirst, I thirst! Oh! nectar, from the fount
Of the Divine affections, through the heart,
With voice of lute-strings, wells its living way.
I am a spirit-youth. My swift desires,
Like silver wings, by the Morn's redness made
Irradiant, quiver on the winds, that are
Aerial rivers of sweet poesy.
Now question me, ye sages, What is life?

Then a sage, from Indus old,
Whispered, "Thou art prophet bold,
Or a dreamer whose benign
Essence burns with flame divine.
Tell us, Mattavita, then,
Are the planets gods or men?
We abjure thee by the Soul
Who informs the wondrous whole."

Here I found myself drawn away, and heard, at that time, no more of the song of Mattavita, being reconducted to the banks of the Zofol, for the purpose of beholding the espousal of a bridegroom to his bride.

CHAPTER V.

In a temple, built of spotless alabaster, pure as if it were a hollow pearl, with stalactical diamonds suspended from the roof and sparkling with a light as tender as a heavenly lover's thought, a sight met my vision, such as might be narrated were all eyes innocent and all hearts holy; but which,—so gross is human nature, so inverted from conjugal love,—cannot, except as a shadow-picture, be unfolded here. It was the sanctuary of the maiden, this day to become a bride, and, for the purpose of beholding whose hymeneal crowning and the festivities

attending, I had been permitted to become a participant in some of the social delights of this Heavenly Society.

She was clothed in spotless raiment, woven, as it seemed, of twinkling stars, wholly colorless, which began to change and brighten, till it became the color of the crimson morning when it first irradiates the eastern sky. Before her lay a casket, which also resembled one perfect pearl, from which, opening, she drew forth a robe of silver tissue, which seemed to melt from her hands into a cloud of drapery, and then to gather itself in ample folds about the person, assuming at last the appearance of a magnificent bridal costume. Then a Divine Hand, dazzling with lustre, became partly visible. The rays of seven-fold light, as they issued from it, crystallized into precious stones, set in a golden coronet, and rested on the young virgin's graceful brow. Gems, also of the same matchless glory, instantaneously gleamed upon the fingers, and bracelets upon the wrists, which, when the maiden's eyes rested on them, caused a vivid blush to suffuse her face. She knelt and prayed, as is the custom in that country, before a little altar decked with flowers, with the Word open upon it in the center, and the affections of her heart, exhaling toward the Lord, in that act of devotion, diffused a fragrance as of Parmesan violets mingled with clove.

I had been permitted to behold this, almost as not beholding it, and only for the purpose of illustration; but Amoleta, whispering in a low tone, murmured, "Listen to my story. In the visions of the night the spirit of a mother, who had been bereaved of a tender daughter, taken away in the innocence of childhood to be an inhabitant of the Lily Heaven, ascended to the Upper Earth of Spirits, and, resting there, besought a gift,—a babe to replace the one whom the Lord had taken. Returning to the earthly form, after a period, that petition was answered, and the prayer-child lived from infancy, pure, sweet, virginal, opened to the Lord, and absorbing from him a peculiar influx, so that she was protected, in a great degree, from earth's inversions. When at length an earthly youth sought her hand in nuptials, led by a pure, sisterly regard, which her gentle nature mistook for conjugal love, the tender one became betrothed, and all the preparations were made for the marriage day.

"But the mother's desire had been granted. The end of her Heavenly Parent now being accomplished, the good girl was saved from such a life as mortal wives experience. Her interior nature absorbed into itself a divine fire, which, when it descended into the subtler essence of the natural body, called out a latent disease lurking in the system, and, in a few days, in spite of every human care, the rosebud, disengaged from its material calyx, was wafted from that fond mother's outward sight.

"I well remember that translation day. This Heaven, of which, dear brother, you are now a guest, contains one more interior than itself, wherein, as to inmosts, you both are members. Therefore enter. It was your privilege on earth, as a priest in our Lord's church, to administer consolations at the burial of the dust. You are now sent for, as a witness of these things in your spiritual body, to lead her to her beloved. Come with me.

On entering this pure sanctuary of Heavenly Innocence I felt young doves fluttering within my breast, and each calling to its mate. The tender, modest maiden descended seven steps to the doorway and met us there. I was permitted to take her by the hand and say ;

Sister, on the earth below,
Wrapt within its shrouding snow,
In a house of bitter woe,
I thy outward did but know.

But my spirit then divined
Thou wert one of gentle mind,
For a little space enshrined
In that form on earth confined :
Here thy real self I find.

Glory be to God on high !
Though His children seem to die,
They, like callow dovelets, hie
To a land where ages fly
Like the hours of morning nigh.

As I stood, and breathed a prayer,
Where the roses in thine hair

Smiled at Death, who waited there,
I beheld thy Lord prepare
Bridal crown for thee to wear."

Ere that form to dust was wed,
I, unto thy mother, said,
"Friend, thy daughter is not dead;
She will break the nuptial bread
In the house where Christ is head."

Then I kissed the lifeless clay,
Saying, as I turned away,
"I shall see her wedding day.
On the Word thy spirit stay;
She is smiling as we pray."

"Oh!" the weeping mother cried
'Here she would have been a bride;
Would that I for her had died.
But I know that joys betide:
She is with the Crucified."

Said the maiden, "I foreknew,
When to earth I bade adieu,
That, somewhere, a blossom grew,
Heavy with Love's honey dew,
Hid away from human view."

"Life is real; life is sweet.
Where the hearts of angels beat
All its glowing petals meet,
Blooming, in a joy complete,
At the Heavenly Hymen's feet."

We were now met by John Wesley, whom I had previously seen, with his conjugal associate, while voices were heard, singing,

"Room for the bridal train! room for the bridal train!"

Now drew nigh a youth, slender and stately in person, whose broad, expansive forehead and brilliant and piercing eyes, not less than a certain air of serious gravity, mingled with an infantile sweetness upon his countenance, indicated an Angelic Spirit of

rare and varied gifts. I was not prepared for the remark of the patriarchal man, whom so many love on earth as the founder of a great religious body. Pointing to the bridegroom, he whispered, "I watched him from the period when he was a little fellow, as a Guardian Angel. I will not mention his name as it was on earth; but he was one of tender spirit, fearing the Lord, experienced in heavenly things, called at an early age into the priesthood below, and soon translated. He has been waiting for his bride."

We were now conducted to the temple, where a brilliant company of friends were present to participate in the nuptial festivities.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WORD FOR CRITICS.

We have, by this time, as we humbly hope and trust, so far outlived the inclinations of the selfhood, as, when smitten on one cheek to turn the other also. When we hear of hard things written or said concerning the unfolding of the celestial sense of the Word, we earnestly beseech the forgiveness of our Divine Lord and Master for those who, misled in consequence of the closed condition of the intellect, array themselves against that which is not ours but His. Our use is not so much to address the mere surface-judgment as to reach the deep interior mind, led rather by a perception of truth from good than by argumentation from appearances. The results of a true ministry, in peace, quietness, order, the conversion of sinners, the edification of saints, and the casting out of demons, bear witness, more eloquently than language, of the Spirit which controls the pen.

THE SPIRITUAL ASPECTS OF THE AGE.

The unfoldings and facts of Modern Spiritualism have been set aside and condemned, by those who should have analyzed and sifted the True from the False and given us the results of honest investigation. Contemptible as are some of the features of this new movement; notwithstanding many of its friends have proved recreant to their high trust, there still remains, when viewed from a high stand-point of philosophical discrimination, that which is yet to demonstrate the truth of Christianity,—unfolding those sacred principles which make it the religion of God, and the religion of the universe. It is strange, passing strange, that the moral teachers of the age have not seen this before. Infidelity and irreligion have proclaimed the death-knell of Immortal Hope, for, lo! these many centuries.—No sunshine gleamed out from the Eternal Abode to dispel the horrid mist which had gathered around the inner life of God's bewildered child. The church in many cases was powerless. Her conflicting theories in regard to the human soul: its destiny, and its higher unfolding hopes, like the conflicting philosophies of the ages anterior to Christ, only served to appall the imagination and lay prostrate every germ of genuine thought which flowed spontaneous from the eternal wisdom of God. Many hearts sighed, and sighed in vain, for the immovable trust which these mysterious phenomena awakened, wherever they were judiciously unfolded.

The church has seized, with a paralytic's hand, the torches which have blazed here and there on the hill-tops of the centuries, and from their flickering beams has attempted to illuminate the dark pathway which leads to Shadow Land. But with all her light, no hope came to man. The grave, holding the ashes of dear and loved friends and companions, closed over all that was holy to the heart. It was not until the glorious radiations of a Divine Sun outshone from the dark clouds of materialism, error and superstition, that the demonstrated fact of man's immortality flashed, in all its mysterious grandeur, upon the hu-

man heart and mind. An external church beheld its dawn and ascension without so much as rejoicing at the wondrous gift thus bestowed. She is now reaping the consequences of a misdirected and indiscriminate condemnation of God's unfolding purpose and providence.

Like a subtle gnome, that foul and hated thing, Pantheism, has eaten into the body of social and civil life. Its malarial effects, are seen in the materialization of human thought and effort; in the delusive fantasies which are projected from the prolific brains of the so-called reformers of the age; in the erection of the golden calf, *Self-Love*, on the altar of God, and in the saturnalian worship which is decreed to this ever-known Deity of the human heart; in the prostrate and dying intellectual life of its votaries; in the opium-dreams of the condemner of conjugal love, who poisons the atmosphere, where God should live in the sacred sanctuary of conjoined affections, with the foul corruption which is breathed from his breast; its false conception of man's true nature, his duty and destiny, and of his relation to God and his brother. Everywhere, in everything, has the venom of this old Hydra, in a new shape, been instilled. Many thousands of honest, pure-minded men and women have been seduced by this lamia of hell. It is the projection into Time of the Theology of the pit. If the church had stood in the breach at the beginning of this fight, and, with her bare arm, hurled on an unrelenting foe, the weapons which God had given for her own and humanity's defence, the black and false flag, on whose sable folds is inscribed "Eternal Progression," would not have waved for a time triumphant.

When this movement commenced its unfolding, a high spiritual culture emanated from the invisible. The noblest impulses of the human heart were inspired by angels from the Deathless Land. A diviner life seemed to circulate through the veins and arteries of man universal. The flowering forth of thought promised a rich and varied intellectual harvest. A new element was introduced into the civil and religious life of the world. Within his heart of hearts man cherished the sacred mementoes of affection which were breathed into his soul from the courts of everlasting love. These joys, these sacred associ-

ations, these intellectual feastings of congenial spirits were soon to have their day,—bursting like a bubble, then passing away. The abuse of spiritual communion wrought its effect upon the curiosity loving nature of man. Not content to accept what God had given, in His infinite bounty, he rushed wildly into the embrace of that smiling virgin, whose breast concealed the daggers which, at a given signal, were to stab out his life. As a result of these indiscreet communings with the invisible, the Truth was immolated upon the altar of passion and hate, and Falsehood accepted, by many, as the most congenial heart-opiate of the two. God permitted hell to outwork its varied features of evil and falsehood to show man, that, notwithstanding fifteen centuries have intervened, the same facts and the same issues are still operative, and that hell, let it assume whatever aspect it may, in its chameleon life, has to be met, grappled with and conquered, now, as in the past. Men were allowed to utter their false theories and thoughts, unchecked by any opposing power; but when those thoughts and theories, involving as they did, the most questionable ethics, were attempted to be put into practice, God from His eternal throne, proclaimed: “Thus far shalt thou come and no farther.”

High above the passions, fantasies, insanities, and hellish hates of Pandemonium, sat, in all her queenly beauty, the BRIDE OF THE LAMB, arrayed in the pure vestments of Love, Truth and Beautiful Use. She came at the bidding of her Lord, and with loving eye and with more loving heart and hand, bound up the wounds of those whose souls lay bleeding at the feet of the Destroyer.—When she placed her foot on earth’s sin-cursed soil her influence was felt moving upon the great deep of human hearts. She planted upon the strongholds of human depravity and hate the pure white banner of charity, on which was inscribed, in letters of light, the ancient doctrine of the Divine Humanity of the Lord, and the vital doctrine of Regeneration, through loving use and through the truths of the Word. She stood calm and serene and uttered the sacred pæan, “Peace on earth and good will toward man.” Panoplied in the light and love of the Lord, she marched forward and beat back the surging waves of moral evil which threatened to extinguish every hope of the human heart.

Though the grosser forms of what is called Pantheism have

receded before her advancing step still her mission is not ended. The enemy of human souls, with that cunning and duplicity, which has marked him as a liar from the beginning, is changing his mode of attack. He is infusing his diabolical life into the bad men and women who belong to the church. With technical new churchism on the one hand and an etherialized, disguised devilism on the other, he is forming a mighty crusade against the Lord, his people, and his religion. These combined elements make him more potent than ever. Through the sectarian bigotry of the old church he will arouse the latent energies of his own kingdom. Through the philosophy of Swedenborg, robbed of its spirit and reduced to a shell, the heart-life of the church will be deadened by the blight and mildew of an external formalism. Through the subtle sophistries of his own sublimated philosophy which finds its expression in the perverted form of ancient Hindoo thought, he will inveigle the weak, and decoy into the net of error those whose natures are warm and generous, and whose imaginations dwell with rapture on the unreal, the mysterious and the wildly beautiful. Sectarianism and Pantheism, under a new form of inner life-expression, will make common war, in the future, on those who contend for a Diviner unfolding of Christianity.

There can be but two forms of religious thought, vary them as we may; one based on truth and the other on falsehood. One is the inversion of the other, and no tortuous reasoning can blend them. Hence all religions are resolvable, no matter how complex they may appear, into these two elements. In history, a Personal God, in and above Nature, who is the centre-point of all thought and affection, represents the True; whilst an incomprehensible Deity, who is immobile—lost in the vortex of his own confusion; who is Nature and Necessity, and whose highest manifestation is imaged in perverted man, represents the False. Any system which takes God out of the universe, as a personal entity, or out of human hearts as an object of adoration, is untrue, whether it come through the church or through the speculations of modern infidelity. They are identical, whitewash them as we may.

To meet this changing attack of Satan an opposing influence is now descending from the Lord into the hearts of his people,

which is more diffusive in its thought-expression, more deep in its heart-life, than any form which it has yet assumed. Hitherto the New Church has had to contend with the arbitrary modes of thought which a deadening materialism and an inverted spiritualism had established in the minds of those who accepted the fantasies of each. It had to appear in an arbitrary dress to be understood by arbitrary men. Having made a lodgment in the wills and understandings of a few receptive natures,—having erected its glorious superstructure on the basis of a severe analysis and a rounded synthesis, the wave of divine influence now descending will give to the world a more diffusive thought and heart element. It will be calm and peaceful, unfolding the true Quietism,—enhaloing all in the tranquil love and light of Heaven. While assuming distinct characteristics she will embody the sacred and true developments of the past, the divine inspirations of the present, and will point, with unerring finger, to the glories which await her conquest in the future. She will be the center, the rallying point, around which will gather the true men and women of the New Age. Here, encircled by the wall of the Lord's Love, can humanity rest and unfold its deep life in God, unmolested by the wolves which howl without. It is a glorious thought,—a thought which was born amid the strifes of the Sectarianism and Bigotry of this Age,—that all men, who obey the Lord, and who recognise the shinings of His love within the heart and man's love within the life, are brethren, are members of that True Church which exists in Heaven, and which now obscurely finds its ultimatum in the external. The diversities of faith in Christendom only serve to outline the developments of thought in the past, and, by contrast, to exhibit the composite elements of the True New Church which is now being erected by the great God of Heaven and earth, and whose heaven-encircled dome will soon rise, reflecting, in gorgeous radiance, the image of the Infinite One.

And here a word. God intends that the stones of this New Temple shall be tested and tried, and polished, by a process known only to Himself, before they can be placed in this Heaven-structure. The Old Church will continue, in some form, for those who are still in the affections of the external thought. The New Church

has no one-idea-isms. It embraces the good and the true in all; it is the residuum into which is poured, from the chalice of God, the purified thought and affection of the Ages. It rejects nothing but falsehood, and hates nothing but evil. All its members are instruments for the manifestation of the multitudinous form-life of God's Love and Wisdom. He who endeavors from impure motives to cramp and circumscribe the expression of either, will find his doom among the sorcerers, liars and whoremongers without. Perfect freedom—that freedom which Christ alone can give, is its soul, its body, its all. Drawing its life from the Lord, through its connection with the Heavens, which is His body, it will inbreathe and outwork this life into one organic structure, which will be varied and free. Christ will be the All-in-all, the center from which will radiate the glories of the Infinite; and baptized with one common element of Love and Wisdom, a Universal Humanity will stand redeemed within its sacred pale. It recognizes no man or set of men as its exponent. Resting on the Triune Faith of Christendom,—the Lord, the Word and Regeneration,—it will preserve its unity in a variety as varied as human culture and individuality; it recognizes no human authority as infallible, but goes to the Word, illumined and illustrated by the Spirit of the Lord, for guidance and protection. Here it will stand, the sublime unfolding of God in this the beginning of the New Age.

C.

INSANITY.

The causes of insanity lie deeply hidden within the Lower Earth of Spirits and in the Hells, whence fantasies are injected and states of delirium produced in the human mind. The only final cure for lunacy is regeneration. The world is full of maniacs and madmen, who have the art to veil over the internal chaos of the understanding and the will with specious natural appearances. To heal the sick is therefore, in its most exalted sense, the function of the Church in every age.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES:

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NETTLEBY TALES."

CHAPTER I.

"Elsie, my angel!" said Louis Foster to his young wife. They had been married but a fortnight. "Elsie, my angel!"

"I am no body's angel. I won't be called an angel. Call me 'spiteful,' for I am spiteful. Whose portmanteau did you carry out of the stage coach? Don't say 'hush:' I will know." And here the pretty young lady burst into tears.

It was the Widow Thorne, just nineteen and a widow, coming home to her mother, also a widow and living in a retired way at the Dingle, a little cluster of cots, situated in a sequestered hollow somewhat off the high road from Upper to Lower Nettleby. This young Benedict, the only son of an officer in the East India service, in comfortable, but not affluent circumstances, had courted and married one of our village beauties, Elsie Storms by name. Very stormy she was this afternoon. The rosy lips would not be kissed. Clouds gathered and broke and gathered and broke again. And why? Jealousy.

Old farmer Muggridge drove by in his taxed cart. Why these jaunty little things are called taxed carts is beyond my wisdom. As if no other vehicles were ever taxed! When one almost fears to buy Johnny a hoop, or to have castors on the best bedstead, lest they might come under the description of one or four wheeled conveyances! But it was a taxed cart, drawn by a taxed horse, and driven by a taxed landholder, who looked as if being taxed to keep up old England's housekeeping, agreed with him right well. The farmer was going past but reined up Dobbin with a "Stand still, boy," Elsie Storms, that was, being a niece of the good man's second wife.

No time for a make up face, before the farmer, holding a whip in one hand and a little book in the other, bolted in upon them, and, "Elsie, my angel," seeing the old gentleman, who had been almost a father to her, began to whimper. It looked indeed like

a rather rainy honeymoon, threatening to drown all the bees and drench all the flowers in Hymen's garden ; and all because young Louis Foster had been seen, in a distant view, carefully lifting down handboxes, baskets and bundles of every description from the top of the coach, and then politely assisting a young lady in black, out of it, and into the waiting room of the public house.

The youthful husband was embarrassed,—well he might be,—and stood there like a culprit, his honest, manly cheeks burning with shame. It had not taken two weeks to discover that the pretty bride needed a bridle. She had married for the purpose of having her own way.

Unregenerate beauty is a fearful thing. The young girl admires the lovely face, the graceful person in her mirror, till the head is turned, and, making herself a goddess, she becomes a self-worshiper. Foolish suitors, whom those mere surface charms attract, sigh away their honest hearts as she trifles, first with one and then with another. She soon finds it sweet, perilously sweet, to listen to manly voices, breathing honeyed compliments, and exults in being able to play off beau against beau. Good fellows, as they are, they think it is only a young girl's way. Her mother made a good wife ; her aunt is a capital housekeeper. Bewitching manners cover a multitude of sins ; sins of temper, of thoughtlessness, of personal pride. Love just flutters about her bosom and takes a peep ; but, when he sees, that, if he engages permanent lodgings in it, unpleasant neighbors will make his quarters disagreeable, he spreads bright wings and away he goes, to where, perhaps, Susan Plainface is keeping him a warm little nest, full of heart's ease, and forget-me-not, and camomile flowers which grow sweet when trodden on, and lily of the valley, that bespeaks a tender humility.

The nuptial day comes. The petted, spoiled girl is beautiful in bridal robes. That last look in the glass, as she turns to leave the attiring room for the wedding parlor,—that settles the matter. The young divinity is lost in self-adoration, "Elsie, my angel!" promises to love, honor and obey, thinking all the while how becoming she is in these fresh laces. She has not the most remote idea that marriage is a life of service, and involves, first, living for the heart-happiness of a good man, who seeks her to be

helpmeet and fellow burden bearer in a long pilgrimage, a weary one; leading sometimes through pleasant lanes, gay with blossoms, green with dewy foliage, musical with birds; but, as well, tending over barren mountain heights, and through dark and dreary solitudes. She has no thought of this.

When the fresh novelty of the honey-moon is over there comes a period of disenchantment. The lover, if a good, sensible young man, loving God and the neighbor, and seeking to be governed by the golden rule, finds it hard that his chosen one should be unreasonable, capricious, self-indulgent and petulant. The wife is not long in finding out that she is expected to obey in reasonable things.

Obey!—at the thought of it the little fists begin to double up as if they were those of a baby prize-fighter, and the small foot goes nervously pit-a-pat on the floor. Then Satan begins to tempt her. Pride whispers, "Assert your liberty." Flattery sings, "He should think it a privilege to follow out your inclinations."—Jealousy blinks green eyes and mutters, "He is getting tired of you. Watch him. See if he does not pay attention to some one else." Then comes in Discontent and suggests comparisons. "Is this the easy life you were to have. You would have done better in marrying young Mobley, who used to drive over in his own gig, and pay out golden guineas just to catch a glimpse at your bright face in the pew on Sundays. Young Mobley would not have required this and exacted that; but it is too late now."

Elaie Storms, that was, petted and indulged, had nursed incipient feelings of bitterness ever since the day after the wedding.—She was disappointed. She had found out a secret. Her husband gave away in charity more than a third of his income.—She had decided on a trip to London for the purpose of buying a grand piano and costly rosewood furniture, in place of plain, substantial mahogany. She had heard too of Vanity Fair across the channel, and of the miracles in millinery wrought by Parisian dress-makers. But Louis said "No. His pretty young wife did not need to be disguised in French finery; and it was a sin to discard this durable, well-made furniture, whose only fault was

that, like himself, it could not keep pace with the fashions.”—
“Elsie, my angel!” pouted. At last came the grand climax.

Now good-hearted readers will say, “Very improbable.” Just as if I had not been behind the scenes; which I have, I assure you. There are two kinds of eyes; those that look on the gilding of life and say, “Glorious; as it should be; no delusion in this!” and others, that pierce through the thin lacker-work and ask the question, “What does this shining surface conceal?” Mine are of the latter class. I go about seeing; carrying also a memorandum-book, in which I note down, a bit here and a bit there, little things, which no one else thinks it worth while to pick up. Then I put them together. Not that I am sour or crusty; not a bit of it. My good wife calls me ‘hubby,’ and pulls my whiskers, which she would not do if I were tyrannical. My youngest son, Bobby, rides horse upon my shoulders, and our eldest but one, Margery, little Margery we call her, though she will soon be as tall as her mother,—she whispers, “Papa, our poor neighbors need coal or candles,” and I can’t deny the child, for my life. They give me the credit of being charitable in a small way, but its all her and her mothers’ doings, every bit.

I said that little Margery was our eldest but one. So she is. She was two years old when her little brother died. He was nigh five and our first born. The snow drops were just beginning to blow, and the last drifts of winter almost gone. He had been complaining all the winter, though the doctors would not say that any particular disease could be discovered. But he talked strangely, I must say, for a little fellow as he was, very strangely, indeed; about golden flowers that he saw, high as a man’s head, and with the sound of merry laughter pealing from their cups, as if in them dwelt the fairy people; about great birds, all rosy breasted and with morning on their wings, that seemed flying in the high heaven and far away; about sudden showers, and silver rain drops, that fell, pattering with sweet music that no one heard but him; about boys and girls, some wearing little starry crowns and others coronets of ruby-colored blossoms, coming, with their pinafores full of nosegays, and playing about the room, telling him that they were from a wonderful country, where the sun never set and the airs were ever balmy, and full of glorious

music, and the people all glad and beautiful together. Well, such things as these he talked about, and became very earnest that we should believe them, till we half did believe them. But there was one thing we could not believe; that he was going to die. What had Death to do with him? What had he ever done that Death should come, groping with long, skinny fingers after our child; our gentle, our blessed child?

He was very gentle. He grew more so. One night I came home from my day's walk. I am, if you must know it, the post-man, and carry packages besides. I came home tired and wet. The roads were miserable. As his mother approached to help me off with my great coat, he looked up with his bright eyes and said, "Father, something has been hurting me all day in my side, like a knife. I tried to be very patient, and kept thinking that soon you would come. The good parson was here and talked with mother in the corner, and then stood and looked at me, and went and talked to her again, and, when she began to cry, he took out his book and said a prayer for her. But, father, that must be a brave place those little fellows came out of who played with me. Three of them, hand-in-hand, stood so close to me that I thought the parson must have ran over them, and one of them climbed into the chair and put his arms around my neck, while the other two knelt and said a small prayer that I might be very patient, and they prayed without any book, out of their hearts. After they were gone, the sharp pain, like a knife, hurt me more, and I have been praying that I might be patient, ever since. Do you think it will last long, father?"

That night he died; died upon my breast, turning now and then to his mother, who was hushing Margery in her arms, and moaning, and then saying to himself, "I must be patient. I must be patient." About twelve, by the clock, he put up his lips to be kissed, asked for the baby's face to be laid against his, and then for his mother to sing a verse of an old cradle hymn,

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

When she had stopped, he whispered, "Good night, father; good night, mother; good night, baby;" and then breathed deeply, lifted up his eyes and whispered, "The room is full of little children. I hear them singing. Now the SHINING MAN who carries the lamb in His bosom is coming down."

At this a great awe fell upon us. Then he whispered again, but with a voice more low, "He is here. He has just touched my side. I shall never be sore again." Something seemed saying to my heart, "Give up your darling." I made a great effort. It was hard. At first I could not; but then, after another trial, managed to say within myself, He is the Lord's; let Him do as seemeth good. At this my boy once more spoke, "Thank you, father. You were holding me back. Now I can go." Then he put out his poor, thin arms, as if reaching for the Shining Man, of whom he spoke, to take him, just trembled all over with a kind of heaving motion, such as I have seen a cocoon make when the butterfly is preparing to leave it; and then I felt, as it seemed, something fluttering past me. My poor sick boy was dead. No! I will not say, "dead." I cannot. Take back thy questioning, Oh! fond and foolish heart! He is not dead. He is where they never die!

I must come back to my story. All this is a digression, but the narrative perhaps will be read just as well.

Farmer Muggridge whistled; just nodded to his niece, and said, in his bluff way, as if not noticing the whimper, "Dobbin won't stand. Here's a book, Louis, which Carrie Grey wished me to leave for you with her husband's kind regards." The farmer stepped out of the door more hastily than he entered, jumped into the taxed cart, whistled again and drove off.

The domestic volcano needed but this for a new explosion.—Two little feet began hysterically to twitch instead of one. The insulted beauty rose, snatched at the brown paper parcel, tore off the cover and read on the back of the volume, "C-o-n-con-conjugal love. Mr. Foster, unhand me Sir. A love story, with my husband's compliments! That for Carrie Grey!" With this the bride of a fortnight made a face, agonizing to the husband's heart. "That for her novel!" endeavoring at the same moment to thrust it between the bars of the grate.

Matters had now reached a crisis. The young man quietly but firmly took the indulged and wilfull bride by her two wrists and said, "That book is a religious treatise, of which, hearing through Dr. Delmaine, I had sought the loan. Now hear me.—I shall not call you an angel, my dear. I see where I have made a grand mistake; not in marrying you, but in giving way to previous exhibitions of ill temper. I do not expect this to be the last, for a bad habit is not conquered in a day. I shall leave off coaxing and imploring. Leaving you in freedom, I shall henceforth maintain my own self-respect by following duty and common sense, without yielding to my wife's caprices."

Mr. Lovegood entered at this moment unceremoniously, looking as if, knowing that the visit was an intrusion, he felt himself justified by a good conscience. The youthful husband, still holding the almost hysterical bride, the book fallen upon the floor in close proximity to the coals, the sad but determined look on the face of one, the girlish pride and willfulness and mortified vanity on the countenance of the other, told the whole story.

The clergyman closed the door. His was a countenance which none could have gazed upon without feeling almost as if they had seen a human angel. Mr. Foster had twice heard him preach. He was beginning to be interested in the truths of the New Jerusalem. A domestic quarrel is generally best without witnesses, but, in this case, the one who had entered felt himself moved by the very Author of all peace and concord to mediate between the two.

"Excuse my unceremonious entrance," was the first salutation, "but I know I shall be welcome, as Mr. Champney's friend, and as bearing an invitation to the house warming at Grimesby Park." He too affected not to see, what was the most obvious thing in the world, and as unpleasant a sight, as, short of positive crime, can any where be met with; domestic disagreement. The beauty turned with her flushed face and sank in a fainting fit upon the floor. The young husband, with a deep-drawn sigh, now that, as it seemed to him, a whole life's happiness was wrecked, a whole life's misery before him, the momentary excitement under which he had acted being over, looked at the unexpected guest with a sort of dull, mechanical stare and dropped heavily into a chair against

the window. The preacher felt himself at home. The good angel of that household had indeed entered.

To be in one's place,—the very place which God ordains,—whether toiling for ship-wrecked mariners on a loose raft in the middle of the Atlantic, or walking the burning beams of some tall house with the fires of the conflagration raging beneath as in a furnace,—to be in one's true place, whether ministering to the afflicted where the pestilence is reaping its human harvests, or here, as in this case, where good and evil were contending for the possession of a married pair, is our greatest human privilege. Life is a battle at the best. Happy they who stand or fall in the ranks, just as the great Leader places them, without a murmur or a rebellious thought, "Why is it so?"

This humble clergyman had the rare faculty of making himself at home with all classes of men. The rich and the poor confided to him their sorrows, divining the presence of a friend, counsellor and comforter. Another perhaps might have blundered. He made no failure, but spoke in the dignity of his office as a priest. "Your wife, my brother, has never learned that she owes duties to others. This is the crisis-point in her life;" saying this, while, raising the insensible form as if accustomed to the sick room, he placed the inanimate cause of so much sorrow upon the sofa near at hand. Mr. Foster had sunk as I noticed into an arm chair, wholly helpless. The wife and husband were both in that saddest of states, when the dream of young love ends, and the Fiends, who seek to produce aversion between married associates, pouring in their diabolical poison, begin magnetizing and seeking to possess the two.

The young man shuddered. Cold chills were passing over him. The face was settling into a stony look. A temptation, evidently of no common character, proceeding from an invisible tempter of no ordinary subtlety, was working upon the brain. The young wife lay on the sofa, still in the same death-like swoon; and now a nervous, convulsive movement became apparent; she being biologized by her demon; having thrown herself open to Satanic influences by the indulgence of an evil temper.

Mr. Lovegood sighed and murmured, "Oh! Father, behold

these two unhappy ones, both giving way to tempting Spirits, one unwilling but despairing, and the other rapidly sinking into spiritual obsession. If it be possible, dear Father, in Thy Divine Providence, make use of me that the good angels may resume their places and the demons be cast down."

"We wrestle," said St. Paul, "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." The demons, feeling a divine sphere descending through this servant of the Lord, attacked him, and, for a moment, it was with extreme difficulty that the clergyman could prevent his physical form from being taken possession of; one striking at the brain while the other poured a torrent of infernal fire against the heart. This was but for a brief interval.—The Most High is with His servants. Soon the Infernal Genii recoiled, gnashing their teeth with rage and desperation. Breathing to himself a holy text from the Word as they receded, the visitant first approached the young man, and, with gentle authority, rousing him from stupor, cried, "Before you give way to despair, remember that God is able to overcome evil with good. You have been seeking to bring about peace and order in your own strength, and have failed. Commit your ways to the Lord and implore Him to restore the heart's sunshine and the soul's joy."

A spirit was in the words. They were cheery and full of hope. "Oh! Elsie, Elsie," groaned the youth, "you have broken my heart." Mr. Lovegood murmured, in his ear, "You sought and married her without inquiring if she was lovely in the Father's eyes or in yours only. He has left you to reap as you have sowed. A wilderness of weeds is springing to choke every flower in the dear girl's breast; but, by God's grace all will be well." He was a bold prophet. The husband caught eagerly at the friendly hands, held them as if drawing life and sighed, "This is all a dream, a dark dream. God pity me." Mr. Lovegood responded "He will pity you; He does; but to make His pity available, you must act as its blessed agent. Your wife will soon wake. We must not disturb her. Come with me into the open air. But what transpired out of doors and in doors afterward must be left for another chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORDINATION OF REV. M. C. C. CHURCH.

It affords us peculiar pleasure to announce that the first public consecration of a priest to the office of the Ministry of the New Church, as unfolded through the celestial sense of the Divine Word, took place in the chapel occupied by the Church of the Good Shepherd, on Sunday, the 16th ult. A word here, both of explanation and of cheer, may not be amiss.

We assume the right to ordain no man. We believe that all ordinations, to be valid, must be of the Lord. It is sheer usurpation for any clerical body to claim authority over human conscience, especially in so vital a thing as that of the ministry of the Word. As all are members of the New Church, in its visible form, who accept and ultimate the life-truths of the Heavens,—namely, the doctrine of the Lord, of the Word and of regeneration through uses,—so all are in the ministry of the Church to whom our Lord gives perception of these doctrines and ability to expound and illustrate them, while, at the same time, by a sense of duty, laid upon the conscience, recognized in the reason and accepted in the will, the recipient devotes himself to that laborious and self-sacrificing life; all absorbed in the great work of leading souls to Christ, which it is the priest's office to exemplify.

Led by the Divine Spirit through a series of remarkable interior experiences, and passed through the ordeal of many trials, our dear brother will, in the Divine Providence of our Lord, reap now a rich harvest of the most exquisite happiness which ever falls to the lot of mortals. He has learned to deny self and live for Christ alone; he will therefore experience the joy of his great Master, and, called by Him to labor in the moral vineyard, will find his sweetest recompense in the spiritual results which are to follow.

The ordination services will serve as a model hereafter, and mark the birth of a new era. Standing up in the presence of the congregation, in clear, explicit and well-chosen words, the novitiate stated, first, his faith in the three great doctrines of the New Jerusalem, professing allegiance to no man, but distinctly and emphatically disclaiming any sectarian restriction; expressing,

at the same time, his distinct consciousness of a Divine call to the priesthood, and his acceptance of it in the dear Master's name. The Divine sphere which descended upon the congregation was at once of a solemn and joyous nature. The discourse which followed was a setting forth of the New Church in its spirit, its truth and its manifestations, not as a new schism in the Christian fold, but as an unfolding of the Gospel into the light and charity of its ampler and more glorious dispensation.

H Y M N :

SUNG AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. M. C. C. CHURCH INTO THE NEW CHURCH MINISTRY, JANUARY 16, 1850.

Another voice of trumpet tone!
 Another heart for Christ alone!
 Accept, dear Lord, Thy servant now,
 And set Thy seal upon his brow.

Upon the hills of Morning Land
 Oh! may his inner spirit stand;
 Inhale the pure, celestial air,
 And dwell with God-Messiah there.

His heart and mind and voice inspire
 With cherub's light and seraph's fire:
 Thy Word upon his spirit trace;
 And cast Thy glory on his face.

Through dewy pastures, fresh and large,
 Oh! may he guide a willing charge;
 Till all, in holy rapture, meet,
 And worship at the Savior's feet.

"DIVINE NATURE AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH."

The following comments and extract express so fully the views we have so repeatedly urged that we depart from our usual custom and insert them entire in the *HERALD OF LIGHT*. It is refreshing, in these times of moral destitution, to find even one, who can stand up, in the face of the bigotry and learned intolerance of his own Church and utter thoughts so entirely at variance with the received opinions of those who profess to embody the Alpha and Omega of fossilized New Churchism. Our brother WELLER's sentiments meet with a response from many whose hearts have been opened to the Lord, and who long to see the glories of the New Age incarnated in human lives. We want teachers whose souls are lost in God and who are willing to be used as instruments and act as the mouth-pieces for His holy inspiration. The Christian pulpit has been cursed long enough with pretension and cant,—with long drawn-out essays evolved from the brain of self-derived intelligence. When God speaks through the lips of inspired men, the world knows it.—There can be no counterfeiting here; words are all aglow with sacred fire when He utters them. Until we can have teachers who have abnegated the selfhood, and who are wholly given up to the Lord in the great use-life which He appoints, the Church will remain a skeleton,—human hearts will go starving for the bread of life, and infidelity and irreligion will stalk the earth like dark demons of despair:—

"We give below an extract from a Discourse, published in the *N. J. Messenger*, from the pen of Rev. Chauncey Giles, of Cincinnati.—It contains great truths grandly expressed, and takes us to the right side of the *dividing line*, wherein the personality of the instrument is sunk in the bright rays of the truth itself. All genuine instruments, in the Lord's hands, are as angels leading us towards the glorious Sun of the Spiritual world, whose effulgent blaze utterly absorbs all thought into Him, who is the light of the world, and thence diverges to the wants and necessities of men.

"There are two great points developed in this extract. *First*. 'All

truth is above and beyond, and independent and prior to, all utterance of it.' This is *the* great commandment—to look to the Lord supremely, and apart from all human intervention. Whenever we look at Him through the medium of any instrument whatever, we cloud over, and befog the genuine ray with human imperfection. It is enough that we have our own evils to dim and distort our vision, without, at the same time, looking through the eyes of others, and thus complicating the chances of a false position. To see truth in its own light—invested with its own authority, is the high privilege of the pure in heart. Purity in heart, therefore, attained by shunning all evil as sin against God, is the only way to arrive at that truth which is prior to, and beyond all human utterance.

"In the 2nd place, all truth has relation to man in his various conditions, wants, and circumstances; and hence has to be viewed in its uses, and not in relation to the person who utters it. What a wonderful revolution, in all our churches, hangs upon this grand fact—a fact so palpable that it needs only to be enunciated to be seen. Oh, brethren, brethren! when will ye cease harping upon the words of a man called Swedenborg, and instead thereof, accept him in his true character, as an angel messenger to lead you to the Lord, who not only teaches you through His Word, but guides you with His Holy Spirit.

And when, oh when, shall we see that state come upon the church which the words of our brother inculcate? When will men sink all personality in the naked power of Truth itself, and accept it as a lamp to their paths, irrespective of who teaches it? When, not only in the gross, but in detail, every proposition will be held up to the light of heaven for attestation; and taken home, when attested, to the business and bosom of every individual man as his teacher and guide. Then will cease all contention between the teacher and the taught, for both will bow only to the Great Teacher; and then will contentions about forms of order cease among us, for He, who is order itself, will dispose all things of His Church.

The question—the great question which will now flow in and demand the attention of the church—whether its *leaders* entertain it or not—is, How can the great change be realized? One hundred years' experience has taught us that doctrine does not bring truth home to the hearts of men. Bright abstractions and splendid generalizations teem throughout the writings of the church, only to be sunk into the gloom of personal and party illusion, whenever they are sought to be applied to actual life. Something more is wanted,

and the hearts of all good men yearn towards the morning; for a night of deep sorrow has settled down upon the first external New Church. And what is wanting? We answer, unhesitatingly, an acknowledged open communion with the Lord through His heavens. His Spirit must descend into *conscious* willing hearts, who will then teach *from* Him alone; and then, and not till then, will all human instrumentalities be absorbed into the Lord's own personality, for He alone will be exalted in *that day*.

In a word, we must have a church consciously and acknowledged—Mediatorial, in which alone can there be a constant ascription of all the kingdom, power, and glory to the Lord alone.

[The italics in the following extract are our own.—ED. CRISIS.]

'One of the greatest obstacles to the reception of truth is, that its specific relations and application to man are not seen. Truth itself, or what men call truth, seems isolated,—a mere phrase of words, deriving its authority chiefly from the skill or wisdom of the person who utters it. That is regarded as true, which a man can confirm or skillfully make appear to be true. It is not seen that truth is above and beyond, and independent and prior to, all utterance of it. The expression of a truth does not make it true, nor does its imperfect expression make it false. If a proposition is true at all, it is so because it is a principle of the Divine order, and has its origin in the Divine nature, and not because one man or ten thousand men assent to it. Our assent or denial does not make anything true or false.—And this is as true of spiritual as of natural things. Mathematical truth, or the principles of mechanical philosophy, did not derive their origin, or gain one feather's weight in authority, from the men who discovered or demonstrated them. All the truths of geometry are in geometrical forms and their relations to each other. Men see and acknowledge this in relation to natural things. But they are very slow to acknowledge it in relation to spiritual things. For this reason, preaching loses half its power. *Men do not go behind the speaker, and look at the truth itself, but they look to him for its origin and authority. But truth never ought to be confounded with the instrument of communicating it. For truth itself ought to be looked at in its clear and naked majesty.* Thus, if it comes like a keen, shining sword-blade, cleaving through some mask of hypocrisy, or illusion of the sensual man, revealing to us our own spiritual deformity, we should not try to evade its force by confounding it with the man who uttered it. Nor should we find fault with the instrument, any more than we should with the surgeon for cutting off some useless limb, or probing some deadly imposthume. Truth ought to come to every man in its own personality, clear, shining, severe in its beauty, but terrible to all evil as the purity of an angel. It should not be disguised in the personality of the speaker. Then we should

not find fault with him, though every word he uttered was like a sharp arrow in the heart of some dear but destructive falsity or evil. Then men would not go to church to see a skillful exhibition of phrase-making—a kind of intellectual legerdemain—or to hear the self derived intelligence of the speaker, dressed up in modish airs, or exhibited in the partcolored lights of fine phrases. But they would go with an earnest purpose, *and sit with bared hearts, and pray that the sword of truth might cleave through to the very marrow of every evil love and false doctrine.*

“But men will never do this until they see that religious truth is not a mere empiricism, but has its ground and sanction in the Divine Nature, and by transcription in human nature. No man can give its *proper weight* to any proposition until he can see that *truth is its own authority*, as virtue is its own reward.”

We take this occasion of again calling the attention of our readers to the publication of Bro. WELLER—*The Crisis*. It is professedly *Swedenborgian*, but, we are glad to say, unlike many of its cotemporaries of the same faith, it has the spirit of the New Age flowing through its columns. The inspirations of the Lord are upon our brother, and he realizes that His True New Church is something more than a barren Intellectualism;—that it is the symbol of His Infinite Love and Wisdom inbreathing and out-working through the heart of humanity. His paper is published semi-monthly, at Laporte, Ind., at the very low price of one dollar per annum, in advance. Our friends should remember *The Crisis* in the distribution of their favors. C.

CHARITY.

True Charity takes no account of the neighbor's imperfections, but rather delights in noticing those qualities in mind and heart which are most akin to the celestial virtues. Its motive, in speaking, is never that of the critic, who is skillful in detecting flaws. When absent persons are mentioned, for the purpose of detraction, Charity always interposes, calling attention to their best and noblest traits.

BOOK NOTICES.

CHARITY GREEN: OR, THE VARIETIES OF LOVE. By THEODORE HARTMANN. John W. Norton; New York.

It is seldom that we feel called upon to express an opinion in regard to the novelistic literature which is constantly teeming from the press. But here is a novel, which differs so widely from the trash issues of our publishers,—a novel which is so thoroughly Christian in its style and sentiment, we feel that we would be doing our readers a great injustice by not bringing to their notice this first gleam from the heaven-dawn of a New Literature. It is fresh, and beareth fruitage from the garden of good affections. Every page seems scintillant with light flashing from the eye of God. It shows vice and virtue in their true colors, and presents, under a thin veil of fiction, the grand and glorious truths now dawning upon the nations. Bad men and women will hate it as they hate Christ—for its pure and life-like coloring of scenes reflect the intensified working of the passions, appetites and perversions of their inverted life. Good men and women will clasp it to the heart as the treasure-keeper of the soul. For to them there is concealed, within the external letter, an inner sanctuary wherein are to be found gems, new and old, which sparkle with an undimmed brilliancy. There is a something about this book which, while it fascinates the imagination with the scenes, ridiculous and heroic, of external life, presents more interior heart-pictures, only to be understood by those who have an appreciation of the Divine Life within. It is a work which we cannot too strongly recommend to our readers. The name of the author is destined to be enrolled with those of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray.

We have only space for the following selections. They are taken here and there from the book, and serve but faintly to shadow forth its beauties. Indeed, it is impossible to give a just conception of its contents without extracting, almost entirely, the book itself. To be appreciated it must be read,—read thoroughly. There are live thoughts in it which seem threaded together “like pearls at random strung,” and which, like rare mosaics, enhance and relieve the narrative. We have read “Beecher’s Life Thoughts”—thoughts which

cut and flash like diamonds—but there is more than a Beecher here. The reader may think we are extravagant. Read the book and see.

C.

NATURE AND REVELATION.

Nature and Revelation are not so far apart as they seem. Could Nature speak in a language of words, not a spear of meadow grass but would preach the Gospel. The excitement of the squaw subsided; the worn frame sank down, still quivering with emotion. The red light faded into darkness, as the lamp of the Nature-worshiper goes out when death comes to the spirit. The crackling birch upon the hearth gave out a cheerful flame. The pale face maiden lit the evening candle, assisted the aged squaw to her couch, soothed her with tender caresses, and then answered, "Yes, Necshema, I hear the Great Spirit, too. He is never still. When the robins come, and the blue birds, they sing of Him. When the young, green leaves sprout, they say, 'He makes us grow; it is good.' He is everywhere. He glides in His canoe over the bright blue water of the skies; and where He dips the paddle it sparkles into stars. It is He who makes the old birds love their young. He sings all night in the south wind, and the seeds put forth their shoots and come up out of the ground to hear His pleasant voice. Then He changes them all to flowers when He smiles upon them. All things are happy because they feel that He is good, and loves every thing that He has made."

IMMORTALITY.

Do the good, who were lovers in past generations, lean out from their enchanted distance and scatter benediction on such festivities as this? I conversed with Dr. Hartwell on the subject, and, with many an apt, well-chosen sentence, the mild and venerable Rector, while the night waned around such charmed talk, gave utterance to his high philosophy, and, as he spoke, I thought that the great Book, the mighty Book, glowed upon his study table with a more sacred lustre. "Yes," said the old man, and now the eyes brightened and the countenance kindled with an enthusiasm befitting so vast a theme, "yes, those Christian men and women who were here with us and are now beyond us, I doubt not, behold, with pure eyes, those things which are as nothings to our grosser sense. The lamps of love that are kindled here on earth are filled with quenchless oil for the festivities of paradise. Age after age but adds another zone to that populous empire. As our dusty earth sustains mysterious relations to the glorious company of all the stars, so the young soul moves, in its orbit around the Sun of Love, amidst grouped and watching constellations of attendant spirits. Man is made with eyes to look upward to God, outward to nature and his fellows, and downward to the ranks and circles that follow after in the eternal round of being. The good of all ages are one family." "Not," added the reverend man, "that I

bold in venturing with rash foot on such sacred memories. There is a woe pronounced against such as consult wizards and have dealings with familiar spirits; but the good are not familiars, they are as the angels of God in Heaven; and they behold us still as the stars watch the earth."

* * * * *

The immortality of the soul is a faith broadcast over the world, and inculcated no less in the Holy Oracles. That man, a Spirit, incarnated for a time in flesh and blood, shall be excarnated at the dying hour, and depart to be with the good or the bad, as his affections were good or evil, seems a doctrine wrought into the very fibrils of mankind. But that man, after being excarnated from flesh and blood, shall, at some sublime close of earth's majestic tragedy, reinvest himself in a most fitting and visible body, at once enabled to operate, by an actual presence, in the realms of matter, and to dwell, by the quality of its substance, with the Infinite Spirit,—this must remain a mystery.

DREAM OF JUDGMENT.

The gay, luxurious woman began to experience dreams of a fearful and ominous character, growing more terrible, till at last, in slumber, she imagined the world on fire, the heavens melting, and the stars, like jewels in a furnace, gathered to an incandescent mass. Old graveyards were sparkling with newly animated bodies that saints were clothed with, descending from Paradise. The dead were marshalled from every nation, dense as spears of grass in a meadow, far as eye could reach, over the earth that rocked and melted beneath their feet, and the still sea, that, rolling up its gigantic undulations, revealed host after host. The sun and moon had vanished, and the blue sky was no more; but high, in the sun's place, a great white throne, and on it ONE before whose fixed glance nature was exhaling into vapors.

Then the silence was broken. From the midst of the throne came a voice calling her name, at which one of those shining men drew near and plucked a book out of her breast. A vast, accusing angel opened it before the throne, reading in sad, preternatural accents her daily thoughts, feelings and actions, to the very hour of that last day.

Now, mounting in middle air, the dreamer seemed to rise; heard the sentence "depart ye cursed," and, burning with insatiable hate of all things good and love of all things impure and evil, while her abandoned passions became serpents in the breast, she fled over vast, sulphurous deserts, over flaming, tossing fire-gulfs, appalled the most to find that the elements, that melted round her fearful flight, were but her own secret vices, changed into a substance intense as light, keen as frost, sharp as splinters of steel and devouring as vitriol.

With heaving breast, and limbs that quivered, and heart beating with heavy strokes as if it were some engine that desperate men work amidst the terrors of a conflagration, the wanton started, experiencing, with returning wakefulness, a sensation of unutterable relief. The streets were still. Touching the repeater under the pillow, it

rang three. Now rich and flute-like in its melody, then soft as the accents of a little child, came a strain of sacred music:

"Jesus can make the dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean the head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Such words had never been heard in that sumptuous mansion since she had been its mistress; such words must not be heard in it. Honorable men, opulent men, were now within its walls. What had they to do with Jesus, and His presence on a dying pillow?

LOVE.

Love, in deep hearts, is like those wells of pure naphtha where the Parsee bows in reverence before the ever-burning flame. It lights with an immortal ray the cathedral silence of high resolve, and enrapt and incommunicable worship; but sparkles as well, with warm and cheerful radiance, on Hymen's altar in the paradise of home-delights.

* * * * *

Words were spoken there, out of the great deeps; words that bring no after-repentance; words that good men love to utter; that good women love to hear; that live in memory forever afterward; that bring delight when they are first spoken, and that come and go through all the dim haunts and recesses of being, with an endless chime of bridal bells.

* * * * *

"The past! Love has no past, no future. It is the sun that always shines, though sometimes that shining is invisible. What if the past, that you deplore, conceals some merciful, benignant purpose? I cannot take a Christian's faith in shreds and patches. It must be everything; it is everything. We see now the tapestry of events on the reverse side. Confused threads, that cross apparently to no purpose, bewilder the mind that doubts and questions. But, when the end of the Great Designer is accomplished, we shall discern that all this complicated net-work was but a needful part of the process, by which the picture was being woven, the flowering picture, on which we are to tread."

"Does not this view make evil necessary, Hugh?"

"Not a whit, not a whit. He is but a shallow-brained philosopher who fails to discover that beautiful human characters are slowly built in the midst of seeming evils, while they act in an entire freedom, accepting for their own the good, the lovely and the true. The deeds which abandoned men persist in doing are overruled and made the resisting circumstances which try the spirits of the pure, serve as exercises in the school of patience, give to them a field for the evolution of latent virtues, and slowly ripen them to a deep capacity of ever-springing joy. I say this though it condemns me, an idler for many years; but I feel its truth nevertheless."

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE AND INDEPENDENT JOURNAL. Edited by Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS and Rev. RUFUS ELLIS. LEONARD C. BOWLES Publisher, Boston. Terms, \$3 per year.

In recommending this journal, we do so with a deep conviction that it is the providential organ for the descent of Christian life-thoughts into many hearts. It is strictly evangelical in spirit, recognizing our Divine Lord as the source of all love, truth and power to mankind. Conducted by clergymen of learning, piety and liberality, externally connected with the Unitarian body, it is eminently non-sectarian. Its new editors say of it, that "It takes position outside of religious sects and parties, and aims to be the organ of the best Christian thought and sentiment, which, from any sect or party, it can draw into its channels. On no other condition would we undertake to conduct it; for while we acknowledge the right and the use of denominational organizations, and are glad to work in them as we may, we yet see clearly, as we think, that the Church of the Future is not to arise through the conquest and enlargement of any single one of them, but through a new descent of the heavens into them all, drawing them nearer together and making them one in Christ alone. Whatever there is, therefore, in High Church or Low, in Old Church or New, in Orthodoxy or Unitarianism, which we think belongs rightfully to the truth of Christ, that we shall claim the privilege of giving to our readers, so far forth as we believe they can be aided by it in the work of regeneration and Christian living."

With the writings of Mr. Sears, both by quotation and earnest recommendation, we trust that all of our readers are familiar. To this dear brother in the Lord our heart yearns with an inexpressible fullness of emotion. His previous works have fed the souls of many in our own more immediate communion with pentecostal food. We hail him, in this new field of Christian use, in the belief that, in conjunction with his devout and scholarly associate, he may sow seed over a broad field, which will ripen, in many spirits, to eternal life.

Unitarianism exhibits two thoroughly marked tendencies: one to Pantheism, the other to an absolute, perfect Christianity. The editors of this Journal represent the latter movement. They say,

"It requires but a slight survey of the religious world to observe two very marked tendencies. One pertains to those who expect a normal development of humanity, such as shall leave Christ and His Word away back in the past as having accomplished their work; who think these were the natural products of human nature, and only show its possibilities; and who expect new Messiahs in the man of the future, and new Scriptures as his voice of inspiration. The other tendency is of those who look to Jesus Christ as the Divine Sun and Centre, and His Word as infinite and inexhaustible, and believe that all hope of the progress of humanity is through Him as its Redeemer, Regenerator and Cleanser. These two tendencies, we think, are to become more strong and divergent, and work out each its own separate results. We hardly need say that our position is with the latter. We believe that from the Christ and His all-revealing Word the power is to come, and is coming now, which will be felt in the Christian consciousness as never before,—a power from which the soul will melt down into a more humble receptivity of the Divine Life, and in whose revealings will be the Absolute Theology before which human creeds and philosophies will pale away."

It is not to be expected, of course, that, in a periodical which is transitional, and which represents the advent of the pivotal truth of the Divine Humanity into the midst of the learning and the culture of an influential Christian body, rather than its more detailed unfoldings, those clear and exhaustive statements are to be expected to which we have been accustomed, nor is it best that it should be so. As our Divine Lord was incarnated in Nature, and revealed Himself, at first, through a form of all-beautiful humanity, and subdued His peculiar, internal glories till they were adapted to the plane of humble, external life; so, in this excellent work, infinite spiritual truth is draped in exquisite, natural thought, and thrown out into forms precisely fitted for a large class of earnest Christians, to whom the announcement of more advanced knowledges, which pertain to internal respiration and the Divine Voice speaking through our human inmosts, are as yet premature. It is, thus far, the most cheering omen of the new year; a morning star in the religious firmament.

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