

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.

VOL. II.]

APRIL, 1859.

[No. 12.]

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

VOL. II.

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CULTURE AND INSPIRATION.

To the man of true culture, books, at last, serve rather as revelations of the author's state, than as poems, romances or histories. As we advance in regeneration the author appears to us under a new character, that of the unconscious artist, who, in a state of sleep-waking, and by the aid of a faithful mirror, depicts his own features, his own form. It is thus that we gain access to the writer's real self. We do not mean, of course, that the man Shakspeare was at once Othello and Iago, Brutus and Anthony, Prospero and Ariel; yet he unconsciously elaborated these characters from a latent possibility in his own soul. Given the locality, the circumstances, the vast basis of an harmonic education, and the evil will to invert it all, and Milton might have been the Lucifer, whom he painted so glowingly yet terribly in *Paradise Lost*; his conception is true because he sketched it from an intuition of the depths to which any man might fall through moral corruption. So the noblest characters, delineated by the grand masters of prose or poetical fiction, exhibit but the artist's ideal, and point out what latent capacities, of heroism or philanthropy or clear intelligence, are latent in mankind. No man can write above his own conception.

It may be said that often heroic and even divine characters are portrayed by men of dark and evil lives. It is true; yet even then the mind, that elaborates, in picturesque and sunny words, the transcendent ideal, sketches, not perhaps from its own present interior hopes or longings or expectations; yet still, somewhere in the past, the life-picture, which it unfolds, in airy lines and colors of the dawn, had shaped itself within the fair mirror of the imagination. Often, when the intellect has become worldly and the heart base, the ghosts of the dead aspirations, the extinct virtues, which seemed to live in the promise-time of youth, rise mournfully before the memory; and then, urged by some strangely potent

spell, the impulse of his art comes upon the writer, who lives again in what he was, or hoped to be. From the spectacle of the ashes he conjures forth the flame.

But a deeper thought enters into this view. As, in the early morning hour, every little flower that grows in the sunlight, stands circumfused with all the radiance of the morning, so forever, while genius lasts, a sunrise streams upon the spirit, whose penetrative rays, ardent and scintillant, work in the soul itself, for the time, a magical transformation. The intellect may rise, in an instant, to heights of perception and contemplation, which the character itself may only attain to after years of self-sacrificing and pains-taking action. Mind, fancy, memory, imagination, all stand transfigured. It is as if the nobility of virtue streamed through every object; as if the ineffable beauty of the Good and the Heroic and the Pure was made evident by a Divine illumination. All authors, who have power deeply to move the soul, are, in a certain sense, illumined men; not always; never perhaps in full; but at rare and splendid intervals.

And this brings us to a subtle and deeply veiled spiritual secret, namely, the effect of the Divine Presence, even on writers in whom the world and the senses hold at times a sway that is almost as complete as it is ruinous. The novelist weaves his complicated plot, perhaps with no end of benefiting the race; the ambition of renown fires and flatters him; but he is dealing with the Infinite, even while engrossed in the phantoms of the finite. The great thought will crystalize like a diamond beneath the pen-strokes: order is elaborated from amidst the confusion of his ideas. Truths, which, did he believe them, would rend the spirit as with a foreboding of its doom-day; sunny gleams of paradise, that isle themselves with gardens and groves and aerial palaces and shining spires and columns, as the *Fata Morgana* looms, with all its mirage-wonders, above the remote blue waters of the Mediterranean; dazzling apparitions of saintly and unearthly excellence; human fiends who walk the world to exhibit the deformed features and execute the works of perdition;—these will come. Even in books dedicated to the most accursed passion often looks forth some Celestial Virtue, as with the pure eyes of an Angel from above.

The fine stroke, the superhuman image, the condensed and burning thought; which the writer thinks his own, yet wonders the while how they became his own, are the results of the ever-present Deity, who, if men will but look for them, sows the healing herbs of a divine antidote amidst the poisonous blossoms of each infernal and human bane.

Every book, thus, while it portrays the thought and feeling of its author; while it brings to view at once his boldest hopes and weakest fears, his insight into spirit, his reaction into matter, is indebted, for its noblest touches, to that Quickening Spirit, which at times plays upon the imagination as sunlight upon the landscape, calling to view a thousand unsuspected beauties, and tinting even the commonest objects with an unfamiliar grace. But more; the Spirit descends even to the novel, the romance, the dramatic fiction, at times, to make the writer's book the noblest rebuke of his own conduct,—the grandest refutation of the false lesson of his own life.

That which prevents us from having the noblest of literatures is the moral weakness of the educated class. Did those who detect in themselves the germ of the wondrous flower of authorship, seek first, the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and hold the varied faculties, quickened and perfected through culture, as the pure and sacred vessels of Divine Illumination, Literature itself would become an exponent, of the grandeur and immensity of the regenerate intellect, and the ever-living youthfulness and beauty of the regenerate heart.

Great, undoubtedly, as is the peculiar genius of Charles Dickens, the mind that penned *Bleak House* and *David Copperfield*, is, from the stand-point of Heaven, lost, as some great river, that, burying itself among the sands, marks its sinuous pathway only by a scanty water-course. Had the writer of whom we speak but wrought out, through the process of regeneration, even the partial human virtues which smile upon the world from his earlier productions, he would have stood, ere now, as the Titan Novelist, and, greater than the fabled sculptor, have transfused the lifeless marble of his productions with the Infinite Spirit.

Theology has all to be re-written. The sweetest and most glowing books, those which the world clasps most tenderly and

nearest to its heart of hearts, are those of the renowned masters of imaginative literature. Great and lofty, though often erring men, they have divined the truth, in history, in nature, in humanity, in art, through a wrapt, intensified affection. But the *cold men* have almost monopolized the ground of polemics.—Hence Literature, through its naturalness, has tended toward the supernatural; while Theology, through its artificial and pedantic character, has tended to the superficial and material. Men have written novels, with the intellect and heart ablaze from the genuine love of embodying their best conceptions of men and things in immortal sentences; hence the romance takes to itself the wings of the morning and flies to the uttermost parts of the earth. But, on the other hand, the Divine dare not be true, either to his own spirit or to the laws of inspired composition; he is safe only in his pupa state; should he at any instant cast the grub and appear in the purple and gold of the butterfly, all the horrors of ecclesiastical impalement await the innovator.—Genius forsakes the pulpit for this cause.

It is curious to observe how the very qualities, which the canons of true Art, the requirements of real nature, impose upon the historian, the poet, the dramatic artist, expose authors and speakers, who dare to attempt at least the carrying of art and nature into the books and ministrations of Religion, to misrepresentation and contemporaneous obloquy.

The usual method of reading the Bible from the pulpit requires for its successful prosecution the coldest of hearts, the most formal and pedantic of styles; but were a dramatic artist to read thus no audience would greet him a second time. Hell quails before the burning and impassioned reading of the Word of God: it breaks up the leaden lethargy in which the magic of the Infernals delights to keep the human mind: it is as if the air glittered with sword's points, all aiming at the breast. But no clergyman can read the Bible as it should be read, without the charge of being dramatic,—of transforming the pulpit into the stage. The sparks, that, falling on the sinner's heart, should kindle it into a red blaze and drive out the wild beasts of the passions, must be smothered beneath the wet blanket of a conventional propriety.

How great should be the sermon! The pulpit affords the place

and Religion the theme for the noblest oratory; but Protestantism, which ignores almost exclusively the higher intellectual faculties, insists upon a low standard even there. It carps at individuality here as everywhere else. Could we but dare to follow out the laws of a true oratory, the world would tremble before a preached Gospel. But we cannot, without the charge of hallucination. The true sermon is a species of improvisation; requiring not alone a thorough command of the resources which language, taste and culture supply, but also an interior and experimental knowledge of the arcana of the Divine Word. Armed thus, externally with culture, internally with inspiration, the ministrant seizes upon the souls of the audience, tears them from their infatuated grasp of matter and of ignoble and deceptive things, and, appealing not merely to the reasoning principle, but to the intelligence that divines and to the heart that hopes and loves, calls out the powers of a better and nobler being. It is easier, of course, to fall into a common-place and hackneyed mode than into that which is individual and really excellent. The preachers of the time sustain, with rare exceptions, the same relation to the true pulpit orator which the rhymesters of the age of Queen Anne sustain to the genuine poet. Why cannot the Church be at least as real as the play-house?

We return to authorship. After all the poet, the dramatist, the writer of prose fiction, and the theologian, are all dependent for success, in a real sense, upon the exercise of the same qualities. All have, in reality, in God, man and nature, the one common theme; and the function of one is every bit as sacred when rightly considered as that of the other. All work from the same intuitive perception of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. All are, if obedient to the laws of their respective arts, fellow-servants of the same God; all fail or triumph as they are true or false to the law of truth; and each serves as a setter-forth of infinite and eternal verities.

We speak not now, of course, of the perversions, the degradations to which these noble functions have been subjected. Don Juan exhibits a melancholy instance of the perversion and degradation of the poetic faculty; but who doubts that Byron, if as far advanced in regeneration as he was then in degeneration,

might, through the right use of the same lyrical faculty, have worthily vindicated the poet's mission as a white robe ministrant at the Divine altar,—a hierophant of the Infinite Mystery. Our brilliant novels of fashion and society, if written to enforce a conformity to the Divine Ideal which inspires the loftiest hearts—written too with all that consummate worldly knowledge which the authorship of social fiction requires,—how might they freshen and ventilate this close, drawing-room atmosphere, whose perfume but conceals contagion. What might not Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer do, if largely and thoroughly regenerate? A triumvirate of powers, commanding the world's ear and reaching every varied chord in the world's great heart! Take, again, an illustration pertaining to dramatic art. Were any thorough playwright, thorough in the sense of a command of the culture and the ground requisite for the production of the successful drama,—were any such a one to grasp the lofty conception of an inspiration for the theatre, at once as high and great as the Sermon on the Mount,—who doubts the result? If the Lord Christ could turn water into wine for the humble merry-makers at a village festival, would He not come down to pour into the receptive vessels of the dramatist's mind that fire-wine of supremest courage and purest love, to make for once, and after that forever, the theatre as great and glorious as aught that mirrors itself in history? The very depth of the infernal abuses of the stage displays, by apposition, the Divine height of the uses to which it should be made subservient. But all these functions, that of the novelist, the poet, the dramatic author, should concenter in theological writing and discourse.

We have spoken, heretofore and largely, of the necessity of inspiration from the Lord, as affording at once direction and intensity to all the powers. The occasion demands, perhaps, at least a brief statement, of the correlative; namely, that the highest and broadest *culture* should be sought, as affording the plane for the reception and adequate outworking of the inspiration itself:

First, in the right use of language. Without a knowledge of the tongue, the fire, that quickens and calls out the latent ideas of the spirit, burns to a ruinous waste. So far from influx sup-

plying words, as a rule, it rouses up the intellect to search, in the recesses of the memory, for every phrase of the vocabulary. All the verbal resources of language are therefore requisite to the man who hopes, in a large sense, to profit by an afflux of ideas from the Lord. The truth inflows into the receptive faculties of the mind, and there embodies itself in the draperies of that diction which has become the habit or which results from the education of the man. Words are more than the sheath of the idea; they are the steel blade itself, which the trenchant will of the Spirit draws and wields for the battle. The words harden into consistency and become the ammunition, which the Divine Spirit hurls resistlessly to their appointed place. It is true that influx from the Lord refines and elevates the diction; but it does this by imparting the fine taste, the nice discrimination, to select from the materials which culture has supplied already. If there is ever an exception it is but the one which proves the rule.

Again: influx from the Lord demands, in order to make it available to mankind, not only a knowledge of the words which men use, but of the peculiar and best methods of constructing those words into literature. Some authors of vast merit are almost dead to the race, through a hard, or involved, or obscure method of expression. Others again, by means of the charm inwrought into the glowing and fervent letter, pass current everywhere. Style is worthy of cultivation, for the self-evident reason that, without it, to a certain extent, the grandest thoughts might as well be entombed in a forgotten tongue. The germ of a good style, varying with the quality of the genius, is latent in every mind, but the cultivation of that germ into a vigorous, exact and picturesque method of composition requires conscientious labor: and here again our Lord gives the germ and makes us responsible for its evolution.

As regeneration advances in the will, as a general rule, culture should advance in the understanding. The greatest artists confess their obligation to commonest things. The very intensity with which we keep our inmost organ of vision fixed on the Lord, brightens and sharpens our lesser faculties of perception, to take in the universal horizon of men and objects. The wayside flower, the commonest phenomena of bloom and growth in vegetation,

the simplest facts of science or natural history, the most obvious occurrences of every-day life, subserve the end of metaphors or illustrations, by means of which the Divine ideas may be translated into the mental speech of contemporaneous minds.—The book, the picture, the poem, the statue, all become subservient to the use-end of the Spirit, namely, the evolution of the infinite truths of Heaven into the daily and familiar thought.—Without culture, therefore, inspiration itself is narrowed, obscured, shorn of its power, and degraded in the estimation of mankind.

The world has yet to recognize this truth,—that our Divine Lord is able to gather every human faculty, consecrated and made his own, with all its varied stores of language and memory, of art and science, of virtue and of love; and then to wield the man as an agent, in every righteous theatre of human action; as lyrical, tragic or dramatic author; as novelist or philosopher or theologian; as interpreter of the solemn mysteries of Nature, exponent of the dread mysteries of spirit, and setter-forth of the well-nigh unutterable arcana of His Holy Word.

The man of the Church, who would dispense with culture on the ground of inspiration; and the man of the world, who would dispense with inspiration on the ground of culture, both mistake enormously, though from the most opposite of grounds. For culture, without inspiration, is but the confused mass of glittering particles which might become a living body, were it not for the absence of the spirit; and inspiration, without culture, is but the play of the quickening element upon a vacancy, containing no essential forms for its conception. But culture, combined with inspiration, is the glorious human tabernacle, effulgent and vocal with the intellectual essence of its God.

Friends who receive this number and are not subscribers, are informed that it is sent to them in the hope that they may be moved to give us their names for the coming volume, commencing the first of May.

THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN :

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.—CONCLUDED.

After this I was invited to reënter the Indian Paradise, where I had heard the ancient Mattavita, ancient but forever youthful, rehearsing his mystic poem; and here I listened to its conclusion :

The Yogees gathered, some with faces pale, *
Feeding their hearts on dim fantasmal thoughts,
Formless and vague, like pallid ghosts of worlds,
Floating above creation's sepulchre :
Others with wrinkled brows, like mummies old,
With antique gems set in the place of eyes,
All iris-hued with 'wan illusive rays
Of intellectual fire, but loveless all,
With hearts like the dim moon, veiled in a wrack
Of icy cloud, that seeks in vain the sun.

The maiden pressed a close caress and still,
That crimsoned the faint lips, and threw a gleam
Of surprise, from the far, immortal hills,
Where Love communes with Morning, on his face.
Then all her essence seemed with his to blend,
And her heart's viewless clusters yielded there
The nectared fruit that feeds the soul, and gives
Undying music to the living voice.
Then Mattavita chanted, in the tones
Of one who lies on the world's throbbing breast,
Tranced in Elysian dreams, the solemn strain.

SONG OF THE WORLD-SOULS.

Two in one, two in one, like the bridegroom and the bride,
All the Souls of the Worlds through the universe glide;
And they chant, as they roll through the silences dim,
To the LIFE of their being the mystical hymn :

“From the thought of All-Father our myriads come forth :]
 We are clad with the brightness of ether and earth :
 And the souls of the angels, the men and the fays,
 Are but forms for the light of the Infinite rays.

“They are born ; they rejoice in the bliss we unfold
 In our airy pavilions of azure and gold ;
 And the souls of the blossom, the bird and the gem
 Are the songs that we carol for joy of them.

“In our heart-life we ripen, till, age after age, $\bar{2}$
 The disk of the orb is a glorious page,
 Where the nations are grouped in their harmonies grand,
 And their soul-chords are swept by the Infinite hand.

“We gather away all the holy and wise,
 To the joy of our hearts and the light of our eyes.
 Till the magical number of life is complete,
 Then we bear up our seed to the All-Father's feet.”

“Tell me, Mattavita,” then
 Said the Sage and made reply,
 “If the stars are vaster men,
 Rising through eternity,
 Why the sorrow binds the earth ?
 Why the darkness and decay ?
 Joy is empty ; cold is mirth :
 All things lovely fade away.”

We are shadows, we are shadows, thus the mighty song began ;
 In the smile of the All-Father man alone is truly man.
 But a chill and fearful darkness, from the evil self is blown
 And the pallid death-cloud floateth 'twixt our World-Soul and the
 Throne.

Love of self, mankind's first evil, like a worm is at the root,
 And the tree of human nature scatters down its blasted fruit.

Sublimely then the Sage
 Lifted the sacred paean ; I behold
 Mankind returning to the primal age.
 The World-Soul rises, beautiful and bold :
 Her nations, of celestial life possess,
 Gather like glad fays in a young bride's breast ;

And sages, throned in her immortal eyes,
Gaze, in wrapt myriads, to their paradise;
And, on her lips, pure child-like lovers dwell,
Where trooping thoughts their endless bliss foretell;
And, in her deep heart's veiled, impassioned sea,
Float the bright islands, fortunate and free,
Whose people all, forever and for aye,
Feel Heaven's own joy-life in their pulses play.

I rise! I rise!
The World-Soul calls me; mother pure and wise!
In stately colonnades,
On their white thrones, appear the blissful Shades.
Thou too, my heart's young bride,
Shalt cleave pure ether, ever at my side.

“All objects in Heaven are revelations of the sanctity and fitness of the marriage relation, and the dependence of the very earths of the universe, for order and consistency, upon the blessed nuptial chain. The Divine harmonies of good and truth, descending through the nuptial spheres of wedded Angels, are ultimated continually in ideas, which become images of beauty, and, after the circuit of their heavenly duration is completed, are made, on earth, the souls of plants and flowers, the interior and viewless essences whose radiant bodies are those of the bird, the bee or the splendid ephemera which sport amid the blossoms of the summer world. Some glide in shining fishes through the pellucid streams, and others shape the bright shells that line the margin of the ocean, while others still in the heart of the gem elaborate the brilliant crystal, or work amidst the primal elements of the metallic ores. The bridal raptures of the Angels descend from each and every Heaven to permeate and so impregnate the solar atmospheres; and thus, from the delights of the celestial nuptials, the sun grows warm to cheer the day and the stars luminous to light up the spacious azure of the night.

“Man on earth is indebted, for the power even of reflection, in a true and orderly manner, to the conjugal union which exists above; for, through the brilliant clearness of the nuptial sphere, the Infinite Intelligence descends, alike to illuminate the reason and to invigorate and direct the will. The Word of God is

all a revelation, in its interiors, of nuptial mysteries, and the arcana of conjugal love are so incorporated into each and every sentence, that, to eliminate the doctrine therefrom would be, if such a thing were possible, to destroy the Word itself.

"Two in one the soul-germs descend from the All-Father to their terrestrial ultimatum; and never, till the counterparts are revealed and reunited to each other, can the Spirit ripen. The children of terrestrial nuptials are of the earth, and but repeat, in new forms of sentient life, the happy hymn of universal being: but the offspring of the conjugal union of the angels, more glorious, more beautiful, are living souls, descending from the Divine Spirit in the harmonies of their eternal joy. On earth the terrestrial parents tenderly protect the mortal germ, in which lie folded up manhood with its genius or womanhood with its tender charm. But the germ of the soul, which lives and breathes within the germ of the body, has not only a Divine birth but a celestial parentage. All human beings, upon the orbs of space, are therefore the children of the nuptial joy of Angels; their Heaven-fathers the men who walk in their immortal youth upon the mountains of the eternal world; their Heaven-mothers the women whose chaste and matronly perfection of essence and of person becomes more inexpressibly complete through all the ages.

"The eyes that watch, with their unslumbering brightness, above the cradled babe of earth, the eyes that seek perpetually to penetrate with ardent glances of affection the inner and immortal form, are those that beheld the soul-germ ere its initiation into the material body, that watched the slow and sacred cycles of its evolution from the Paternal Mind of God, that beheld its infantile features unfold amidst the scenery of Heaven, that saw it plume its airy wings in the celestial atmospheres.

"Very great and very holy then is the conjugal union which the angels know; never to be confounded with aught less pure than the diamond brightness that encircles the Divine Presence."

I listened to these words, but already, as they mirrored themselves in images of truth and flowed in melodies of love, the bright Orb of the Incarnation receded. Once again I stood in my terrestrial habitation.

THE END.

OBJECTIONS TO A NEW CHURCH MINISTRY CONSIDERED.

Well meaning persons from the sceptical ranks are repulsed from the New Church, because it observes the Sabbath by the celebration of Divine Service, respects the use of the visible temple, recognizes as helps to grace the sacraments of baptism and the holy communion, and insists on a ministry, especially set apart to that use by the consecration of the Spirit of God.

But why should the objection be entertained, at least on the part of those who recognize Christianity at all. What higher spectacle can be presented in the world than that of a Divine family, a body of men and women, who, accepting the Lord in His Word no less than in the inculcations of His Spirit, and nourished by a common inflowing of His life, and interknit by the ever-growing ties of a spiritual relationship, seek to become a model of all human graces, an expression of all heavenly charities. What possible objection can be urged against such modes of human consociation? Sure we are that those who oppose them do so in an entire misapprehension of their use and spirit. Yet we would deal very tenderly with those who apply the epithet of "sectarianism," seeking not so much to argue with them as to present important principles, which they perhaps have been so unfortunate as to overlook.

First then. What is the objection to a priesthood? The answer may be, "Every man should do his own preaching." But the answer is to the point. Can a traveler be his own shipbuilder; his own navigator? Must he, before venturing on a journey, lay down his own railway, build his own cars, become a very Proteus in many forms at once, and act for himself in the multi-form capacity of depot-master, switchman, conductor, stoker and engineer? Can we not recognize a diversity of gifts for common edification? We have the Word it is true, and all should faithfully endeavor to read and profit by its precepts. But do we not require in addition the fervent, illuminated setters-forth of its arcana; men mighty in utterance yet walking softly before the Lord? Can we leave our secular affairs to convert the heathen; to solve the

problems which bewilder multitudes; to answer the objections of sophists and free-thinkers; to put down the philosophies of demons; to embody its truths in all the varied forms of useful and beautiful literature, as apples of gold in pictures of silver; to guide the unfolding intellects of the young; to support the aged and the dying in the hour when the strong men fail? Who can faithfully devote himself to secular pursuits and yet fill these high offices? With all Society mined and counter-mined; with every speciosity that Infernals can invent, thrown out like so many fire-brands into standing corn; who is there that can suppose that the office of the priest is but an idler's play? The first thing which the wolf does, when he comes up to make war upon the sheep, is in persuading them that shepherds and shepherd's dogs are superfluities. So Satan, in this age of unchained spiritual powers, would gladly have us believe, silly sheep as we are, that there is no need of having special care-takers, experienced in detecting his myrmidons.

But the answer is made again, "It is slavish to follow the teachings of any man. God is our teacher." Very true; but can we dispense with under-teachers in God, who shall faithfully divide His Word? Is it slavish to listen to what the astronomer tells us about the starry heaven; or the chemist and the geologist concerning the forms and combinations of matter? Is it slavish to employ a demonstrator of anatomy when seeking to understand the mechanism of the body; the music master when we would learn to sing and play? We take them as helps; not as authorities. They stand in the robes of service, freely offering that which we in freedom may find it profitable to receive. Is it slavish to read Milton for the love of poetry; or, for the zeal of the fine arts, to derive suggestions from hues that brightened beneath the pencil of Rafaele or forms that grew sublime in marble touched by the chisel of Michael Angelo? The office of the true priest is not to enslave the faculties but to serve as God's agent in their liberation. He comes with the live words, that, if a man's heart were a wide graveyard, might serve to quicken the slumbering affections, and sow the sleeping dust with seeds of immortality.

It is answered again, that, "The priest serves but as the nar-

erator of a stale and wearisome story, all of which can as well be learned, if perused at all, from the Bible and its commentaries." But those who faithfully study the Word often undergo such deep experiences of its saving power, that they feel that all its woes must fall upon them, unless they go from land to land with a message to their fellows, to declare the present workings of a present God; to unlock the prison secrets of the human heart; to quicken inert natures; to rouse the slothful; to energize the weak; and, everywhere, to freshen the air of society with invigorating breezes, that roll the dull material mists before them and dissipate the mephitic vapors that are generated by moral decay. Nothing is so effectual as the live voice. The souls, drawn from easy living and from hardened and hopeless dying, by the preaching of the Word, may be numbered by hundreds of millions.—The voice is the method which God appoints for reaching souls. There is no power in the world to stand before it. Shall this great gift be monopolised by a mere secular use? Shall He who made the tongue not speak by the tongue?

Some would reply, "The sermon should be the life; the great life preaches." Very true; but who, standing on the summit thoughts of the Gospel, shall gather together in grand epitome all preachments that issue from lives, translate experience into expression, and sum up, in pregnant, burning illustrations, the significance which attaches itself to every individual history? Nature is a poem, but the poet alone can translate the silent song; Nature is music, but the musician alone can wed to numbers its immortal verse. Great as is the Bible, and, in the highest sense, divine, it needs its translators just as much as the songs that require the artist in melody. There is a world in every man; but not every man can make our thoughts talk to us. Here then is one function of the priest. This glorious, this wonderful universe; this fearful, complex heart; this sacred book, that burns, in its very letter, with Infinity,—shall not the highest gifts be set apart to their exposition?

Within the prevalent idea that every man is a priest and that therefore all men should be engaged in purely secular pursuits, the hells have obtained a lodgment. The popular thought, which would declare it a divine function to invent a churn or a

cider-press, to make cloth cheaper or food more palatable, but a prostitution of human powers to consecrate the whole being to the enrichment of the human spirit in God's own gifts, might well be called silly, were not its consequences often so deplorable. The truth is that all good uses are divine; that spiritual uses are at least as holy and important as those that pertain to outward matter alone. The soul is to live in glory or despair.—Every man's life-path terminates in deep Hell or high Heaven. Shall then those members of the human family to whom the gifts of training souls for the Upper Kingdom have been committed,—shall they be looked upon as charlatans and pretenders?

Again. We are verging on the period when we must better understand God's Word or perish. The New Church must come or the world succumb to evil. Is there not then need of a special ministry in that New Church, adapted to the presentation of Christianity to a class of minds, who, unable to derive advantage from the fast decaying forms of the old, must either fall victims to Satan or be instructed in the Lord?

But some will say, "So long as a religious teacher confines himself by setting forth principles he is in his place. So long as he claims merely to act from the instigations of his own will, and not as one under authority from Heaven, he may be doing mankind a service. We could accept him even as a medium for spirits; but, when it comes to the averment of a Divine direction this marks him a self-seeking impostor. We can follow the lecturer, speaking in his own name, but when he stands up and utters the words, 'my direction is of the Lord,' away with him." But in this age, with the spiritual organizations of men porous and their natural bodies conduits for streams of magnetic influence; with Spirits bent on thwarting the Gospel; beating back every good persuasion; darkening the minds of hearers and seeking to biologize the occupant of the pulpit, to prevent, if possible, the setting forth of interior verities, is it not self-evident, that, unless the preacher stand in the conscious might of a Divine commission, he must succumb to this continual attack? If the primitive ministry could only preach as Christ was in them, working through them, entrusted as they were with but the rudiments of the Gospel, what can we do unless Christ dwell in us,

and labor through us continually? Who dare stand and fight on his own responsibility? Who can feel the ground which he occupies for a moment tenable, till he knows himself placed there by Him who marshals the armies of the skies? No man has a right to preach in the New Church from the selfhood. He is not sure, till a Divine call is sensibly laid upon him, but that he is serving but as the subject spirit of some fantastic body in the Nether World. It is called presumptuous to assert a Divine call, and to preach on the warrant of it; but if there be presumption at all, it is on the other side; in dabbling in holy things without the gift of setting them forth according to direction. If every man has his use; if there is a Divine call to every good use; must not those who have a real right to stand up as exponents of the New Church be emphatically ordained to this by Messiah God?

We had designed to extend these thoughts, but space forbids. We leave the New Church Ministry to vindicate itself;—to do so by the beautiful heroism of its example; by the fervor, the dignity, the universal adaptation of its teachings and ministrations, and by the uniform benevolence and piety of its spirit.—More glorious than the Grecian statue, which, chiselled by noblest genius, revealed the highest extant conception of the Divine Beauty; wrought in that exquisite symmetry of character which bespeaks the fashioning hand of the Lord Himself, the bearer of the burdens of a true priesthood will need for His sacred calling no justification, no apology. What though his youth has not been worn away in the bleak and stony studies which but suffice to disguise from the mind the features of a living Reality of Belief? What though his credentials are not found in the enrollment of his name among the claimants of a title to apostolical succession? The evidence of his calling is a living inspiration; the proof of its success the reclamation of the degraded and enslaved, to the liberty of the true manhood,—to the divinity of a regenerate life.

PEACEFUL AND RESTLESS:

AN INFANTILE APOLOGUE FOR GROWN CHILDREN.

Once upon a time there were two little boys; the name of the one was Restless, and that of the other Peaceful. One day their father sent them to school. Here Restless soon rose to the head of a class, but Peaceful had little ambition that way, and was contented, for the most part, quietly to learn his lessons in an obscure place by himself. Restless was very knowing, and became famous for spelling hard words. He possessed many good qualities, but soon acquired the name of the attorney, because he often engaged in disputation; otherwise he was a good boy, and quite orderly when allowed to have his own way. He could be exceedingly kind to his little school-mate, and once, overhearing him spell a hard word correctly,—he went out of his usual course, to pat him on the head and say, "That's right: for a small fellow you do very well."

One day, as little Peaceful, with satchel in hand, was going toward the school-house, all of a sudden it began to rain roses. Some were sky-blue and full of little stars; others white as milk; some golden, and many covered with blushes, but all exhaled a delicious odor, and none of them had thorns. Peaceful loved all beautiful objects, and stopped to pick them up, but, while doing so, heard a Voice, a very tender voice, which came through the middle of his breast. It spoke and said, "Carry the roses with you to the school, dear child, and give to every playmate one of them. They will grow sweeter and sweeter forever, and their beauty is immortal." Peaceful obeyed this kind Voice, and, going to each little playfellow, gathered about the school-house door, pressed upon each a fragrant, lovely flower.

There was something very wonderful about these blossoms.—Some little boys and girls took them, and, at once, the delicious fragrance made their hearts sing for joy, and little worlds of good affections began to stir and thrill within their bosoms.—Some kissed Peaceful for bringing them the gifts, but he disclaimed all merit, and told them about their falling upon him

from the sky, as he was on his way to school, and then about that tender Voice, that spoke through the midst of his bosom, bidding him bestow them on all of his playfellows.

The next day, just as little Peaceful was turning the corner by the school-house, he was greeted with a shower of stones, and, foremost among the throwers of them, who should be seen but Restless, who cried, as he aimed a very large one, "You brought nettles, sir, and little stinging plants, full of vipers, to give to your playmates; you are very naughty." Saying this, a fresh volley came, and then the cry was repeated, "You are a bad child: the good flowers, sir, were stolen by you from the garden of the ancient gentleman yonder, who brought the seeds from Sweden. As for the nettles, Sly Boots, you went over the way, and picked them from the pasture where the old Frenchman used to live. We shan't pat you on the head, and call you good boy any more." The stones now fell thicker and faster, when lo! to the astonishment of little Peaceful, who expected to be seriously injured, the tender Voice spoke again through the middle of his breast, and said, "The servant is not above his Master. They shall persecute you in the synagogues, and ye shall be hated for my name's sake. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Oh! the comforting, blessed words! Little Peaceful heard them and cried, "Oh! Lord! how shall I endure?" Then the Voice cried once more, "Never throw stones back again. When you meet your brother Restless by himself, whisper in his ear such sentences as these: 'Do not hide yourself in that bleak, windy house on Controversy Corner, but walk in the pleasant path that leads to Charity Land. There the sweet south wind blows full of fragrance.—There, beneath the stars, sing the nightingales; and the skylark wakens and soars and carols above the red clouds to say that morning is at hand. Walk with me, dear brother Restless. Forget that there are such things as stinging-nettles and vipers, and you will hear that blessed Voice, speaking through your own bosom, and perhaps behold blossoms dropping from the heavens more glorious and of a richer odor than any that have been showered down yet.'"

Peaceful heard the Voice and promised to obey; though he

has heard that Restless is gathering more stones, and urgently insists that the poor boy who brought the roses should be encountered, every time he has occasion to pass Controversy Corner, with another volley of them.

Restless was surprised, as also were his companions, that the child, who had brought the unwelcome gift of flowers, was not injured by the missiles which fell so profusely around him.— Their wonder has not abated to this day; but, perhaps, when they also become rose-bringers, the same thing may happen to them which did to him: the stones were all transformed to air-bubbles, which burst and broke before they had much more than left the thrower's hand. They floated away, and melted and mingled with the vapors; and Peaceful was not disturbed by them, no, not even in his dreams. What are stones to others are vapors to him, and will be, so long as he obeys that blessed Voice which whispers through his breast.

P. S.—Peaceful has since been informed that his unfortunate brother Restless has been severely wounded by certain school-fellows who took part in the stoning of the little rose-bringer.— Having occasion to discuss the affairs of the military company, Restless was unwilling that all the batallion should be under the charge of one of his playmates, and, accordingly, advised that each division should be superintended by a separate officer. For this he has been assailed pell-mell, and some have proposed that he should no longer be considered a member of the host. But Peaceful has also been led to infer that the Master of the school, who entertains for Restless a tender regard, perceiving in him many rare qualities, is about to set him a hard lesson, which, should he learn it, will elevate him conspicuously among his school-fellows as a model of what good boys ought to be.

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

Through the blue and frosty heavens,
Christmas stars were shining bright;
The glistening lamps of the great city
Almost matched their gleaming light;
And the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago one Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near.)
Many a one that night was merry,
Who had tolled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
Friends, long parted, reconcile;
Voices, all unused to laughter,
Eyes that had forgot to smile,
Anxious hearts that feared the morrow,
Freed from all their cares awhile.

Rich and poor felt the same blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom, and sickness, and despair
Abiding in the gilded chamber,
Climbing up the marble stair,
Stilling even the voice of mourning—
For a child lay dying there.

Elken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying,
All unheeded, by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

All the skill of the great city
To save that little life was vain;
That little thread from being broken;
That fatal word from being spoken;
Nay, his very mother's pain,
And the mighty love within her,
Could not give him health again.

And she knelt there still beside him,
She alone with strength to smile,
And to promise he should suffer
No more in a little while,
And with murmur'd song and story
The long weary hours beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked these constant mourning cries,
Still'd the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised the blue and wondering eyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision,
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered
Smiling o'er the little bed;
White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a star-like light was shining
In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast.
Sobs and wallings from the mother,
And her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings; and through the air
Bore the pretty child, and held him
On his breast with loving care,
A red branch of blooming roses
Placing softly by him there.

While the child thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the Blest,
Gazing from his shining guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest:

"Know, O little one! that heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain;
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain;
Love on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again!

"Once in yonder town below us
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little sickly orphan,
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
Never in life's ragged pathway
Guiding his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forethought
That should only come with age,
Weighed upon his baby spirit,
Showed him soon life's sternest page;
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
Was his only heritage!

"All too weak for childish pastimes
Drearly the hours spend;
On his hands so small and trembling
Leaning his poor aching head,
Or through dark and painful hours
Lying sleepless on his bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away;
Dreams of rosy happy children,
Laughing merrily at play;
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing branches of white May.

"Scarce a glimpse of the blue heavens
Gleamed above the narrow street,
And the sultry air of Summer
(That you called so warm and sweet.)
Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps,
Slowly forth he dared to crawl,
Through the crowded city's pathways,
Till he reached a garden wall;
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the lordliest of all.

" There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide ;
There were sparkling fountains gleaming,
Flowers whose rich luxuriant pride
Wanted a breath of precious perfume
To the child who stood outside.

" He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place ;
Never had his fairest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

" You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
And laughing when the petals floated
Downward on your golden hair :
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendor spread before you
Told, a House's Hope was there.

" When your servants, tired of seeing
His pale face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged Orphan,
Gave him coin, and bade him go.
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted,
Bitter tears began to flow.

" But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender young heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passing them through the stern grating,
With the gentle word, ' Farewell !'

" Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Joy the sleeping seraph stirred ;
In his hand he clasped the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

" So he crept to his poor garret,
Poor no more, but rich and bright ;
For the holy dreams of childhood —
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light —
Floated round the orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

" Day dawned, yet the vision lasted ;
All too weak to rise he lay ;
Did he dream that none spoke harshly —
All were strangely kind that day ?
Yes ; he thought his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away.

" And he smiled, though they were fading ;
One by one their leaves were shed ;
' Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again,' he said,
When the next day's sun had risen,
Child and flowers both were dead.

" Know dear little one ! our Father
Does no gentle deed disdain ;
And in hearts that beat in heaven,
Still all tender thoughts remain ;
Love on the cold earth remaining
Lives divine and pure again !"

Thus the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burthen leant ;
While the child gazed from the shining
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,
To the blooming roses by him
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Then the radiant angel answered,
And with holy meaning smiled :
" Ere your tender, loving spirit
Sin and the hard world defiled,
Mercy gave me leave to seek you ;
I was once that little child !"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

POETRY AND REALITY.

Doubtless the Poet, in the glow and fervor of his spirit, when the spell of the Muse is upon him, dimly believes. Pity that Belief should not gain a mastery of all the powers, and of all their varied states ! Then celestial thoughts, like those which image themselves in the preceding lyric, would stand revealed in the empurpled spaces of the universal consciousness, recognized not alone as poetically beautiful, but as spiritually true. Till Poets believe and act out their noblest inspirations, they must be content to pass as dreamers.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

We look upon the New Church in America as permanently established; its great work, both aggressive and constructive, prosperously begun; its providential use and mission signally vindicated. It is, numerically, in its visible sense, but a handful; but these, opened as they are to direct influx from our Lord through the Heavens, are the forerunners of an innumerable multitude; being mediatorial men.

The Old Church is adapted to a closed condition of the interiors; nor are its preachments satisfying food to any other than those who dwell in the obscurity of the mere letter of the Word. But the New Church is to stand, discretely, upon a higher plane. It is for the open rather than the closed, the quickened rather than the inert members of the human race. It is obvious, therefore, that its ministry must be of quickened men also.

We regard the use, providentially assigned to the first form of the New Church, namely, the external form, as organized through the reception of the writings of Swedenborg, as nearly at its close. That body is rapidly being disintegrated, nor is it possible to stay the process. Our Divine Lord evidently permitted, or ordered, that it should exist to serve, chiefly, as a medium for the publication and distribution of the unfoldings of the spiritual sense of the Word, and the various illustrative treatises, communicated through the illustrious morning star of the New Age, the precursor of the New Jerusalem. Finding these works in obscurity it has placed them before the reading world.

But experience proves that New Churchmen must be an open people, in order, first, to have a perception of what New Church truth is in its essence, and, second, victoriously to present those truths to mankind. The visible body of the New Jerusalem at the present day, is in the agonies of a transition from the closed to the open state. Its first embryo form is being quickened.

The position taken by our friend, Mr. Barrett, that all are *de-facto*, members of the New Church who are doctrinally in the truth of the Lord, the Word and regeneration, and practically in the good of life, is furiously combated, it is true, by some, but

nevertheless wins its continual triumphs and is destined to attain to universal prevalence. On this platform there is room for all to stand.

Since the law of Heaven is unity in diversity, let us hope, as the years roll, to behold the New Church unfolding as a splendid composite movement, gathering into its bosom all the varieties of the human family, and sanctifying each by especial ministrations, fitted for every orderly and healthful human state. This indeed is inevitable; and here the Protestant Church, together with the Roman Catholic communion before it, fell into an error which betrays great ignorance of the human heart. That error was to seek to enforce uniformity in ritual and creed; to shackle men with conditions incompatible with the evolution and free play of the spiritual faculties; the mistake of the horticulturist who insists that all his plants, when they grow, shall become roses, and every forest sapling an oak. Oaks and roses have their place, but cannot in nature monopolize the ground. So the Quietist, the Independent, the Episcopal developments of Christianity, all must be considered, as at least in part, attempts at the evolution, from the internal, of separate and needful types of Christian form and action, suited each to a given family of human minds. But theologians insist that all shall be one or the other.

We recognize, in the Heavens, connected with our orb, forms of Christian worship, which vary from an extreme simplicity to a rich and splendid ceremonialism. As we see, in the Past, the peculiar genius of one nation outgrowing into the pyramidal architecture of Egypt, and another flowering into the sunnier style of Greece; as we recognize a wide distinction between both and the spirit which weaves its marble psalm in the Gothic cathedral; so national genius, under the fostering and kindly influx of the Heavens, will exhibit, in New Church ritualism, an equal diversity.

We feel then, a growing desire to cherish each of the peculiar movements among New Churchmen in America. Each is the promise of something unspeakably glorious awaiting in the developments of the future; and, though they may contend as seeds, they will all harmonize when they become the monarchs of the human forest, ample with centuries of growth and lifting

up their flowering, fruit-bearing summits to an unobstructed view.

For the same reason we await new unfoldings, new consociations, with a kindly glance and with a hoping, trusting spirit. As germ after germ drops down, through whatever unpromising form it may at first struggle, through whatever states of narrowness or exclusiveness it may pass, we rejoice, penetrating to its inmosts, to anticipate in its adult states something rich and beautiful, something without which the great body itself would be incomplete. We would seek to commend this view to all who live in the light of the Divine descent in the New Jerusalem.

We have faith that the Lord's direct Providence is active at every point in this reviving of Humanity; nor do we fear the malice of the combined hells; nor believe, that, for any long extended period, they can prevent the developments of the order which is preëstablished above. Our hearts are open, our brotherly hands extended, toward all; and it is our desire, as an individual, whatever course others may take toward the movement in which we are engaged, to judge their motives and their works from the highest possible stand-point,—that of charity, which thinketh no evil. The church is dying, or barely living, in quarters where much truth of doctrine has been scattered, because the seeds have never been suffered to germinate. The peculiar genius of the New Jerusalem has not been permitted to appear; its doctrines have been looked upon as splendid myth; or rather as a transcendent ideal, too good to attempt to put in practice in the Nineteenth Century.

We do not wonder, that, from the stand-point of the mere intellectualist, reasoning from a natural ground or premise, they seem impossible to realize. How shall the very order of Heaven descend to earth except through sore trial? The standard of character presented by our popular divines, our live and stirring men, has this radical defect in the starting point; that it seeks to build up greatness in and on the selfhood. Men do not justify noble actions in opposition to intolerance, meanness or avarice, by averring a plain command of Messiah God, of which they are conscious, made audible through their quickened interiors. They do not justify themselves, even in doing right, by averring a

divine edict for the action. On the contrary, they assume that the action was originated in the selfhood. This is the ground where the preaching of the age all fails.

To look to God for instant direction, at every moment of the life, and to so cultivate a state of sweet and tender submission to the Divine Will, as to be open at every instant to hear the distinct enunciation of His Holy Spirit, is not alone the condition which we should ethically receive as commendable, but the one to which we should, by God's help, continually endeavor to attain,—and to keep in when attained. Having a faith which demonstrates that the Lord can and has talked with men by an internal voice, what is there to hinder us from being made its delighted and always obedient listeners? The movement which is against the world, as the New Church movement is, can only conquer and pervade the world as its disciples are open to the inspirations of Him who is mightier than the world. Here is the ever-fruitful source of all nobleness and all power:—A body of men and women in every nation under heaven, all marshalled under the leadership of the Captain of Salvation; none interfering with each other's use; none calling his neighbor to an account because he uses weapons of other construction or combats by a mode of tactics dissimilar to his own; none seeking to enforce on others his own peculiar state, or to insist upon an artificial reënactment of his own experiences; talking to each other from their distant points of vantage as the northern pine tree might salute the southern palm; and all contributing, in their separate varieties of beauty, to the composite order of a universal kingdom.

When thy enemy assails thee, with a tongue like any sledge,
 Let his spirit be the beetle, and thy spirit all a wedge.
 Though he pound, from night to morning, with a round and lusty
 stroke,
 He but helps thee on thy errand, to make fire-wood of the oak.

THE FOSSILVILLE SPIRIT-RAPPERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HURKING AT DRACON FOSSIL'S."

"Elnathan, has that ere rich gal from York, who boards at the Steadwise's, got ever a feller waitin' on her, as you knows on?"

"She can't be touched, Ike, with an ash saplin', let me tell you. She kind a looks at a feller with them great brown eyes of hern, and gives her head a toss like a three-year old as isn't broke to harness, if she ketches you looking any wise particular. The next thing you see of her is she's down in the lots pickin' Johnny-jump-ups, or is out with a book under an apple tree."

Elnathan Fossil and Ike Haskins were cousins; Elnathan, a round, good-natured young farmer, and called, in these rural regions, quite a beau. Isaac Haskins, the village store-keeper, and, in his own estimation, the most consequential person in Fossilville; great at swapping colts; never without a keen eye to the main chance. Himself and 'Zekel Perkins, our next door neighbor, were "reckoned the cutest" at a bargain between Fossilville and Jonestown. Ike was a beauty. Imagine, if you please, a lank youth, with flaxen hair, watery blue eyes, and sharp hatchet-face, and the tallest of shirt collars, sporting, on Sundays, the yellowest of gloves on the reddest of hands; his outer garments a bright blue coat with gilt buttons, a black satin vest with golden sprigs, and nankeen pants, and his elephantine feet set into creaky boots shining with jet varnish. His air, on entering the village temple, was ineffable. But oh! that great gilt Psalm Book, bound in red morocco. It was a treat to observe the long, pump-handle arms, first finding the hymn, and then extending the duodecimo to the most sumptuously-attired danisel anywhere within three pews.

I did not mean to listen to the conversation, but how could I help it? We were waiting in the depot-house at the station. The cars were belated, and, if gentlemen will whittle and talk, and talk and whittle, tilted back in crazy rush-bottom chairs, with a window open just at their backs, they must expect to be overheard.

The store-keeper returned to the charge, with "All make be-

lieve, Elnathan, all make believe! When a gal kind a give's her head a jerk that way, you must never be set back, but follow her up. Its their natur to be skeery, and to shy off at fust.—None but a tarnation goney calls it gittin' the mitten. How much is she worth?

Elnathan, by this time, had whittled his shingle into quite a passable windmill. Puffing out his cheeks, like a young trumpeter, he sent its wooden sails flying with a whirr-rr, before he replied, "Her dad was president of a bank, and owns, they say, a heap of stun houses. I've hearn tell that her grandmother left her nigh on to fifty thousand dollars to do with just as she's a mind to, besides.

The merchant relieved his feelings with a long whistle, turned, with a knowing look, toward his companion, and exclaimed, "Them's your sort," while Elnathan gave a sigh, as if the vision of fifty thousand dollars was altogether overwhelming.

Next Sunday evening Keziah Steadwise entered the old-fashioned room where I was sitting, with the information that a gentleman was below and had sent up his "keard." I have kept it as a curiosity. Executed by some traveling writing-master, it was covered with sprawling flourishes that represented an eagle, with outstretched pinions, bearing upon his breast a shield, wherein, surrounded by a wreath of stars, I deciphered the name of the tall youth in the blue broadcloth.

Entering the parlor, I was greeted with, "Good evening, Mem;" accompanied with a low bow and a yellow-gloved flourish. The gentleman had presumptive right to call, as Keziah had made me acquainted with him over the counter of the country store. Nothing abashed by my very frigid Good evening, sir, he proceeded to make himself at home, by taking a seat on the sofa, while I remained standing and wondering what was to follow.

Now entered Nehemiah, grinning, with "How are you, Major?" I had forgotten to mention that our friend bore this distinguished title, having risen thus high toward Major-Generalship in the State Militia. The Major responded, "Prime, Leftenant, considerin' the season; prime." We were now summoned to tea, and the Major said grace, being a rising character in the

Church no less than in the mercantile community. At its close the whole party adjourned to the parlor, where it was proposed to try the experiment of turning tables. By this time night was at hand, and the air, spicy with the breath of the forest and the odor of fallen leaves, moved in little gusts betokening a change. The stout mahogany table was placed in the center of the parlor. Keziah and the "Leftenant" put their hands upon it, and the Major, after vainly soliciting my presence, joined in the *seance*. It was all a matter of sport, evidently, and entered into with no expectation of any results.

Soon the heavy wood began to rise, while Nehemiah cried, "Gosh, its bruised my shin." Then it tilted back against his *vis-a-vis*, who muttered, "Don't jam so hard, Leftenant." As for Keziah, she laughed immoderately, thinking it some prank of the two.

In a moment or two more it began, rap, rap, rap,—and one of the two exclaimed, "That's a signal for the alphabet," whereupon Keziah commenced calling A, B, C, trying all the while to keep a straight face. The only sentence which they received was, "I am unhappy."

By this time astonishment was very sensibly manifest. Laughter ceased. Each disclaimed the authorship of the words.—The table was left standing and the trio engaged in serious earnest conversation, commenced by the young farmer with "This looks spookish. When a man dies he is like a grain of corn; he is planted; so Elder Jones said in his sermon this morning; he stays planted till his body sprouts at the day of judgment and the end of the world. As for there bein' Sperits about, its plainly onscripteral."

The Major looked grave, pulled up his shirt collar, assumed a serious air, and answered, "'Zackly, Leftenant, 'zackly. As the Elder said, its the cocatination of the 'lectric fluid. 'Lectricity is the cause of life." At this the table rose again. Rap, rap, rap. Once more Keziah called the alphabet, and now they received the sentence, "You are wrong. Peter Robinson."

No sooner was this name spelled, than, evidently frightened, Keziah rose. The table followed her. At this the astonishment of the party began to merge into fright. I felt, shall I confess

it, a cold moisture on my face and hands; a tremor at the heart. Again, rappings commenced, and, after an interval, the store-keeper called the alphabet. The communication which they received ran as follows, "Blood! blood! blood! I killed Samuel Schoonhoven. He haunts me. Seventy years I have been lingering about this farm. His body is buried here." Soon after it commenced again, "Eternity! eternity! I drank myself to death on apple-jack! Remorse killed me. I was tried but the jury disagreed. Forever! forever! Will no one ever come to bring me relief? I wish I was a horse or a dog; then I could die and that would be my end."

I whispered to Keziah, "Did you ever hear of this man?" "Law suz," was the reply, "Gran'ther Steadwise bought this farm of old Robinson's widow. The south pasture used to be called the murder-field, because the body of a murdered man was found there.. This must have been the Schoonhoven he talks about." The poor girl was near fainting; her teeth chattered; I clasped her in my arms.

The "cocatination of ideas and the 'lectric fluid theory" was fast being exploded. The table-turning, began as a light jest, was rapidly assuming a look of grim earnestness. The moon had now risen, and, as its first wan ray streamed through the window panes, all started as at the entrance of a perturbed and restless Spirit.

I had been expecting Arthur May. Oh! how my heart bounded, divining in distant footsteps that he was coming. He is my husband now, and looks over the pages as I write. Yes, Arthur, it did bound. It does now, whenever I hear your step, and will forever.

The young teacher entered; it was his first visit. A loathly sensation, as if an evil presence were fastening itself, a feeling as if the air was thick and fetid and filled with rank unwholesome heat, was gathering about me. It was with difficulty that I could control my nerves, rise and bid my visitor welcome.

The table, in the middle of the room, the astonished countenances of our country neighbors, no less than Hezekiah's aguish look and my own perturbed state, revealed at once to Arthur the condition of affairs. But with a bright, cheerful face, he made

himself at ease, and, as if casually, in passing, laid his hand upon the mahogany. The table jerked, twitched and began rapping again more violently than ever; till, taking from his breast pocket a well-worn volume, which I recognized as the Word, he reverently laid it down upon the article of furniture. The table half rose in air, shivered as if with a seeming life, and was again shaken violently, as if the effort was to throw the book upon the floor, but after this it became motionless.

A something of dread and awe still filled the room. Keziah, with her brother and our first visitant, found their way speedily into the kitchen, where bright lights and refreshing goblets of cider partially restored their equanimity. I remained and told my friend all that had happened.

While briefly sketching these particulars, a wavering, unsteady flame, in color a pale blue, emitting at intervals phosphorescent sparkles, seemed distinctly visible; and then a sigh, deep, agonizing, unearthly, startled me with sudden fear. Oh! it is awful to think that our very chambers may be haunted with the presence of loathly and impure creatures; that the bright air of day may conceal objects too pitiable or terrific for human eyes to gaze upon; that, all spiritually embodied, the Crime, that once wrought itself out in foul outrages against God and and the brother, may still track our every footstep with its vulture eyes.

I gazed at my friend, through eyes veiled in gathering tears, but, quietly smiling at my alarm, he whispered, "Let us each breathe a secret prayer." His eyes closed. Now again I observed the same seraphic expression. And I was to be courted by this man; who seemed almost too bright and good to rank in the same human nature with the shallow foplings who move in the vortex which we call Society! As I gazed upon his face, calm at first as that of a sleeping babe, it seemed as if spasms of agony were passing over it, but soon all was peace. The blue, wavering flame vanished; instead of the sigh and the fearful, sepulchral odor, sudden perfume, as of sweet flowers, rare, delicious and almost too intense for human endurance, came wafted to my sense; and then a low sound, as of distant music, music of the skies.

"This," said Arthur, "is not an unfrequent phenomena, at the present time. The kingdom of God, which comes without observation, even the New Jerusalem, descending from Heaven, like a bride adorned for her husband, is attended in its coming by a new power which our Lord imparts,—that of binding evil Spirits and reducing them to order.

"This unhappy spectre, for years, has doubtless replenished his magnetic body by absorbing an element from the bodies of the inhabitants of this house."

I interrupted him with, "But, my friend, the body of a Spirit is immortal. How can it be replenished and sustained by association with human beings clothed in flesh and blood?"

The reply unlocked a mighty mystery. "Untold numbers of human beings are of so corporeal a nature, that, when they leave the natural body, at death, they abstract from it a dense magnetic substance, by means of which they are enabled to fashion to themselves a seemingly human shape, localized in space and at times almost apparent to the natural eye. Through this magnetic body they are enabled to attach themselves to the corporeal forms of weak and impressible human beings, and to absorb a continual supply of the magnetic substance. Some are comparatively inoffensive in character; but others are demoniacal, and linger about the places where they have buried treasure or committed fearful crimes. This Robinson was of the latter class. His confession was wrung from him by a Divine Influence, which forced him, at the instant he communicated, to tell the truth. Had not this special power extorted from him at the time a true confession, you probably would have heard a specious falsehood. The spectre would have personated some deceased member of the family, given a highly-colored picture of his elevated intellectual and moral condition, and, perhaps, have concluded by inculcating such sophistries against the Lord and His Holy Word as demons love. But his career is at an end; he will no more in this manner deceive or infest the living."

I responded, "No more in this manner deceive or infest the living? Is it possible that these impure creatures can be deprived of their power?" At this a holy, seraphic smile stole over my friend's countenance, while he answered, "Yes, through

our dear Lord's Divine influence not alone is it possible for those tortured by them to be for the time relieved, but also possible to deprive them of this refined and subtle essence, by means of which they have power over the human frame. When that is taken away they sink into the hells."

I rejoined, "This seems cruel. Better suffer them to wander at will through the fields and forests or habitations which they once possessed; perhaps the sunlight is cheerful, the air refreshing and consociation with natural objects a source of comparative delight."

"No," was the answer, "you mistake. They but torture others without making themselves more happy. Their perpetual effort is to renew these magnetic bodies, which are always wasting away. They are a fruitful source of human infelicities; and, where troops of them gather together, their power to injure is augmented by association. Their constant effort is physical and moral robbery. When, therefore, one is cast into the place prepared for him, he is debarred, to a certain extent, of the power to injure, and more than one human organization is relieved from a proximate cause of disease and suffering. They eat the bodies of mankind to sustain their own magnetic forms, and are, therefore, really a species of cannibals."

"How shall we keep ourselves positive against their influence?" was my next eager question. To this the response followed, "By obeying, in all instances, God's laws, which are the laws of order." At this he held out his hand and continued, "In the degree in which we grow Godlike, demons lose power over both body and soul. There is no absolute safety from the infestations of evil Spirits except in devoting ourselves to a life of cheerful and unselfish uses. We are then trained, by our Heavenly Father, as combatants, against these wily and deceptive foes."

I interposed by saying, though his dear voice was full of music to me that made my very heart glad, "Tell me, once more, why do so many persons, almost all persons of my acquaintance, live and pass from youth to age as unconscious of the spiritual world as if they were only animals? Our clergymen, our men of science, our instructors of youth, our eloquent orators, pass by the

facts of the spiritual side of life as unworthy of a care; and the present influence of either good or evil Angels is held as but an idle superstition."

"You touch," was the answer, "one of the saddest of subjects. In truth it may be said that darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people. But bear in mind that these very Spirits who infest men can best accomplish their object by stupefying them to the spiritual perils by which they are beset. Few would ever communicate, were they not forced to it, at times, by a keen desire to render themselves less pervious to the darts of that Divine force which is now descending to renovate mankind. Their frantic effort to persuade human beings, as most of them do, to open themselves to their influence, is that they may entrench themselves in human bodies, and so fight off the terrors of the judgment which they feel already descending upon their heads.

"It is this, which, at the present day, produces, upon the part of Spirits who are evil, that general movement which manifests itself in the phenomena of a disorderly Spiritualism. God only knows where it is to stop. Such as they can they stupefy into an incredulity concerning their presence and influence; while, at the same time, they take advantage of this very unbelief to abstract from them their best powers, misleading, also the mind with bewildering fantasies. Where they find individuals willing to receive them as beings of a superior intelligence, to sit with them in circles, to follow out their suggestions, and, above all, to give up Christianity for a pernicious and illusory Nature-worship, to such they come eagerly; intent to unfold through them deceptive theories, which shall mislead the human race and place them more completely within the influence of evil."

"But, Arthur,—Mr. May," was my rejoinder, for the subject had taken hold upon my highest thought, "our good people in the church,—why are they indifferent to these astonishing events?"

"I am afraid," was the response, "that you will think that I form a low estimate of human nature; but, trained from youth in a pedantic and artificial school of thought, the great majority

of theologians are utterly incompetent either to investigate critically or to decide Scripturally or dispassionately in a matter which involves such spiritual issues. More than a century ago, a scholar, illustrious for learning, famed among his cotemporaries and throughout Christendom for a method of dealing with all subjects at once profound and thorough, had his spiritual perceptions opened, and wrote treatise after treatise, which never could have been the product of unassisted or unillumined human mind. Since the period wherein he wrote, every human science has advanced: society itself assumed a higher organic form, in every department but that of theology; a wondrous light flamed in upon the human race. Turning its back to truths concerning God, Revelation, Heaven and Hell,—truths which unlock the mysteries of this life and the world to come, as unfolded in these precious pages, the visible church has lost its hold on the Heavens, from whence it drew its first life, and its power against the Hells, to keep them at bay and hold mankind in equilibrium. Hence Theology is not scientific, in the form in which it is taught, but empirical. Those who investigate spiritual problems, do so at the peril of the loss of reputation. The Church having pronounced against the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem, and set aside its disclosures as vagaries of the imagination, the investigator and acceptor of spiritual truth must, almost single-handed, bear the brunt of a warfare against the ecclesiastical world. None but men of the highest moral courage, led on by the sacred inspiration of Deity, can, for such a cause, put in jeopardy the honors of this life.

“The gloomy world below is stirred up to meet the New Church, descending from Heaven, in its coming. As soon as a man, in the Divine might, undertakes to assert the validity of these precious knowledges, every effort is made by Demoniactal Spirits to destroy his hold upon the public. Persons are instigated to denounce him as mad; to declare his discoveries chimeras; his motives corrupt and his actions base and evil. He walks under a cloud of misrepresentation, so dense as to obscure the beams of every luminary but the Divine Sun. Nor is this all; in the earlier stages of investigation, much that he holds is necessarily imperfectly apprehended. He suffers under the disadvantage of being

criticised, not from the stand-point of his latest and most matured thought, but from that of his earliest and most feeble conceptions. He is denounced as of an inconstant and vacillating genius, simply because he has gone on from the cloudy twilight of a first consciousness to the sunlit morning of a definite and coherent conception of a Spiritual World. What, in the case of every other man,—poet, architect, inventor, artist or discoverer, is accounted a virtue, stands recorded against him as little better than a crime. But furthermore, he is identified, in the public estimation, with sorcerers and magicians; for the man who is, in his own person familiar with spiritual laws, is, of necessity, a Spiritualist, and few are able to discriminate between the receivers of a Spiritualism which is of Christ and Heaven, and those of its antagonist, which is of Antichrist and the Lower World. The consistent New Churchman is therefore obliged to purchase his faith almost at the expense of martyrdom, and few are willing to incur the sacrifice.”

That night, long after my friend had departed, I asked myself, before God, if I was willing to make the sacrifice. I asked it in the light of His most Holy Word. I asked it with a feeling that, until I could give up pride, and the love of praise, and the desire, fostered since childhood, of a gay, indolent and luxurious life, no speculative assent to these high truths would entitle me to be called a disciple. With the inward eye I beheld, as never before, the hollowness of living for appearances, the wickedness of living for the world and self. I resolved, with the dear Lord's help, before the pale morning shone in upon my vigils, to accept Him in heart, in doctrine and in life.

LOVING AND FORGIVING.—When we remember that our Lord lives in the interiors of all men, even of our worst enemies, it is beautiful to contemplate those who oppose and malign without cause, as sacred materials through which the indwelling lustre of Deity may yet conspicuously shine.

APRIL.--A FOREWARNING.

Delicious April comes at last: I feel the promise now
Of music in the humid air and blossoms on the bough.
The crocus and the hyacinth above the mold appear,—
The first-come guests to celebrate the bridal of the year.
Yet not for me this balmy earth, these moist and weeping skies;
Upon my heart a weary weight of inmost sorrow lies,—
The weight of those who in the land of nether darkness dwell:
Ah! woe is me! it seems to make the very earth a hell.

Alas! alas! in vain the clouds are bright with sudden showers,
That swell the woodland's budding leaves and summon out the flowers;
For human hearts are winter-cold, and sit with clouded eyes,
Nor heed the Love that fain would make this world a Paradise.
The south wind blows his elfin horn; the butterfly and bee
Wake from their winter sleep to find the daisies on the lea;
But, in the torpid human breast, a death-like silence reigns;
Nor will they hear though fall from Heaven the blessed Angel strains.

In Pleasure's barge of painted sail the gay and careless glide,
Nor heed the distant hurricane that sweeps adown the tide.
With careless jest and easy sin the hours consume away,
While, at the very portal, stands the world's great judgment day.
How thrills the breast! how throbs the heart! that portents dark and
drear

Within the spirit's midnight vault all terribly appear?
Yet still the worldling counts his gains, the minstrel tunes the lyre,
Blind to the dread Apocalypse of inward burning fire.

It comes! it comes! o'er land and sea! but still the human mind
Laughs down its fears, to every sign of change and judgment blind;
And, like a cruel beast, the Earth for spoil and rapine roars,
While ONE with vestures dipped in blood is standing at the doors.
How will the nations reel before the fury of the blast,
Smit by consuming pains, that turn to blood and fire at last!
While loving hearts, though faint and few, who sadly, vainly yearn,
Behold the blissful Eden-years all deathlessly return.

Though few may heed the warning now, my spirit shall not pine.
Arouse, my languid heart! and lift thy prophecy divine.
'Tis thine to bear, 'tis thine to do, but 'tis not thine to plan;
The blast that sweeps the threshing-floor is moved not by the fan.
Lift up, lift up, thy voice again; before thy work is done
The clouds shall break that now obscure the great Millennial Sun,
And, through the deep heart of mankind, a burst of music roll
From Him whose Judgment Angel opes the gateways of the soul.

VISIT TO AN AFRICAN HEAVEN:

INTERVIEW WITH ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

In that larger and better Africa, which expands in the southeast region of the Celestial Heaven, so far remote from the western nations of the planet, that, to the uninstructed, a journey thither might seem to require a pilgrimage of years, is a central nation, of golden-colored men, who were originally of Nubia. They possess horses white as the driven snow, and appear, when they go abroad, often, in long and glittering cavalcades. They build their houses of polished glass, cut by some celestial art, into prisms. Their architecture is of the most ærial character, and these sumptuous mansions glitter like masses of crystalline resplendence, sending up slender shafts and spiracles to the firmament.

I conversed with some of their number concerning our Lord, and was informed by them, that, when He appears in their midst, there is a change in the color of the light which irradiates these crystal habitations, and that it all becomes of a clear, golden lustre, which is not prismatic. So tender is this light that it melts rather than glistens, and is sensed by them as sweetness in the breast.

I saw here men of voluminous chest, greatly expanded and breathing with a fullness of respiration which I never before witnessed. They walk with folded arms and with the head slightly thrown back. I observed, in the arms, great muscular power. They are exceedingly eloquent and are gifted with great fluency in their speech. Oratory is their especial forte, and brilliancy of diction its peculiarity. One of them held in his hand a little roll and I was moved to ask him if he was permitted to show to me its contents. He replied, "It is a written discourse from the Word, and I am about to deliver it. Come with me if you desire to hear." The title of it was "The Gospel, considered as a Revelation and Restoration of the Beautiful." It was listened to, perhaps, by an audience of five thousand, and the deep-chested man filled the whole space in which he spoke with no difficulty.

Here I met St. Chrysostom, and conversed with him concerning the restoration of eloquence, as an interior gift, from the Lord, in the Christian Church, especially in the New Jerusalem.

He made the remark that "it was perfectly impossible for any man to master the eloquence of Angels, except as charity became perfect." I quoted to him a sentence of St. Paul, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and Angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal." His illustration of the verse was very beautiful. "What is eloquence?" was his expression. "It is honey in a golden vase. We pour out the honey, in a mellifluous stream. The charitable Word, proceeding from our Divine Lord, who is Love itself, as if it were the condensed aroma of all precious flowers, and the delicious droppings of all rich fruits, melts into the heart from the preacher's tongue. That, my brother, is the true eloquence." He continued, "St. Paul remarked, that 'knowledge puffeth up but charity edifieth.' Conceits of rhetoric are so many painted bladders which children amuse themselves with, inflating them at will with their breath. Merely rhetorical discourses, however gorgeous in imagery, are puffed out of the mouths of vain-glorious men, and blown up for the astonishment of the gaping congregation, who think that they have been listening to the Word, but have simply seen an aeronaut, exhibiting his inflated balloon. They go away and talk of the bubble, delighted with the glittering conceit, that rose above them to the clouds and soared away. Justification, by faith without charity, is one bubble, and Universal Salvation, by the conversion of abandoned men to Christianity after the body's death, a second bubble. They burst, if so much as a solitary ray of Divine light falls upon them."

At this I interposed the remark, "There are good men among Universalists, and also among those whose creed teaches justification by faith alone." "To be sure;" he answered, "there is charity, and it removes mountains. A Gospel sermon, such as I saw you read in the letter,* exhibiting the lovely conjunction of central Christian truth with its own charity toward the erring, and a large heart of sympathy to man as man, is the best illustration

* The letter referred to was Rev. H. W. Beecher's reply to the criticisms of "The Examiner," noticed in our March number.

of the apostle, when he says that charity edifieth. Very dear to us are such sentiments,—very sweet to see them put in practice. Christianity should be made, in every sermon, as beautiful as the fresh Morning, stepping from the flamy curtains of the sun, to bless each little flower, to sprinkle libations of light upon the barrenest field, and so to robe the world that Eden might seem to have been re-born where but a ray from her passing face so much as rested on the landscape.

“True Orthodoxy is like a cocoanut. Tyros in the pulpit strip off the husk and think with that to feed the people, who ask for the sincere milk of the Word contained within it. There is upon the shell of it a monkey’s face, and three points, which pass, respectively, for its eyes and nostrils. Tritheists, who are out of charity, harp continually upon these three points, and, passing beyond the husks, present this withered, shrivelled, inhuman visage to the multitude, who ask for the meat of doctrine and the milk of kindness. The true preacher goes into the pulpit with a cup, a plate and a hammer. The cup is for the milk which the nut contains; the hammer for the purpose of breaking the shell and getting at the kernel, and the plate for the sweet food concealed therein. No man can break that nut until he is in charity, and no man get at the meat of doctrine till he divines the spirit within the letter of the Christian faith. That spirit is unbounded good will from God to man. We thus discover that charity edifieth.”

THE VARIETY OF THE HEAVENS.

Nothing affords a more beautiful evidence of the Divine goodness than the variety of the Heavens. As the races of the universe are, to our thought, numberless, so the varieties of human genius are equally incomputable. The Heavens are therefore varied according to the delights and capacities of the inmates which they are to receive. Unlike our cramped and narrow human Society, which seems fitted best for those who thwart the most their primal and orderly tendencies, and condemn themselves to the slavery of custom and motive, the Heavens conspire as one to aid the perfect unfolding of the spirit.

TE DEUM.

There is no God but Christ alone :
He reigns on Glory's inmost throne ;
To Him all Angels bow the knee,
And, in His love, the Father see.

To Him all Angels cry aloud,
In endless adoration bowed,
"Thy truth is steadfast in the sky ;
There we behold the Son, most high."

Messiah God, to earth who came,
The Heavens Thy glory all proclaim :
Thy power inspires that wond'rous host ;
In it they own the Holy Ghost.

Prophetic Angels, who behold
Creation's radiant page unrolled,
View the ascending Ages shine,
And own Thee, in Thy works, Divine.

Apostles, who, from star to star,
Thy Word unvail through space afar,
In every breast Thy seat prepare,
And worship Thee, descending there.

The Martyr Host, to self who died,
And, in Thy life, are glorified,
Exult, Thy worship to prolong,
In an unending seraph-song.

The Church, to Thee, great Bridegroom, wed,
Owes her indwelling Heart and Head,
And all her children inly rise,
To call Thee "Father" in the skies.

THE NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

ITS HISTORY.—PAST LABORS.—WORKS ACCOMPLISHED.—INCREASE OF RESPONSIBILITIES.—ORGANIZATION.—LABORS BEFORE IT.

APPEAL.

The New Church Publishing Association took its rise in March, 1857, in the earnest desire of a limited circle of unsectarian New Churchmen to place before the public its unfolding knowledges, and to coöperate with the Divine Providence, in the dissemination of the New Literature, adapted not to a narrow sect but to a catholic and universal people. Their first work was to commence the publication of THE HERALD OF LIGHT, now at the close of its second volume; since which period, besides accomplishing other and varied labors, they have issued the "Hymns of Spiritual Devotion," the "Wisdom of Angels," the first volume of "The Celestial Sense of Genesis," and the "First Book of the Christian Religion," from their own press; having thus given from one to two millions of printed pages of original literature to a thirsting, fainting world.

At the commencement of their third year, the brethren heretofore engaged in this use, discover the need, in view of the unexpected magnitude, the vast responsibilities, the present and prospective importance of the movement, of perfecting their informal and incipient organization.

Calling, therefore, a council of a few earnest New Churchmen, it was resolved that Books should be opened for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to a Joint Stock Company, continuing the original name, and devoted to the prosecution, on a larger scale, of its present undertakings.

At a meeting held in the Chapel of the New York University, Tuesday evening, March 1st, the project was consummated in the election of a Board of Officers, whose names follow, viz.: HENRY J. NEWTON, Esq., *President*; EDWIN R. KIRK, Esq., *Treasurer*; JOHN W. NORTON, Esq., *Secretary and Manager*. The Board of Directors consists of

HENRY J. NEWTON, Esq.,	JAMES A. REQUA, Esq.,
HORATIO FOSTER, "	JOHN W. NORTON, "
EDWIN R. KIRK, "	JAS. P. ROGERS, "
EDSON D. HAMMOND, "	HOLMAN J. HALE, "

H. G. Cox, M. D.

The New Church Publishing Association has determined, in order to give all the friends of the cause an opportunity of manifesting their liberality and zeal, to fix the shares at five dollars each, payable in ten semi-annual installments, commencing April 1st, 1859; with the option

of an immediate payment in full. The financial affairs of the corporation will be conducted in the strict manner of secular institutions of similar character. Subscribers will receive certificates of stock with every installment paid in; and, should unforeseen events, upon the part of any individual, prevent the completion of the payments, they will still be entitled to stock, equal to the amount credited to their respective names. As the Association is purely fraternal and voluntary, coercive measures will, in no instance, be resorted to in such cases; nor are stockholders individually liable for any of the corporate acts.—Those who elect to assist the Cause by donations, in preference to stock subscriptions, are earnestly solicited to do so. As works of sterling merit, highly important at the present juncture, are pressing for publication, it is hoped that subscribers, as far as possible, will anticipate some, if not all, of the annual installments.

In this age, when Living Ideas of Truth and Charity are the battalions that conquer brute force, learned delusion, narrow bigotry and slavish superstition, the true Benevolence is the dissemination of celestial and immortal knowledge. More than the alms-giving that nourishes the body, it supplies the just desires of the Spirit who shall survive the world. It is seed corn, cast into that mental soil, which, in the growth of future years, shall feed the races with the only imperishable bread. God descends through thoughts which have their origin in Himself and their unfolding in His Providence. The Philanthropy that multiplies Books, which undo the ruins of the Past and unfold the plan and purpose of a true Future, is at once the safest, the wisest and the surest in results. In seeking, therefore, to impress upon our friends the importance of aiding the use in which we are engaged, by pecuniary donations and bequests, we look upon it as a veritable giving to the Lord. The literature which we send forth is a transparent medium for the descent of Christ into the thought and perception of the race. What object then more worthy of especial toil and even of lavish sacrifice?

The names of the official Board are a guarantee, to our friends, that all the affairs of the Society will be conducted with skill, energy and decision. They enter on their respective duties with the firm conviction that light will be imparted from the Lord, to conduct this important use under His guidance, and that the active coöperation of the Church will not be wanting. It is a theme of congratulation, that, thus far, the response to the movement has been hearty and effectual, one thousand shares or five thousand dollars having been subscribed with limited notice and in the course of a few days. We trust that this amount will be at once, and at least, doubled.

Any donations or subscriptions our friends may choose to make, can be sent to JOHN W. NORTON, Secretary of the New Church Publishing Association, 447 Broome Street, who will take pleasure in placing their names on the books of the Association and in forwarding all the necessary papers.

With this presentation of the use, state and present demands of the

movement, we need not apologize for urging its claims on all our brethren, especially at a distance. The cause is not ours alone, but theirs; not local and temporary, but universal and permanent; not designed to subserve partisan ends, but to prepare the way for the very coming of our Divine Master into the common mind and heart. It is at once a Tract, a Bible and a Missionary enterprise. Its tracts are the vast and copious knowledges that fill the Heavens, at present and prospectively, descending to mankind. Its Scriptures are the Word of God, not alone in the letter, but with its internal senses lucidly set forth. Its Missionaries are earnest and devoted men and women, armed with these implements, to overcome the falsities and delusions of the age.

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PROSPECTUS.

THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

The New Church Publishing Association take pleasure in announcing, that, on May first, "THE HERALD OF LIGHT" will enter into its third yearly volume. The peculiar features, which have endeared it, hitherto, to its friends, will continue to shed their lustre upon its pages. It will be, in every respect, non-sectarian, and devoted, not to partisan interests, but to a genial and all-embracing Christianity.

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The Department of Reviews and Criticism will notice only such works as can be kindly spoken of; the office of this Journal being, not to censure, but, so far as possible, to call attention to praiseworthy efforts at the diffusion of a wholesome and genial *belles-lettres*. It will recognize, as of the New Church, all writers, in every denomination, whose thoughts are pervaded by the life-giving influences of the Divine Humanity.

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To meet the additional expenses attendant upon the enlargement, the terms of subscription are necessarily advanced to two dollars per annum.

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