

The Herald of Light,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH.



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

REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

VOL. II.]

JULY, 1858.

[No. 3.

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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THE NEW CHURCH:

THE HOPE OF HUMANITY AND THE OUTBIRTH OF DEITY.

We know not how better to introduce the subject of our article than by the grand paragraph with which our friend and brother in the Lord's New Church, Rev. E. H. Sears, concludes his treatise on the soul's regeneration. He says:

"There is a tradition of the Church founded on obscure prophecy, that Christ is to descend again upon the earth and reign a thousand years. Like the Jewish tradition of the Messiah, we think it has gathered around it human additions by coming through a corrupt past. He came to the Jews in a manner they had not conceived of, in their dreams of a temporal kingdom; and so his coming again will doubtless transcend the highest thoughts of a sensual age. He comes not from without nor with observation. He hath imported a new element into human history, which is to work there for ever and prevail at length over all other elements. Hidden deep beneath the world's tumult and confusion, it remains secure. Not alone by preachers and apostles and outward means is this new force to prevail. Mark the terms in the two branches of Paul's antithesis: "As in Adam all die, *even so* in Christ shall all be alive." As the Adam of history became the Adam of consciousness, and passed thence into history again and took possession of the world, so the Christ of history becomes the Christ of consciousness, passing again into history till he lights up all its dark and bloody annals. He descends not through the cloven heavens, but through the human soul, in that divine life which grows more full and deep with every new generation, shaping to itself first man's inmost being,

and thence flowering forth into the most external affairs, in works of justice and love, until the face of the earth wears again the bloom and the beauty of Eden. Old prophecy describes the reign of Christ as the reign of peace. When he comes within us to disarm and expel our domestic foes,—they of our own spiritual household,—the conflict there is at an end, and the soul is “a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies.” When this work is everywhere accomplished, there will also be peace without; for society is the manifestation of man’s inmost state, the radiation of his most secret life on the face of nature. So when that life is purified, it will fill the world with the trophies of peaceful industry, with the consenting voice of peoples and nations restored to one brotherhood, and with the hosannas of a redeemed humanity that strews the way of the Lord with palms. Not out of the skies, therefore, but out of the depths of human nature renewed and restored, does Christ come to establish His throne on the earth. When the law of descent is restored completely to its beneficent operation, and when it shall send along the future only an enlarging inheritance of good, society and the race, as well as the individual, will be regenerated, or, in Paul’s language, “made alive in Christ;” and then the night of centuries brightens into the millennial day.

“Sublime, therefore, is the march of generations. The kingdom of Christ will not fail of its triumphs, since Christ not less than Adam has become immanent in humanity. When weary of present evil and surrounding corruption, it is animating sometimes to look away, and in the sure light of Christian truth to watch the lengthening file of years that grow radiant as they run.”

To the clear, deep-seeing eye, penetrating through the veils of matter, through the semblances of custom, to the essential verities of truth and goodness which insphere our very being, through the pages of the Word and through all the writings of its illumined interpreters, so shines the great Future of the race. When, sick at heart with the corruptions of an evil time, we meditate upon the problem of the World’s regeneration, in spite of the folly, the ignorance, the ingrained evil, prevailing in the mun-

dane sphere, the heart of the true Christian leaps and bounds within him. He knows that the kingdoms of this world are to become the provinces of one universal empire, wherein the Divine Redeemer shall be all and in all.

But when we come to the realization of the hope so transcendent, we are apt to overlook the fact that HE whom we expect can only come through human spirits and bodies, prepared for His reception; and if the Divine harmony of this planet can only be restored through the inauguration of the Divine Harmonies within, that august and overwhelming vision will be postponed, as to its realization, till human natures are found willing, in soul and body, from the innermost shekinah of the will, to the outermost avenue of physical sensation, to give up the selfhood and resign themselves wholly to His workings. In other words, Christ can only come as men become mediatorial for Christ. The Second Christian Church must be as superior in the excellence of its glory to the First Christian Church in its pristine and most palmy age, as the body of a man wholly moved upon, pervaded by and glorified in the presence of the Redeemer through all its faculties, is above that same body when first the leaven of a Divine Influence commences its cleansing work. Or, in other words, as He dwelt within His assumed humanity, using that as a continued series of organs through which to vitalize the race, so He will adopt the souls and bodies of those who receive Him in the greatness of His second coming, using them as He did the organs of His own human form, dwelling in them as in an embodied series of subject faculties and senses.

As that Great, Super-human Character, when He made His first appearance within the realm of the objective perceptions of mankind, took upon Himself the ultimates of the human body in their lowest state of weakness, and raised them up, by means of His indwelling presence and potential action, through them, to a zenith-point of affluence and power, far surpassing the highest human dream of realized humanity through all its coming generations, so, flowing by His recreative Spirit into human souls, who at the very extremity of all their weakness adopt Him as their innermost and actuating life, He is to lift them, through mediatorial use to human perfection.

We are called "presumptuous" for asserting that we have seen the Lord, felt Him, drank in from infinite heights of Deity the music of His communications, listened all ear, all mind, all soul, to the ravishing harmonies which He with master-hand calls from life's invisible things. Yet we have confessed Christ in His second coming, and all who confess Him in this spiritual advent must bear with us the reproach. The real New Church is differenced from the Old Church in this, and the man of the New Church is differenced from the man of the Old Church in this, that the latter points to the objective Heaven and says: "We hope for a Redeemer who is to come in a form which shall be visible to human sensuousness;" while the former, thrilling in instant contact with descending Deity, affirms in the sweet consent of the clasping and embracing affections, that the Lord has descended already, making His appearance in that kingdom, which cometh not with observation because it is within. There is, of course, a transitional phase, a pathway of degrees, through which, encompassed by clouds of Angels, the visible Church in all of its regenerate natures, is marching up to this high plane. Yet the disciple of the Savior, in the plenitude of His second coming, does not put on the distinguishing glories of the New Age till there is in himself a consciousness that he has received the Lord.

As the Center of the harmonies of a new Humanity the Lord Christ is to manifest Himself, at first, with subdued and softened, and afterward with perfected and consummated glories, in all the planes and provinces both of the regenerated body and the absorptive and the diffusive soul. So then a Church in which the Lord has made His second advent is the medium for and the manifestation of His Divine Person in His second coming to rule the world in righteousness and without end. With this definition of a New Church we see at once the method by means of which Christendom in all its live hearts grows into deathless unity. We see also that without an avowed and accomplished Mediatorialism the New Church, as a form of Divine action upon the race, cannot make its advent. We see again that without an Objective Spiritualism in that Church, using this word in the utmost amplitude, there is no reality in any of its claims.

Wherein then does the Spiritualism of the Church consist? First, it is answered, and now by Christian men of all persuasions, "In loving the Lord supremely, and the neighbor as thyself." But how can a man love the Lord supremely and his neighbor as himself? The Church has decided, through her most gifted servants in every age, through ancient councils, through past and present and universal experience, that it is not possible for a man to love the Lord except as he is made the recipient of a constant and direct influence, which is God in action. Hence, in the commonly accepted Christian faith, at least, in theory, the *soul of man is recognized while in the body as the field of action where God dynamically operates*. Sweet yet awful thought!

Yet, unconsciously, we have dared, in Christendom, to prescribe to God the limits of His action. We have dared, in the gross superstitions of a mere earth-lighted age, to build up ramparts for the purpose of excluding Deity from His own self-chosen field of performance and ground-work of display. We have said, virtually, when the beating waves of influent Divinity have struck against the senses, when these bodily faculties of ours, longing for their restoration to the primal harmony of the Age of Gold, have responded in mysterious throes and suspirations to the breathing of incoming God,—we have said, "No! He who made us shall not redeem us to harmony in the extensions and bases of our nature. We have told God what was order, prescribed limitations for the Infinite, and set up, in our own fixed and dogged obstinacy, the barrier which we have forbidden Him to overpass.

Men of the New Church, students of the highest human, the most authenticated heavenly knowledges, versed in the solemn and sacred mysteries of the Word's interior sense;—Men of the New Church, sick at heart of an ecclesiastical feudalism, that, copying after social mis-rule in dark ages gone by, knots up bodies of avowed Christian believers like convicts in different wards of some great prison-house, and, for a ministry of illumination and charity, substitutes a suspicious, ever-watchful spy, prescribing the very thoughts which they shall think concerning Deity, and whipping them up to the painful and monotonous observances of an extreme and hollow ritualism with

the cruel lash of creed;—Men of the New Church, painfully exercised in trials of mind and heart, in battles against formulas that kept you slaves, ere you, in the just prerogatives of Christian manhood entered upon the normal exercise of human nature's most inalienable rights;—Men of the New Church, made free through Christ,—let us reason together. Let us, if we can, discover the pathway through which our golden dream of future bliss shall be attained, and wide earth, in all its happy peoples, be one temple of Messiah God.

And first. What is to be the end of our Savior's successive visitations of and dealings with the human race? Adopting the sentiments of our clearest Seer, is it not the reëstablishment of the human family in a reign of normal order. In other words, the return of the Golden Age and the Adamic Church? To this there is but one, affirmative reply.

Second. What was the nature of that order, above which God smiling declared it to be "very good?" Was it not a universal Mediatorialism? Was there not power given while charity continued, to stand unharmed above the falsities and evils of more ancient Hells? Was not Mediatorialism co-extensive with charity? Did not Mediatorialism grow in the growths of charity, extend in its extensions and prevail in its victories? More. Did not Mediatorialism in its orderly sense recede as charity receded, decline with its decline, and suffer extinguishment in its most extreme declension? To all of this there is but one reply, and that again in affirmation.

Third. Did or did not the Lord vouchsafe a vision to the ancient people of the DIVINE SUN? Did or did He not afford them specific and general communications with Himself of a subjective sort? Did internal respiration exist among them or did it not? Were they open to conscious influxes from the Heavens, or were they not? To all of this there is again but one answer. They saw the Lord, heard Him, felt Him, communed with Him; through openness of respiration they inhaled the auras of the Divine breast; grouped in affiliated societies they were one with the commonwealth of Heaven. Man was born to this inheritance so long as charity continued. Through that charity He maintained it.

Fourth. Can any man have his internal respiration opened to inhale the auras of the Heavens except by the Lord's direct act? Can any man inhale the auras of the Invisible Infernal World, taking them through openness into his physical structure, provided he be disorderly, and live? Can any man, while he lives in the natural body, have all the spiritual senses opened into the natural, so that he lives at once in Heaven with the Lord and His Angels, and on earth with mankind, except the Lord Himself hold him in that position? Can any man behold the DIVINE SUN which illumines the Heavens, shining before his face in the celestial east and lighting his understanding,—and this whenever use requires,—unless by a direct, Divine operation,—until the Lord has said to the orbs of vision, “Ephrata, be thou opened.” In God's presence brethren ponder, and in soul reply.

Fifth. Are not those among you in whom the spirit of charity is most active, in whom the life of the New Church, its peculiar life, is most advanced, in whom heart-yearnings for human regeneration, heart-prayers for the restoration of mankind into Divine conditions of being and action are most intense and effectual,—are not those generally in either of the sexes, at least obscurely sensible of influx from Jesus Christ our Lord. Have there not been among the most catholic and regenerate of your brethren, from the days of the consummation of the First Christian Age in 1757, till now, sweet and precious, tender and consoling communings with the Lord, visions of Angels, readings of the Word by internal perception, joyous and prophetic anticipations of the increase and extension of these elevated states, till Earth, no longer widowed, should rest through mediatorial experience and reception in the clasping arms of her Divine Immanuel. Search your archives, recall your experiences; give a just judgment according to the facts.

Sixth. A Sectarian Spirit, mean as it is arrogant, cowardly as it is boastful, striking good men in the dark and behind their backs, and transforming God's temple, not once nor thrice, into an arena of base intrigue, exists in your midst. Growing from small beginnings till now, it impiously dares to arrogate to itself claims that made old, papal Rome, the mother of harlots. Your best men protest against it. Your purest men scorn it. Your most regen-

erate men wash their hands of it; notwithstanding, doubtless, honest, candid, upright receivers are magnetized and biologized by its sorceries. Now, Has not orderly mediatorialism, and the hope of mediatorialism, waned among you as that inversion of order has crept into predominance. Are not scores and hundreds of your most experienced and acknowledged intimates and advocates mediatorially conscious that that thing which wars against moral freedom in your midst is itself planned and worked by means of the inflowings of Infernals and so itself a "*disorderly Spiritism,*" itself a mere figment and fiction from the Lower World? And again. Are not those of your number, who, most in charity, war for liberty against such preposterous claims, conscious, with more or less distinctness, of an influx from the Heavens, an incitement from the Lord, urging them to put away the accursed thing from your midst. So then, is it not palpable that those who claim to be of the New Church in its external manifestation, divided as they are in this antagonism of contending forces, are themselves mediatorial, in the one case for the Lord and the Heavens, in the other case for Satan and the Hells.

Having arrived at these conclusions, let us pause for a moment, and ask, If the symptoms which follow Disorderly Spiritual Intercourse are not palpable in quarters where mere professed New Churchism is at once denying that there is now open intercourse with the Heavens, and ignoring at the same time any real New Church of a visible sort, except among those who blindly follow in the wake of a few partisan leaders? It is a solemn question. Look in the eyes of those men infected with this bitter virus. Compare their faces when they speak and act from this prompting, with the open, candid countenance of Swedenborg on the one hand or with the historical portrait of Ignatius Loyola on the other hand. Whom are they most like? Are they unfolding in visible grace to wear the serene expression of the Angels or are they narrowing to a pinched, ascetic and gloomy fanaticism? Judge for yourselves. Listen when they speak. Are they not acting on the principle that "the end justifies the means?" Then again, to the other extreme. Is there not growing love for Christians everywhere, greater clearness of thought, broader aims, franker, honester ecclesiastical procedures, accompanied with bet-

ter balance of mind, better health of body, heart and brain, less of monkery and more of humanity, amidst the opposite class? Who are the growing men? Those most in favor of communion with the Heavens, those most in the love of a large look at God's Universal Church? Or those who absorb this thick, murky miasm of sectarian intolerance? And again, judge for yourselves.

Once more. Deploring as you do the sectarianism in the world, the sectarianism in your midst, believing as you do in the restitution of all things to primal order, can you not see that the Divine order can only be reëstablished through mediatorial states? Can you not see that the only safety against Loyola is Christ? Can you not see that, if, with the dying out of clarity in the declension of the race, the true Mediatorialism died, with the return of charity and with its extension to ultimate and universal victory, Mediatorialism in its orderly sense must return, extend, combat and obtain dominion? Can you not see that the orderly reading of the writings of the New Church, those truths being lived out, must ultimate in mediumship, by the law of the communication and transmission of states? Can you not see that with the incoming of the Lord man becomes more mediatorial; less obtuse, gross, inert and material? Can you not see, that, since the perfection of true order is Mediatorialism, that the progress toward that order must be from Mediatorialism in its incipient state to its full and sun-bright consummation?

We have headed our article *The New Church the Hope of Humanity, the Outbirth of Deity*. It is the former because the latter. We little know how near the Lord is to us, in His Divine Manhood, in the infinite plenitude of all His loves. We little know! We can only receive him through charity. We can only ultimate those charities through mediatorial conditions. He alone can initiate us into those receptive and transmissive states. But we cannot, on our part, be initiated except through heart-willingness to be mediums for Him. There are three doctrines which are the touchstone and the test of Christian discipleship in its external expression;—Belief in the Lord, in the Word, and in regeneration through a righteous life. Surely as man receives and practices this faith he will become mediatorial for that Lord, illustrative of that Word and communicative of that life. For

the good men and women, who, under the insidious and magical arts of a "disorderly Spiritism" calling itself "The New Church," have sought to put out the light of orderly Mediatorialism which Almighty God Himself has kindled, we have but one feeling: tenderness as for brothers and sisters. They are robbed of their rightful heritage; kept out of their normal privileges; debarred their birthright; shorn of their distinguishing glory; limited in their best powers; arrested in the growth act of their immortal faculties; most of all, shut out from their best use, their sweetest felicity, that of becoming, through mediatorial action, the agents in turning many to righteousness, and so of resting at last, in the consummation of their uses here, in the embrace of a spiritual family gathered from the moral wildernesses and deserts of the age to the sacred groves and holy altars of the New Jerusalem. We must labor with untiring assiduity, so far as our use applies, against that deplorable inversion which seeks to strangle the New Church its cradle. God grant that we may live to see the day when the Lord shall come in myriads of men and women wholly consecrated to the use-life of the Angels, wholly reinstated in the normal order of Earth's best and brightest age.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The children saw the rabbit on the wall,
 Wondering to view the long ears rise and fall,
 But, in it, understood their father's hand
 Between the wainscot and the candle stand.

Infants of a larger growth are not so wise:—
 Majestic, radiant, filling earth and skies,
 Shaped by God's truth and in His love arrayed,
 Behold His perfect Providence displayed:

Through all one fixed, eternal purpose runs,
 Shaping the paths of peoples and of suns,
 Gathering the meek to oneness in the Lord,
 Crowning the good with Heaven, their last reward.

Oh! could we trust the ONE before our eyes,
 Who bids the image of His Word arise,
 Our hearts might see a Father's hand in all
 As children in the rabbit on the wall.

THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN.

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

“Haste, for our pinnace leaves the strand :
The green waves kiss the golden sand :
Haste, for the pilot breeze is bland :
Upon the deck thy brothers stand.
Haste away,
Beyond the day,
Into the great Forefather Land.”

Upon the stream our pinnace flies :—
Swift as a lover's wish we go :
Upon our cheeks the rosy skies
And on the waters cast their glow.
How swift the gliding waters flow.

One at the helm, Divinely-human, stood,
And, from His heart, as from some fragrant hollow,
A mystic fragrance came that thrilled the blood,
And at His beck the south wind seemed to follow.
He had called us from the shore ;
We were glad with Him to be
Out upon that mystic sea,
Never known by us before :—
Nevermore.

The sails were all a-glow with purple flame :
We could not choose but look upon the sea,
From every parted billow swiftly came
A voice, that was both love and melody.
Oh! silent as the fall of snow
Upon a windless day,
The gliding powers of heart and will,
Without a thought of pain or ill,—
Moved with us on our way,—
Our mystic way.

One by one
The silent billows began to run
Into mountains all ruby and crystalline,
All paven with blossoms of sweetest smell,

With lavender, spice wood and asphodel,
 Silent the ever blowing airs
 Stood still in marble palaces and stairs
 Of ivory, and we began to shine
 Like Angels, at some festival divine.

Some wore a brightness like the crescent moon ;
 Some like the roses on Aurora's breast ;
 And others kindled with imperial noon : —
 Each to his own beloved seemed best,
 And brightest of that jocund company ; —
 Glory was perfect in humility.

Slowly dissolved away the ivory spars,
 The crimson sails dissolved in misty air
 And, gifted with a motion like the stars,
 We grew into a constellation there
 And, leaping into air, began to sing
 Io Paean! Io Paean!
 'Till the glowing empyrean
 With a responsive lay was glad to ring.
 Then all at once a silence fell, —
 One MOST BELOVED, came and said —
 " Here every heart is to its true-love wed
 In love's delight to dwell."
 We knew Him by His face
 Here Power Divine, through tender human grace,
 Shone with a softened light, not too intense
 For spiritual sense.
 We cried aloud with glad accord
 It is the Lord! it is the Lord!
 It is THE LORD.

Goodness and Truth, twin echoes of the heart,
 Twin voyagers through Heavenly Spheres afar,
 How beautiful ye are!
 Your interflowing natures never part!
 One is the Morning and the Evening Star;
 One is the glory of the East and West; —
 Your effluence is one within the breast.

Goodness and Truth! twin voyagers of time,
 Companion stars of one eternity!
 In dual unity
 Ye wing your way through Heavens of life sublime
 Past, present and to be.
 In God ye have one everlasting birth
 And shelter with your wing the Heavens and earth.

The Heavens with singing stars are ever full,
For ever vocal as a lover's tongue,
For ever blithe and young:—
Your dual presence makes them beautiful:
By them your everlasting joys are sung,
Coëqual orbs that light the world above,
Out-births of Wisdom and supremest Love.

Goodness and Truth, ye rest in one embrace
Like Naiads in one fountain that is sweet
With a Bride's bosom-heat.
Ye are the demi-gods of time and space,
In you the Infinite Perfections meet,
The suns rejoice, the constellations roll,
And Heaven rejoices in that blest control.

Goodness and Truth! in bridegroom and in bride,
Twin spirits to eternal union plighted,
And in one love united,
Like summer through its crystal brooks ye glide:
In you they live delighting and delighted:
In you they dwell, bound by a thousand powers,
As the sweet South wind clasps the forest flowers.

Goodness and Truth! how beautiful ye are!
Our souls like spice-flowers rock upon the sea
Of your one melody.
Sphered in the rapture of your bridal star,
As the soft balm wind rocks the summer tree,
The soul's Æolian lute strings thrill to find
In you the music of the Father Mind.

The meadow daisy is forever sweet
And grows with a slow music in the grass:
The silver pool that bathes the happy feet
Mirrors the heart's perfections in its glass.

As the young Bride unclasps her fragrant zone,
As wooing winds come laughing from the South,
That fairest Angel whom we call our own
Prints an eternal love kiss on the mouth.
As fairest flowers from fairest buds unfold,
As sweetest echoes follow sweetest song,
Heaven opens through an endless age of gold,
Bearing that bliss for which the Angels long.

Through the deep eyes of each enamored Bride
 The Naiads of her heart's enchanted well
 Into the Bridegroom's being gently glide,
 Hiving her gladness in his bosom-cell:
 And the song from his voice, in sweet music that winds,
 From the dawn to the close of the day,
 'Tis the joy of her heart where its bridegroom it finds
 And the fays in his bosom that play.

Soft and low, soft and low,—
 Gliding love-winds, hear them flow,
 'Till the rosy West a-glow,
 Bids her dewy sleep-flower blow,—
 Flower that wedded Angels know.

We were favored with this poem, at the request of the fair Odoretta, by a graceful young man with dark eyes and raven hair. He played as he sang, and the instrument was like a grand piano. I noticed particularly that the keys resembled frosted pearl. The poem was an improvisation and repeated under an interior influx from a Superior Heaven. Although to some of our readers it will seem mystical, yet, to those gifted with the spiritual ear, an interior melody will be found to flow, bringing the soul into communion with the very sphere of the festivities of Heaven.

Odorus turned to me and said, "This poem is descriptive of the Soul's regeneration and its entrance into the conjugal delights of the Immortals. Mark how the Voyager is depicted as embarking in a mystic pinnace. So all on earth who seek the upper life of boundless good and truth must leave the old world of selfish isolation and sensuous perception. How beautifully the poet introduces the Christians' faith in the Lord, picturing Him as standing at the helm, piloting them over the unknown sea, while the fragrance of spice-winds is diffused from His bosom, and the wind that moves them is the breath of His Divine Love. Mark again how the wonders of those interior intromissions into ineffable knowledges which mark the successive periods of regeneration are indicated in the sails glowing with purple flame, and the voices which are both love and melody, breaking from every parted billow. Mark again in the sublimity of the transition to the fixedness of Heaven's eternal life. The billows turn to ruby and

crystalline mountains, paved with the blossoms of the skies. The airs of the Divine Love, that have moved the Spirit hitherto upon its mystic voyage from the ills of time, are instantaneously transformed into the palaces of the second state, and into the winding stairways by which we ascend into superior Heavens, from fixedness to fixedness, from light to light. Then mark a description of the new-found glory which the souls put on, silver or gold or crimson, according as they are of the quality of the Angels of the Spiritual, Celestial or Ultimate Heaven. None until they have realized it can comprehend that new motion which the poet describes and which the soul experiences in these upper countries. None, again, till they have found in Heaven conjugal joys can so much as imagine the sweetness of heart-union with the true counterpart in the Lord."

His eyes now began to sparkle, and Odoretta came and stood by his side and pressed her finger upon his lips, smiling not the less fondly all the while. I was delighted.

Odorus was then called upon for a song, and he complied in this manner:

SONG OF ODORUS.

Of all the flowers that grace the skies
The sweetest in my heart hath blown.
Glad rose, glad rose of Paradise,
Thy blossoms ope in Hymen's zone!

My happy soul, a pinnace, flies
To isles in Love's enchanted sea,
And, through my loved one's tender eyes,
An inward Paradise I see.

Be glad, be glad, my blissful heart,
For Hymen rules thy fragrant bowers.
My thoughts like crimson roses part,
And Fairies hive in all the flowers.

On earth, when day begins to break,
The Bridegroom from his treasure parts,
But here, with brightening dawn, we take
Our fond companions to our hearts.

Through clearer light and purer love
 An endless nuptial day is given;
 Within us sings Messiah's dove;
 Within us rules the Lord of Heaven.

Into the Kingdom of Youth,
 Into the kingdom of Love,
 Far away, far away from the world's untruth,
 I had gone in a dream,
 In a twilight dream,
 Led on by a Vision of Light supreme,
 Where the Angels reign above.

Oh! Earth had been a beldame all unkind;
 And Heaven was sweet to me.
 Sweet were the welded perfumes on the wind,
 Sweet the young blossoms of the myrtle tree.
 My very soul was full of cruel scars;
 Through each a mighty wrong had pierced my heart;
 I had been beaten with iron bars
 Until my aching wounds forgot to smart;—
 And yet my Lord I never had denied.
 Oh! Earth was one great Golgotha. The fierce
 Wehr-wolves of cant and custom tore my flesh;
 And, when they sought my quivering heart to pierce,
 They crucified the Son of Man afresh.

I found myself beside a pool in Heaven,
 And, gazing in its calm, reposeful tide,
 The water flowers whispered 'There is given
 For thee an Angel, thine immortal bride.'
 Far o'er the waters stood a shining peak
 Whereon a temple rose, and, from it, came
 Such mighty words as none on earth may speak,
 Words that the demi-gods of ancient fame
 Chanted of old in mild, melodious verse,
 Words which for man to speak now makes the wide world
 curse.

I lifted up mine eyes;
 I dared not speak lest I the spell should break.
 As the tired bird who flutters past the snake,
 From earth, in sleep, my soul had found the skies.
 "Rise, Brother! rise!
 Rise, Brother! rise!
 Mount the swift flame-steed of thy destinies,
 Rise, Brother! rise."

Out of the wave a fiery steed arose:
The constellations glimmered in his wings.
Glory to God, I sang. "Ascend to those
Who worship Me," cried loud the King of kings,
"For thee I conquered Sin and Death,
For thee the wine-press trod;
In me behold the Man of Nazareth!
In me adore thy God."

Dust into dust.
Let the dead Past claim its own.
With the souls of the Free and the Wise and Just
I have found an Angel throne.
I have found an Angel throne.
Into the kingdom of youth;—
I have won my Angel-name,
And the burning spell of a mighty truth
Has kindled my heart with flame.
The palace portal I have crossed
And, shining on my brow,
The fiery tongues of pentecost
Inspire me while I bow.

I scarcely dare to scan mine own delight;
Sweet is the day and double sweet the night.
My soul is like an hour glass in God's hand,
That, every hour, renews its golden sand;
Or like a bud when it becomes a rose;
Or a white star when first its crescent glows;
An honey bee when first it finds a flower;
A young bride blushing in her nuptial bower;
A dew-drop first when it beholds the sun;
A harp that thrills to music just begun.

Here Odorus ceased his strain and the guests applauded with a responsive murmur of delight. He had sung his own story. And now many voices were heard in a melodious strain:

Hymen's joys can never pall!
Enter now the Banquet Hall!
Lord and Ladies, one and all,
Hear the Bridal Angels call.

Odoretta, lead the way,
'Tis thy Beauty's natal day:
Thou a Bridal Queen for aye,—
In thy heart the Graces play.

Haste and pour the golden wine
 From the ruby cups that shine;
 Hymen's garlands for you twine;
 All are gifts of Love Divine.

Festive Angels round you throng;
 Crown the board with mirth and song;
 Endless joys to Heaven belong,
 Endless years those joys prolong.

Feast on Hymen's perfect fruit;
 Fill the day with love's pursuit;
 Then, when music groweth mute,
 List the Lord Messiah's flute.

Odorus then turned to me and said, "Welcome to the festivities of the Heavens. Every hour brings a glad and ever new surprise."

Momently the room in which we were began to change, until at last it assumed the appearance of a vast banqueting hall, in the midst of which was a table crowned with precious viands, and here I partook of the noon-day meal. It is the property of food in Heaven that it produces the most agreeable sensations, when partaken of, nourishing at the same time all the intellectual faculties. Here I ate trance apples. They melt upon the palate like a ripe grape, and are rosy in color, but they lull the mind into a sweet rest, during which it rises to a superior degree.

The reason why natural objects appear on earth in the forms which they assume to the senses and the understanding, is, that they may serve to educate the spirit for the superior realities of Heaven. Books, furniture, clothing, jewels, wardrobes, musical and mechanical instruments, as they appear on earth, are all, so far as orderly, projections of Divine Ideas, and all have their essential and substantive basis in the upper life. For instance, we accustom ourselves in the natural sphere to the proprieties of dress, and, did we observe the soul's law, we should discover in ourselves an exquisite delight in correspondential apparel. Gay colors belong to the glad heart. All of unpervverted taste delight to see children attired in robes, which, in their soft and beautiful texture, correspond to that fair young Loveliness which reveals

itself to us through the mask and image of the natural body. As we are educated up to a standard of true harmony, we are pained by discords in apparel. We see that jewels have their place, but to be worn becomingly they must symbolize the spiritual states, the uses and the associations of their wearers. A ridiculous dress befits a clown, because he has degraded himself below manhood. The fop tends to extravagance in decoration because he has hybridised his soul, and lost the manhood of the man without acquiring the womanhood of the woman. Black becomes those whose souls are bowed down with evil tidings and who mourn hopelessly. Medium tints, like drab, befit the sober Quaker, who loves to sit in a gray twilight between the dusk of Nature and the sunshine of the skies. For kings, who live in the centers of human greatness, splendid robes, as on coronation days, are fitting raiment. The dweller in the wilderness, delighting in natural objects, finds green his favorite wear. Those who live in tropical climates, where Nature walks in many-colored splendors, grow, by sympathy with her, into a love of the more rich and rosy hues. The young maiden clings to white upon her wedding day. So there is a fine law of fitness which determines the style and variety of clothing in the natural world.

The extravagances of fashion, the ostentatious decorations of the gay and idle, are an attempt at soul-concealment. Where the soul is pure it might live in a house of crystal, and, for adornment as well as for befitting ends of modesty, require no other apparel than the softened splendors of the Divine Love shining through it like sunrise through some rare gem. The richness of the dress is often made use of to hide the spiritual bankruptcy of the wearer. The law of dress should be, fitness, first to the mental or moral state, second to the use, and third to the associations. It is unbecoming to wear apparel which creates a discord in the minds of our associates, equally out of place to make use of raiment suited only for the drawing-room when we go on journeys or ramble in the fields. We should be brave above custom, and dress with a supreme regard to moral fitness.

Of such a sort as this were my meditations at this glad festival of happy hearts in Heaven. Amodeo turned to me and said, "Clothing on earth is generally a disguise. You have fash-

ions invented for the purpose of making the human form appear otherwise than as it is; but, with us, the dress reveals the state. There is never any painful discrepancy, as on earth, between the affections that dwell within the breast and the attire that clothes the person. Yet there is no study to invent a becoming costume, none whatever. The Lord provides our apparel as He does our food."

At this I replied, The Lord provides apparel? specify, if you please, some particulars.

He answered, "The garments worn by the Angels never grow old, nor do they ever become soiled, stained or otherwise imperfect. With every use to which they are subjected they are enhanced in beauty and vary with the endless changes of the seasons and the years. The gauzy mantle of to-day may shine as if woven of the spun filaments of precious gems to-morrow. A third occasion may find it soft and fine, yet brilliant and beautiful, as if composed of the aromal essences of a whole field of flowers. All is beauty to the eye, music to the ear and gladness to the heart."

At this I rejoined, How do your garments originate, and in what manner are they conferred upon you. Come they ready-made? At this he laughed and answered, "We have tailors here, nor is there any deficiency in those who deal in hats for the head, and shoes for the feet. Let not your gravity be shocked in the least. Elevate your mind a discrete degree above natural things and you will discover it readily. When a man has been in the use and in the delight, from good principles, of furnishing clothing for his brethren on earth, there are periods, after his ascension to the Heavens, when he experiences a longing for employment of a corresponding character. He has then given to him a place of business in one of the streets of our city and applies himself in the most matter-of-fact manner to the concerns of his trade. Goods appear upon his counter, of various qualities. He advertises and solicits patronage. In a short time such as it is in order for him to serve make his acquaintance, and select, from his stock of goods, such fabrics as it is in order for them to possess made up in wearing apparel. Then he proceeds, with his implements about him, to make ready the garment for his custo-

mer. There is buying and selling among us, without buying and selling. The coins are acknowledgements of kindness rendered and received. We are rich in gold and silver according to the good offices we perform."

At this I was, I must confess, not a little surprised. My friend took the feeling and continued, "I am a mason. Every thing about my house has been bought and paid for from the earnings of my industry. Some of those here with us are carpenters, others bricklayers, others authors. *Use brings honor.* Bear that in mind. Recollect also that the laborer is worthy of his hire. We perform all labors from the delight of use. Behold what stupendous achievements of mechanical art stand steadfast in their places to commemorate the worthy praise of the Master Builder." At this lifting up my eyes, an interposing purple vail being removed, I beheld beyond the Zofol, a stupendous palace, more ample than the Escorial and of a style of architecture unknown below. Pointing to it Amodeo continued. "That is the palace." Drawing from beneath his mantle a small, silver trowel, such as masons use, he tapped with it thrice upon the table, whereupon about thirty guests arose and sang together this

MASON'S SONG.

The earth is steadfast where it rolls.

Hurrah! hurrah!

'Tis Love Divine its path controls:—

Hurrah! hurrah!

We build more firm in Upper Space.

Our thoughts stand fixed in God's embrace:

We glorify our dwelling place

With works of majesty and grace;—

Hurrah! hurrah!

'Tis ours to work but His to plan:

Hurrah! hurrah!

We serve the All-creative Man

Hurrah! hurrah!

WHO AND WHAT IS JESUS CHRIST?

NO. VIII.

BY WILLIAM FISBROUGH.

As the next step in our progressive inquiries upon the subject before us, we will proceed to avail ourselves of such hints tending to the solution of the question, Who and What is Jesus Christ? as we may find in the appellation the "Word," and the "Word of God," as applied to Him in the sacred writings.

An emphatic and unequivocal application of this name to Him is found in the beginning of John; the phraseology and import of which we will examine ere we close this chapter. And when the Revelator, in extatic vision, describes Him as leading forth the armies of Heaven on white horses, he says that "He was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and His name was called the "WORD OF GOD. Rev. xix. 13. Not to refer, at this stage of our remarks, to the numerous instances in the Old and New Testament, in which this term occurs, and has been *supposed* to refer to Him, but where its application is less clear, we will proceed to prosecute the present branch of our inquiries, upon the basis of these texts, which are of themselves sufficiently direct and positive.

The term translated "Word," in the original Greek is *Logos*, the word corresponding to which in the Hebrew of the Old Testament is *debar*, and in the Chaldee of the Targums, *meymra*. This term *Logos* and its synonyms in other oriental languages have been variously defined as a spoken or written expression; a speech, sermon or discourse; reason; science; the reason, ground or cause existing for a thing; the account or reckoning given, or that may be given, of a thing, &c. Those who can mentally combine these various definitions into one *composite* definition, embracing at once all that is expressed in each and all of them, will approximate more nearly to the *essential* meaning of the Word than he can by any isolated and partial definitions; and yet I apprehend that the full *depths* of the meaning of this singular and mysterious word must be sought out by a further

and more *interior* process, as an exemplification of which I submit the following:

We will take the term "word" or "*logos*," then, in its most obvious and commonly understood *external* import, which is simply a speech, utterance, or vocal or written expression; and thence let us inquire, What is the more interior, spiritual and essential import of that vocal sound and arrangement of letters? We say that when we intelligently speak a *word* we convey a *meaning*; then the *word* we speak is *externally* the mere form, continent and *vehicle* of the meaning we convey, is it not? and is not the meaning itself the *interior* and *spiritual* part or degree of the word that is spoken? But if a word in its interior or spiritual degree is simply a *meaning*, then a *meaning* transferred from one mind to another, is to the *spirit* a word, whether it is clothed with any external form of representation or not, and is so indeed, in a far more vital sense than any external sound or form of letters considered in the abstract.

But there is something still more internal than this in a word, and that is the *very thing itself* which is *meant*, and which is merely clothed, represented and conveyed in the external vehicle of sound and letters. This may seem a little obscure to some minds; but if so, let each one carefully watch the process which goes on within himself when he speaks, and he will find an illustration. He will find that before he can utter any intelligent vocal sounds, he must have a preëxisting *meaning* in his mind, to convey; and before he can *mean* what is intended to be expressed, he must have in his mind that which is the very communicable essence and subject of the meaning—the *very thing itself* that is meant. This is the *third* and *inmost* degree in the nature of a word, which may be called the *celestial* degree, while the two other degrees may be called, respectively, the *spiritual* and the *natural*.

Or, reversing the order of our observations of the operations of our own minds, we find that every speech, (and indeed every action) has its inception in a *love* or *desire*. This love or desire, according to its peculiar nature, seeks a transference of itself, or to beget an apprehension of itself, in the mind of another, and this *as a mediatorial, mean* or *mean-ing* degree, begets, in its turn, the

external degree of the word, which is the spoken or written form of representation. But the *love* or *desire*, which is the inmost degree of the word, from which the other degrees proceed, is the very fountain and substance of the soul itself, in a certain state, and therefore it may be said that the word, as to its inmost degree, is *essentially the man himself* as to that particular love or desire. Moreover, a *congeries* of words which properly express the *whole circle* of that man's peculiar and cardinal loves, in however general a sense, may be properly regarded as containing or as being, in their inmosts, the whole communicable and outwardly acting man himself.

As this point is confessedly a little abstruse, yet deeply important in its bearings upon our general theme, in order to adapt it to the capacity of every reader, we will give another illustration. It may even be said that many of the lower animals have speech, and therefore use *words* adapted to their own peculiar affectional and mental uses. The words which they use do not partake of the arbitrary artificiality of those *now* conventionally employed by men, but are natural spontaneities growing out of the unperverted instincts, and therefore may be regarded as true indices of their own interiors, and as such they are always instinctively understood by the animals of like nature to whom they are addressed. Thus, for example, when the *chick* is but a few hours old, it will infallibly understand a peculiar cry uttered by its mother, heard now for the first time, as a call to its food. Its mother then, seeing a hawk sailing in the air, utters another and a different cry, which the chick will invariably understand as a warning of the approach of danger, and will accordingly make haste to hide itself in the grass until the danger is past.

Now of course this chick was not *taught* by its mother the meaning of those sounds, but a sense of their meaning is inwoven with its very nature, even as an instinct to utter those sounds for the purpose, is inwoven with the nature of the hen. These sounds, therefore, being thus instinctively apprehended by the chick, may be regarded as a form of the very *essential sense itself*, of the presence of food or of danger, in a condition of transmission from the subject to the object. In other words, the sounds (*words*) themselves, *are*, in their very nature, the

sense of food or of danger in communicative action, and a *like nature* on which they act must necessarily receive them for what they *are*, and be moved by them accordingly.

Now in the infancy of our race, all men were in the life of their instincts, or what, applying to man and not to animals, we would rather call *intuitions*. In this simple and unperverted condition of the human soul, vocal sounds would instinctively be used by them as by the animals, in transferring their emotions and thoughts from one to the other; and we may suppose that the sound that was *in its nature* adapted to convey any particular emotion or thought was as spontaneously and naturally employed for that purpose as the hen adopts the peculiar sounds whereby she would communicate with her chick; and those to whom such sounds were addressed would as naturally and intuitively receive the sense of them as the chick understands the voice of its mother.

All vocal sounds are properly *vowel* sounds, and are the natural, audible outgushings of the different affections or emotions of which the soul is susceptible. Consonants are, properly speaking, not sounds of themselves, but are the particular inclusions, conclusions, cuttings-off and shapings of the vowel sounds, so that different ones may be articulated, measured, shaped and sounded in associated groups and series, yet kept perfectly distinct; and this, indeed, the word *con-sonant* (sounding together) almost fully implies. And so vowel sounds relate to *affections*, and consonants, expressing the forms, modifications and articulations or *jointings* of those affections in apprehensible communication, relate to *intelligence*. And thus whole congeries of vocal sounds and their consonant modifications, may be considered as expressing, and hence interiorly containing within themselves, the Love and Wisdom of the WHOLE MAN, and thus as inmosty *being* the whole man.*

As every distinct vocal sound, even taken alone, has within itself, an essential sense, which is its *soul*, so the primitive and instinctive language of mankind was monosyllabic—a fact which

* A hint, here on the subject of psychometry, or measuring a man's soul by the spherical influence of his writings.

philological researches extensively confirm. And here we see the reason of the fact that in primitive languages all *names*—the names of persons particularly—were *significant*. They had no *arbitrary* names as we have, but the name of each person was intended, so far as possible, to express precisely what he *was* as to his essential being. And so of the names of cities, nations, countries, geographical localities, &c.* And this also explains one of the most reliable statements we have received from the spiritual world, which is that there the *name* of a person, whether spoken or written, expresses the very essential quality of the person himself, or indeed expresses that person's *very being*, and is intuitively understood by all as expressing such, whether it has been explained to them or not. And this law by which names and other words entering into the language of the instincts and spiritual intuitions, are the communicable forms of the essential things themselves of which they are the significatives, will explain many modes of expression in the Bible. It will particularly show that when the sacred writers speak of knowing or calling upon, the *name* of the Lord, as they do in frequent instances, their language means knowing or calling upon the *Lord Himself*, as His very name, in its inmost, *is* Himself.

Not only was primitive language monosyllabic in the sense of each sound or syllable containing a perfect sense within itself, but it is well known that all the most ancient books and scrolls were written without any divisions of syllables into words and sentences according to our modern custom; but each book was but a succession of unparted letters, from beginning to end, so that each book might be said to be one continuous WORD. If that WORD was written by a *man* without the interposition of a higher agency, then, if it contained and bodied forth the Love and Wisdom of that man (which are his essential being) it might be said that it was in the beginning with that man, and was that man.

The Bible is, in this sense, called THE WORD. If it is the Word of God—a bodying forth of the Love and Wisdom of God, which are His essential personality, then the Divine Love

* See Cruden's list of Scripture names, with definitions, at the end of his concordance.

and Wisdom constitute its soul, and in its inmost essence it is the invisible, eternal and infinite God Himself in the form and act of creative, generative and regenerative outflowing into finites.

This is said of the Bible or Word as a *whole*. But in numerous instances the "Word of the Lord" is spoken of as coming specifically to the different prophets. Thus, "The Word of the Lord came unto Isaiah, the son of Amos," "The Word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah," &c., as see the passages everywhere; and even Paul, in writing to the Thessalonians, says, "This we say unto you by the Word of the Lord." (1st Thess. iv. 15.) This would seem to imply the presence to those ancient prophets and to Paul, in veiled and adapted form of approximation of course, of that essential Love and Wisdom which constituted at once (as seen above) the Word and the divine Personality, and which, rendering quiescent, for the time being, their own personal proprium, made use of their organism to give instruction to mankind. But if the Word, or *Logos*, of God could thus take possession of the quiescent organisms of men in the flesh for important ends of use to the world, it is quite as rationally conceivable that the same essential divine Love and Wisdom that is designated by the Word or *Logos*, and the resources of whose controlling power are unbounded, could germinally and yet integrally flow into the very primates of a human organism, and from an incipient vital center established in an ovum in the womb of a virgin, proceed to construct for himself a human body in which the fullness of his integral Godhead might dwell on the plane, and in the degree, of the human, and thus bring the elements of a reconstructive and regenerative divinity into our lost and ruined race, which had sunk far beneath the preëxisting sphere of direct divine contact.

And now, in the light of all the foregoing observations, let us read from the beginning of John's Gospel:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. * * * * And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among

us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."

Here are indicated the three degrees of the Word which we have illustrated above—the external, the internal and the inmost. "In the beginning was the Word"—the abstract, external expression or phenomenal bodying forth. "And the Word was with God"—the Word as to its internal, or considered in the naked sense of a vital and essential *meaning*. "And the Word was God"—The Word as to its *inmost*, in which it is a synonym of the divine communicative essence of Love and Wisdom itself.

Hitherto we have considered the term *word* principally in the sense of a *vocal* or *written* expression, and of what constitutes the interior and inmost of that expression. We have, however, intimated that this does not exhaust the meaning of the term, though it stands as a fair representative and illustration of all other degrees of its meaning. But we may now remark that any phenomenal expression of an interior cause in *any* department of creation whatsoever, may, in like manner, and on precisely the same principle, be regarded as the external of an interiorly vitalized and divinely pervaded Word or Logos in that department. Thus the system of the cosmical universe may be considered as the external of a Word, Logos, and inmost divine originative *Esse*, on *its* plane; so of the geological system on *its* plane; so of the mineral kingdom on *its* plane; and so of each and every other complete and orderly divine kingdom or creation, from greatest to smallest, and from lowest material to highest spiritual, on *its* plane. On all these planes the Word as to its inmost essence is *identical*, but it totally differs as to degrees and forms of adaptation, as do the planes themselves, though throughout all of them it exhibits, when closely studied, a reciprocally illustrative correspondence, showing the same divine Love and Wisdom as pervading the whole, and forming of the whole one grand complex unity of many corresponding parts, the physical being always subordinate and subservient to the spiritual. And this enables us to understand what is next said by St. John; "All things were made by $\text{H}\mu\mu$ (*i. e.*, by 'the Word which was God,') and without Him was not anything made that was made." That is to say, the whole universal system of created being, with

all its distinct and corresponding parts from greatest to smallest, and from lowest material to highest spiritual, had its origin from Him in the same way as an external *word* or vocal expression had its origin from the potential love-essence of that man's soul, which sought an orderly outflow into a form of communicative use.

Now it is this same essential, communicative, formative, universally and infinitely adaptive, and yet simple and indivisible divine WORD or LOGOS, by whom "all things were made," who presented Himself as a directive Intelligence to the several writers of the ancient Scriptures, and interiorly moves the hearts and minds of His faithful ones even at this day—it was He, I say, who St. John tells us, "became flesh and dwelt among us," in the person of Jesus Christ—the purpose of which, according to the whole drift of the ancient Scriptures relating to a Messiah, was that being thus eternally, intimately and *directly* connected and associated with the lowest ultimates of unregenerated humanity, He might, as the Word which is God, be with him in a *new beginning*—the beginning of the *re-creative or regenerative* process, and in which process, as in all others, there is *without* Him nothing made that is made. But on this last point more hereafter.

It was our intention to introduce in this chapter some confirmatory testimony from the ancients concerning the personality, creative energy and future incarnation of a divine Word or Logos, but our space is full, and we must reserve further remarks for another time.

NOTICE.

Owing to the time consumed in the preparation of a copious index, the publication of "THE ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY" has been delayed. We shall be ready to fill orders for it by the time this number of the Magazine reaches our subscribers out of the city, and sincerely hope that no lover of New Church truths will feel contented without it. The prices are:

Arcana of Christianity, with Index,	\$1.50
“ “ “ with Index and Appendix,	1.75
Appendix to Arcana of Christianity,	50

THE SERPENT ON THE DOOR-STONE.

If you have ever been at Nettleby, you must recollect the old mill by the river side. The stream noisy and babbling enough when it flows amidst the Copsewood, winds leisurely through clumps of alders in the meadows and becomes at last a miniature lake above the mill. Here in that pretty cottage, lives the miller's daughter, sweet Annie Hay. Here too the old miller, her father, with the Times upon his knee, smokes his evening pipe. Our village lies out of the way of the great thoroughfares and we are a quiet old fashioned people who live in it. For Opera singers from foreign parts we have the Nightingale, and the only high family close at hand are the Rooks, who build in the great elms, and from their windy elevation loudly criticise the doings on the earth below.

Nettleby is famous for its roses. Courting has its high holiday in the rose season. June is the lovers' month all England over. Carrie Grey has found many converts in our village to the doctrines of conjugal love. So modest, so humble and unpretending, one would little think that her soul is all a-glow with loftier inspirations than ever Shakspeare dreamed. Her faith fits into her life like a jewel into a golden setting. Let me tell you how Annie Hay became a convert to these strange doctrines from across the sea.

One night Annie dreamed a dream. A coiling serpent, its eyes glittering with magnetic fire, coiled itself upon the door-stone. She opened the door in the morning and it sprang with all its venom at her breast. But an invisible hand caught the serpent and flung it back disabled and dying, leaving her unharmed. She awoke.

Early on the following day a new guest made his appearance at the village inn, whose accompaniments bespoke the artist. Soon snugly lodged in the best room, sketch book and trouting rod unpacked, a dressing case with all its materials of comfort and luxury opened,—it began to be surmised that the new comer was decidedly above the common sort.

A week after he was on good terms with most of the neighborhood. Twenty-five, with its buoyant animal spirits, its impetuous good humor, with song and wit and anecdote at command, backed up with a fine appearance and no lack of images of the golden god, is sure to make friends, as the world goes. Our new comer preserved a strict silence as to his occupation. He might have been a painter. He sketched from Nature admirably. From angling in the pool below the mill he grew soon to be on joking terms with the merry old miller. Beware, Annie!

The serpent already had begun his charm and lay coiled upon the door-stone. From angling in the stream, Mr. Gustavus Atherton, as our stranger was called, made a successful cast at the miller; drank his ale, praised the home brewed October; won the confidence of the frank, burly old widower by many a merry jest, sang a capital song now and then, and so won his way to a speaking acquaintance with the daughter.

Age is suspicious enough when once it takes the alarm, but often, till that point is reached, blind as owls in the day time. Annie soon had a lover. Was her heart touched. Her fancy may have been for the moment. She woke at night to listen,—but not to the nightingale. The mill wheel turned by day. The miller, all dusty with the floating meal that whitened the very air, stood among the lazy sacks, leaning against the posts like well-to-do farmers at a fair, taking toll of this one and that one, (not too much toll, miller;) or smoked his pipe when the labors of the day were over, and the black mill wheel stood still, as time never does; and the water dropped silver handfulls of falling rain from the curtain of the dam, and then gurgled, laughing, among the old stones of the sluice-way, to see the falling drops burst into a momentary bloom like meadow flowers beneath the smile of the benignant setting sun. Good miller! He little knew what danger was gathering around his household treasure.

Oh! We little know any of us, blind mortals as we are,—we little know what besetments are around the feet of those we love. There is need of a Special Providence. Without it, man is but the breaking foam dashed against the rocks; the insect under the crushing foot that mars in an instant its momentary glory.

Well is it that there is an Eye that never sleeps. Well for thee Annie Hay.

The Summer waned and still the guest at the village Inn, now grown familiar as an old friend, made himself welcome at the mill. He gave himself out for a younger brother, hinting at great expectations. At last came a proposition of a clandestine marriage. His family, as he said to the young girl, now listening with beating heart in the moonlight, were cold and proud, unfeeling and avaricious. He must not marry publicly, but, when his uncle's death left him a free man he would own her before the world.

To be loved by one of superior station is many a girl's young dream, a foolish dream and from below. Annie had seen this fantasy spun with airy colors of enchantment before her mind's eye, as thousands have before her, as thousands will have. Inexperienced in the world's ways she could not imagine that all was not honorable in this young man's purpose. He was gaining with those magnetic eyes, with that subtle spell, an influence over her better reason. His face haunted her pillow, his voice rung in her soul's ear, now pleading, now threatening. She was conscious of a fascination and knew not but that it might be, love.

Sunday evening, September first. Oh, what a glorious night that was. Mars was in the ascendant, the crimson star, that, all one Paradise of happy lovers, floats like a pinnace through the far deeps of heaven, bearing them on to the endless nuptials of Morning Land. In Edward Grey's humble cottage that night the evening was solemnized by the first rites of that New Church worship which hereafter and forever is to fill the world. An illumined man of God had visited them, he had spoken with a power not his own, and, while his words dropt rich and mellow like autumn fruit they were gathered by eager hands. Services were over but the teacher could not long sleep. Light as were his first slumbers they were so heavy that no outward hand could awaken him. "Come," said the Angel, his Guardian, with whom he was communing in that sacred trance, "this night a work of mercy is assigned to us from the Lord."

He was not unaccustomed to these sacred monitions. Rising

and going forth the still night was broken by the distant sound of wheels. The young girl had consented to elope that night believing, in her inexperience, that she was but going to a neighboring village to be united to the man of her heart. That jarring sound of wheels by night; they sound different by day! The carriage dashed past the door. In an instant the good Angel spoke and said, "Follow this to its destination."

Let us stand and listen in the old ivied porch. The door is ajar. The dainty maiden steals through it. The Serpent on the door-stone rises now. So far the dream is fulfilled. It is sad for the young bride to turn from her father's house when she goes with the parent's blessing; sad to leave the dear home of childhood, even though that home be poor and scantily furnished with the comforts of this world. You cannot move the simplest and the rudest flower from its nook in the garden but some fibril will bleed. No more can you transplant a Soul.

"Come, Annie, no time for tears," said a voice, half caressing half commanding. It was the moment of suspense between two life-paths, one leading through pleasant scenes of calm, domestic happiness to higher joys in Heaven; the other through passion, madness and infamy, to death and the hereafter beyond it.

Pause here. Look through the vesture of appearances, and behold the invisible actors in this, one of the common events of every-day life. To every man or woman in the world there is a good Angel and a tempting Fiend. A bad man who died in a former age, one perhaps who in this life wore star and garter and called himself by a noble name, is the Evil Genius of this young cavalier, who styles himself Gustavus Atherton. But the Angel, the good Angel! Ah! the youth has bidden him begone. Every virtue is a tie, seemingly but a silken thread, really firmer than the massive cable by means of which the stout ship outrides the storm, binding the good man to his Angelic Friend. But Gustavus Atherton has no such ties knitting his spirit to the firm continents and lasting seats of the supreme existence. He has broken those laws that are for the temporal and eternal safety of the human spirit. The terrible passion of destroying innocence in its fairest shrines burns in his heart like vitriol. So he has plighted his spirit to the Fiend. And the two act together.

And they are here to lead this fair one, by gentle words, by deceitful promises, to ruin without hope.

Listen. That heavily drawn breathing betokens some mental struggle. Poor child! Despite the magnetism of the tempter, she wrestles for her lost freedom. How clear in this bright starlight sparkle the waters of the little river. The nightingale is gone, but his song seems echoed in the liquid gurgle of the running stream. There too hangs the red planet. Ruby chalice, globule of eternal life, dropping from the blue veins of the Divine affections, throbbing with the circulations of His ceaseless love! What virtue there is in the night! How medicinal are its influences! Annie feels them. With a bound her heart leaps up. A spasm of agony contorts her face. She struggles in soul for a mighty influence empowers her. It is the Guardian Angel sent to stand between her and the fearful doom. He turns, that shining messenger, confronting full, with looks of righteous indignation, the skulking, cowardly Fiend, the evil Genius of the betrayer. There are mysteries here which we must not speak of now.

The bad man divined, at one flash of those falcon eyes, that his expected victim was fluttering in and trying to break from the artfully spun meshes of his plot. And now the pale moon, shining through the roof tree and gleaming against the diamond panes of the quaint old-fashioned casements, shone upon her face until it resembled that of an Angel.

He advanced and laid his hand upon her. She started, for the touch thrilled her to the feet. "I conjure you," he said, "by the holy power of our love,—unless you would see me a corpse at your feet,—by the oath that you have taken."—Her form shook like a quivering aspen. He went on, "Which was the greater wrong, to leave your father's roof when he is absent to marry the man of your heart, or, for a weak and foolish scruple to falsify your pledged word. Annie do you love me? By all that is sacred in high Heaven keep me not in this childish way."

Never had she looked so beautiful before, never had he so hungered and thirsted after her beauty. A wild, eddying, storm,—like the hungry sea that beats upon the shore and will not be satisfied till over green fields and smiling vallies sweeps a

gray and melancholy waste of waters,—was pent up yet surging within his breast.

She looked him full in the face. Did her Angel speak through her? Slowly and with difficulty, like one who gasps out some secret through frozen or dying lips, she answered him. “I have thought I loved you—but I do not. I cannot leave my father, because I shall kill him if I do. Hate me, if you will, but leave me.” She sank upon the door-stone in a swoon.

In an instant his arms were wound around her. “Hallo, Will,” he cried in a suppressed voice, “your arm here.” In a moment the accomplice was at his side. “The girl has fainted. We will drug her.”

A sound caused them both to start. A tall, graceful figure stood before them. The Church Militant lives wherever good men for right’s sake dare confront the evil man in the name of Messiah God. Still, as of old, God has His messengers and Providence walks the earth in the form and with the foot of man.

The ruffian, for ruffianhood though it wear the dress and call itself by the name of gentleman, is all unchanged by outward attire, by outward phrase,—the ruffian, with an oath, rose and confronted the intruder.

Calmly the man of God, and now with all the energy of Heaven’s own port and mien, and with an outstretched arm strong in the might of the Invisible, pointed to the road occupied by the carriage, where the impatient horses chafed and stamped the ground, and said, “Begone.” There was power in the word, simple as it was,—spiritual power. It was the turn of the bad man to tremble now.

The preacher gazed upon the half-cowardly, half-truculent betrayer and knew him. “Simon Jenkins,” he continued, “we have met again. I saw you last with your face blacked as a negro minstrel. I find you now in a calling which the untutored African you personated would loathe and spit upon. Go home to your poor wife, who has lived in a foul, stifling garret all the summer, nursing her sick child. Mend your ways before a worse thing comes upon you.”

It was now the turn of the accomplice to speak. “Well! you are a pretty son of a baronet,—and only a strolling player

at that. Shell out the ten sovereigns you promised me for this here trip." Crest-fallen, with all his fine feathers trailing, the detected impostor and his comrade abandoned the field to settle their own affairs as best they might. Early the next morning Mr. Augustus Atherton left our village for other parts, nor were any the wiser for the cause of his sudden exit.

But Annie Hay,—returning to consciousness she found herself supported by the good genius of her dream. Saved from a great peril, she learned to put her trust in that benignant and heavenly Father whose Providence had interposed to save her from the saddest fate that ever befalls woman. So she became introduced to the faith of Heaven, and so learned afterward to discriminate between the fantasies of passion and the serene and ennobling affections of a true marriage, in the light of the golden doctrine of conjugal love.

WISDOM FOR THE MILLION.

How are we to reach the people? How to popularize the sublime tenets of the New Church? How to introduce into common thought and daily speech those simple yet glorious doctrines which constitute the very delight of the Angels of God in Heaven. No problem at the present day is so important as this. A mediatorial Religion can only be propagated by means of mediatorial men. Therefore, as our faith is mediatorial, so must be the human agencies by which it is to be scattered through the world. Recognizing all societies of believers, formed among those who have heretofore received the views of the New Church in a distinctive sense, as true men, loyally seeking to promote God's glory in man's regeneration, recognizing also the heroic persistence which has characterized many of their efforts to sustain New Church ministrations, believing that some of the noblest and best of men and women the age affords, with heart, hand, tongue and pen, and with the zeal and in the spirit of a genuine discipleship, are actively engaged at the present hour in seeking to introduce these honored truths, we still must ask the question, Why the comparative non-success of such strenuous labors?

There is no doubt that religious institutions will last as long as the world stands. Religious congregations will continue to meet and the Sabbath to remain in honored observance forever. The highest truths will continue to serve as soul-food to endless generations. Yet it must be confessed that with a few exceptions the effort at the formation of religious congregations avowedly receptive of New Church unfoldings has been abortive. Year after year rolls on; the age moves toward the golden cycle of a new dispensation, as the great solar system with all its planets marches in its own orbit to the higher realms of the ecliptic. The multitudes, broken from the Old Church, wander hither and thither, refusing to be satisfied. Souls drop by myriads from the mere external and ritualistic forms of Christendom, as leaves fall when Autumn frosts and winds despoil the forest of its painted glories. Where are they? Mormonism gathers its scores of thousands; Pantheism its millions. Fond and foolish speculations, base and ignoble delusions, narrow and conceited dogmas and dogmatists meet with a vast though temporary success. There is something wrong. Either our truths are insufficient or our mode of presenting those truths not adapted to the exigencies of the time.

The latter is the chief difficulty. Fire warms or burns, water slakes the thirst or drowns, as it is used. Truth by the slow compulsion of its own force makes way against the world's blindness and error. We have the water to slake the world's thirst, to overwhelm as with a flood its falsities; the fire to melt its stubborn mountains of unbelief, to fuse its arctic coldness into summer heat, to kindle a deathless bloom in all its tropics, to melt the glaciers of its most rugged poles, but we have not learned the method of using these mighty implements. We have not adopted a philosophical method of dealing with human nature. As it is impossible to teach mathematics with success except through teachers who are themselves mathematicians, as heroes alone can inspire armies with heroism, so New Church truths can only be communicated adequately and successfully through men in whom lives and burns the New Church Spirit.

What is the New Church Spirit? What is the holy animus that moves those to whom belongs in reality that name? It is wholly a spirit of Divine Love. It is only an animus for the

communication of that love. I would not be oblivious of the demands of truth in this connection, but I claim that truth is only the means, but the end the establishment of man in those conditions in which he shall love the Lord with all his heart and his neighbor as himself. Now the end which he who would successfully declare New Church truth must have in view is the inauguration of the Love-empire of the skies. To do this he must love the Lord with an all intense and absorbing devotion. The ardors of that love must inspire his use. Then he will speak, write, preach, labor, as no man can do in his selfhood. He will communicate Deity.

He will communicate Deity! Here we touch the key-note. As man becomes all-affectionate in a righteous sense, he cannot help becoming, in a true order, mediatorial to the skies. Charity opens the heart for God to come in and fill it with Himself. Through perfect charity we attain to mediumship in the Lord.

There are congregations gathered in many places, commonly few in number, who long to see popularized the distinctive doctrines of the Heavens; but this can never be till the spirit of charity kills out the sect-spirit, till they learn the sublime truth that men are not to be converted from one sect to another, but from sectarianism itself to charity itself. The melancholy and pitiable inversions of true order, the prevarications, the sins against common justice and simple equity which characterize the sectarists who in the name of the New Church revive old Babylon in its infinitessimals, are permitted for the purpose of showing plainly that the New Church can never be a sect, and that those who invert its truths form themselves of necessity into a sect, at once the narrowest, and for its years and opportunities the most intolerant of all sects. Profiting by bitter, yet necessary experience, we have to learn that intolerance can exist within any form of dogma; that not even the sublimest truths of the New Jerusalem are able to prevent the most odious tyrannies from being founded and justified in their name. We have to learn that any attempt at converting men to a dogma, except as auxiliary to the destruction of abuses and the reconstruction of the soul in Divine elements of thought, feeling and action, must ever prove a failure. This first,

But again: A personal experience of Revelation must exist before we can successfully teach revelation. Men must be interpenetrated with Christianity. It must transform, enlarge, exalt, intensify and renew all their powers, before they can triumphantly proclaim it against a hostile world. The effort of converting men to enlarged views by reading to them will always fail except in rare instances. The truth that lives in the life reaches a thousand where the most elaborate philosophy, repeated from memory or in a technical manner, convinces but one. But no man can live the truths of the New Church without becoming illumined by them, at first partially, at last wholly, in this age, since it is the dawn of a universal Mediatorialism.

Methodism grew in its infancy by the transmission of the spiritual state of its first founders to their followers. In Quakerism the vital spirit, whether orderly or disorderly, which prompted the peculiar exercises of its primitive disciples has extended until now in spite of the changes of age and the human mind. Presbyterianism as a system, is a reproduction, from century to century, of the peculiar mental conditions of Genevan and Scottish reformers. Unitarianism grows by the extension over successive minds of that brilliant intellectual mantle which clothed the spiritual bodies of Channing, Buckminster and their cotemporaries.

Now if the New Church is to grow it must extend by a transmission and extension, by a reproduction and diffusion, of that state which the Lord induced upon Emanuel Swedenborg. If his state had its limitations these are to be transcended, but so far as it was an expression of the normal, healthful human condition it is to be perpetuated as long as time, as long as human nature. I do not mean, of course, that all are to perform precisely the same work, but I do mean that all are to inherit into the same illumined conditions. So the peculiarity of the New Church is to be illumination and we need an illumined ministry to transmit the fire. The same spiritual openness to the Lord which enabled this Pioneer New Churchman to read the Word in its internal sense, because that was his especial function, will enable A, who is an editor, to pen his leaders from the Lord instead of from the selfhood, and so adapt them to the end which the Divine Providence has in view; will enable B, who is a

shipping merchant, to freight his vessel with the best products for a foreign market, feeding, thereby, the hungry in a far-off land; will enable C, who is a preacher, so to present Divine truth to his congregation that they shall feed on it as manna from the skies. In this manner the New Church will grow, and be as large, as varied, as orderly and as heavenly as Redeemed Humanity.

A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE AT SEA.

NARRATED BY MARK MORRIS, FISHERMAN AND MARINER.

There were two of us. The sun was setting in red gold. In long swells the great Atlantic, ridgy as a wheat field, capped with white sheaves left standing by the reapers, looked us in the face wherever we turned the eye. There was not a sail to be seen. For swallows twittering in the air, we had but the dumb flying fish, who, chased from the water by bonitos, would flutter a fathom or so and then fall victims to their fierce pursuers. We must have been not far from the outer edge of the gulf-stream. All day we had been slowly idling upon the water, but now the long and level lines of ocean, green in this gulf-stream as a country lane, were rising and falling beneath us, to compare great things by small, like a drawing-room carpet shaken by stout serving men.

As I said, there were two of us. A heavy dew had fallen the night before, and I had made shift by spreading our under garments upon the seats and flooring of the jolly boat, to obtain about a pint of water. This I had rung out into a breaker that might have held about two gallons; we had nothing else to preserve it in. About noon a flying fish had providentially fallen on board. Beside this we had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours. There were no signs of dew to-day, but the dry and rainless atmosphere foreboded a storm. There was, besides, a halo around the moon, which now began to rise full in the southern quarter. We were in distress.

I have not introduced my companion in this disastrous adventure. She lay upon my knees, moaning and half asleep. The

rich and singular loveliness of the child appeared, it is true, to great disadvantage, wrapt as she now was, in a pilot coat of coarse material, and with a panama hat, the rim of which had been partially torn off while using it for the purpose of baling out the the water, tied under her chin. Still, as the rose-gleam of the clouds, dying now to a soft purple, was fading from her face, hard and weather-beaten man as I am, my grizzly hair grew a shade the whiter, as I thought—before to-morrow morning the sharks will rend this image of God's beauty and share it between them in a bloody meal. I say my hair grew whiter.

About an hour after sunset she awoke. I had taught her to call me uncle, and being her only friend in this distress she seemed to cling to me naturally, just as a drowning man holds on to any floating drift material in the waters. My little charge was about seven years old. Her fathers name was Marston, John Marston, a most upright, God fearing man. Two days and two nights before he had said to me,—my name being Morris, we both then clinging to the broken foremast of the brig *Dolphin*, dismasted in a squall and about foundering,—he had said, "Morris, my boy, this child's mother lives at Staunton Oaks, Derbyshire, England. We shall probably go down in about half an hour. In my frail and debilitated condition, unable to swim, there is no chance for me. You're a staunch swimmer and a brave heart. Don't let my child perish." I promised him.

About ten o'clock she went down. By some miracle, clasping the child in my left arm and holding my right hand over her mouth to prevent her from strangulating as we were sucked down by the deep whirlpool made by the sinking vessel, I brought her safely to the surface after being under water long enough almost to drown us both. We came up close to the brig's jolly boat which had gone down with us, but, being lighter, had risen first. By incredible exertions I managed she being full of water almost to the gunwale, to bail her dry, having by this time contrived to sling the child at my left side so that her head was high out of water nearly as my own. There was a heavy swell upon the sea but it grew less and less as the night advanced. What became of Mr. Marston of course I did not know. The rest of the crew and passengers, there were five in all, went down with us. If

they rose to the surface they were never seen or heard of again.

It was a fine, healthy child, my little charge, and named Mary, after her mother, Mary Marston. Baling the boat all that night and keeping her before the wind by means of a broken spar, which served as a poor substitute in that emergency for a steering oar, I saw at last in the east the first faint light of another day.

Not a sail was in sight as the sea fog lifted. I picked up a bit of pine scantling and tried to fashion an oar, but it snapped in two after being used a moment. I then bethought me of a jury-mast. I cut the lashings from the breaker which I found in the stern sheets, spliced a part of the broken oar to the long spar which I had used in steering, stretched the pilot coat thereupon and bore away before the wind. Thanks to kind Providence and a naturally vigorous constitution, all things considered, I was able so far to fulfill my promise to the dying man.

The little girl had slept all night with her pretty head nestled in my breast, but, in the morning she cried, on awakening, to go back to her father. This was impossible for many reasons, as the reader will perceive. By noon she was completely exhausted and dozed, moaning in her sleep and crying when she half woke for water. When the sun went down then a thing happened which, for its strangeness, I hardly know how to tell. It was this: I suppose I should call it a dream, but I never had one like it before, nor has such a thing happened to me again.

I saw A MAN, walking upon the sea. His beard, which was of a red, golden color, fell to his breast, and his hair shone so brightly that it dazzled my eyes, flowing in ringlets and parted in the middle of his forehead. There went a light before him as if his eyes kindled the air into a flame. Beneath his feet the waves were white and smooth as alabaster, but his feet were like polished brass. It could not have been an Angel, for I have seen them, painted upon the walls of Catholic Churches in foreign countries that I have visited, besides have often noticed them carved upon tomb-stones. They have wings, but this that I saw, all but for his wonderful brightness, was a man. All he said was, "Steer to the north-west!" This he did with a voice of great sweetness, such as I think mothers must use when they

comfort little children who are frightened in the dark; but of this, never having had a mother so long as I can remember, I cannot say. "Steer to the north-west"—this was all that I heard. Then I woke as a man does, called to turn out on duty by a sudden hand laid upon him before he has finished his sleep. I have inquired of many mariners and other seafaring men if any of them knew anything about this MAN with the golden beard walking on the ocean as if it were a level floor, seen by me on the night of the twenty-fifth of May, off the Florida coast and near the outer edge of the gulf-stream; but none have been able to give me any information. However, his advice was good.

About nine o'clock that night the dew began to fall, and I collected, as I said before, a pint between that time and morning, and this was the second night. Before this we had been over twenty hours without water or other drink. About four o'clock of that day, little Mary being at this time in a state when she must have relief from her thirst or die, I had pricked a vein in my left arm and managed to revive her with two or three ounces of blood. Not, it is true, the diet to which she was accustomed, but given with a right good will. As to myself I said, Hold up, old boy, till night comes, we shall have dew. I had besides, from time to time, held my arms in the water, though now we began to see sharks. One in particular followed us, a gaunt, ugly beast, and, judging from his appearance in the water, about eight feet long. He came so near on one occasion that I might have struck him with a boat-hook. I longed then for a lance or a harpoon, but he made bold as though he knew there were none on board. About noon I noticed a school of dolphins playing, and toward evening a porpoise gamboling about like a great calf, but no sail. It was after I had opened the vein and revived the child in this manner, that I saw the Man. After that I held steady to the north-west coast, steering, as I had no compass, by the stars.

The third night since the Dolphin had sunk under us was now coming on and hitherto not a vessel had passed, and now the waves began to swell and the storm to rise. Soon the spoon-drift, thick almost as a snow-storm, whitened the air as if it was full of frost. The boat, though small, held her way bravely, and being staunch and a good sailer, till as the motion increased, she made water, and

I was forced to lash the child for safety amidships, and take to bailing with all my might, still holding the broken oar that I used for steering, with the left hand. Had we fallen off into the trough we should have been lost.

The moon was now wading through white vapor. The bonitos and flying-fish were gone, but the shark followed us, once showing half his length right abreast. By this time the last drop of water in the breaker had given out. And now occurred another thing, which, for its singularity, is such that no mariner of my acquaintance has been able to account for it, nor have I heard that the like of it is in any book written in these days.

Once, when a wave larger than the rest was on the point of breaking over us,—in which case we should have been swamped,—I distinctly saw come up out of the sea a bright hand, as if it were of solid fire, which just touched the stern of the jolly boat, when it leapt forward twenty feet, as if it were alive. This occurred perhaps three times. I am not naturally a timid man, nor have I ever seen a ghost, though one was reported to haunt old Maidstone Church-yard, which I often passed at night when I was a boy. Indeed, if I saw a ghost I do not think that I should believe that there was such a thing. What should they be doing about in this world when, long ago, their work was done? Besides, how can we see anything that by its nature must be invisible? But the MAN that I saw was no ghost. I do not think that all the ghosts in the universe could so much as have stood up against the sight of him had they been near to him as I was. There came,—I am not ashamed to say it,—a great awe upon me after I had seen the hands. I connected the sight of them in some way with my promise that night on board the *Dolphin* before she went down, to that God-fearing man, John Marston, that I would take care of his little girl.

The night kept growing wilder. At last I saw a brig close hauled fore and aft before the wind bearing down upon us. I rose and hailed with all my might seeing that, if she passed us, the boat could not live in that sea for another hour. I am not yet able to know how they heard me on the brig. She came rushing on like a racer till her black hull was flying past. At this moment a coil of rope was thrown so heavily that it struck

me in the breast, but I held on with a will being at this time in the bow and holding on with my feet to the lashed spar. I have often wondered that we did not go down, and I know not how to account for it but by supposing that the fiery hands which I had seen had something to do with it, also that we were helped by the MAN. We were, in ten minutes, safe on board.

To my great astonishment, whom should I meet, the first man after the captain, when they hauled us up, but Mr. Marston himself, who had gone down in the Dolphin, he having been rescued by the same vessel, clinging to one of the larger spars. To him, therefore, I resigned the good child, receiving in return that noble gentleman's most hearty thanks. As for the purse of gold which he offered me, this I refused to take, being hale and hearty and able still to earn my living, either in piloting or before the mast, or in fishing on the banks, as becomes one who hopes, when the voyage of this life is over, to find a safe haven in the next world.

ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE DIVINE WORD.

PART I: GENESIS: VOL. I.

New Church Publishing Association, New York, 1858.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95.)

It is a splendid triumph for any work that it is found able to satisfy, not merely the cursory and superficial reader, but the man of many knowledges; to minister as well to the first desire of childhood and the last demand of age; to touch the heart as tenderly yet as commandingly as the far night-wind when it lays its fingers upon the forest leaves, while, at the same time, it answers the desires which it awakens, by responses to all those questions which arise, thus invoked, from the most sacred depths of consciousness.

Upon the brink of ocean, beneath the canopy of night, by the bed-sides of the dying, by the cradles of the newly-born, whole volumes of thought are suggested. We feel an aching void because we find no adequate solution, yet they are questions,

which thus come to us, that belong to man to ask. They are questions that underlie the profound structure of all our moral being, which connect themselves intimately with all the sources, movements and tendencies of human life. For instance, we see natural evil in the world; brute wars on brute; pestilence lays waste mankind. The question arises, Whence came it? Is it in the normal order of things that men's bodies should waste away in premature decline; or that, through the whole of the scale of physical nature should rage one continual war of organism against organism. Again: Man dies. Why the necessity of physical death if our Savior burst the sepulchre, reanimate in the visibility of His ultimate organization. Is physical death an abnormal fact or normal? If normal why did He arise? If abnormal why do we die? Again: In man rages a battle between virtue and vice which is like the struggle of good and evil Angels for the possession of the world. How came we to inherit this selfhood, whose tendencies are so depraved that God's direct influence alone keeps us from ruin? Again: The history of the individual is reproduced in the history of the race. How came mankind as a unit in this fearful state? We gaze upon the balanced orbs of night and feel with a deeper sentiment than sensation that in some way, through some process, physical nature in all its many realms has commerce with the soul. What are the sources of that occult influence that moves us beneath the constellations, even as beneath the nightly moon the restless billows chafe and rise and roll away? We long to read the cyphers on that starry dial. We turn away cold and sad because the Heavens mock us while they seem to smile. Again, and this time still more profoundly: The heart swells with the desire to interrogate its own immortal ancestry. We are kindred by matter to many worlds; kindred also by our hopes and yearnings to many Heavens. Who shall lead us by the hand into the great realm of our forefathers? Who shall initiate us into the secrets of that great temple whereof the keys are kept not in man's hands but in God's? How shall the soul be saved? How shall society be reorganized into an epitome of heavenly harmonies? How shall man regain his normal privilege accorded to the ancients of the Golden Age?

When we take up a book it is with the expectation of disappointment. Commentaries on the Word are weak where they should be strong; they leave us groping in the dark. With the sole exception of one illumined work, the exposition of the spiritual sense of the Word, they deal merely with the forms of words, they never lead us into the dominions of the spirit. It is the tendency of the age to turn to secular literature for the solution of those questions which press most upon mind, heart and imagination. The Bible is voted a bore. Shakspeare, Humboldt, Goëthe, even the old Greek Dramatists, are read in preference by the men of aching heart and kindled spirit. There comes a reaction from the fervors of youth. Exhausted in these high pursuits, from books and nature, men recoil as the spent waves, weary from the inaccessible shore. The reaction is terrific. Spiritualism engages next the attention. Its awful and profound phenomena, its palpable hands put out from the next stage of being, its solid forces that overrule for a time by dynamic power the pressure of material laws, arrest the beholder with the conviction; Here is the gate to universal knowledge; here the avenue leading to the solution of the world-problems of all time. But here again, for the most part, the mental traveler returns baffled from his search, like one who dives for a lost pearl in the depths of the Atlantic.

At this point we are taken up by the book before us. The riddle of the world is read by a method at once familiar and original. We find in the letter of the Bible a spirit. We interrogate that spirit and it answers us again. It seems almost incredible that any mortal could converse, unpremeditating, on so high a strain, in such a manner, and, while ranging through the great topics that call out yet baffle the world's most varied powers, could instantaneously offer a rational solution without self-contradiction; could range from the construction of stars to atoms, could traverse the realm between the molecules of matter and the dynamic spirits of the suns, without a solitary self-involvement. But the wonder is made more astonishing when all of this is evolved, not from the understanding of the human author, but found by a subtle key of symbolism in the most ancient of all records extant in our world. Within that shoreless infinite of

the Word of God, as the lost pleiad within the realms of star-peopled night, this volume has been discovered.

How will the world treat it? How has it treated the highest, the holiest and the best in every age. How must it treat that which is opposed to its prevailing spirit of trifling with things sacred and tampering with things base. How did it treat him who talked with God, the illumined Swedenborg. How treat Him who was God, but a few hundred years ago. It will share the fate of all good books before it,—first despised, then loved, then revered. It will grow as the world grows in truth and goodness, till at last men wonder that such obvious dictates of pure reason could ever have been disbelieved.

But there is another question beyond that of its immediate reception, that of its truth. How are we to judge whether it is true or not. To this the book itself affords an answer. It levies no tax upon our credulity, nor does it come demanding acceptance without adequate data on which to build a just opinion. It says virtually to every reader, In the advances of regeneration you will believe, because—(and now mark the idea)—you will grow into an internal perception of these very truths from the good within them. August-yet simple claim. As we become god-like we comprehend the works of God. How true is this, how infinitely true. Here then we leave the reader, adding in conclusion that it must be judged without reference to its natural author, he being simply, as to his mind, the fruit-stalk through which its generous clusters have been unfolded, the lyrical instrument yielding harmony when swept by the Master's hand.

The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

The good are better made by ill,
And odors crushed are sweeter still.

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