

The Herald of Light,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH.



REV. T. HARRIS, EDITOR.

Vol. II.]

JUNE, 1858.

[No. 2.]

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PUBLISHED BY THE NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

447 Broome-Street, New-York.

TERMS:—\$1.50 per annum, payable in advance.

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447 Broome Street, New York.

1860, Sept. 18.

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THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN.

A STORY OF THE SPOOLED LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

In these beautiful gardens of the Blest, reigns a perpetual festival. All natural beauties conspire together to feed the mind with noble and exalted principles. The air is pungent and stimulating, and varies from a delicious coolness to a rich and joy-imparting ardor, varied, however, for each Angel according to his state; never of too high a temperature to be agreeable to the most receptive of the senses.

While waiting for the return of my dear friend, Amoleta, my meditations were of the blisses of the nuptial state, in which, with her beloved counterpart, she was enjoying the first days. While I was musing upon this subject she drew near me again, and this time accompanied by seven ladies, all in the flower of their age and all attired in the most becoming style, adapted in each case to their several beauties.

Rosalía, the first of these, wore her hair in flowing ringlets reaching to her waist, and upon her temples a wreath or coronet of pink tuberoses in the midst of clusters of diamonds, disposed in such a manner as to resemble the constellations. She bore in her arms an infant of about six weeks old. I wondered at this, and, smiling at my astonishment, she beckoned me to come and sit down by her side, while the rest of her companions were dispersed about us, some with their arms around each other's waists walking in the winding paths of the garden, others tending the blossoms or conversing together in an animated strain.

In compliance with her invitation, I took my seat at a little

distance, and the beautiful baby began to crow and carol in her arms as infants of a tender age do upon the earth, though with a wondrous display of conscious love. At last Rosalia laid him in the midst of a mossy bank of violets within reach, and he began to wink and blink and reach out with his chubby and dimpled hands, as we sometimes see babies in their cradles. From every violet came forth its Fay, each in the perfect human form, with little blue bodies thickly interspersed with stars, and, while these merry little playfellows delighted him with airy tableaux, he sank to sleep, smiling meanwhile in his slumber with an infinite content.

Then Rosalia, pointing to him as he lay, said to me, "Six weeks old and a Baby-Angel. I took him from his dead mother. Her pains came on her. She was a fragile creature, and, after the first spasms of agony, was unable to endure any more, nor did her infant see the light as one alive."

At this, in my surprise, I was guilty of the discourtesy of an interruption, thinking it strange that the babe should not be with its own mother. Gently excusing my haste and interpreting and answering my unspoken thought, she continued. "This baby's mother was the victim of a bad man's arts, and, when she entered into the World of Spirits, instead of conjoining herself to her Angelic Instructors she became a wanderer. Clinging still to her ruiner with a melancholy infatuation, she abandoned her child, who now is in my care. I am a young bride, as is Amoleta, but she has worn the red rose a less time than I have, and is only initiated into the least of all the fond delights which Hymen gives. We are bringing up this baby as a joint charge and there is nourishment for him in my breasts, such as corresponds to that maternal fluid which earthly wives take such comfort in supplying to their tender treasures. He is very happy and will never know a less serene and smiling fate."

At this Amoleta again drew near, holding a basket of summer peaches which she had gathered with her own fair hands; and a slender, graceful, young matron with her, whose temples were wreathed with vine leaves, bore upon her head a sort of wicker tray, filled with rich purple grapes. She was called Metola and was somewhat darker than the other two, the roses in her cheeks

being of a more vivid scarlet and her complexion of a light olive. I left them frolicking with the infant, whom they were kissing and fondling by turns; as it was in order for me to be present at a bride's reception of her friends.

Journeyings in the Heavens are by changes of state, whence ensues removal from one celestial locality to another. The sound of bubbling water now pleasantly saluted my ears and I became aware of a beautiful river which flowed at hand. And now I heard the

SONG OF THE ZOFOL.

Flow gently, sweet Zofol, along thy green braes,
Illumed by the smile of the Ancient of Days.
My Mary is bathing within thy soft stream;
Flow gently, sweet Zofol, keep time to her dream.

The Yucca is singing his song from the grove;
Its breath to the bosom is fondness and love.
Flow gently, sweet Zofol: mild, artless and free,
My bride in her slumber is calling to me.

No blossom that blows by the clear, winding waves,
No maid in thy bosom her beauty who laves,
No wild bird that dips in thy breast his bright wing,
But feeds with delight on the strains that I sing.

The rose-crowned Fairies above thy blue tide
Are born from the joys of my innocent bride;
She twines her bright tresses with pearls from thy deep,
And blooms on thy breast like a lily asleep.

Flow gently, sweet Zofol: within her pure breast
My thoughts find their pillow, my heart is at rest.
I stray with my bride through thy blossoming meads,
And whisper my joy where the Yucca-bird breeds.

Here, age after age, with a tender delight,
My Mary shall bathe in thy perfume and light,
And rise to my arms from the murmuring stream:
Flow gently, sweet Zofol, keep time to her dream.

Wondering whence proceeded this sweet song, only the external of which ultimated itself in my mind, I turned my steps toward an octagonal pavilion which I beheld, and which appeared to be a place of public resort, noticing on my way young men and women of every type of beauty moving in various directions. Drawing near the pavilion I observed a youth with a portfolio under his arm, and accosted him, as I was moved to do. He paused at once, and, taking from his portfolio a sheet of drawing paper, began to sketch my features, at which I was not a little surprised. In a few moments he had produced a likeness, and, placing it in his portfolio, he bade me adieu.

As I continued my way a gentleman greeted me, attired in the costume of our own people on the earth, and, taking off his hat in a polite manner, said, "My good Sir, pardon me. We are strangers and yet not strangers. This is my card." On it I read "Walter Scott." Taking my arm, in tones in which great sweetness was mingled with cheerful good humor and a certain practical wisdom, he spoke as follows :

"You are surprised to find Heaven as real as Edinburg or London. I was ; not having the most remote conception of a substantial existence beyond the threshold of mortality. That I could read a book, dine with a friend, or, indeed, enjoy accustomed pleasures after being disrobed of the corporeal body, excited the most profound astonishment. But here we are in a matter of fact world ; where the best of every thing exists for the uses of the very best people. I perceive that you are on your way to the reception of a bride. I am also going to the same place, being honored with an invitation. We appear in costumes most befitting to our character, and every variety of apparel, made up in every style, is worn by our friends. We are not confined to any one prevailing fashion, but consult our comfort and our convenience. You would imagine yourself at some grand masquerade were it not for the plain and sensible reality which every where greets the eye. My house is situated upon that rising ground which you see to the right, and I shall be happy to receive you, according to the customs of the place, whenever you experience an inclination. That is our law. Ceremony exists without ceremony. Our inclinations are always right and therefore social

decorum is retained by a strict compliance with their monitions. We require no Chesterfields to teach us etiquette, but conform to the Divine order which every where bears rule. We are now at the house of the bride." Saying this he left me without any apology.

No sooner had he left me than I heard a rich, manly voice, and, turning round, a gentleman dressed also in a costume much resembling our own, with a beautiful lady upon his arm, habited in superb apparel, met my view; and now also I saw, advancing from an avenue, bordered on either side by peach trees in full blossom, though in perfect leaf at the same time and with both green and ripe peaches at intervals between the flowers, my friend Amodeo and his Amoleta. I now began to experience what a matter of fact existence the Angels lead, and what a substantial world they inhabit and enjoy. Amodeo greeted the gentleman whom I had heard speak, and expressed his delight in perusing his recent volume of poems, while Amoleta was affectionately conversing in a whisper with the lady by his side. Both pairs then passed me, entering into the bridal house.

I observed a little boy, about six years of age, upon a lawn at a distance, holding a book in his hand, which he was reading attentively. He came running up toward me and said, "Did you call, my book closed in my hand, and I was inclined gently to come to you."

I answered, Will you allow me to look for a moment at the book which you are perusing. At this he placed it in my hand and said, "With pleasure, Sir." Its title was "The True Wonder Book for boys and girls." Its mechanical execution was excellent, the paper white, the letterpress clear and open, the type long primer or small pica, the binding of a soft morocco. When I had satisfied my curiosity, thanking him for his kindness, I returned the book, and in a moment he was seated beneath a flowering shrub bearing white blossoms, and intently engaged in its perusal.

A youth now passed me bearing a package of papers, calling "The Morning Star," in a melodious voice. Stopping opposite to me he said, "Will you have a paper?" At this a little silver coin was placed, from some unknown source, in my hand, which I gave

to him and received in return a beautifully printed and illustrated newspaper, resembling such as we have in the natural world. I observed a particular concerning wise men from the Heaven of the sun. Turning to the advertisements, I saw, under the head of entertainments, plays to be enacted that evening in different theaters, the title of one of them being "Immanuel's Victory over the Hells." In another place were announcements of many new books. What especially delighted me was that there was no personal gossip, no hostile criticism, no inuendoes, no unkindnesses of any species, and not a solitary word out of charity, from beginning to end. Its editorials all impressed me as having been written by married men, in love with their own wives with a chaste fondness, and full of all sorts of pleasant and agreeable thoughts, designed for the private ears of a Society of married associates all in the same condition. In some parts of the sheet I noticed blanks and was informed, afterwards, that such articles alone as it was in order for me to peruse were apparent to my eye, and that this was the uniform law. Here romance and reality meet like perfume and leaf in their own blossom.

My attention was then attracted to a group of school girls, who were dancing around a tree adorned with garlands like a May-pole, wearing white dresses trimmed with wreaths of variegated flowers. The spectacle was more beautiful than we ever see upon the stage of a theater in the natural earth. One of these advanced from the group, and, with a becoming courtesy, presented me with a card which I took in my hand and read. It was in substance like Bristol board, with an enameled surface, and upon it, printed in colored ink, "Grace Hall Institution for Young Ladies." Written beneath, in a delicate female hand, were these words, "We expect you to visit our young ladies before you leave." Without waiting for an answer the little one departed to join her gay companions.

I was then moved to turn my face toward the east, where, midway between the horizon and the zenith, shone the SUN, with a clear, golden light. A young lady dressed in milk white, whom I was afterward acquainted with as Lucetta, and one clothed in a soft, silken robe of a pearl white, called Leta, now made their appearance upon the balcony before me and said, "Odoretta has

sent us to bid you welcome." Without further invitation I entered the house.

O strange reality of love in Heaven! Few are far from his kingdom in their youth, nor is it far at any time from any one of us. By some potent alchemy of the Divine Art the shadow of my life seemed moved backward upon the dial, and, standing upon the soft grass, I was again a youth in feeling, as once before the winter ice of the world's disorders had frozen my heart. Calmly I took a retrospect of all those visionary hours of fond delusion, those day-dreams, that seemed to be birds of Heaven, yet were but painted moths of dust; and then I looked upon these beautiful and artless, these cultured and refined yet joy-abundant girls, and thought "This is the reality, that the young man of noble impulses on earth vainly seeks after. The Heaven-girls are fond and true; the earth-girls too often inconstant and cold at heart. The Heaven-girls are not ashamed of aught in Divine order which the Lord has bestowed upon them as a gift. Their true womanhood veils itself in no false disguises. Their artless simplicity lacks no guidance of proper wisdom, nor do they seek to know aught but the good, the right and the truly noble. They put on no meretricious arts, affect no graces which are not their own, and, speaking always from right motives and from Divine purposes, discourse with a lucid clearness of pure thought, in which the language flows and sparkles like the water of a sunny stream. Girlhood there is real, dealing neither with the frippery of compliments, or the impurity of unchaste ideas."

Entering the mansion, I found myself welcomed by the lovely bride. In her hand she held a bouquet of citron flowers fully blown. Her apparel I will not now describe. In a remote place in the apartment were refreshments of which she invited me to partake, and I drank joy to her, in a glass of wine as real as ever blushed in earthly goblet, partaking, however, of no intoxicating character, but, to the contrary, producing by its taste a sweet collectedness and joyous harmony of all the mental powers. There were perhaps an hundred persons present in different parts of the saloon, of whom one half were ladies. Her husband's name was Odorus; her own being Odoretta.

Here our conversation for a few moments turned upon young

love in the natural world. I introduced it by remarking, First love takes possession of a young man on earth in a mysterious manner. He sees many maidens whom he admires. At last one with whom perhaps he has never conversed, and seen but in momentary glances, seems invested in his eye with a supernal radiancy, and her very shadow is enchanted in his thought with an unearthly brightness. The veriest dulcinea of a country farm yard walks appareled like an empress in the eyes of this young Quixotte of the imagination. There is sometimes a ground for this, but more commonly he is the subject of a spell. But the roses smell sweeter than they ever do afterward and there is a more tender light in the crescent moon. The gleam of her white dress, as she moves afar, gathering lilacs in the garden of a May evening, shall live and linger in his memory for many years, as if he had seen a vision of Angels. I can understand that the youth is the subject of an illusion of some sort. But why, after the maid herself has proved but common clay, should all these accompaniments possess a transcendent fascination, and take possession of the fairest rooms in memory's palace hall? Why, after the flower has proved but a weed, which had no fragrance but in fancy, should such overpowering aromas linger, from that fancy, about the soul?

"Brother," answered the new-made bride, "I am in wisdom which I never had before. A little wife like me, only three days old in Hymen's kingdom, has many a precious jewel of the true wisdom sparkling in her nuptial crown. A wife in Heaven is more than a match for all your philosophers. I will call Amoleta and you shall receive an answer through the conjugal sphere.—The girl is the lay-figure, from whom the artist-lover paints the beautiful vision which glows upon the canvass of his imagination. The Lord has inscribed in the inmosts of every human spirit those immortal excellencies which in all their perfection constitute the maiden who is to become his wife. He glows at heart with this shining loveliness and journeys through the world to find its sensible reality. When he meets some maiden, through whom the virus of the Infernals can be projected, there is a partial rupture of the vail that hides this divine vision, and that subjective Loveliness which gleams and beckons from within, be-

comes almost inseparably connected with the medium through whom Evil Spirits have pierced that interior enclosure. The Lady is an unconscious absorbent, and draws, as it were, his soul away, moving him as the cold wind from the north sways the fruit tree's branches in their early blossom. It is an inversive experience, growing out of the disorderly condition of souls in your world. But it robs the good man of years of otherwise blissful enjoyment, in many cases, for it prevents him from finding his real counterpart, unless Divine Providence especially intervene. Circe is the name of a Society in the Infernal World, which infects, with its diabolical arts, the young men of your planet in the morn of love.

"I am led," she continued, "to give a cure for this disease. Take my hand in yours and come with me. Amoleta will go with us, and, by means of the descent of Divine Truth through the conjoint sphere, the answer will be given."

In a moment I found myself standing with the two in a beautiful sleeping apartment, the walls of which were painted in emblematical pictures drawn from the miracles of our Lord. Then Amoleta said, "The New Church bride is the cure for such illusions. An old man of fifty can marry in the Lord on earth and find his youth return to him, with all the freshness of his heart. A good woman, in the same manner, can enter into nuptial experience even at sixty, and become as tender and fond, as joy-inspiring and imparting as the most fresh and rosy girl. Age has nothing to do with the affections." Then, with her cheeks all in a glow she added, "As years advance sensations retire from the surfaces of the body into the recesses of the heart; but with the good it will be otherwise, for the Lord descends in the New Jerusalem through a perpetual series of nuptial ultimations. The wives in the New Church will experience within themselves a Divine aura or atmosphere, thrilling and penetrative even to the soles of the feet, as they advance in their regeneration, till they receive such an exhilaration within the breasts that they will glow in the sight of their husbands with an ever new agreeableness and attractiveness. Courting days will return. There are some now on earth who will live to be seventy years old, and even more, who, as they advance in their regeneration,

will become at last like the most ancient people. The old around them will grow senile and decrepid, but these will renew their strength. At last they will experience the sensible joys of the Angels, tasting the nuptial kiss with an ever new delight, and moving away from the earth at last to renew nuptial delights in Heaven, with hardly a months abatement of their joys. This is wisdom, but not ours; it is the Lord's. Marriage is like a fruit tree which renews its early blossoms. Earth never thinks of growing old; her marriage plenty is eternal. Had your race not fallen, the nuptial relation would never have been profaned, consequently the high solemnity which attaches to nuptial mysteries in Heaven would have belonged to the sphere of realities below. Now, when my Amodeo enfolds me in his arms, there is an inward Voice which says 'Through love the Lord descends to inspire the bridegroom, but the bride is the medium through whom the descent is accomplished.' My whole soul seems drawn upward to the Divine Lord, and I embrace my husband while the Lord descends through my interiors to enfold him in transcendent realities of illumination. This is the experience of every nuptial pair. The marriage proliferations are in the minds of the husbands, though I will not say that they are not with us also. We give our loves to our dear counterparts and they become with them wisdoms, and leave us inspired for their uses and teeming with new and brilliant knowledges. The fable of Hercules and Omphale is reversed, and, in orderly marriage and its blissful consociations, the will becomes potent, the mind prolific and intelligent, and the body mature, sweet and beautiful, with an ever-growing life."

"In the New Church on earth, with modifications adapted to the peculiarities of individual circumstance and state, the Lord's children will pass out of the domain of all nuptial experience now extant below, into a new objective realization, finding the experience of their subversive conditions reversed, and entering through a golden door into golden joys. Love of the sex is different from conjugal love; and, when the latter has subdued the former and overcome its inversions, a new era will begin. God will come in His visible form to the marriage bed, and will speak in an audible voice to His children. It is literally true

that He comes to us, sometimes standing in His visible appearance, when we are communing together, and crowning our nuptial experience with unspeakable blessings. But we are recalled. My Amodeo is breathing into my heart."

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

I build my house of loving deeds,
On Christ the mighty corner stone;
And when, for love, my spirit bleeds,
I find a ruby chamber grown.

I build my house of ceaseless cares;—
My daily labors, great or small,
Are pearly gates, and golden stairs,
That lead to Christ's own banquet hall.

I build my house of soul-desires;
And, where the secret prayers arise,
They wind aloft, in stately gyres,
To Angel-gardens in the skies.

I build my house with Satan's blows:—
He smites my Master through my breast
From ev'ry wound a streamlet flows
With wine and honey of the blest.

I build my house of silent tears
For human hearts with sorrow riven;
Through each a crystal pane appears,
And makes a window into Heaven.

I build my house of Christ confest:
The work is His, the joy is mine:
He smoothes the pillow of my rest,
And bids me in His arms recline.

THE SHEPHERD'S CHOICE.

"With me reside the Muses nine,"
The Poet in his rapture sings,
"The horses of the sun are mine
With fiery hoofs and burning wings."
Say Poet say, With Poetry
Art thou content to live, and die ?

The lover of the fields and floods
Sings gaily, "Oh ! what joys are mine !
In gardens fair and solemn woods
I drink of Nature's bliss divine."
Lover of Nature, whence the sigh ?
Wouldst thou with Nature live, and die ?

The merry Mime, with quaint device,
And mirth, and music, rounds the day ;
'Tis Fancy builds his Paradise,
Where Pleasure bids her fountains play.
Poor Mime ! art glad with no one by ?
With Frolic wouldst thou live, and die ?

In Contemplation's lofty halls
The Sage unveils the starry plan,
And, from the dust of ages, calls,
"The student is the wisest man."
Do books build pathways to the sky ?
With Science wouldst thou live, and die ?

I saw a Shepherd tend his sheep,
And owned my Lord and Master there.
My heart within began to leap,
To feast upon the vision fair.
Quoth He, "I left the upper sky,
For these poor sheep to live, and die ?"

To ashes turns the lettered book ;
The harp wails on, with broken strings ;
But power is in the Shepherd's crook
To gift the soul with Angel's wings.
So, with the Shepherd in mine eye,
I am content to live, and die.

A SUMMER SONG.

I know what Angel tends the rose ;
What virtue in the apple grows ;
And whence the fragrant summer flowers
Receive their sweet and subtle powers ;
And why, when day begins to break,
The joyous birds their song awake.
Through Faith we may an insight win
To Him who dwells the world within.

When Fairies blush at lover's talk ;
When cherries redden on the stalk ;
When thrushes breed, and robins woo,
And on the eaves the pigeons coo ;
When the swift graces of the airs
Make music, fit for bridal pairs ;
Through Faith we may the meaning win
Of Him who dwells the world within.

The Earth, in summer-charms arrayed,
Is Wisdom at a masquerade :
Through all a bridal music runs,
From meadow pansies up to suns :
The stars are steadfast in their place
Because they feel the Lord's embrace :
Through Faith we may an insight win
To Christ, who dwells the world within.

GROWING OLD.

We were invited to attend a golden wedding. Fifty years before, our friend, the Herr Von Grosbiek, had been united in marriage to as fair a fraulein as ever gathered grapes of a Rhine-land vintage. Golden locks are now snow white. Bright eyes peer through spectacles; and the limbs, once elastic and springy as those of the fleet chamois, now need the assistance of the friendly, supporting cane.

Fifty years ago the young sun of the New Century was shining upon Napoleon's battle-fields. Marengo was reddening around his steps. "Forty centuries were gazing down upon him from the pyramids." That wild war-pageant has passed away. He on the pale horse has trampled down both steed and rider. Our good friend, the Herr, he too was a conqueror in those days, but Cupid armed him, and young Hymen led him forth, and Gretchen,—doubtless her heart, when it first opened its pearl gates and greeted him its chief, was more in his eyes than sunny France with all her provinces. In the old bible, bound with those huge brass clasps, printed in those antique German characters, we shall find the marriage record. Yes, in the Bible of Eternity, beyond this world, it is written also. No tear of a Recording Angel is dropped on that bright page. True and faithful, they have kept the vow.

And they are old! Sons and daughters are theirs; children of a second generation. The Past gleams before them like a landscape bathed in the perfumed mists and shadows of the tender, Summer eve. It is good to grow old, when age is the harvest of a life of virtuous endeavors. The hearts of the good, in old age, are like ripe grapes, which the great Master of the vineyard gathers, and gazes well approved upon them, pausing for a moment ere He shall press them into the foaming goblet of immortality.

That quaint, Latin volume, worn with much reading, favorite among this old man's books,—long abused, long neglected by the world,—is the master-piece of the great Swede, "The

Heavenly Arcana." Beside it we shall find another, "Conjugal Love." These are his poetry, for, through their veil of prose, he beholds the radiant Muse chanting her unending song of the truths of God and the joys of Heaven. He has dwelt face to face with the Hereafter these many years, till something of that shining vision is visible in the calm lustre, the pure serenity, which lights his face.

He is discoursing to a little group of friends and neighbors, old men like himself. Shall we listen to his words. "Life," he says, "seems first a game. To the young child existence is a holiday, for he beholds it according to his state. Life, to the bad man, is a sinful revel, and his passions are all deliriums. Life, to the mere dreamer, is but a garden of phantasy. He embraces a cloud. Life, to the man whose days have been passed in mere selfish graspings, assumes an unnatural hardness and coldness; while to the speculative mind, seeking after knowledge without any useful end, the world is but a cabinet of geological specimens, an *hortus siccus* of dead flowers. But with me it is otherwise; not that I would boast. I am not old. My aged looks belie the youthful aspect of my Spirit. I look upon my visible body but as the cocoon, which holds the Psyche with her brilliant wings. Modifying, to my state, the language of Paul, I may say, "O Age! where is thy sting? O Decay! where is thy victory?"

"My Gretchen there is fairer in my sight than she was fifty years ago this day. I loved her then as a Maiden of the Mortals. I love her now as a Wife of the Immortals. We are unitedly conscious, and never more so than during the past few weeks, of a mysterious clarification of the faculties. Natural life begins at the spiritual sunset, when the soul-germ, sporting no more in heavenly auras, grows to perfect consciousness through a form of clay; but the true life is a journey toward the Morning. The Sun of Heaven arises,—the Lord Jesus Christ,—and we are caught up to meet Him. So we ascend to Heaven, and are forever with the Lord."

In another chamber fair hands are robing the old-young wife for these golden nuptials. It is a good old German custom to celebrate in this manner the happy closing of the first half century of married life.

In the meanwhile close the windows of the senses that look out into Nature. Withdraw the Soul into the inner, the supreme existence. Here we see not the mere physical veils, but the living spirit textures. No wrinkles here! The Spirit of the Bride has won to a fairer adorning than that which graced the maiden upon her bridal day. The Heavenly Hymen has wreathed her brows. The spirits of her good affections are transformed into the unfading flower, the ever verdant leaf. Long ago many a gay companion, straying far off into some one of the world's many paths, was lost sight of. At last the two journeyed on, left almost alone, finding unfamiliar faces where once the playfellows of youth had greeted them. But now, clad in raiment of the just, those whom the Lord hath taken, as Angels and as happy Spirits, have come to participate in the festivities of this memorial day. So near are the two states of being!

It seemed strange to more than one fair grand-child to see Grandmother dressed as a bride. But our grandmothers of a thousand generations are to-day young brides in Heaven. And Grandfather, with the grey hair and the spectacles and the needful cane,—grandchildren, youths of rich promise, look at him and think, "What has age to do at Hymen's altar?" Little do they understand the rich and mystic beauty of the Angel-youth, appareled in celestial white, whose time-vesture is the aged form, white with the snowy locks of the grand climacteric. Little do they know!

But the Angels know! As the white light, invisible from its very pureness, bends above the florets of a garden, they bend, well pleased, and leaning from their dove-drawn chariots, breathe benedictions upon the youthful pair,—youthful in the strong affections that overleap the grave. So this is a golden marriage.

In their slumbers this night what mystic joys await them? Through the gates of sleep they shall rise to recount their fond affections beneath the trees of life in Heaven. They shall drink of the new wine of the celestial kingdom, foretasting of purer joys than it hath entered into the heart of the natural man to conceive. Gently and without sound, as the bud opens and becomes a flower, they shall lapse, ere many years, into a celestial immortality.

YOUNG LOVE IN OLD AGE.

Look up, my Love! the twilight star
Above the hill top yonder!
There, two in one, in Hymen's car,
At last our souls may wander.

The bridal crescent, here that wanes,
An endless light is given,
Where Hymen pipes his dulcet strains,
Upon the Hills of Heaven.

'Tis true, sweet Wife, we're growing old;—
The daisies of the meadow
Will blossom, soon, above our mold,
Deep in the church-yard shadow.

But, hand in hand, we'll journey on,
Through Autumn's cloudy weather,
Till Hymen's Better Land is won:
We're growing young together.

Look up, my Love! the evening star
Above the hill top yonder!
In its Arcadian vales afar,
Our Spirits yet shall wander.

A PICTURE.

The Courting Fairies in the grass
Awake their music all night long.
Sing heart, glad heart! and, in the glass
Of faith, survey the airy throng.

The butterfly her toilet makes,—
Look up, glad heart! the sight behold,—
His dusky shell her mate forsakes
In princely robes of green and gold.

The merry elves are in the corn,—
Look up, glad heart, with eyes a-glow,—
They dance before the steps of Morn,
They teach the sprouting wheat to grow.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

It is impossible for Divine order to return to this afflicted planet, or for the families of Nations which constitute the body of Christendom to unfold into a visible manifestation of the kingdom of Heaven, until the laws of the Divine government are more thoroughly understood. From the family, as from a radical center and starting point, and indeed a miniature city of God in the midst of the moral barbarism of mankind, the true civilization is to extend, until it ramifies throughout all human institutions. Without the knowledge and the practice of the true doctrine of Conjugal Love, it is impossible for the family relation to be more than a mere appearance. So long as even ecclesiastics teach that marriage is a mere sense-union, so long as they ignore the primal and prospective eternal union of the two-in-one, so long as the foundations of the house are laid in the fluctuating appearances of matter instead of the permanent realities of spirit, the Divine kingdom cannot be ultimated in the material sphere.

Yet we would not be understood as advocating the illegality, from a Divine stand-point, of the visible marriage, entered into with due respect to the letter of the Gospel. This very external marriage, against which so many declaim at the present day, has been the bulwark of civilized society. It is, however, the transitional institution, over which and through which the human family is being conducted to the permanent institution, conformed in all respects to that order which is preëminent and universal in the Heavens. We hold that all existing legal marriages are binding to the end of external life, and, painful as it may be, are yet by a strict sense of duty necessitated to say, that such as violate marital order, upon the ground of soul-affinities binding them to other parties, are guilty of profanations of the Divine commandment. There is but one reason for divorce, that prescribed by our Lord Himself, nor is any evasion or qualification of its strict letter justifiable.

If we admit that it is morally right, upon grounds of a belief

that there is a spiritual affinity in other directions, to rupture legal ties which already have been established, we open, in the midst of Society, a pest house from which will spread all manner of contaminations. So long as there is a barrier to divorce, for all causes save the one, the Hells are prevented from destroying the fabric of Society ; but, if we once permit the plea of uncongeniality, as a sufficient cause for the disruption of the marriage tie, the work of eighteen centuries is undone ; Society relapses into a state of subjugation to the infernal world.

Here we advance two propositions which are axiomatical, and, from the stand-point of the internal sense of the Word, self-evident. First, the external marriage contract, hedged in with all possible sanctions, and enforced with all social penalties, is the only means of restraining unregenerate men and women from the tendency to change. Of course we use the word "unregenerate" in no sectarian sense. All are regenerate in the degree in which, prompted by the love of the Lord and the neighbor, predominant over the love of self and the world, they shun evils as sins and strive to conform both in spirit and in practice to the revealed commandments. There is a perpetual tendency in the unregenerate human mind to the formation of extra-marital attachments. Precisely in the ratio in which mediatorialism prevails this tendency becomes pronounced. Disorderly Spiritualism justifies what it calls "Harmonial Marriage," that is, adultery upon the ground of spiritual affinity. If, as is claimed, there are more than a million of Spiritualists who are disciples of the Harmonial Philosophy in our own country, already we see a foundation laid for a combined attack upon the most revered moralities of the Christian world. In the majority of instances there is a sense of attraction and affinity between those who marry. They imagine afterward that they were mistaken. If, on the ground of attraction to other parties, they have a just claim to divorce in one instance, they have the same right as often as they discover a new affinity. What does this lead to ? The legal enactment of the corruptions of the Hells. Do men or women who violate the marriage tie because they imagine themselves in soul-affinity with others remain constant to their paramours ? Let the annals of criminal jurisprudence answer.

Commonly there is a terrific reaction from fondness to violent antipathy. There are successions of attractions upon the part of both sexes.

A second proposition may be stated in these words. No unregenerate man or woman has any means of arriving at an absolute knowledge of who their counterpart may be in the Divine order of the future life. The Lord alone reveals that. Conjugal love is only possible, in its divine or real sense, between the regenerate. It is impossible for it to exist between those in whom selfishness remains paramount, whether in the pride of the self-derived intelligence or in the lusts of the inverted will. Conjugal love is only possible in the regenerate in the ratio of their regeneration, because it is the result of the Divine Influx into the inmosts of the spirit, flowing through orderly forms of vivified affections.

But, in the third place, the Lord reveals Himself through the interiors of those who are to be conjugally united, giving to them an inmost consciousness that they are to be made one, ONLY AS BARRIERS ARE REMOVED TO THEIR ORDERLY UNION. It is an infinite mercy which hides the conjugal destiny of the good from premature perception. When there is an existing marriage, so far as I am able to perceive, it is never in order for either the legal husband or the legal wife to become aware of the fact that inmostly they are ever to belong to other parties. So, when a married man is conscious of a strong attraction to either a virgin, or a wife, other than his own, and presumes from this attraction that she is his real nuptial counterpart, it is treading upon forbidden ground. This applies equally to the other sex. It is necessary for the maintenance of order that this should be so. The ground is hedged in on every side.

There are three other propositions equally important. First, Conjugal Love is the especial abhorrence of the Hells. To destroy nuptial order in the world is their perpetual endeavor. And now mark the subtlety of Evil Spirits. Eighteen centuries of Christian culture have imprinted upon the mind of Christendom the doctrine that the only marriage is unitary. It is impolitic for the Hells to advocate, at the outset, a doctrine opposed to this, therefore, through mediums, they commence guardedly, assu-

ming an higher morality than that of the gospel, calling the external marriage impure, and denouncing all who live in a recognized nuptial order, without being conscious of internal attractions, as guilty of adultery; stigmatizing all who feel these internal attractions and yet maintain external order in stern resistance of their promptings, as violators of the harmonies of "Holy Nature." Abolishing thus the LETTER of the commandment, which serves as a basis for the spirit to stand upon, they prepare the way for the full reign of Antichrist.

A second proposition here comes in. The Hells continually inflow, so far as they are able, into the minds of married partners, seeking to produce a coldness and alienation of spirit. When this is accomplished, because man tends to inconstancy in the perverted selfhood, and there are planes of hereditary evil through which they can act, they next endeavor to project before his mind some feminine image, through that image magnetizing his organization. Sometimes, but more rarely, the wife is first influenced in this manner. Now with this glaring fact before us; with Evil Genii our constant attendants, possessing all the guile of the bottomless pit itself, what right have we, from any stand-point of sound reason, to imagine that these extra-marital spiritual attractions are other than infatuations? At this point it is worthy of remark that when such attachments are formed, and afterwards the parties become legally free to marry, they very seldom avail themselves of the permission.

Third, all such of the human race as are mediatorial are attacked through human mediums of the Hells. Syrens and Pythonic Spirits select organizations open to their influence, weaving through them meshes of enchantment. Life is a constant warfare. Like that enchanted realm, peopled with mirages and delusions, over whose dim, vague boundaries the Christian, in the allegory, journeyed to Immanuel's Land, the world through which we tread upon our upward pilgrimage is infested, at every point, with hallucinations for the senses, with fantasies for the imagination, with subterfuges for the reason and with seductions for the will. Receiving the transitional marriage as it now exists, guarding its sacredness and maintaining its authority to the very fullness of the letter, safety is found alike for private morality and

for public righteousness, nor are infractions of its covenant ever justifiable before God.

But the old waxes old, and is succeeded by the new, which grows more beautiful to eternity itself. While in the New Church we are careful to maintain unimpaired the sanctity of the legal covenant, as the mold or form into which flows the Divine Life, we are to become ourselves familiar with the arcana of Conjugal Love, that, teaching them, a plane may be formed in the universal mind for the unfolding of the marriage tie from its mortal transiency to its celestial permanency. In a Mediatorial Church marriage is understood for the first time since the Golden Age. The Lord Himself will guide us to our true companions. By adopting the great faith, that the Christian man or woman has no right to form conjugal sympathies beyond the publicly and the legally recognized associate, even with a view to a prospective union in another life, we dam up those broken banks through which the Hells are intruding like a cataract; we maintain ourselves in that order which is for this world as real as justice or morality themselves.

For the completeness of this statement it is necessary to adduce two other propositions. First, by resolutely fixing the affections upon the married associate, and remaining true to him or her, to the inmost feeling, under all conditions, we attain to the highest conjugal order now possible in this world. Let the good man, whose wife is cold and unloving, give up his soul to the Lord, with a most perfect self devotion. By this means he will become mediatorial to the Divine Sphere, which will flow through him, quickening the latent conjugal affection in the wifely bosom. If she is in a condition to become regenerate, the warm south wind of the Divine Love will breathe upon her, till quickened affections make glad the home. Wives are often infested by Monastic Spirits, causing them to repress, as unholy, the gentle wellings of an inward tenderness. The Divine Sphere, flowing through the openness of the husband to the Lord, repulses these, while the wives of the Angels breathe in turn a vivifying influence. If the wife is tender and the husband alienated, provided there is in his interiors a germ capable of vivification, her labors will not be fruitless in the Lord.

Second, by mutual persistence in this course a most tender intercommunion of affections will exist, advancing with every step in regeneration, even when the two are of different genius and formed for different associations in the eternal life. Aiding each other in the pathway of purification, their relationship will gently lapse into that of kindred Angels in the social order of the Heavens, after the mortal has put on immortality. But if they are, inmosty, two in one, the results of regeneration alone can make it evident. As self-love is abolished, as the love of the world is overcome in the life of universal uses, and the mind clarified to behold the essences and primal forms of the realm of the affections, so thoroughly will one soul impermeate the other that they will attain at last a composite consciousness, and so be one essence in two infolding and interblending images. Marriage grows complete in the fullness of regeneration. The reader is referred to future expositions of the celestial sense of the Word for complete elucidations of this point. I am permitted to introduce into this number, from the forthcoming volume of the *Arcana of Christianity*, a narrative of the five-fold order in which the Heavens exist, as illustrative of the conjugal interblending of the Angels and of the Divine Presence with them.

THE FIVE-FOLD ORDER OF THE HEAVENS.

When an Angel first enters into the life proper to the Heavens he is affected, first of all, by the universal harmony of things. He becomes a component part of that harmony, and is at one with all its workings. He discovers a new sense of hearing, by means of which the wondrous music of the universal all of heavenly life is translated to the soul. He is beyond the reach of discords. He finds himself in a system of universal adaptation of means to ends. Whatever is good is agreeable. Pleasure and duty are blended, and pain has become an extinct sensation. Life flows on like some choral strain of many parts. The echoes of his thoughts wake music upon the everlasting hills. More servants wait upon him than his perceptions can acknowledge.

It seems to him as if the old fables of Pan and the Dryads were verified. Is he thirsty? Some organized and essential embodiment of Beauty rises from the nearest blossom, with the calyx full of cooling nectar. From some rainbowed fountain glides forth its Genius, like Undine from the waters, and gives him to drink from out a hollowed pearl. Is he hungry? He turns to his right, and, according to his desire for food, the purple grapes drop down their luscious clusters, or bread is given to him, which melts upon the tongue like ambrosial food. Would he rest? He beholds soft couches of fragrance, thick spread with the pansy, the jonquil or anemone, where still waters glide with a scarce perceptible and lulling melody, and sleep whispers to his spirit from the drooping branches that form an alcove around his resting place.

The interpretation of the significance of all these things is through the Word. There is given to every Angel, when he first enters into his new state, that book which may be properly called "The Book of Life, the Book of Heaven." It is so formed that it can be carried within the breast. It opens, apparently of itself, to those arcana which it is in order that the Angel should understand. According to that order he shapes the tenor of existence. By it he is guided in his uses. It is not lawful for any Angel to teach another from his own understanding, but the Angels all communicate with each other in and through the spirit of the Word. Through it, as through a medium, the artist in language, in color or in form elaborates his vast and wonderful conceptions. The truth, in all cases, is in the Word, and his works are its illustrations. The gardener sows his flowers in parterres according to the series of its truths. The horticulturist arranges his plants or fruit bearing trees, so that in their unitary form they shall constitute illustrations of its living use and beauty. The shepherd calls his sheep by name according to the affections in the Word, to which they correspond, and the green pastures upon the mountains, where they delight to feed, are all in correspondences from the same fount and mirror of perfection. The maiden, who would behold her face in a glass, finds in the Word a polished mirror, and sees herself in beauty according to the states of her affections. There are also pages in that Word

wherein the sculptor beholds the archetype of every image which he is to carve in the monumental marble of the skies; other pages where the painter perceives the preëxistent Beauty which he is to embody in the outlines and in the colors of the Heavens. These are eminently in the celestial sense.

After the Angel has been for a short time in his new condition he discovers that within this external Heaven, so beautiful, so enrapturing, there is a something hidden. At one instant a tree is before him, all glowing with its luxuriant fruitage, and then it vanishes. A fountain springs, sending high in air its glittering jets of crystal, and then passes away. A marble statue is before him; its surface becomes radiant; its lips vocal; unutterable melodies are wafted through it, such as never mortal heard; but anon there is no statue. He enters into a temple. He seats himself within some minute apartment. Frescoes appear upon its walls. Triumphal music peals through its arches. Thoughts take to themselves embodiment, and communicate as it were in speech. The solid marble beneath his feet is changed, and becomes a pellucid water-pool. Gentle beings like the naiads, wreathed with the yellow lotus, sport upon its undulations. The crystal walls of the temple become jutting peaks and headlands, or stretch away in ranges of hills in the distance. The dome of the temple seems lost in fathomless, illimitable light, which has its dayspring in Infinity itself. This ærial pleasure ground of his, with all its waving trees and blossoming gardens, beautiful to the eye as if God's expressed perfections were scintillating through it all, is perceived at last to be but the image of some superior reality.

Nor is the wonder lessened when day gives place to tranquil evening hours. There is no night, because the sun is shining still, but that fixed eastern luminary reposes, as it were, in the midst of its own attempered brightness, and the mild stars come forth, some pale and pearly, as a fallen tear; others like the corolla of the pond lily, with white leaves glistening around a golden center; some like the white globes of the magnolia expanding by slow pulsations to their perfect light of bloom, and others like crimson roses. In this manner the floral beauties of the earth beneath appear to bud and blossom in the heavenly

constellations. With deepening night these floral star-systems become invisible. Myriads of glittering fish seem disporting in the high, uplifted firmament, and in their glittering scales are myriads of constellations. Another change, and in those pastures of the upper land, in those rivers of ærial light, and in those pellucid deeps of air, all beautiful varieties of animated Nature, the cattle upon the hills, each living thing that creepeth upon earth, the flying fowl upon the expanses of the heavens, in constellated magnificence, display their forms through all the peopled firmament. Still another change succeeds. The great arch becomes like some pantheon, where, in the midst of frescoed pictures, are statued forms of glory. Each minutest line or faintest light is full of suns and systems. Then at once the statues burst forth into one universal anthem. But myriads upon myriads of constellations, that no terrestrial man ever saw, arrange themselves obedient to the movement of the measured strain. This is the morning jubilee. Such wonders glorify the night of Heaven with ever changing alterations. The sublime pageant dissolves away, and the sun pours forth throughout the firmament the gathered beams of its suspended day.

The Angel wonders. He asks, within himself, of the Lord, to know the meaning of this incessant transformation. He turns to look upon his own person, and the fashion of his countenance is altered, and now he is clad in soft, diaphanous vails, and now again in royal purple like a king. There are mysterious and talismanic gems in the rings on his fingers, and amulets of jewels upon his wrists, and mysterious breast-plates upon his breast. He discovers in his external appearance that he is robed as a priest for the celebration of some sabbatic mystery, and he enters into the house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, and worships there. And now the great truth is made apparent, that even the eye of an Angel hath not seen, nor the ear of an Angel heard, those things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

Through this beauteous woven vail, fashioned from the harmonies of all the affections of good and truth, which may be called the *Harmony world of all the Heavens*, he takes into his organization the living essence of all these wonders. He communi-

cates at will with the spirit in which they stand. Where before he saw a tree, he now discerns an essence, unfolding, in the concrete, heavenly form, to an expression of its own indwelling life, and he finds that he can stand within the tree as his organ, and indraw into himself and outpour through himself those divine loves, which ultimately shape the leaf, the bud, the blossom and the fruit. He sees that Angels like himself may stand within the trees in all that garden of the Lord. Where he beheld a crystal fountain, radiant with life, he now perceives the essential fact in which it has its external manifestation. He glides himself at will into the bosom of its sparkling waters. The essences of the Divine Truth, in crystal music, are springing through him and arching above him. When he would give the thirsty drink he glides from the fountain like the spirit of the waters, holding in his hand a pearly shell of liquid light. Does he experience a desire to bear food to those who are his brethren, who are in a condition to receive? The divine fruits of Heaven are formed within the dome of his intelligence, even as the manna for the Israelites was condensed within the natural sky. Would he distribute bread? The golden grains are projected from the Lord's affections through his hand, and he dissolves them between his fingers into aroinal particles, and the wine and the honey of Divine good and truth are mingled with them, and the Divine heat of charity, flowing through his palms, attempers them to their due consistency, and through another Angel he receives a golden salver, set with jewels, and, moving in the essences of the celestial aura, invisible to his new-coming friend, he stands before him and bids him eat and live. It is in this manner, though with numberless variations, that the Essence World of the Heavens exists within the Harmony World of the Heavens, and the many things that are seen are not made of the things which do appear; but it must not be inferred that in its own degree the Harmony world of Heaven is less real than the Essence World, but on the contrary, because it is a direct out-birth from Divine Principles, the forms are realities, nor is there any illusion. There is a perpetual effort of all who live in the Essence World, and a conspiration with and in each other, to beautify with inconceivable glories this visible mantle of their abiding-place; and things

there are not less real than they seem, but more real; not less beautiful but more beautiful; not less useful but more useful; not less permanent but more permanent.

There stood by me an Angel holding in his hand a pomegranate. He took the seeds and planted them. I came back in about an hour of the time of that world, and they were full grown shrubs, higher than the height of a man, in some places adorned with scarlet blossoms, and in others bearing ripe fruit. "Stand with me," said the Angel, "in the World of Essences. You see that tree in the World of Harmony." I did so, and beheld not the form but the spirit of the pomegranate. The series of floral spirits were all arranged, in exquisite harmonies of outline, and so appeared as the dryad of the tree. The peculiarity of the Essence World of the Heavens is, that the forms in which it is visible are the result of the groupings of the aro-mal spirits. The forms of the minerals result from the essences of the minerals, and these mineral essences are all obedient to the volition of the Angels. As are the primary affections of an Angel are the mineral spaces subject to his dominion. If a diamond glistens in any part of the Heavens it is because there are interior affections predominant in Angels there, which reveal themselves in that adamantine gem. The gold which appears in the Heavens varies according to the elevation in Divine Good, and the silver according to the elevation in Divine Truth. The fluid silver lives, as to its essences, diffused throughout the interior mind of every Angel. Gold lives, as to its essences, in the same way, through every affection of the love of good. All the precious stones, as to their essences, are fluid in an Angel's person, and, living in this world of primal essences, the qualities which they represent perpetually tend to a manifestation of themselves. The law of the durability of the forms which they are in, is, that they shall be as lasting as their use.

"Come with me," said an Angel. "I will show you a sleeping apartment in the mansion of a conjugal pair." Upon the softest turf, beside a running stream, was a couch of fragrant blossoms. The essences from the flowers, blending together, formed above it a soft, downy substance, like the linen of a bed. There were masses of condensed odors full of the very life of

sleep. Also, composed of the palpitating essences of flowers growing from these essences, like spun filaments of silk, were purple pillow covers. These renew themselves every morning in their external manifestation, returning as often as there is use. The Angels who are in the World of Essences are in the delight of serving those who are in the World of Harmonies. It is an extacy to them to confer blessings upon those on whom they wait, and more blessed to minister than to be ministered unto, and more blessed to give than to receive. When an Angel desires refreshment and repose he passes into this kingdom of harmony, where the ultimations of all things appear. Then he walks in a world of results, and listens to the most enchanting music for the refreshment of the understanding. He drinks from nectareous fountains, by means of which the organs of the mind are replenished, and the whole body made a springing reservoir of light. By means of a conspiracy of ministries, delicious fruits are gathered for his taste, and the rich juices expressed into golden cups, and the petals of the flowers made to exhale a tranquilizing perfume. When he needs repose the arms of his beloved companion are opened to receive him, while his senses gradually are soothed to slumber, and his whole being wrapt away in the most delicious peace.

Alternating between the action-world of the essences, and the repose-world of the harmonies, he goes in his turn to be a delighted minister to alternating companies of his brethren. He pours his happy heart in music, which ultimates itself in the bird-world as it passes from essences to harmonies. He opens his soul to receive the quintessence of each separate delight of use, until it becomes, in his hand, a chaplet of flowers, a bracelet or a coronet of gems, a cluster of inviting fruit, or a radiant garment which the Angels wear, and which he bestows on such as should receive. When the new-born Angel is admitted into this world of essences, in turn to minister to those who have cherished him, it is as if a new Heaven had opened within his breast.

The Essence World of the Heavens is formative through the Word. In the Word each Angel sees his own use mirrored before him. If he is to open himself to affections, which, taking

form through their essences, shall become a vine, bearing grapes, a fountain yielding nectar, or a statue discoursing sweet music, he goes in his inmosts to the Lord in worship. Then the Divine sphere flows through him, and the germs of wonderful, harmonic creations are in him, like seeds which shall unfold into trees of unfading beauty, or wells of water that spring up unto eternal life; and, as the glorious creations are ultimated to their end, he knows that he does nothing of himself, but all things in the Lord. The exquisite beauty of this Essence World of Heaven is such as in no language can be described. It is seen going forth from essences into forms and so it is visible by means of an insight flowing toward oversight. They look from within outwards rather than from without inward, and so combine all the external beauty of the image with the internal delight of which the image is the visible manifestation. It is as if the bridegroom, looking upon the bride, instead of gazing upon her external face, beheld the essential affections of her love grouping themselves into combinations of beauties, and reflecting from themselves at last an image of complex loveliness, so making up the form. The essences of this Essence World are felt in their own absolute, Divine quality, felt through every sensory of an Angel's essential body, felt palpitating in the veins and making music throughout the nervous arteries. Feeling reigns paramount in this condition. The delights of sensation are so exquisite that there must be an alternation, lest they should become too intense to endure. The life of the Essence World of the Heavens is therefore active joy, and that of the Harmony World of the Heavens passive joy.

The ability to endure either this active or passive joy-life, is the result of the Divine Presence in the soul, nor can any man enter into it till he becomes an Angel. The delightful concord of all the affections, making music in the breast, is a perpetual choral worship, going up before His face. There are glorious appearances upon the bodies of the Angels, which are produced by the presence of the Lord in them. Sometimes the Lord, when He delights to make a manifestation in them, ultimates His own Divine truths through their own bodies, till they become jeweled bracelets, coronets, diadems, girdles, undergarments as of fine linen, beauteous external raiment, and also jeweled sandals upon

the feet. Sometimes He unfolds through their hands a jeweled wand, or some unknown flower, which they bear as the scepter of their use. The delights become so inconceivable while they are in their use, and increase so from hour to hour during the day, that the Lord makes an alternation for them, and they pass into the soft and subdued quietude, which is their night. These are the first two of the five kingdoms which are unfolded within every Heaven.

After an Angel has resided for some time within this higher Essence World, he begins to grow conscious that a world of superior forms exist within it, which hitherto, because of their ineffable beauty, have been veiled from his perceptions. He discovers that in his active states, while he is ministering to others, he is still ministered to, and that there are inner brethren whom he cannot see. There are also glimpses afforded him of such exquisite forms as cannot be imagined or portrayed. At last there stands before him a youth from that inner life, called "Adonai the Angel of the Lord." This is an Angel in whom the Lord appears. Instantly he is translated to this Form World of the Heavens. Here every thing appears in the image of its spirit. He does not see the mineral kingdom in ultimates, but according to the spirit of its primates of the world of cause. First of all he perceives the Word. Where before he beheld the image in which the idea was veiled, he perceives now the spirit of the idea in its own form. The Word becomes by this means the directory of this unfolding wonder of God.

All the several beauties which unfold through the Heaven of Essence to the Heaven of Harmony are visible, from this exalted state, with a perspicuity which is like the vision of thought in its own clearness. The state of the Angels here is one of waking beatitudes. This is that Third Heaven of which a glimpse was afforded to the Apostle Paul, where he heard those things which it was not lawful for man to utter. Because the active principle of his mind was faith, he lives, at the present time, in the very clearness of truth, and, though absent from the body, is present with the Lord, as he desired to be. Here men are wise in the philosophy of Heaven. None can breathe this atmosphere but by means of an affinity with Divine truth in its doctrinal forms.

The objects which meet the eye are all truths, which appear in their own beauty. As for the scenery it is a representation of the Word. The images which appear in the outskirts of the Heavens are but the adumbrations of this more absolute, objective world. Each thinks in the light of God's directing illumination. Their affection is that of being wise for the sake of the uses which grow from truth. Because they perceive that the Heavens and the universe have an intellectual basis, grounded in the operations of the intelligence of Deity, they see, that to become co-workers with Him, it is important that they should be made familiar with the first principles and primal varieties of all things. They are throned in the center of a system of universal contemplation. But, because they perceive that all truth proceeds out of the Word, their knowledge is primarily from the Word itself. It displays before their eyes such arcana as are unsearchable and past finding out, unless the direct presence of Deity is with them. While they are pursuing these interior researches they are fed from a source which to them is invisible. There are miraculous trees and plants, invisible to the external Angels, which may be called trees of contemplation. They are glowing with a lustre which is the light of truth. Their leaves expand with a silvery brilliancy, which is the shadow of the Divine Light. There are wells also, which spring at their feet, of crystalline clearness, whose water is invisible to those of the exterior Heavens. It is of the very quality of wisdom from the Lord. There are crystalline alcoves which are the forms of all the sciences.

A constant alternation of states is appointed, by means of which those in the Heaven of Form merge from its outer courts into the Heaven of Essence. Because it is a law of Heaven that each Angel must out-work his thought into use before he can receive a new degree, when they have experienced the delight of receiving truth they go out into the delight of its ultimatum; passing through which, they find, at last, repose in the midst of the ultimated harmonies, as previously said. They feast with keen delight upon the delicacies and bounties which the Lord's hand so lavishly provides for them. The social festivities of the good on earth are repeated in the most wonderful manner. The

spirit of childhood revisits them. The hilarity of early youth is poured with a full measure into their receptive bosoms. They converse, in the shadow of the trees of life, amidst the sound of lapsing fountains and the vocal music of birds and the fragrant breath of flowers, with their most tender friends, who visit them. Each Angel finds his beloved conjugal associate more inexpressibly sweet, and fond and bountiful of her caresses with every advance in the Divine Love. She becomes a fountain in which to bathe his spirit, and a paradise in which to hold communion with Deity. The joys of the consorts of the Angels are of a corresponding sort.

Interior, within the third or Form Heaven is a Love Heaven. After the Angels have for some time been admitted into this wonderful sphere of truth in its own clearness, they begin to experience an exhilarating sensation, as if a new being were blending with their own, and growing through it. They find, at last, a new hand within the hand, clasping it with a new pleasure, which gently leads them, through opening pearly gates into the fourth of these realms of the Heavens. And now begins a new reality, and they discover that the Lord, in His Divine Mercy, has opened their interiors, so that their conjugal consorts descend into them and take possession of them. The holy mystery of marriage is here made evident. Here begins the ineffable bliss of the perfect union of the two in one. Here the conjugal arcana begin to be revealed from the Lord as they never were before. There is an interior degree in the celestial sense of the Divine Word which treats exclusively of the arcana of conjugal love, but the wives are made solely the keepers of these knowledges, and the husbands are permitted to know but in part, and as they advance. Here the angelic masculinity becomes thoroughly impermeated with its corresponding angelic femininity, and the celestial bodies of the Angels are impregnated through the indwelling of the wives. They feel the exquisiteness of the delights which are in the wife, flowing through them from the internals to the externals. The hand glows, because the dear hand of the wife is within its every nerved particle. The breasts expand, because the pure, delicious, wifely bosom has taken possession of them with an ocean of untold affection;

and the heart is glad, because the heart of its heart has gone into it, there uttering, by the pulsations of a divine tenderness, that which no tongue can tell. It is in this enchanting place that the Angels recognise each other as two in one. They move and glide and talk in dual oneness with each other. Best of all, as the dual oneness becomes perfect, the Lord is in the midst of them. It is Jesus whom they love, and whom they worship as the one true and living God. The decorations of this Heaven are according to the beauties of the affections of the wives, but concerning them it is not in order now to speak.

Inmost of the five-fold series is the Heaven of Life. The Lord Himself descends and takes possession of the two in one, who have advanced into and through such initiatory conditions as are requisite. They are conscious at last that there is a Divine Man, dwelling in their composite unity; and, when He descends, He fills them with Himself, to the very soles of the feet, with an attempered rapture, which otherwise would be insupportable, but which increases as they are able to bear it, to all eternity. But finally he invites them to the inmost place, and which is His own peculiar abode. He descends to them in his revealed Divinity, talks to them in an objective appearance as a parent to his children, blesses them with incommunicable delights, and prepares them for higher and fuller participations in His Divine Nature, which cannot be revealed. But because the love of God ultimates in loving the neighbor, as the self, and better than the self, to all eternity, such as are admitted into this inmost sanctuary, when they have drank to the full of the Divine Presence, burn with inexpressible ardors of communication, and they go forth fragrant with the affections that evolve from the Divine Bosom, redolent of the sweetness of the Divine joy, hallowed with the transcendent brightness of the Divine purity, mirroring the untold beauty of the Divine Image, and dispensing freely that which they have so abundantly received. These are the gardens of the beatitudes. Here dwell those who were persecuted for righteousness sake, for their reward is great in Heaven. Here dwell the peace-makers, and they are called the children of God. Here dwell the pure in heart, for they see God. Here dwell the merciful, for they obtain mercy. Here

dwell those who have hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and they are filled. Here dwell the meek, and they inherit the earth. Here dwell they who have mourned, and they are comforted. Here dwell the poor in spirit, and theirs is the kingdom in the Heavens.

By means of this five-fold series each Heaven is made complete within itself, and all the Angels, who enter into each Heaven, are led through successive stages to the inmost presence house of the Lord. These are the arcana contained within the words, 'The evening and the morning were the fifth day.'

SOUL-TIES.

Souls of unearthly mold,
Lambs of the Savior's fold,
Are to me given :
All in my heart I wear,
Tasting their sorrows there,
While they are growing fair,—
Angels for Heaven.

In the pearl-doors they stand,
Nigh to the Saviors Land,—
Inly infold Him.
Growing, through joy and pain,
Free from each mortal stain,
Soon they with Christ shall reign,
Glad to behold Him.

These are my children now ;—
And, like the fruit-tree bough,
Rich with its treasures,
Bend I, with care oppressed,
(Care is a joyful guest)—
In them forever blest,
Chanting sweet measures.

A NEW POEM FROM THE HEAVENS.

THE TRAVELS OF PRINCE LEGION AND OTHER POEMS,

BY JOHN LE GAY BREERETON.

London, Longman & Co., 1857.

All poetry should be strictly a result of Divine influx, from the Lord and through the Heavens. In the vanguard of the regenerated nations, marching toward the regained harmonies of the Golden Age, and keeping time to the step and music of the Divine Providence, the poet moves, cheering on with exultant strains that far-extended multitude. Poets during ages of inversion are lost men, wandering in a labyrinth without a clue, unable to comprehend the sacredness of their function, to discover the sources of their illumination, or, through that stream of influx which rushes upon them, to divine its fountain in the world of causes. The exceptions to this rule are Danté and Milton, both of whom, in part and dimly, sang under a consciousness of supernal and celestial influences.

Open now to influxes from the Heavens, which descend directly through mediatorial relations to the Lord, the Poet of the New Age may enter into those sanctuaries of the Divine Presence whose closed doors alone were visible to the high imaginations of poets gone. The Lyrical Societies where Sophocles and Pindar, where Homer and Virgil, where Dante and Milton, pace with stately tread, amid the myriads of their peers, nourishing great inspirations from the fount of Infinite Excellence, are visible, with a light clearer than that of Sirius or Orion, to the loving heart, that, with interior senses all awake, holds communion with its God where all the Muses worship together at His feet.

A new school of poetry is sure to rise from this influx of the Divine into the human. Already we hear the first notes of its grand, immortal jubilee. Of all lands in the world England is most under the Lyric Heaven. In the unpretending volume before us we find evidences of the return to earth of that interior, lyrical gift which was the specialty of the poets of the most

ancient times. The star that dimmed its brightness in the paling splendor of the Silver Age, and that set at last over Greek Olympus, rises now, an eastern luminary, first in the virgin train, becoming visible to earth in the ascending glories of the Sun of Righteousness.

In this book, with an endless melody, flowing through many varieties of rhythm, the New Hopes, the New Inspirations of the New Church and the New Age tremble tunefully to song; and truths which are only won through the terrific agonies of regeneration lie before us on its pages like dew-drops in the early grass. The author possesses a mind adapted to the song-sphere of the skies. It remains for him, through entire self-consecration to Divine ends, to fulfill the rich promise of the leaves before us, in works that shall win themselves a lasting place in the affections of the regenerate race.

The heart of the book is found in its exquisite perceptions of Conjugal Love; its heart's heart in its recognition of the Lord as the Infinite Love, the Supreme Truth, the All-Perfect Beauty, the Life for whom all regenerate men and holy Angels are receptive forms. Yet it must be read with an ear open to internal melodies, if we would sense the spirit flowing through it like the wind of evening among the forest leaves. We must add too that it is transitional; the lingering shadow of old states passing away casts, at times, its veil over the lustre of new states of interior vision and rejoicing, not yet fully formed. Doubtless this dear brother has passed through much tribulation to where he has seen a vision of Angels, and caught glimpses of the Lord amidst the ravishing glories of Paradise. We say then, across the sea, Up Brother! up the steep mountain of the soul's regeneration! Christ the Lord, ever before the undimmed spirit gaze! His love the source of influx! His life the mind's illumination! In this age the true poet must combat or he cannot sing,—must combat his own and the world's evils, or lose the divine faculty, which is the Lord Messiah's gift. Let us quote a few fragments as verifying the words that we have said.

“Repine not for the past! from joy and woe
Still gather wisdom, and thou yet shall find
Thy boyhood's happy vision bright and real:
God hath made all things double: there awaits
Somewhere the Lady of thy dreams, more fair

A New Poem from the Heavens.

Than moonlight, who shall lead thee thro' the gates
 Of gold and pearl, or *thou* wouldst not be there.
 Thyself a mystery, reverence mysteries !
 Doubt not Love's undying power,
 Nor shrink dismayed from death and change.

Read the mystery of Sin !—
 Good with evil still shall strive,
 And good from evil re-begin.
 It is not dead, the Golden Age ;
 The bright may only to the brighter yield,
 Like flowers of April to the harvest-field.

" Whateoever of good or fair
 Hath truly lived in the mind of man
 Abideth for ever there.

" Wisdom ever seeks her own ;
 Thus, from age to age, have grown
 Ever brightening galaxies,
 Where each star is loved and known
 By all the heavenly families.

" And whoever awakes to the grandeur of life
 Shall find in the heavenly clime,
 Whate'er he had lost in the terrible strife
 With the demons of earth and time :
 Whatever of youth here faileth *these*
 Surviveth, O Prince, above ;
 The vanished dream of liberty,
 The generous faith of the brave and free,
 The purple Islands of Poesie,
 And the golden valleys of Love."

" O WHAT a gift is Poesy to man !
 That ancient gift which cometh from afar,
 And was before this little life began :
 A river springing from eternal hills
 Of happy realms beyond the morning star,
 And flowing back again to whence it came.

" As the winds make music in mountain and dell,
 As sunlight melts into the sea,
 As stars see themselves in an emerald well,
 So lovers with lovers agree ;
 So the manifold heavens make one great whole,
 A body, and God is the living soul."

The brave, and gentle of heart shall find
Heaven no cloud of shapeless dreams,
But a real and better earth,
Immortal as the mind;
A land of valleys and pleasant streams,
A land of cedar heights,
A land of sunny and cloudless skies,
Of shady trees and singing birds,
Whose music surpasseth the music of words;
And flowers of Paradise;
Of gallant youths and maidens fair;
A land of song, and everywhere
A land of lovers and love's delights.
In heaven the God of love doth dwell,
And they please the Father of Love,
Who drink of the wine of love their fill,
As the angels do above.

* * * * *

"Crouch not earthward, look above!
And be like the angels, growing
Ever, through a higher knowing
To an ever better love!
Whoso resteth is forlorn
Of heaven, ever backward falling
From his fate's ascendant calling.
For man should daily greet the dawn,
And be with every sunrise born
To a greater than before,
Loving and beloved the more."

SCOTLAND'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FROM A SCOTTISH BARD.

Joy to the land where I was bred;
Old Scotia's better days return.
An Angel Warder guards her bed;
It is the Bruce of Bannockburn.

Yet not with earthy armor dight,
Or bluidy claymore in his hand;
But armed like Angels for the fight,
The Hero seeks his native land.

Upon his helm Messiah's dove
Displays to sight refulgent wings,
And, folded in his heart of love,
Young Charity her troth-plight sings.

ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE DIVINE WORD. PART I: GENESIS: VOL. I.

New Church Publishing Association, New York, 1888.

The announcement, made in the midst of the utter Materialism of the eighteenth century, that a spiritual sense existed within the letter of the Divine Word, was received with contemptuous incredulity. Though the medium of that illumined utterance has long since gone to his reward, the "Heavenly Arcana" is still ignored in the Assemblies and Conventions alike of the Roman Catholic, the Greek and the Reformed Churches. Here and there a solitary thinker, braving the world's derision alone, is found perusing, with throbbing heart, with beaming eye, those transcendent pages, and uttering his convictions of their human value, their heavenly authenticity; or at best they are received by little nuclei of disciples.

The announcement that a celestial sense exists within the spiritual was made long ago, through this illumined penman, but its arcana have remained locked up in infinite mystery. The Lord alone has power to make known those knowledges, the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom they teach, and whose utterance they are.

The claim advanced for the volume whose title is before us, may be summed up in a few words. It is, so far as extended, an exposition of the Celestial sense of the Divine Word, in its ultimate sub-degree. It was not evolved through any self-intelligence of the writer; not communicated by any Spirit, not made known by any Angel; but revealed specially by the Lord Jesus Christ. This claim will seem infatuation or blasphemy to the externalist, to the idolator of creeds, to the devotee of parties, and to many a devout and earnest Christian mind, whose perceptions have been clouded by the prevalent ecclesiastical materialism. Nor will some fail to denounce it as bare-faced fraud and impious imposture.

To the Spiritualist, using the word in its modern acceptation, so frequent have been the communications from Insane Spirits,

or pretenders, arrogating to themselves the title of gods and lords, that the high claims of the volume will render it eminently distasteful; nor will any be disposed to render it that careful and thorough examination, which it should receive, except such as rise above the domain of prejudice into the region of a calm and elevated moral purity. To the Pantheist, who identifies God and Nature, and, ignorant of the doctrine of degrees, maintains that spirit is but the sublimation or the rarification of matter, its postulates will seem incompatible with his cherished dogmas. It can only be a welcome guest where the Lord himself has taken up his abode within the sanctuaries of the bosom, and quickened the perception of the spirit to its essential verities. On trial before the world, it avails itself of its privilege, and objects, for cause, to any jurors except those who are regenerate men.

The claim of the author is made in the following words.

"Differenced, as to states, from the men of the present age, by means of an opening of the internal organs of respiration, which is continued into the external form, I inhale, with equal ease and freedom, the atmospheres of either of the three Heavens, and am enabled to be present, without the suspension of the natural degree of consciousness, with the Angelic Societies, whether of the ultimate, the spiritual or the celestial degree. It is impossible to inhale in this continued manner, from the celestial into the corporeal, without living among the Angels. Inhaling the divine aura, by means of which respiration is continued, they exist in a waking reality of Divine Wonders. They enjoy, objectively, the vision of the Lord, as a sun, illuminating, with the light of infinite truth, the expanses of the firmament. He manifests Himself in a verbal revelation through the Word, which exists in every Heavenly Society. He is also made known to them in a direct appearance, and is transfigured before them in His Divine Human form. Besides this, He speaks to them by an inmost voice which is audible in the sanctuaries of the breast. All of that tender intimacy which existed, in natural representatives, between our Lord and His disciples, during the period of His Incarnation, is realized in His presence with the Angels. Having been finally intromitted into these three de-

grees of interior respiration, I was led upward, through the series of experiences of which the narration now ensues, that, by a pathway of easy and instructive transitions, I might approach the state of qualification to understand the Arcana contained within the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word. At the close of these initiations, as will be found in the context, it was my privilege to behold the Lord, whom I saw in His Divine Appearing, and who laid upon me the charge of receiving and unfolding such of those Arcana of the Celestial Sense, as are contained within this volume, and as will in due time be given to mankind in continuance of the labor which is here begun. Although its truths are formed into external language through the mental organs of the human instrument, he is merely the agent for their transmission to the world. Obligated to speak in his own person, he narrates simply such arcana as have been committed to his charge, and such illustrations of those arcana as he has been permitted to experience."

The evidence of the authenticity of that claim must be found in a thorough and prayerful perusal of the work itself. It is difficult to add any thing in form of notice here which is not mentioned already in the volume, by way of introduction and appendix. The latter narrates a series of intrusions into and combats with the Demons of the Infernal World, commencing in the early part of the year 1857, and continued for months. Were this appendix published as a volume by itself, it would be perused by many, who will reject the Arcana, as a work of the most absorbing interest. The author introduces us not to the fleshless and eviscerated spectres of the schoolmen, but to beings whose organs are the centers for the involution of terrific passions, who are lords and ladies, who are poets and philosophers, who are artists and gentlemen, who veil their interior depravities in a garb of sumptuous rhetoric, and afford a picture of the workings of actual yet inverted human nature in realms of spiritual substance, where thoughts are things. Both European and American critics, of eminent ability, have pronounced the series of lyrical compositions which the author claims to have originated with these Infernals to be even terrific in their sublimity. He presents, with an entire fearlessness, their actual con-

versation. We are introduced to Societies of Spirits who make use of the poetical gift as a medium for the outworking of their evil thoughts and passions. The following poem, with which a Satanic Genius personating Byron made his appearance, will serve as a specimen of the stormier of these melancholy strains.

"Gloomy and terrible as one
Doomed to expire before the sun,
For deeds his red right hand hath done,
Who hears the death-bells toll,
And spurns the craven priest away,
And like a lion turns at bay,
My spirit left its house of clay,
As leaps the thundering ocean-spray,
To its appointed goal.

"I rest not—rest I never see;
—As Brutus, in the tragedy,
From murdered Cæsar sought to flee,
So rest forever flies from me;
From place to place I tread.
My soul is like some tolling bell,
Hung o'er the brazen gates of Hell,
That ever peals a judgment knell,
Till second death shall end the spell,—
Would God that I were dead!

"I hear the tramp of armed hosts;
Blue javelins, thrown by lurid ghosts,
Transfix my spirit. O'er the coasts
Of Lucifer's domain
With voice of wailing, for a lyre,
I chant my strain, while souls expire.
My thoughts, like blasting ships of fire,
Swept on by storms of horrors dire,
Rush from my frenzied brain.

"I am a Poet of the Spheres,
Upon the earth I have no peers;
This thought my life to me endears.
Like a wild steed my brain uprears
To leap hell's burning bars.
Would that I had Pegasus wings,
I'd soar, in wide, concentric rings;
I'd trample down the mighty kings,
Who sit where day its glory brings—
Unto the fixed stars.

"Hate is my element, and strife
The joy and glory of life;
My very blood with rage is rife;
Would that my spirit were a knife,
Plunged into God's own breast!
Now, trumpets, blow! beat, war-drums beat!
Wake Murder, with red hands and feet!
War leapeth from hell's furnace-heat,
A sovereign Mars, in arms complete,
With furies for a crest.

"Tranced in a wild, infernal dream,
He thinks himself enthroned supreme,
O'er all the stars and suns that gleam
Like golden tales, upon the stream
Of universal space.
He dreams, his flag from world to world
Like some great meteor is unfurled,
While Heaven's red thunderbolt's are whirled
—Against him by great Angels hurled,
Who stand before God's face."

"I am the Poet of Despair;
The murderer sits with clotted hair,—
My awful shadow falleth there;—
I whisper on the curdled air,
I haunt him till he dies.
I wrap my robe of serpent-skin
Around the harlot in her sin;
Her soul to suicide I win,
Till the cold grave she leapeth in,
And then, I claim my prize.

"I sit beside the soldier's bed,
And, in his sleep he hears the tread
Of Death, who comes with banner red,
To lead him on where devils tread,
In serried hosts before.
Then, when he rushes to the fight,
I lead him where the balls alight.
He falls a corse, all red and white,
And then I triumph o'er the sight,
And snuff the ruddy gore.

"Ha, ha! ha, ha! the trumpets peal
Hurrah, hurrah,—the cold white steel.
On high, the blue squadrons wheel,
Below, the gasping victims reel,
And like a blood-red sea
Comes, rushing over those who fall,
The bannered host; and like a pall
Descends at last, o'er great and small,
The death-dream, then the spirit-call
The tramp,—eternally.

"They wake, they rise, I see them start,
With gory murder in the heart,
The body and the spirit part.
These are the pictures of thy art
Brave soldier!—laurelled chief!
Drive thy wild war-steeds o'er the dead,
There is prepared in Hell a bed
Where thou at last shalt lay thy head
Unto eternal murder wed,
And everlasting grief.

"O, Hell hath many a burning throne,
Where kings in state appear alone,
With ribs of fire, and hearts of stone,
But highest sits Napoleon,
And mightiest of them all;
He shook the world's wide wilderness
With storms of wailing and distress.
He drinks that cup of bitterness,
His gory hand from death did press;
Hark, hear him loudly call!

As we advance the interest deepens. The personality of the author is made a center around which the Heavens and the hells deploy their hostile battalions. In many styles of versification and many variations of sentiment, the impure beings, who communicate, play off their batteries against the receptive, mediatorial mind. At first the author is passive, in obedience to his highest illuminations, and remains content to listen to and repeat such portions of their lyrical and didactic talk as shall subserve the end of making known their peculiarities of state and their conditions of mental and moral being and action. We are introduced thus far to Lyrical Improvisitores in the style of Moore, Byron, Wordsworth and others of recent note. Wit and pathos, ridicule and argument, learned disquisitions and veiled and subtle falsities, successively are brought in play. We have Personating Spirits who are adepts in all styles of verse, and who, at will, appear in semblances of lovely and virtuous women and of noble and eminent men.

In the next part the scene changes. Hitherto the demons have had it their own way. Now a Divine Influence, descending, forces them to reveal their real condition, to answer their own arguments, to unvail their delusions. Where they come to curse they are made to bless. To the mental student, versed in the finer secrets of psychology, this opens a vast field of contemplation, and clears avenues to some of the most recondite secrets of spiritual law and life. As the arts of the demons are thwarted by this unexpected intervention of superior law, the subordinate actors give way to the Ruling Spirit who superintends the plot and action of the tragedy. He appears at length, personating the great German, Goethe, and endeavors to take possession of the mind of the narrator of these fearful scenes. Still the lyrical interest remains unabated. At length the presiding mind makes his onset, endeavoring to obtain possession of the author by projecting, first of all, a sublime continuation of the story of Faust, introducing us to the characters of this world-renowned volume when they enter the domain of Spirits. But again the demon is thwarted and his arts are made to recoil upon himself. Three acts of Faust follow, at the end of which the victory is left in the hands of purity and truth. Foiled with his

own weapons the Evil Genius finds that plot, dialogue and catastrophe are all inverted as they issue from his lips, nor is he permitted to retire until, under the constraint of a Divine Influence, the Drama of Faust is finished. The purely literary portion of the appendix closes at this point.

We are now introduced to a series of diabolical assaults from the same society of Infernals, terminating in the month of July with paralysis and a state but one remove from death; all mercifully overruled in the removal of the hereditary and the acquired evils which prevented the organism from being made a pure medium for the reflux of the Divine light. We thus approach the

INTRODUCTION.

This book will prove a fire-brand in the midst of the explosive elements of modern speculation. It contains the principal elements, so long needed, which shall enable the Christian man of the New Age to meet and overthrow the spiritual Pantheist in his loftiest flights and his most daring speculations. This purpose is stated in the Introduction, which opens with a brief statement of the present condition of our world as seen from the stand-point of the Heavens. Utterly unlike all previous expositions of the Divine Word, it glows and sparkles with a lucid clearness and brilliancy of style and sentiment, causing the Scriptures to unvail themselves like Nature, where, through zones of blue air, the flowers dance, the waters ripple, the choral birds awake their music, and the sun and stars pour forth their light. While the preëminent characteristic of the work is power, it is a strength that walks abroad attired in beauty. The stirring truths move forth to combat against the world's evils like the Ancient Spartans, marching to the music of their lyres.

We are conducted in the introduction through a series of celestial intromissions, ending finally in that condition in which the author was permitted to behold the Lord Jesus Christ, and to receive from Him the commandment to yield up his powers for the purpose of acting as the agent of the sublime transmissions which follow. Our notice of the contents of the work itself must be deferred to the next number.

ATHANASIA OR FORE-GLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY.

By EDMUND H. SEARS, Boston, 1858.

Published at the request of the American Unitarian Association, this book contains in general, a succinct, lucid and thorough presentation of the christian doctrine of immortal life, as contained in the spiritual sense of the Divine Word. Mr. Barrett, in the May number of the Swedenborgian, has published a most excellent review, which we would gladly copy did space permit. Like the previous work "Regeneration," by the same author, it aims at the presentation of universal, Christian truth, free from any sectarian animus, and aiming solely at the salvation of the soul in the glorified image of its Divine Redeemer. It evinces much research into the earlier records of Christianity, is written in a style at once rich, glowing, fervent and comprehensible, and is thoroughly pervaded by the unction of charity. We commend it, most heartily, to the perusal of all our readers.

Unitarianism is greatly changed since the days when Priestly advocated a gross materialism and when Andrews Norton sought to eviscerate the gospels of some of their most precious contents. It is a significant sign of the New Times that the central doctrine of New Church Spiritualism,—the Divinity of the Lord,—with all of its talismanic power to mould, refine, fix and elevate the human affections, is taught from the chair of the Theological professorship at Cambrige Divinity School. The publication of this needful book, is another evidence of the working of the Divine leaven in its midst, another evidence that the Spirit of God cannot be bound.

We look for perfection in no human author, and therefore, while we recommend this sterling volume, are not unaware that its central truths are in many instances not fully ultimated. There is a truth concealed within the early Christian doctrine of bodily resurrection, a truth which this lucid intellect has failed to discover, a truth which Swedenborg was not permitted to behold. For the statement and illustration of that cardinal

doctrine we must refer the reader to the 'Arcana of Christianity,' where it is deduced from the celestial sense of the Divine Word. The doctrine of the orderly and normal soul-intercourse between the earths and the Heavens, and, in fine, the whole of the vast realm of Mediatorialism, hitherto has failed to engage the author's mind, so far at least as concerns its most vitally important issues. Disgusted by the grossness and sensuality, the impiety and the irreverence of disorderly Spiritualism, he has failed to comprehend, in its exceeding richness and beauty the law of soul-rapport with the Lord, by means of which Christendom is to unfold into a stupendous realization of the kingdom of Heaven.

The work before us could never have been written, save through a deep interior experience of the laws and the conditions of the regenerate life. The author's mind is trembling on the very verge of illumination. From that Pisgah summit of contemplation to which he has ascended, the vast and shining land of the New Christianity, the land of universal openness through soul-perception to the glories of the Upper World is visible afar off. He has tasted in soul the sweetness of communion with the most BELOVED: he knows that his Redeemer liveth. May we not hope that the Lord's Divine hand is leading him into that yet clearer light, where, realizing in his own experience that which he so affectingly and truthfully describes concerning the faith and vision of his brethren of the First Christian Age, he may experience such clarifications of the intellect, and absorb such Divine ardors of vivifying love, as shall bring him into conscious subjective rapport with the Son of Man?

But be the unfulfilled mission of this dear brother what it may, his past and present work endears him to us, by stronger ties than those of flesh and blood, ties which like living arteries pulsating warm from the Lord's own life, unite us in the mystical body, the Church, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all. It is sweet to know that the Good are all ours; sweet to know that we are pressing on to know them better in the great relations of eternity; blending at last in one common fount of Life and Love Eternal.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The able and interesting series of articles, entitled, "Who and what is Jesus Christ?" by Rev. William Fishbough, will be resumed in our next. For the information of friends at a distance, who so time their visits as to enjoy the religious privileges of the sabbath with us, we give notice that the morning and evening services in the Church of the Good Sheperd, will continue until the second sabbath in July, after which they will be resumed on the second sabbath in September.

The use to which we are called at present, has obliged us to remain for weeks continuously in a condition of openness to the Heavens. In order to maintain unimpaired the continuity of states, without which we cannot fulfill the duties assigned, we are obliged for the present to give up all correspondence, much as it is opposed to our more private feelings. Otherwise we should delight to answer the many favors of our friends. We must give up social communion and the delightful endearments of personal intercourse with very many to whom our hearts cling, till the Lord releases us from that especial use to which we are now assigned.

M. E. McC.—We are fully assured that the singular phenomena of which this dear friend speaks, result from the partial openness of the interior senses to the Divine Light which fills the Heavens. The Heavenly sunlight which has been visible to you was from the Lord. It will be necessary for you to maintain the most undeviating faith in Him, combined with the most perfect charity. As your regeneration advances the scenery of the Heavens will become visible, provided your use so requires.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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