

# 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.]

AUGUST, 1858.

[No. 4.]

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# ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY:

AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE WORD.

T. L. HARRIS.

Whether as regards the origin or the contents of this Work, it may justly be regarded as deserving of universal perusal. Written through the same peculiar state occupied by the illustrious Swedenborg during the period of his illumination, it presents the most abundant evidences of its superhuman origin. It is one of the most fascinating as well as awe-inspiring of books. While it unlocks the hidden shrines and sanctuaries of the Divine Word, it solves the most important problems which have engaged the attention and challenged the inquiry of man.

To the Spiritualist it offers a triumphant indication of the facts, both of ancient and modern mediatorial experience, while it presents the most stupendous views of Natural, Spiritual and Divine Truth evolved as yet through modern illumination. To the Orthodox Christian it places the doctrine of grace on an impregnable foundation, and vindicates the claims of vital and experimental religion. To the sincere Inquirer of every school of faith, it reconciles, by grand unitary views, the conflicting claims of apparently hostile doctrines, and affords a path to the long desired abiding place of Christian unity.

A Baptist Clergyman speaks of the work as follows: "During the sabbath I was engaged in reading the Arcana, and frequently were my eyes melted into tears of joy for the Lord's goodness in giving such wonderful and soul-stirring disclosures in these latter days. By the truth-loving and truth-seeking Christian it will be prized as a precious treasure." A well-known divine of the New Church gives this opinion after reading: "It is the most powerful, comprehensive, stupendous, beautiful book I ever read in my life." Such portions of it as relate to the System of the Universe have already won from reviewers the unqualified title "The Prose Epic of the Nineteenth Century."

Arcana of Christianity, with Index,	\$1 50
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1860, Sept. 18.

# THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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## THE MISSION OF THE NEW CHURCH, AND HOW IT IS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.

When an infant is born into our world the wise Angels, who inspect its interior structure, discover, folded up within its organs, those especial moral and mental combinations of faculties by means of which its providential calling is to be fulfilled. In the infantile soul, as in the rudimental acorn, all sleeping breathlessly within their separate cell-germs of mind and heart, are myriads of affections, destined, in God's good providence, through the uses of an orderly life, to grow out into the branches of the human tree; and there, more numerous than all the forest leaves and still more musical than all their voices, to give utterance to that especial melody of loving use and action which shall characterise the man.

The maxim, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*;" "Poets are born, not made;" expresses a universal fact. To each human soul pertains a realm of uses which is all its own, and each is born to a separate inheritance. Some men are in the sword-arm of God; their use is to cleave down evil to the death. Some are in His eyes, and they stand enhaloed in that awful radiance, and walk forever in the splendors of a vision that makes nature and the universe all transparent, that causes the constellations to sparkle before their eyes near and familiar as the water-drops that flow in the summer brook or hang pendant upon the meadow-grass. Upon the retina of the soul God paints the landscapes of the Heavens, and on the snow-white surface of the mind's eye the Divine Artist photographs, in endless successions, the varied types of human life that throng the surfaces of the unfallen planets or that people the vast expanses of the suns. There are others again who sit in the meditative chambers of the Infinite

Intelligence, and listen, with the mind's ear, to God's thought, as it shapes the plastic elements of the natural universe and rounds itself into orbs of space and epochs of duration. Be the function of the man what it may, whether simple or composite, whether lyrical or mechanical, he is born to it, and grows out into his use by the Divine Influx working through special combinations and powers.

But while this holds true of men it does also of classes of men, and whenever human units are knit together into solid bodies of combined intellect and accreted will, there is an end, if their union is orderly, and that end grows out of and is insured by the special combinations of their forces. Through them all as through one form we see God in action.

Again, each organization of men perpetuates in and through itself all of the peculiarities of its especial life. The marching army, with its beating of drums and waving of banners, with its exact discipline, rolling like a lava-river of martial passion through the land, stirs alike the tender pulse of infancy and the slow veins of decrepid age. A camp-meeting, a revival, an enthusiastic political gathering,—each like a maelstrom whose water-drops are Spirits kept at boiling heat by the powers of their especial affection,—absorb vast masses of cold or sluggish human beings, and, communicating to them their own intense activity, mold them to the same end by inspiring them with the same desire. So grows the fruit tree, by absorbing dispersed particles and incorporating them into itself, till, entering into new states, from dull earth or diffused vapor they brighten into the quick and subtle blossom or coalesce into defined and perfect clusters.

The growth of the New Church and its specific mission are all prefigured in the peculiar state and the varied uses of that great initial man, through whom it may be said to have descended first from the Lord and with firm foot to have taken its place upon the earth. Emanuel Swedenborg stands before the world's eye as the illustrious exponent of the state, capacity and varied power of performance which belongs to the man of the New Church, the man of the New Age. Raised up, by the direct act of Deity, into a use and a position which become the more pecu-

liar and transcendent as we ourselves are brought into those perceptive states which best qualify us to scan their vast proportions, he exhibits to the world its hitherto most perfect type of human nature, re-invested with primal attributes, reinstated in original conditions.

It is true that there is a tendency to look upon him as a splendid prodigy, a solitary exception, the first and the last of a specific type of mind, among those who have a mere head-knowledge of some of the vast truths which through him have been communicated. This state of thought is but one degree removed from idolatry. The child for the first time stands beneath a golden orange tree; he sees such fruit as never before has met his vision. It seems to him a preternatural plant, one of its kind, never before known, never to be multiplied. But the child's mind as it expands perceives that every normal form in Nature subsists but as one of an innumerable series; its fruitful seeds dropping into the soil beneath grow at last into a family, and the first parent finds himself surrounded by whole forests of his children. With ameliorations of climates, with a better adaptation of soils and atmospheres as the seasons roll, the successive members of the species glow with a more vivid leaf and ripen to a more complete and perfect fruition.

The New Church is an orange garden; Swedenborg the first plant of that new species; those of the first readers of his works who failed to comprehend his normal and strictly human state were children, who, while they tasted the goodly fruit believed in the orange tree as the splendid exception to all other trees, destined never to perpetuate its kind. The true New Churchman is the wise observer, who, while he admits the excellence of this first of a new species, believes it capable of endless reproduction.

The states of Swedenborg were not in any sense unnatural, nor did he attain to any condition of a preternatural character. He grew to those august intellectual proportions, in which he towers above his age, not by any extrinsic additions, not by any extra-human gifts, but by the evolution of things latent, with a slow, steady and gradual expansion, into normal human powers. He was, in many respects, a ripe man. His was a wholesome

growth, and all his works which astonish the world, were the good fruits of a sweet and high-toned manhood. He grew in his place in obedience to Divine Law. There was in his case no infringement, no violation of the normal growth-law of the human spirit, and the results to which he attained in the rich maturity of his power were simply the ultimations of an orderly and healthful state. This man of the New Church, his evils excepted, (I say evils because he was not free from the imperfections of our common lot,) stands before us continually as an incitement, saying to all his human brothers, "Come up hither!" He beckons to a similarity of state. He is the tall and stately oak, inviting the slender sapling, the tender acorn, to take courage and grow on, with every voice of its musical branches and every faintest whisper of its dewy leaves. He is not a spectral and glaciated cliff, preaching from its windy clouds, and saying to the cobble-stones at its base, "You must always be little. I alone am great." He is the stately and fruitful tree, sound at heart and ample of girth, preaching continually to every seed and every seedling, and bidding them grow as he did, and like him be great. He is not then a revelation of the impossible but of the possible in man. This should be kept continually in mind.

There is one light in which we are to look upon him as special. He was a forerunner. He stands before the world as the first specimen of the Manhood of a New Age. All men of the Old Church, all men out of the Old Church yet not of the New, of whatever style of greatness, are simply types of a human condition rapidly to become extinct. Exceptions must here be made for transitional men, and those in whom the germ of a higher and nobler condition struggles, with a faint life, through a dry, inhospitable crust of super-imposed external and personal conditions. He is differenced from the great lights of intellect by a new organic state, whence grow other faculties than those which pertain to the present and past developments of man. He has a varied knowledge of nature and its laws, and yet is radically different from and superior to our highest natural philosophers, by the intromission of his intellect into the world of causes, and by his consequent perception of streams from their

sources, of natural objects from their spiritual head. He beholds mundane creations from a supra-mundane sphere. The degrees of his mind are a Jacob's ladder, on which he mounts above the stars. The men of the Old Age, in their unregeneracy, are men of one degree, the natural. However broad in the corporeal spaces of the mind, they narrow as they rise like pyramids and taper off at last into thin air and moonshine. Commonly their rationality is only of a corporeal or mundane sort. When they pass to the contemplation of the essential verities of spirit their talk is the chatter of apes, or the drivel of idiots. Sane and rational on the side of their nature which is world-ward, they are insane and irrational on the side which is God-ward. Of things finite and sensual, as to their forms, indeed they reason wisely, but of things infinite and super-sensual they are either utterly unconscious or have but dim and dubious gleams. Take all the literature of all the world and place it in one scale of the balance, and in the other place the writings of Swedenborg, and let God's weights of absolute truth serve as the arbiters and the libraries of thousands of years will kick the beam. To specify some particulars: all that has been written concerning God of which remains are extant in books fails to convey that clear conception of His Divine Humanity which shines transparent in the volumes of the Swedish Sage; so of the Divine Love and Wisdom; so of the Divine Providence; so of regeneration; so of conjugal love; so of the history of our human race from its earliest beginnings; so of the interior and spiritual nature of man; so of the World of Spirits; and so of Heaven and Hell. The peculiarity of modern literature is a transparent perspicuity of style, a splendid grace and richness of diction, which conceals a hardness and opacity of thought and oftentimes an utter corruption of sentiment. It is a coronation mantle or a bridal veil wrapt around the stony bosom of a statue or concealing the putrescence of a corpse. Of course there are exceptions here. But, opposite to this, the style of Swedenborg is the rind of the orange, and, through the astringency of an expression that seems and often is wearisome to the flesh, we penetrate to the ripe and rosy fruit. With the form of his sentences he may weigh us down as with lead, but their spirit plumes the soul's wings for

flight beyond the utmost morning. He is heavy with condensed thought. Often when we have removed the crust of his writings we strike such boulders of truth that we feel faint in the excess of a too great emotion, as did the Australian miner when he struck with his pick that huge nugget, which lay in its bed of ages like the projecting shoulder of a reef of gold. We are like Sinbad in his valley of diamonds, and tread on precious gems, each worth a king's ransom, as if they were but pebbles, overwearied with gazing on the profusion of untold riches. We are like men born far inland when they first behold the sea. The heavy swells of thought come rolling in, bearing upon their bosom the fleets that sail with wealth from unknown lands where the light abides in its beginning; we turn away at first with the feeling that this knowledge is too wonderful; we need a new extension of faculties ere we can become accustomed to the sight; yet long after we have turned away, by day and night, our ears reëcho the voices of those strange, unfathomable waters; our eyes are filled, our souls are haunted with that beauty and mystery of the sea.

There arrives a time when the student of literature becomes disenchanted of all that the past ages have left as their memorial. There goes up from the interior of all books of high literature the great, passionate hunger-cry of famished souls. The priests who minister at the altars of earth's universal culture offer sacrifices to the unknown God. When at last we stand with Goëthe on the topmost summit of the developments of the mere natural man, it is an ice mountain where we had hoped for a Paradise. When we come near to the kings of intellect, who have looked so grand afar off, who have seemed invested with such haloes of unearthly brightness, we find them poor, frail, forlorn creatures. The Shakspeare whom we see in Hamlet seems superhuman, but the man Shakspeare, who spun that web of many-colored thought, who built that airy castle of such stuff as dreams are made of, is an enigma to himself; he trembles at a shadow; he puts out weak hands in the dark like a little child after God; and feels the life flicker in his earthly lamp, and sinks down and dies in the chill vapor of mortality. Spent with his life-long effort, the philosopher of many books babbles like a child. The men who teach the world themselves lie down



at last in darkness, and those whose names are written highest on the monument of history, whose thoughts are in the very echoes, alas! alas! unable to satisfy themselves, though for a time they may have satisfied the world, they have walked away at last into a dim unknown. As we penetrate to the secret of their heart and life we find it full of sorrow. Culture weaves for its most gifted sons and daughters a crown of thorns that many would gladly change for the poppy wreath of oblivion.

There were indications before Swedenborg as if to indicate that the soul of the planet was in labor with a new type of mind. The German mystics, especially the members of that learned and devout fraternity, "The Friends of God," who walked by direct illumination, and who, before the outbreak of the Protestant reformation, enjoyed the fore-gleams of Heaven's own millennial age; Savonarola and his compeers among the Italians, quickened by influx from on high, who labored so worthily, yet alas, so ineffectually, both for social and religious renovation; the Hussites and the Lollards, and in an after age men in whom a fine sense of the spiritual interpermeating the natural caught them away on whirlwinds as it were of pure fire toward Heaven, as in the cases of Fox and Behme; to say nothing of a great host of worthies, both male and female, both clerical and lay, in all Catholic and Protestant countries, who gave indications, alike in vague yet fervent prophecy, and in partial intromissions to states of spiritual perception, that human nature was about to blossom and unfold this consummate flower and fruit of spiritual intelligence; the lay literature of a preceding age, the Augustan age of England, the age of Bacon and Shakspeare, when poetry and philosophy, hand in hand with chivalrous enterprise and martyr-faith, centered the eyes of Europe on the British Isles; the after period, brief but glorious, when Liberty vindicated herself in the era of the commonwealth and all the seats of Antichrist shook before the mere mention of Cromwell's dreaded name;—all these were so many auguries of a normal human greatness to be born in man.

Swedenborg in his experience crossed the rubicon between two ages. Exhausting all mere natural science, he rose above it into the realm of pure causation. A hero like Cromwell, he

wrestled, through mediatorial openness, with more terrific armies than those that fought and fled at Naseby and Marston Moor; with unloosed fiends raging from pandemonium. By a more sure navigation than Columbus he planted the standard of discovery on the New World, and brought spiritual facts, vast as Heaven, terrific as Hell, into the open light of the common understanding of mankind. He sailed and he returned alone upon those trackless seas, with none on earth to proffer friendly counsel or needful help;—offering to those who rejected him such inestimable treasures as the race cannot exhaust in the expanse and growth of ages. Others before him had tasted of the wells of piety which spring up into everlasting life within the soul; but to Swedenborg was reserved the sublime task of bringing down to the awaiting arms of human Love its own all-beautiful eternal Wisdom. Myriads had felt Christ in the heart, but felt Him and clasped Him and owned Him comparatively in the dark, as the Psyche of old fable heard the rustle of her bridegroom's beamy wings, and hastened, without a taper, to let him in. But Swedenborg kindled that taper. Through him were revealed to Christendom such heights and lengths and breadths of religious knowledge, of knowledge touching every plane and province of human hope and expectation, that merely to pass with a cursory glance along his writings is like coasting along a continent, whose streams of unmeasured volume pour their wealth into the sea, and where the wonders of an unknown civilization display themselves in populous empires. Here the swimmer in the great ocean of thought touches ground. Henceforth there is an easy journey to the mountain altitudes of Heaven.

Yet when we come to investigate this seeming wonder we discover in it no miracle. Judged by his own philosophy, we see in him the MEDIATORIAL MAN. Powers which are latent in all the regenerate sons of man are, in his case, active. Powers which were struggling for evolution in gifted souls whole centuries before were, in his case, set free. Humanity is in a deep sleep; he awoke from that slumber and saw the world with normal vision. Were we all awake as he was, we should see as he did. The world is magnetized and an animal state imposed upon it; Swedenborg was demagnetized and re-instated in that proper

consciousness which belongs to man. The men of our world are the prisoners of the senses, which reveal after all but the painted appearances of mundane things; but he was enfranchised and the senses became not his masters but his subjects. Men for the most part are, to a certain extent, biologized by Spirits who project fantastic images before the soul's eye; but Swedenborg was made positive to Spirits and let into the steadfast realities of Heaven; and on earth, in his use, he was as an Angel of God with man. The culmination-point of that use was reached when he became qualified to expound the spiritual sense of the Divine Word. So far of him.

The New Church reverently accepts the life and labors of this providential man; and well she may, for he stands as the exponent of that peculiar type of Humanity of which the New Church is to be the mother through all coming generations. He is her first-born, and it is her mission to bear such men to God through the ages, in varieties of genius as numerous as are the intellectual species of mankind. I use the phrase New Church here in a vaster than earthly meaning. All the good are members of the New Church, but while the good on earth constitute a portion of its more external form, that form includes, as in one maternal embodiment, the receptive souls of all the regenerate members of our human race who live in the sanctities of Heaven. Swedenborg was an outbirth from the Heavens. A human mother was selected, a human father appointed, through whom the primal gerin of his spirit might descend to a special and ample endowment of human gifts and powers, and, under the influence of that vast matronhood of the skies, he grew to earthly adolescence. Illumined by a peculiar afflux from the Lord, his spiritual powers were unfolded, till he stood at last in close and conscious union with the Heavens, a man of eternity as well as a man of time.

A man of eternity as well as of time! This phrase needs explanation. The man of eternity is the regenerate human spirit to whom the Lord has given an abundant intromission into the knowledges of the Angels; he anticipates his future, ultimating through natural consciousness the truths which appertain to a superior existence. In a certain sense, all Christians of the Old Church are men

of eternity as well as time; but they are not so much in the knowledges as in the affections, the hopes, the yearnings, the desires. That good Christian Missionary, Judson, for instance, was a man of eternity in the affectional sense but not in the intellectual sense. He was like a butterfly in its cocoon, a Psyche with sealed eyelids and imprisoned wings. Christendom itself is yet in its cocoon state, though Spring is coming. Swedenborg was out of his cocoon and fed his soul upon the aromas of the trees of Heaven; while, closely packed in many a shroud and cerement, his compatriots lay, hoping for a future resurrection, in their dusty sleeping places. He was the solitary waker in a great city, whom God calls forth to see His sun-rise upon the hills, while the multitude cry, with folded hands, "A little more slumber," and turn to unreal and visionary fancies from the sober yet splendid realities of waking sight. In the chill March air of the eighteenth century he was alone, and plumed his wings above a winter world; but the seeds that were buried then are growing now; the Vernal Solstice is at hand. The SPIRIT that prompted Swedenborg to write that he might communicate the ideas proper to his state, gives us those truths that we, by assimilating them to the mental structure, may grow up into a state of equal heavenly and divine receptiveness. The word "Receivers," as applied to those in whose hearts and minds these truths have found a welcome, is eminently appropriate. We have received them, not merely assented to them. We have taken them in as the thirsty earth when she drinks the summer rain, and now we are to reproduce them, as the earth gives back those rains, in a constant and beautiful succession of fruits and flowers. But Swedenborg is no idol, no Moloch upon whose altar of worship the New Church is to sacrifice her first-born. There are Molochites it is true, who are strangling, or seeking to strangle, the infants of the New Church and the New Age as they are born from the womb of the Heavens; but these are now encountered by a power which strips them of their assumed, prelatical authority. Henceforth the destiny of the New Church on earth is growth in Divine order. Its march is as the morning when it lights its camp-fires on the hills of day.

The effect of the Lord's divine influence upon the human mind



prior to the beginning of the age which opens with Swedenborg was vital but not structural. It quickened the mind of the spirit to receive an influx, flowing down into the external intellectual faculties and communicating power to reason from the external or from the letter of the Word. The reasonings of Calvin and Luther, of Baxter and Wesley, are from the verbal form of the Scriptures; they seem at times obscurely conscious that there is a something beyond the letter, but of the provinces of spiritual truth locked up within even the commonest sentences, they have no perception. There is no end of controversy nor can there ever be any end, among the literalists of faith; nor is the man of the Old Church ever anything more than a literalist except in the obscurest sense. His spirituality breaks forth in sighs for deliverance from his body of sin and death, and vents itself in passionate appeals to men, warning them to flee from the wrath to come. It kindles to a fine frenzy of lyrical speech at times, and takes to itself an Old Testament sublimity while it meditates upon the vast prophecies that fill the mere surface of biblical revelation with enigmatical pictures of supernal glory and terror to be realized hereafter. It grows into spiritual mediumship often among Catholic devotees and mounts to the seeing of spirits in the next state. It eats the body away with a fire which it kindles in the nervous system, as in the case of the youthful Summerfield, whose life burned to ashes through the inability of the spirit to master and control its copious affluence of thought and imagination. Among the Quietists of the school of Molinos and Madame Guion it produces finally a state of passive rest, in which the mind languidly reclines in a dream of Deity; or, taking a monkish form in the Roman monastery or the Shaker village, it produces an arctic solitude of affection within the breast, and calls that "Peace." It revives, in some quarters, old, Gnostic and Manichean heresies concerning the corruption of matter; or again, shaping to itself a form in Transcendentalism, it tends to soul-deification and identifies man with God. It is never complete, never coherent with itself, always one-sided, always tinctured with error or disease. It grows into no full, symmetrical, consistent philosophy, but rhapsodizes where it should reason, and utterly fails to harmonize the various types of Humanity in one

common faith. It has no key to Revelation, and often mistakes the baseless chimera for the solid fact. It flies in a tangent from the practical and is comparatively powerless against the inroads and invasions of the hells. It is allied very nearly to the incoherencies of insane Spirits in the next life, and too often tends to a diseased credulity. It affords no safeguard against a material Adventism, which plunges thousands into madness and drives in the recoil whole societies into scepticism. It possesses no discriminative power by which to discern between good and evil Spirits who may at any time communicate, and, where it should possess Ithuriel's spear, probing to the center of the Satanic emissary, and causing him in the intensity of his pain to confess himself a fiend, it is apt too often to wield but the bulrush. In fine, present to it God's Word and it is unable to open a line of its internal meaning, nor has it the key to its symbolic language, without which its sublimest pages, whether of Prophecy or Gospel or Apococalypse, are but the unknown cyphers of an unknown tongue. This is Old Church Spiritualism; I speak not now of its manifold excellencies, but touch it simply where it falls short.

Taking Swedenborg as the type or exponent of the Spiritualism of a New Church and a New Age, we find in him all of the elements extant in all the varied phases of a good spirituality peculiar to an Old Church and an Old Age; method with Calvin; closeness to the letter of the Word with Luther; moral freedom with Arminius; influx from God with Tauler and the old German school; combats against the Hells with ancient Evangelism; spiritual perceptions of the men and objects of the next state with Catholic and Protestant Extacists of every sect and kind; openness to spiritual visitations with Bunyan; passive rest in the Divine Love with Madame Guion and her class; physical sensibility to spiritual influx with primitive Quakerism; belief in Christianity as an industry and an avocation with the Shakers of our time; exquisite perceptions of the universal identity of the Good, the True and the Beautiful with Cousin and the eclectics; a vision of the Divine Spirit, dynamically present and active as an Over-Soul in Nature, with our modern Transcendentalists; all of a Methodist's faith in the ability of the Divine Spirit to re-create the human and to lead it in the completeness of regeneration to

a state of utter sanctity; all of a Unitarian's belief in the unity of God, and combined with this a Trinity which never tends to tritheism. In fine, this truly Catholic man epitomises all that is good in what has been, yet this is but the fruit-stalk upholding the ripened kernels of a more advanced condition. Men listen to the stirring sentences of Henry Ward Beecher; weep over the tender pathos and the sweet humanity of Dickens in his worthiest works; thrill to the best thoughts of the best poets of our time, as Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier or Mrs. Browning; peruse such stirring things as come from the new men of the Episcopal Church, like Kingsley; take up, and wonder, and read, and rejoice, and pray, over the religious writings of the Congregationalist, Bushnell, and the Unitarian, Sears;—unconscious all the while that the very aroma and melody and superhuman beauty, which here have such power to charm and fascinate, stood embodied in Swedenborg as a great, typical man, and, with a matchless amplitude and comprehensiveness and precision of statement, survive his natural body in his imperishable work.

Modern Spiritualism, in some regions a mere days' wonder; in others a steady, growing force; breaking multitudes away from the moorings of old opinion; drifting in like a blazing fire-ship amidst the becalmed fleets of Christendom; making converts to itself with a rapidity which out-rivals the growth of any denomination, yet too often building fortresses and organizing battalions for the Infernal Antichrist;—Modern Spiritualism, so obscure in its origin, so diffusive in its influence, so tremendous in its psychical and social power, finds in Swedenborg at once a vindication of its excellences and a refutation of its perversions. Himself a medium, transcending in the varied gifts which belong to the Oracle or Seer of Spirits, he throws an ample light upon this most mysterious of all enigmas. The man who attempts to solve the many problems involved in Modern Spiritualism, unaided by the light afforded in the experience of this great mediatorial man, is like a chemist without the crucible or the alembic, the retort or the condenser, the electric battery or the voltaic pile. Not alone does he seem to exhaust the Spiritualism of the First Christian Age, but to elucidate, in himself and his experience, the peculiar phenomena of this tran-

sition time. The peculiar states which lead to the production of spiritual writings like those of Davis and Ambler and Edmonds and Hare, are all pointed out by him, and the student of his illumined pages finds a wisdom which affords a sure method of discrimination between the good and bad, the false and true, in the intellectual theories and unfoldments of Spirits. Mediums find their own states described at once with a simplicity and perspicuity which reveals a thorough mastery of this field of operation. Well had it been for mediums had they given to his works a title of that time which has been expended in the daily and the nightly circle. If there are limitations in his view they belong rather to the corporeal extensions than to the vital principles of the phenomena. He masters the dialect of Spirits; he walks among them not as a subject but as a messenger of God; he worships with the good in their heavenly tabernacles; he gazes in upon the bad in the midst of their infernal conclaves; he reveals the arts by which they delude the ignorant, entrap the unwary, seduce the unregenerate, infatuate the simple, and establish the unjust in confirmed impiety; he shows the origin of those turbid streams of sectarian bigotry that too often defile our earthly sanctuaries; he reveals the laws of a true and orderly intercourse with Heaven and with its Angelic Societies; he points out, stage by stage, the successive epochs of the soul's emancipation into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

As a guard against modern error, he is equally potent. His writings are a perfect refutation alike of Nature-worship and Tritheism. The age runs to Pantheism and to the worship of the self-derived intelligence. The faith most popular with the cultivated classes is a spiritualized Deism or rather Naturalism, which ignores sin as a vital fact in human consciousness, which loosens the restraints of moral obligation, which forgets that God has Personality, and that in that Personality must exist an infinite hatred of moral evil as the inversion and perversion of the noblest human powers. It enthrones impulse as the central law, and writes "Passional attraction" as the motto and "Universal Progression from a center of self-love," as the hope of all mankind. It makes the heart hard as the nether mill-stone; it strews the road to perdition with fairest flowers; and, when the



dying man is in the very breakers, and the mind recoils from the unloosed terrors of eternal fire, it tears away the soul's last hold on Christ and Heaven, and seeks to marshal around the death-bed a cordon of mocking fiends, who, veiled in the festal beauty of the Angels of Light, shall magnetize the prayerless and unregenerate spirit to a dream of carnal security, from which it only wakes when, drifting out beyond the body, it becomes a fiend itself. Not that it does this consciously but unconsciously; yet all the more effectually, because it works unconscious that the premise and the conclusion is both of hell.

Here again we find the use of our Illustrative Man. He alone of all philosophers reveals that doctrine of degrees which refutes the mighty system of Spinoza and his school; which substitutes for the optimism and fatalism of the Naturalist a doctrine of moral liberty; which reveals the Lord's presence in Nature while it discretizes Nature from God; which vindicates His Omnipresence while it establishes His Personality, and unfolds the mode of access by which He clothes with beauty the grass that perishes, and weaves the many-colored robe of time and space, and directs the flying dance of suns, yet poises the human Spirit upon the pivot of moral freedom, and bids it grow to ever-unfolding and ascending angelhood through valiant resistance of inflowing evil, through willing reception of the Infinite perfections. It was reserved for him to show how God is present in Nature and in space.

But more. While Swedenborg includes yet transcends the Spiritualism of the past church and age, and serves in his colossal proportions as a Divine beacon and landmark above the Spiritualism of the present era, he exhibits in himself the peculiarities of a state which in the New Church must finally be universal. He grew great by a life of simple uses. Whatever his hand found to do he did with all his might. First as a miner, an engineer, a mathematician, afterward as a philosopher of Nature, then as a Seer of Spirits, finally as an interpreter of the Divine Word, he sought first and last to be of use to man. To lessen the labors of the artisan, to facilitate the progress of science, to throw light upon the animal and mundane economy, to enlarge the domain of the human understanding, first in things natural

and then in things spiritual, heavenly and infinite, was his life's great work. He held himself as an instrument for humane ends, seeking, not self-ease, not self-glory, but simply to do the will of the Lord. He called himself, in brave simplicity, "a servant of Jesus Christ."

He was first a man of the New Church because the ends of self were laid aside in the accomplishment of the ends of God. While the men of the Old Church, the best of them, were in this state, it took upon itself with him a form of clear intelligence. He saw the Lord as a **DIVINE MAN**. There is a divine light which is the very soul of all our natural sunshine, which flows through and is the animating principle of the electricity and palpitates in the circulations of planets and of suns. That light radiates from the Divine Person of the Lord:—

"It visits with its constant glance  
Each human heart and countenance."

It is in the world yet not of the world. It flashes through the corolla of the daisy, burns to prismatic radiance in the hearts of men, kindles in the brightness of daily vision, hangs like a curtain of many folds in the tented place of atmospheres, adds to day the brightness of the Angel-realms, glorifies night as with a seven-fold sun-rise, moves in ceaseless circulations throughout the frame-work of universes, and palpitates within itself to throw out the bosom-heart of God's own love. That light and the objects visible in it Swedenborg saw;—the glory of God in the face and in the person of Jesus Christ. This light was the prime source, in God, of his wondrous illumination. According to the degree in which his mind was opened in that light was the nature and the quality of his spiritual vision. We shall see it, as we advance in the great life of uses, at first with a faint twilight, at last as an *Aurora Coronalis*, in the full and endless zenith of an inspired existence. It comes with a subdued and tender gleaming, veiled and softened in its adaptations to our incipient stages, at the present day. So it came to him; in ravishing glimpses between sleep and waking, in penciled outlines of a refracted and distant glory, ere it stood revealed before him in the palpable embodiment of the **DIVINE MAN**. To do the Lord's will in the light of the Divine

Spirit was his felicity. To do the Lord's will in the light of the Divine Spirit is the distinguishing glory of the New Church. Entering, through reception of the Lord in His Divine Humanity, and through a resolute, persistent effort at keeping all of His commandments in their very spirit, we become, as was Swedenborg, servants of Jesus Christ. He accepts us for His own. He writes upon the forehead, in the very center of intellectual perceptions, His name and the name of His city, the New Jerusalem. Now commences that work which eats out the selfhood as with inextinguishable fire, till at last we become new men, re-fashioned in the image of the Lord from Heaven.

Swedenborg had discrimination in spiritual things because he had this spiritual light to see them by, and he had the light, under God, because he had resolutely consecrated himself to do the Lord's will. His was no state superimposed from without, but one evolved through the action of the Divine Attributes, first in the center, and from that through all the faculties to the circumference of all his nature. Bear this in mind. He grew as the acorn does to become an oak; as the germ does to become an infant; as the child to become a man; as the youth to become an Angel. We none of us know what our specific, future mission may be,—rather what our future missions may be. The Swedenborg of the mines knew not that he was to become the explorer of the animal spirits. The Swedenborg of the Principia knew not that he was to become the illumined penman of the Heavenly Arcana. Yet the path to the highest and latest uses of his life was through his first and most subordinate employments. In a very great sense it is the use that makes the man. Through use, performed in the right spirit, we unfold an organic capacity for the absorption and communication alike of Divine thoughts, Divine powers and Divine virtues. In a true sense we communicate God, and, unexhausted by the act of communication, the faculties grow by all that passes through them from Him into the world. So we pass from our first to our second or New Church state.

Live to communicate God! Every thought, as it flows into words or actions, magnetizes the body and streams out into the air with the spirit of its own love. If the inspiration of our thoughts is Divine Love, by degrees the very bodies in which we

dwelling, the very ethers diffused around us, are magnetized and filled with Deity. The simplest life unfolds into a diffused aroma of excellence, silently saturating neighborhoods and communicating dynamic virtue to societies. God, even the Lord, descends to dwell within us. The commandments that we have kept return to build a stately palace in the soul for His eternal occupancy. At last, in attaining to victory over all the passions of the selfhood, we gain complete ascendancy over and reduce to entire submission the evil Spirits who from infancy have sought to possess and ruin us. The Spirits are subject to us, yet we rejoice not in this but that our names are written in Heaven. We live the life, we experience the states of the immortal Angels of God. In the self-surrender of all finite and personal to universal and infinite ends of righteousness we win to settled peace. If we suffer it is in the Lord's name; if we rest it is in the Lord's Divine repose; if we labor it is in the Lord's benignant and beautiful activity. We set forth in our lives the being and the action of the Redeemer. Attaining to these conditions the New Church is exemplified and repeated in us, while we press onward in the path of use to a more perfect and eternal glory. All solicitude about our personal comfort, our acceptance with man, our appreciation by the world, all fear of what our enemies may inflict upon us, gradually subsides. We are the Lord's; let Him do with us as seemeth good in His sight. And all His are ours; His loves are our loves; His objects our objects. Every cross we bear has in it so much love that we find in the burden itself the well-spring of a new, Divine felicity. At last in the arms of our charity we embrace the world, nor can we do otherwise than love the very Spirits from the Hells when most they rage against us. In God, who is our life, we find our everlasting home.

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The Battle of the Soul begins when first, in deadly strife,  
We meet, with spirit-force, the Fiends who slay the inmost life;  
There, as they sink subdued, we rise while Christ, who dwells within,  
Wars through us, in the might of love, against invading sin.  
From day to day with ampler sweep His mighty power goes forth,  
And, like a halo from His face, sheds brightness on the earth.



## NEW CHURCH WORSHIP.

To Zion's holy mountain  
We haste with songs divine :  
Here springs the living fountain  
Whose waters turn to wine.  
This is Messiah's palace ;  
He bids our souls arise  
Where bloom the shining valleys  
And hills of Paradise.

Here ends the world's illusion ;  
Here Heaven is just begun ;  
Our souls in pure transfusion  
Embrace and are at-one ;  
And, through the living center  
Of every willing breast,  
We feel the Savior enter  
' To be the common guest.

Lord Jesus! make Thy Being,—  
In every heart revealed,—  
A light for daily seeing,  
A safeguard and a shield ;  
A lamp when shadows darken,  
A pillowed rest by night,  
A voice, that, while we hearken  
Shall guide our steps aright.

Comfort in tribulation  
Oh ! may Thy presence be,  
Till full regeneration  
Makes us at-one with Thee ;  
Till Love Divine replaces  
The selfhood's heart of stone,  
And, through our kindled faces,  
Messiah's light has shone.

## THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN:

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

### CHAPTER III.

At the conclusion of the repast, of which mention is made in the preceding chapter, I was invited to attend a religious meeting, such as corresponds to those, which, upon earth, are called concerts of prayer, and which most obtain among the Evangelical denominations. A suffused and rosy dimness in the western sky announced the approach of the evening hours. An Angel met me, whose name was Peace, and whose raiment, fold after fold, seemed fashioned of a succession of palpable, ethereal atmospheres. "I am come," he said, "to be present with you in this festive gathering of saints, and am Amoleta's father according to the ties of spirit. She was my especial charge, as a Guardian Angel, prior to the period of her happy emergence from the physical body, and is to me a child, beloved in the Lord."

We now drew nigh a modest chapel, facing the east, and built in the fashion of a cross. Its architecture was of the style called pointed Gothic, and, in golden letters over the entrance, I read these words, "The House of Prayer." It was adorned with frescoes within, representing incidents in the life of our Savior while upon earth. There were also alabaster statues upon ivory pedestals, more than a hundred in number. My attention was especially called to a magnificent altar-piece representing the Lord in the act of blessing little children.

"This temple," said the Angel, "is wholly a work of love, and has been erected by the prayers of a Saint on earth, whose thoughts, arising heavenward, in the act of worship, are here resolved into celestial substance. It was built entirely by the devotions of a good missionary named Judson, who, although in his body unaware of the internal sense of the Divine Word, was yet an instrument in the Lord's hands in turning many to righteousness. His deeds have gone before him, and his reward shall be great. The statues which you behold are each formed of sub-

stance ultimated through especial prayers offered by him in behalf of poor, lowly Burmese and Karens. The pictures grew by slow accretions, welling up into hues and outlines of immortal beauty each year of his life on earth."

My senses were agreeably saluted at this moment by delightful perfumes, dispersed through every part of the chapel, and I now observed seven chalices diffusing odor and arranged within a semi-circular chancel. The fragrances formed themselves to the eye in perpetually varying clusters of blossoms, each radiating a peculiar light. Floating in mid-air above the chancel I now observed a golden dove with outspread pinions, which appeared to hover above the place. "This dove," said the Angel, "rested above the head of that good man through whose labors this chapel was erected, and it is an emanation of the Divine Spirit of our Lord."

I was now invited to take my seat among the worshipers, who had, by this time, begun to assemble. The first part of the exercises consisted of a scriptural chant in these words:

"I was a stranger and ye took me in. Naked and ye clothed me. Sick and in prison and ye visited me." Beautiful Hymn Books appeared in the hands of each of the worshipers, and one was given to me, upon the title page of which I read these words, "Missionary Hymns of the New Jerusalem."

One now arose in the chancel, of majestic presence, clad in the robes of an Episcopal Bishop, as denoting his former use on earth; it was Bishop Berkeley, though now he has another name, and with a voice of great sweetness he said, "Let us give thanks unto the Lord." He then prayed:

"Lord Jesus, Lord of Heaven and earth, who hast revealed the unsearchable riches of Thy kingdom unto babes, vouchsafe to pour out upon Thy children gathered here a spirit of true knowledge and of unfeigned love. Instruct us at this time, from Thy Divine Word, in such knowledges as pertain to peace. May Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. Make use, Oh Lord! we pray especially, of Thy Missionary Angels, whom Thou in every land hast sent abroad. Refresh the hearts of all Thy servants who, in the natural body, are disseminating Thy Divine Word in the dark and perishing regions of the globe. Grant unto them all sweet

peace in receiving Thee, more insight into Thy truth and more abundant power in diffusing Thy Spirit, till Thou Thyself shalt wholly take possession of them. May our prayers descend to them surcharged with a Divine potency from Thyself. May they labor in charity to promote the ends of charity, till all shall come in the unity of the New Church to a perfect knowledge of Thyself. Amen."

The thirteenth of the collection was now sung, all joining in unison with well-trained voices. This hymn I endeavor to repeat, though much of its interior sweetness, simplicity and beauty cannot be rendered in our tongue:

On the wings of love  
Speeds the holy dove  
    Through the dying earth abroad,  
And it brings a gift  
That the heart shall lift  
    To the blessed spheres of God.

'Tis the dove of prayer,  
And it cleaves the air  
    Of the blessed Angel World,  
And it flies below  
Where the faithful go  
    With the flag of the cross unfurled:

And it sings the best  
In the tender breast  
    That the Inward Voice hath known,  
And its joys abound  
When the soul hath found  
    The path to the Savior's throne.

A tall and stately man then arose, at a reading-desk, whereupon, radiating its own intense and steadfast glory and illuminating the whole building with its light, was the Divine Word. He opened it at the twelfth chapter of the Prophecy of Ezekiel, which he read in its internal spiritual sense, and then said, "The Word of the Lord is upon me. All flesh shall see the salvation of God. His kingdom shall be without end. Pray



on, brethren, for prayers aid mightily in the establishment of Messiah's kingdom in the natural world. We love those we pray for. We love Him we pray to. Our hearts are channels. Prayer opens those channels. The deeper your prayers, the more they rise from the very depths and inmosts of your spirits, the more capacious are the avenues through which God's love descends to men.

"A praying church is a fighting church. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Every time an Angel prays he helps the man on earth whom specially he watches over. Be constant, vigilant, fearing not. Not that you do not know these truths, and knowing act upon them, do I speak these things, but as a preparation for other words to follow. The New Church is being established upon that earth, a kingdom without hands, a city whose builder and maker is God. I have watched the course of events with extreme thoughtfulness. I am persuaded that God's righteousness, as an ocean, is about to inundate, and, overflowing, to fertilize the deltas and alluvions of humanity below. We are to become, in an enlarged sense, the dispensers of our Savior's loving kindness and tender mercy. As we have been blest in conjugal love and consociation with our beloved counterparts we are to disseminate, in conjunction with them, a new delight throughout all regenerate bosoms on the globe. Scortatory passion is to be slain. Adultery and all its enormities, which like a cerberus arises now, and, with a hideous outcry and with envenomed breath, assails the tender virgin Faith,—Adultery,—I say, wounded with unseen weapons from the sling of God, is to receive such a deadly hurt as shall fain make it slink back into its infernal dwelling-place. But change is gradual, nor does one human generation see more than a single blossom unfolding in the Divine garden. We must act as willing instruments in communicating such interior emotions to men as shall enable them, first of all, to feel the need of the sweetness of conjugal love and then to incite them to earnest prayers to the Divine Lord to bless them in its reception.

"The missionary works of the Old Church, which is now passing, chiefly consist in the diffusion of the letter of the Divine Word. The mission of the New Church, which is now com-

mencing, is to communicate a true knowledge of its internal doctrines. The purification and renovation of the domestic relations of mankind proceeds at even pace with the reception of conjugal truths from the Word. Men open their eyes to see that marriage is holy in a sense of which they knew not before. They are led to desire regeneration, because, for one reason among many, the love of God and the neighbor, operating in the heart, prepares the way to true conjugal union and its eternal bliss."

Saying this he smiled with great sweetness and benignity, and a superb and royally appareled lady arose by his side and added, "To all that my counterpart has said my heart responds. He is in the wisdom of my love and I am in the light and also the joy of that wisdom. The feminine aspect of Divine Truth will charm the world; and, when the truths of the New Church begin to be received into the full planes of the affections, youths will speak with inspired eloquence, and the venerable men grow tuneful as skylarks in the morning. Youths and virgins in the New Church, crowned with the chaplets and the garlands of its grand initiatory sacrament, will preach with a beamy, love-illuminated countenance, that a new dispensation is coming to the world.

"These are our apostles. I say ours, not as one who would exercise authority, but in the sense of a sweet fellowship and unity of spirit. They are the Lord's.

"Tender youth and tender spouse,  
In the Holy Church below,  
Into Hymen's golden house  
With the festive Angels go.

"With them dwell the Graces three  
And the Gentle Muses nine;  
These shall Love's apostles be,—  
Prophets of an age benign."

Now arose a youthful Angel whom I was told upon earth had been known by the name of John Summerfield. He resembled greatly, in many of the moral radiances of his nature, the beloved

apostle John. To listen to him was like hearing the heart speak, discoursing upon the chords of its burning affections and waking sweet music to Messiah God. I only am able to convey a fragment of his thought. While he spoke the fashion of his countenance was altered and his raiment glistened as if with the changeful and inter-blending splendors of many suns. He said, "The ruby among gems is the heart-jewel, red with love. The New Church is God's ruby: the Savior's heart, made visible, colors it. Oh Jesus! On earth I saw Him in dim perception, felt Him, quickening and kindling as a fire all love. I feel Him now more intensely; love Him more ardently; worship Him with streaming eyes; baptize myself in His Spirit; drink His life. Christ cannot be received in the world fully but in marriage, in the two made one, in the holy interblending of conjugal spirits. It needs a blended duality to receive Him fully. The totality of man receives from the totality of God. Jesus loves me with an infinite affection, but my dear counterpart is a medium through whom that love most intimately unites itself with mine. This is the experience of all Angels. Glory to God for a new descent of His kingdom to earth, not alone in word but in power, a kingdom of potency in ultimates, of causes born to effects and of means matured in ends. Glory to God. Pray for the descent of the doctrine of conjugal love."

After this another hymn was sung, the seventy-first:

How ends the old world's strife?  
How springs the new to life?  
Husband at-one with wife  
Blend in completeness:  
Christ through their love descends;  
Christ with their being blends;  
Lives in life's perfect ends,  
Breathes through heart-sweetness.

Fays in the bosom dwell,  
Hived in its purple shell:  
Mind like a golden bell,  
Blissfully pealing,

Echo's their fond delight ;  
So ends the old world's night,  
So dawns the new world's light,—  
Hymen's revealing.

Peace broods, that holy dove,  
Heart, home and life above ;  
Jesus in all their love  
Pours His life's river.  
So His New Church below  
Winneth its morning glow,  
And His beloved so  
Praise Him forever.

After this there was a season of prayer. Reverently the Angels adored the Lord upon bended knee, and husband and wife knelt together. I observed chaplets upon the heads of the husbands, formed of every variety of green and fadeless leaf known in Heaven, but their wives, in a corresponding manner, wore fillets of celestial flowers. All wear these during the act of worship as symbolical of the truths and charities of their faith.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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We would notify our friends that Mr. GEORGE LEACH has made arrangements to keep on sale, at No. 447 Broome Street, an assortment of Church and Parlor Organs, of fine quality of tone and workmanship, and also Piano Fortes, particulars of which will appear in advertisement in our next number. From the long and well-known experience of Mr. L., we believe our friends wanting such instruments will do well to place themselves in his hands.

## THE PROPHET AND THE MOURNER.

Said the Mourner, "I behold  
All things round me turn to mold :  
Earth herself is growing old :  
Sorrow weeps in vale and wold :  
Joy is timid : Grief is bold :  
And the primal Age of Gold  
Is a dream that has been told :  
Human life is winter-cold."

Said the Prophet, "I espy  
Dawn advancing through the sky :  
Life's Apocalypse is nigh ;  
And the spirit, with a cry,  
Leaps to meet Messiah's eye :  
Withered creeds and customs lie  
Like the nests whence eaglets fly ;  
Winter heaves her closing sigh."

Said the Mourner, "Life is bleak :  
Ocean leaves the empty creek :  
None are there for Love so meek  
As to turn the other cheek :  
All for pride and pleasure seek,  
Vailing truth in words they speak ;  
Heeding not while tyrants wreak  
Vengeance on the good and weak."

Said the Prophet, "Look within ;  
Cleanse thy mind from doubt and sin ;  
Bravely at thy task begin :  
Listen, through the stormy din :  
Everywhere God's workmen spin  
Chains to bind the Spoiler in :  
And the faithful toilers win  
Bosom-lamps like Aladdin.



## MODERN PREACHING: HINTS TOWARD ITS REFORM.

The theory and practice of Christian preaching stand both in need of thorough revision. The modern pulpit is governed by a class of men who sway the scepter of a brilliant, polished eloquence. Essays after the style of Macaulay, glittering and ornate, sometimes abounding in classical allusions, evincing a prodigious knowledge of polite literature, and thickly starred with jewels from the casket of the ancient and modern muse, have taken place of the plain, pointed serious discourses of an earlier time. The successful sermonizer stands before his audience, at the end of a week or month of intellectual preparation, expected to offer them such an æsthetic repast as can be enjoyed no where else except in the popular lecture-room.

The ghastly and gloomy horrors of the most stern Calvinism are preached in a style and concealed within an artfully elaborated disquisition to which the most womanly nature can take no offence. If we are pelted from the pulpit it is after the fashion of a Roman Carnival,—with sugar-plums and sweetmeats. The demand for essayists in the pulpit increases daily. If we must have preaching the public sentiment demands that it shall be of the smoothest. A growing distaste for polemics is one of the signs of the times. The great names of New England Theology, Edwards and Dwight and Hopkins and Emmons, with their ponderous sentences, with their marshalled regiments of propositions, slumber in the dust of libraries. People go for Theology to Charles Dickens. The novel is the great institution of the times.

Whatever is true to Nature must be true to God: this sentiment is working wonders. Men feel it. The Theology that cannot be thrown into art, poetry and the drama, that cannot shape to itself the lyric and bloom in the fairest flowers of imagination, that cannot grow out into grand and stirring tragedy, and melt into truest and tenderest pathos in the novel and the tale, is lacking in the vital elements of truth and reality. The-

ologians are aware of this. Hence the young man studious of pulpit success drops his dusty folios and refreshes himself ere he writes his sermon with the books that appeal most to the latent sensibilities of the heart. Successful clergymen are great novel readers; a significant fact.

It may be said, and with a show of truth, that this is a diseased condition of affairs; that the clergyman who cannot preach, who cannot successfully compose, in a manner to rivet the attention of the people, without disguising his subject in draperies curiously woven from all the varied looms of human thought is no preacher at all. We are not now to discuss this question. There is another point connected with it. Many of the men who are most successful in stirring up the soul to a pure and lofty Spirituality in life; who bring home Christianity to men's hearts; who make religion gravely and sternly practical; drink their inspiration largely from the humanities of literature. It is not to be denied that Thomas Carlyle has quickened many a divine to a nobler conception of what preaching should be. His "*Sartor Resartus*," "*Heroes and Hero Worship*," and the like help live men to write live sermons better than any work extant on "*Immutable Decrees*," "*Prevenient Grace*," or unconditional election.

Men hate books of a mere Theology, and hate them with a will. Nor is it owing entirely, as some would say, to "the depravity of the carnal heart," for myriads, of most unquestionable piety, according to church standards, read most the books which savor least of the dogma. In this they are true to the instincts of their nature, which demands, as was said before, a tender human interest in all works in which it takes delight. The Theology of the "*Cotter's Saturday Night*," lives by many a fire-side in the sweet and plaintive melody of Burns, and the "*big ha' bible*" is read on the strength of it. What the world demands is a literature true to all the finest instincts of our kind. The preacher feels this, and intuitively, where the sermon at last becomes a literary effort, conforms himself to the great, the inexorable law.

No clergyman can sustain his pulpit by preaching Old Church Theology naked. Hold up the stern, unrelieved facts, or pseudo

facts of the Calvinistic theory, and, in a short time, there is a recoil which leaves empty pews and unpaid salaries. It is a complaint in Unitarian and Universalist Churches, that the preacher who used to satisfy does not now; that doctrinal preaching soon runs out. So, to be successful, the liberal clergyman must cull the sweetest flowers in the literary garden of the age. Humanity has conquered polemics. But in the meanwhile the pulpit dies.

It is evident that one of two things is true: Either that the pulpit will grow more secular until the popular essayist alone becomes its successful occupant; or that a new school of preaching, dependent for its success neither upon the power of the divine to enforce dogmas from authority, or his ability to drape his thought in the secular literature of his age, will come forth and find place.

That the pulpit is to become secularized we cannot for a moment believe. Convert the church into a lecture-room and for a time the multitudes will follow and applaud; but they are being prepared by slow stages to innovate upon the customs of the fathers and to make the Sabbath a day first of æsthetical and then of mere corporeal gratification. God meant the Sabbath to stand, each in its place, a spiritual Sinai all kindled with the glory of the Maker; a Mount of Transfiguration, where men, like the awe-stricken disciples, should behold through veils of material appearance, made, for the time, all luminous and transparent, the indwelling God in His visible manifestation of Jesus Christ. The apostles lived in the most stirring period of Jewish history. As men they doubtless sympathized in the calamities which were about to befall their people. But did they preach from the stand-point of a supreme regard for secular affairs? Did they pause in the high work entrusted to them for the purpose of arrainging Roman pro-consuls or stirring up the slumbering nationality to assert its rights? Did Paul, a scholar and a man of fine culture in his generation, build his discourses from the renowned authors of his day? Had they a truth which they did not dare to hold up, not disguised, but in its own most real fashion? They preached *from a state* immeasurably above that either of the essayist or the declaimer; from an intimate and an

interior perception of Divine Realities. This preaching must and will return.

But it cannot come without two things; first, a return to the original Christian Faith, and second, a reinstatement in apostolic conditions. It cannot come to any sect which holds a trinity of persons as absolute, distinct and separate Infinities in a Theocracy of Gods. So long as the divine is obliged to maintain that there is more than one Infinite Supreme Spirit, he had better veil his thought, and, like the skillful advocate of a bad case, divert the attention of his auditors from the main issue, by studiously throwing round it a constellation of scientific or moral verities. It is equally impossible for those who make our Savior less than God, who attribute to Him simply a finite and human personality, to avoid special pleading in the pulpit. They can only win a lasting popularity by beautifying without the shrine which holds but vacancy, when it should contain the manifested presence of the Infinite.

To the receiver of the central doctrine of the New Church, that of the unity of God in Christ, the Divine Man, is it alone possible to do without side issues. He holds a faith which is at once susceptible of verification in the inmost recesses of the Bible, of Nature and of the human breast. The return of good men in both branches of the Christian Church, Trinitarian and Unitarian, to the reconciling fact of the unity of the Godhead in the person of our Lord, is in itself a witness of the power of this central truth in theology.

The lyric, the epic, the sublime tragedy, the truest allegory that ever breathed itself in human speech, are all components of the gospel sermon. As men preach from the direct influx of the Savior, He whose thought flowers out in the tropical luxuriance of human sentiment, whose beauty is but imaged and reflected in the varied universe, communicates to the soul a something from Himself, which is perhaps incapable of being fully stated in words. Shall I say that the creative spirit goes from God through man? It is not less than this. The true preacher is Messiah's mouth-piece; he grasps the oratorical scepter that Demosthenes only saw; and his mighty theme, like the moving pillar of cloud and fire before the astonished Israelites, marches on before the

mental perception alike of himself and those who hang upon the pregnant, the burning words.

Men reckon without their host when they say that the age of pulpit power has gone by. It is at its dim dawn. In the New Church it will surpass the wildest dream of human imagination. The devout man in the Unitarian Church is bound by two things; first, his negative creed, and second, his positive congregation. He is obliged to resist the burning words that come rushing upon him. There is a "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." It is equally true that, where doctrines exist, as in the Calvinistic Churches, which rest wholly on Tritheism, the loftiest inspirations that throng the mind of the preacher must be held at bay. The central truth is, Christ is God, the only God, and it is equally true that wherever there is a genuine, Divine influx into a preacher's mind and heart it runs directly to this truth, it lights up the opaque mind with a day-spring from on high.

Christ is God, the only God! Mark the train of truths which legitimately grow out of the premise. A refutation first of Pantheism; He is infinitely personal. A vindication of His infinite moral excellence; seen through the twilight of history His Divine Love has beautified the world as it never was before. It destroys disorderly spiritualism. Before that awful majesty of Incarnate God the images of these false deities of circles are seen as but the spawn, the reptiles of the pit. It brings Him into personal nearness: He is the vine and we are the branches: the door to eternal life: the inspirer of every good thought and every truly human virtue; being with us always, even to the end of the world; He is the very root from which our real life is unfolded; and that life is hid with Him in God.

Or again. The whole problem of our relations to the Infinite; how do His words elucidate this when we take Him as Deity? By the promise and gift of His Holy Spirit we discover the existence of a living, organic relation between Himself and us. The Transcendentalist derives his inspiration from the mere absorption into his nature of such aroinal influences as live in the outskirts of the universe;—nor can he rise above them. He must forever dream. His soul, like a painted bubble, floats upon the passing breeze, reflecting a transient brightness from with-



out, but within a mere vacuity. The Deistical Spiritualist, by the dread necessity of an Antichristian faith, is forced to come for inspirations to the subtle Tyrants and Antichrists of a nether sphere. The mere Unitarian, however excellent in his theory and practice of life, but absorbs an influence at the best through societies in the Intermediate Spiritual World; and the Tritheist drains the brewage of the minds who walk in the limbo of a confused and incoherent Shadow-world beyond the grave. They are only safe in refusing to trust their sources of inspiration; only safe, if clergymen, in dogmatizing from books, or in wreathing that cup of doctrine which they are forced to present to their auditors with the flowers of a mere external culture, and in disguising its repulsive and inherent bitterness with extrinsic sweets.

They have a class of men at the South who are called "poor trash." Too poor to own servants; too lazy to earn by daily labor needful bread; they are at the bidding of any who need dark and dangerous service. They represent a class who infest the pulpit. The poor trash of Theology are alike destitute of the ability to make use of the culture and the inspirations of other men, and of the willingness to enter themselves, with a genial and manly spirit, into the work of evolving from interior sources their own latent abilities. Hangers-on of the sects,—they are ready to preach,—only too ready,—and to preach any thing which does not require peculiar mental effort, which demands but the average talent of the pot-house politician. They are the scandal of the land, the scandal of every land where Christianity has a foothold.

The heart grows sick at contemplating the abuse of the clerical function of which these men are guilty. They have stopped the wheels of Theological reform by mere inertia, and rail with open-mouthed declaration at every honest man who dares to throw a ray of light upon the deplorable condition of the ecclesiastical world. They make up majorities. "Every pig," said the indignant Irishman, whose swine were arrested as nuisances in the public streets, "every pig has a vote;" meaning, thereby, that each of these estrays had an owner, who, at the polls, would go dead against municipal reform. The soulless pig in that

case, through proper human proxies, outvoted the party of cleanliness and health. This is the case in the great denominations. The Father Mulrooneys of Rome always outnumber the Pascals and the Fenelons. The heart of the Church is living,—its body dead. The men who know just enough to say, with great truth and propriety, that they have no righteousness of their own, but who add that they are sure of being saved by faith alone, through the imputed righteousness of Christ, will always be ready to outvote and condemn as heretics the men whom Christ has washed clean from their native depravities, and who know through moral insight, that there is no such thing as righteousness by imputation, except as it is identified with righteousness by assimilation and incorporation. Alas! the worthy Irishman was right. "The pigs do vote," and the pearls of doctrine when cast before them provoke a simultaneous onset of enraged swine.

The hangers-on of every denomination are its curse and ruin. To resist innovation is their instinct. In every age of the Church there have been ecclesiastical banditti: we have them now. Christendom is to slough off these excrescences ere long. The filth and meanness, the sycophancy, the greediness and the hypocrisy, the slavish fawning and the hard-hearted cruelty of these, its parasites and body leeches, not without sore throes and trials, must be shaken off, till she shall stand before God, a virgin wholly clean without and within.

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As man arises above the sensuous and the corporeal plane of thought, where the appearance of things are seen alone, he is led, in the progress of his regeneration, to behold all objects according to their quality and essence. He is then qualified to judge of doctrines, and knows the truth from its inherent good. His chief delights are found in the worship of God, whom he delights to contemplate as the Spirit of inconceivable perfection, whose works are perfect benevolence, whose government is one of unerring rectitude, and whose motives toward His creatures are in all cases such as proceed alone from infinite love.

## JOHN CHAMPNEY'S FORTUNE:

HOW IT CAME, AND WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

### CHAPTER FIRST.

Dawkins was out; Miss Malvina Dawkins ditto. John Champney called in vain, though it was Sunday evening. Stubbs, the grocer, met him on the green, looking disconsolate. Miss Alexina Stubbs smiled as if she was willing to comfort him. Comfort lurked in every dimple of her round chin, peeped out of every particular twinkle of her sloe-black eyes, and, like a roguish elf, played at hide-and-seek in her brown curls, merrily laughing, while others of the same race gurgled a welcome through her throat, and some of the tribe formed themselves into a simper and others into a blush. Seventeen is altogether a comfortable age, being, on this occasion, flounced and furbelowed, shawled and bonneted, parasoled and ribboned to its heart's content.

That night old Gaffer Grudge made his will. Our Nettleby miser, for so the old man was called, had neither kith nor kin, so far as he knew, in the wide world. From Seven Oaks to Mile End he was reckoned the hardest man at a bargain, the closest hand in dealing ever seen. His club foot, for he had one club foot, was viewed with involuntary horror by the country lads, who looked at the deformed member, and, contrasting it with their own comely limbs, fell into the habit of saying,—no one knew how the story grew up,—that “when Gaffer Grudge was young Satan had put his mark upon him.”

The will was brief. “I give,” it ran, “I give and bequeath all the real and personal estate, of which I am possessed, to John Champney, boat builder, because, when I fell into the river Staur seven years ago, he rescued me with his own hands, refusing to accept any reward for that act of kindness, though I offered him half a crown, and because, afterward, when he thought I did not hear him, he cried ‘shame,’ in the ale-house called the ‘Swan with two necks,’ when Sam Lout and others said that ‘my club foot was a mark put upon me by the devil.’ I also appoint him the sole executor of this my last will and testament, entreating

him, moreover, to remember three maxims by which I have succeeded in amassing the estate which I now bequeath to him. Item first: buy in the cheapest markets and sell in the dearest. Item second: always plant the crops that neighbors overlook, thinking there will be no demand. Item third: save pence, remembering that these are guinea-seed. This is all. For the rest, may he live as long as I have, and never regret having made a bad bargain."

Duly signed and witnessed, they found the miser's will under his pillow at day-break the next morning, and one cold hand was clutching it as if the Spirit held on to its possessions to the last. He had died alone in the old house where he had lived for years, without a friend by his bed-side. The cat tearing at the chimney-board and the watch dog howling beneath the window were the only ones who knew when the miser's spirit passed away. I say the only ones who knew; perhaps I ought to add the wind, that, all that long night, moaned and gibbered like an idiot ghost; and one great cloud, that about midnight sobbed itself out in cold and heavy rain.

I was standing upon the common the next morning and saw John Champney coming toward me in great haste. I had risen early as it was a lowering day, and betokened fair sport for those who do not mind a wet skin while there are hungry trout in the pools to be taken, so I said to myself, Here is Champney, and we will be off together for a long day up the Middle Brook.

As he drew near, instead of his frank, hearty smile and accustomed jolly way, I noticed a strange look upon his face, but he did not at first speak. He took me by the hand and said at last, "Oh, Matthew, Matthew, I had such a strange dream. I thought I woke at midnight and heard the Staur Water roaring as if there was a flood. I looked out at the window as it seemed in my sleep, and saw a funeral procession, and was myself the chief mourner, walking in front of the coffin, and there were you and Mark Armsby the two first pall-bearers, and in the coffin lay the body of old miser Grudge.

"Well, this passed over, and I had another dream. I had knocked off boat building, and erected myself a new house over in Grimesby Park where the ruins are. The workmen were

going about for the edifice was not yet finished. Right in the middle of the front court grew a tree of gold and silver flowers. Under the tree sat two women dressed in shining garments, and their hair was golden and flowing to the waist, and I heard them talking together. One said, 'Do you know how the man Grudge was moved to write his will, making John Champney his sole heir?' The other said, 'Tell me, for I come from a far-off country, where no wills are ever made, and where a miser was never known.' Then the first one replied again, 'Listen. There walked an Angel from Middle Brook to Staur Water in the dead hour of the night, and he had in his hand a silver roll, and I met him and said, 'Hail, Theodorus, and whence goest thou?' He answered, 'I came down from the Heavens beside the Middle Brook, and I journey to the Staur Water to find one Grudge. Well met, we may go together. Then I made answer again, 'What of the roll which thou bearest?' To this he responded, 'I bear commission, since the man Grudge must soon leave his body to be in the Place of Departed Spirits, to make disposition of his wealth, and he is to leave it according to this will. Thou art the Guardian Angel of the young man who is to inherit the miser's gains. He is the boat builder, Champney.' Then we entered where the miser slept, and communed with his soul while the body was in a slumber. So he made his will the next day according to the provisions of the instrument which had been brought by the Angel, and then died. Since that time this tree of gold and silver has been growing.' Then I woke.

"After a while I slept and dreamed a third dream. I heard, methought, a voice which said, 'Wake at daybreak. Take Matthew Gedney, whom you will find standing on the green, and two other witnesses, and go without delay to the house inhabited by miser Grudge. You will find him dead in his bed, with his will grasped under his pillow in his right hand.'

"I rose about daybreak, rushed out,—don't think me gone mad, Matthew,—and find myself the first thing meeting you on the common."

I took him in and gave him a horn of ale, for he was like a man going into a dead faint. This he drank and began to revive. Then I reached down a prayer-book and read out of it a prayer



for protection against evil and for safe guidance during the day, and also a portion of the Litany, after which, being myself the Parish Clerk, I proposed that we should rouse his Reverence, the Rector, who is a most praiseworthy gentleman and experienced against the wiles of the Devil,—the parsonage being near by,—that we might have the benefit of his advice.

To this John consented, and we accordingly made bold, though it was an unseasonable hour, to ring at the door, which ring was answered by the Rector in person, to whom John Champney told this wonderful dream as it is now narrated by me. I observed that his Reverence turned pale, but he said in a composed way, "We are living in the midst of wonderful events, and it behooves us all as good soldiers to be on our guard against the Enemy;" whereupon he uncovered his head, we following his example, and repeated the Lord's prayer. After this we all proceeded to the house of miser Grudge, it being now a little before sunrise.

As we drew near the house, which stood by itself a little way out of the village, whining, and with a piteous face and a kind of dumb awe in his very look, the old mastiff whom Grudge had kept for many years, met us. There were marks upon the door where he had clawed the panel-work and gnawed the wood, as if he had known that a fight was going on inside, and that his master was the weaker party. He slunk away with his tail between his legs, however, when we approached the door. The poor, dumb brute acted as if he knew that the fight was over, and that whoever the enemy was, he had conquered. So he went round, sideling off in spite of all our coaxing. The Rector looked at me, noticing these actions of the dog, and I now observed an expression which seemed to say, "There is death inside."

The miser lived alone, cooking his own meals, and suffering no one ever to sleep beneath his roof, where he had dwelt in this secluded manner for the better part of fifty years. We thumped at the lion-headed knocker for more than ten minutes, but no one answered. A magpie came and chattered upon a perch in the great cherry tree at the north window. A yellow linnet hopped from twig to twig. Otherwise the place was still as a church-yard. John Champney's face was very white, as if he had been in the mill and powdered it from the bolted grist.

There came a sound of carriage wheels down the highway. The Rector motioned me to look out from the gate and see who was coming. It was Lawyer Joliffe, from Tipton, who fastened his horse outside without seeing us, and entered, holding in his hand a packet tied with red tape.

Seeing us standing there in that awe-stricken manner,—he was a portly, rosy-gilled man,—I think I see him now,—he stopped still and first looked at us and then at the dog, who by this time was cowering at John Champney's feet, and then at the house, as if he knew why we waited outside,—why we were there so early. I noticed that he greeted John with great respect, speaking to him even before he made his compliments to the Rector, making a low and deferential bow. We took his advice and called two more witnesses before proceeding to force open the door. By this time the sun had risen and was shining with a grey and watery light, betokening a storm.

I never shall forget the sight that met us inside. The miser's bed room had been once a wainscotted parlor, but now, in one corner, was a huge carved bedstead of black oak, with a heavy tester, from which hung ragged curtains, once purple silk and fit for the use of any lady in the land, but now in some places blotched with dirty brown and in others mildewed and torn and hanging in tatters. Bolt upright in the middle, with his eyes set in his head, one hand concealed under the pillow, and the other clutching still at a huge bunch of keys, was the man we were looking after, but his head was kept from falling by being propped against the head-board. There was a stifling smell in the room, so faint and sickening that the Rector, that godly gentleman, now the most collected of all, motioned us back into the open air, while he proceeded, with his own hands, to loose the fastenings of the shutters and throw open all the windows. Then indeed the day looked in upon a fearful sight. At the suggestion of Lawyer Joliffe, the coroner was sent for, that an inquest might be held, and everything was left in the order in which we found it till he arrived. We discovered the will in his right hand. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the deceased had come to his death by natural causes, and he was buried the next day. John Champney was the chief mourner,

walking in advance of the coffin, and Mark Armsby and myself were the principal pall-bearers. On Sunday night John might have been worth a hundred pounds, but the will made him the richest man within thirty miles. He was Mr. John Champney.

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## CHAPTER SECOND.

The Dawkinses gave a party, but John Champney was not there, though he was invited. I met him. He was much altered now. That evening, rod in hand, for the trouting season was not over, and seated under the osiers where Middle Brook empties into Staur Water, being, as I think I mentioned before, in the habit of confiding to me his secrets, he said, "Matthew, old Mr. Grudge, as sure as you are a living man, has never gone out of that house, but is there yet. I hear him as plainly as ever. I heard his step when he was alive, about midnight, walking up and down the room in which I sleep. The bed clothes are twitched from me by an unseen hand. I hear a bunch of keys shaking, and it sounds as if a man was counting money. I do not know what to do, and sometimes think that I am losing my wits."

I said to him, There's a lass, or rather a fine young woman now, young Mrs. Gray,—she is a physician's wife down at old Nettleby, about six miles off; you may think it odd, but our Rector says in private that she has more eyes in her head to look into deep matters than all Oxford. He is very much of her way of thinking, and told me he had no doubt that men and women were as much men and women after they had died as before, that the old stories which abound everywhere about Spirits being seen after the body had been buried were often true, and that sometimes they even lingered about houses they had formerly inhabited whilst in the flesh. Before advising you further in the matter, I think that I should like to hear these sounds myself, and we had better keep the affair to ourselves. To this Mr. Champney consented, thanking me for my advice and requesting me to stay with him that night.

We sat up, conversing, till about midnight, without hearing anything, not even a rat gnawing in the wainscot. There were no rats in that house, for miser Grudge had starved them all out years before he died. Just before the clock struck twelve we heard apparently the footsteps of an old and feeble man shuffling along the floor, and then the rattling of a bunch of keys, and a sound as if a hand were fumbling at the panels of the wainscoting. And now my hand began to shake violently, though I was not afraid. A strange sensation, as if ice were trickling down my back, while at the same time the hand grew heavy as marble, came over me, and I said, John, as sure as I live he has hold of me.

No sooner had I spoken than my hand was moved toward one of the oaken panels, and the index finger began to point at the same time. I could not help, though I resisted at first, being moved from my seat. When I had crossed the room the finger ceased to point and the whole hand was pressed against one of the panels, which began to slide. Behind the panel was an iron chest built in the wall, and in the lock a bunch of keys. My hand was then moved forward, till I was made to touch a secret spring. The iron chest flew open. In it were bonds and mortgages and coupons of foreign stock to an immense amount, besides about five thousand guineas in gold.

All this took place so quickly and I was made use of in so mechanical a manner that I had no time to fear. Then I said, "The ghost of that dead man has done this." Instantly my hand was seized again, and now the fingers began moving as if making letters. Dipping my forefinger in the ink horn it was made to write in bold characters on the table, "Peter Grudge; not dead but suffering. Good night."

Instantly my hand became as it was before. Mr. Champney rose and filled me a glass of Port wine, seeing that I was about to swoon, and took one himself. It was now about one o'clock. After this all was still till morning, though we kept watch till the cocks began to crow.

Before we parted, Mr. Champney made me promise, I being like himself a single man, and somewhat in years, that I would give up my lodgings and take my residence with him.

About ten o'clock the next day my hand was seized and shaken as it had been the night before, I being then in my room engaged in packing up my wardrobe for removal, and, in a short time, to my astonishment, a pen lying upon the table was taken up, by my hand, which began to write of its own accord, slowly and with difficulty, forming letter by letter. This was the writing, "John Champney, my son, be good to the poor. Let your first work be charity. I made a million, but now would gladly, could I better my condition, see it all scattered to the winds. I am in a lucid interval. My passion for gold comes on me periodically, and burns me as if I had fallen in a furnace. Here I must stop: my fury is coming on me." Then the hand began to write again, "Gold! gold! more gold!" but I grew terrified, and, by a violent effort of will, caused it to cease, yet the arm was painful all that day.

We sent for Dr. Delmaine, the Rector, toward evening, and told him the whole, showing him, at the same time, the writings, when, being not a little astonished, he proposed, of his own accord, to watch in the room where miser Grudge had died. He would not tell us in the morning what occurred, but went away with a grave face, recommending us not to neglect our prayers and to see that we indulged in no light or trifling conversation, nor gave way to any evil thoughts. He came again toward evening, bringing with him two books, and said, "I may safely trust you with both these." The title of one was "The True Christian Religion," that of the other, "Heaven and Hell," both written by Emanuel Swedenborg, a Swede. "Here," he observed, "you will find many wonderful things putting you on your guard against Evil Spirits."

In the middle of that night we heard a heavy hammering, but the sound soon went away, nor were we molested again. Instead of the footsteps, after the hammering had ceased, a cool wind began to blow upon our faces, soft and pleasant, and a white bird, whose feathers shone as if they had been made of silver, flew before our eyes. We began to sing a psalm, and the bird fluttered before us a second time and made a low twittering sound, seeming to join in with the verse which we were singing at the time. I thought of my own deceased mother, as the



bird flew by, and could not help believing that she was present, for she was fond of doves while living, and had been of a devout, tender spirit.

No sooner had the dove passed by a second time than I began to grow sleepy, and, although I made an effort, could not keep awake. All that I could recollect on wakening was that I heard a voice saying, "Next week old Grimesby, the fox hunter, is coming." I mentioned this to Mr. Champney.

It was now near the latter end of June. The roads were dry and dusty. The lilacs had ceased to blossom and the orchards were all out of bloom. There were wild roses in the hedges and in the gardens millions of every variety. Mr. Champney had taken to reading, and one day he said to me, "Matthew, I am going to build a Church and two houses, one for a Parsonage and the other for a School."

I replied, "We have a Church that holds all the Parish now, and a dissenting chapel besides." He answered, "Grimesby Park has a village on either side of it. The people are much neglected in that quarter. We will have it there if the Lord pleases. Do you remember that gold and silver tree that grew as I told you in the court-yard of a new house in Grimesby Park. There shall be a model school there; the best in England, and, if there is a man who preaches the things in these books which the Rector has lent me, I will have him in the Church."

I shook my head, for I thought it an innovation, and replied, "I cannot clearly see why some excellent Divine of the Established Church, since that is the Church of God, ought not to preach in the Chapel, if one is to be built." To this he answered, "These books, to my mind, convey an internal evidence of their truth. I read here of a New Church far better than the one which now exists, and there is something within which will give me no rest till I hear these glorious tidings preached to the people. I should prefer to find a worthy gentleman who has received holy orders in the Church of England, who understands the Spirit of the Bible and can explain it as I find it explained here. I will advertise, accordingly, for a clergyman who is a student of these works. I have a conviction that the right man will come. I have a broader view, however, than you have, and am persua-

ded that if simple, honest men, who receive these grand, Gospel truths, would stand up and try to preach them to the people, that God's blessing would give them words, and make what they had to say fall as heavily on men's consciences as a trip-hammer on an anvil ; raising them to a new life."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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#### WHY DIE THE YOUNG?

When Edith died her grand-sire came,  
And, weeping o'er the tiny bed,  
While sorrow shook his aged frame,  
These melancholy words he said :

"Thou wert so young, and I so old ;—  
Ah, woe is me ! Ah, woe is me !  
The rosy blossom drops to mold ;  
The dry leaf lingers on the tree."

A year passed by, and, in the night,  
A radiant Vision to him came ;  
Her eyes outshone the morning light ;  
And Edith was the fair one's name.

The air, that waved her shining robes,  
With heavenly morn was soft and bland,  
And, in her eyes' effulgent globes,  
Shone the full light of Sunrise Land.

The Vision o'er his pillow bent,  
And whispered, "I was called, to be  
Thy pilot from this mortal tent ;—  
And now arise and follow me."

## PRAYER CIRCLES.

It is the experience of every member of the New Church, in whom the work of regeneration has advanced to any considerable extent, that it is as impossible to do without prayer as without bread. Prayer becomes at last habitual as respiration, and equally necessary. The prayer meetings in the Old Church are indices of the spiritual condition of each separate society. Are they thinly attended, are the devotions languid and formal? Then it surely follows that although externally the Church may be in a flourishing and prosperous condition, yet its spiritual state is one of leanness and barrenness.

But when, without forcing, the number of attendants is on the increase, when the flame of heavenward aspiration burns with a more intense lustre, when grand and stirring thoughts are mingled with the customary currents of petition and supplication, when a deep and serious awe is communicated from heart to heart, and the Savior's image, seen by faith, is realized in the midst, then, whatever may be the external or worldly condition of the body, it is stronger and better in God's sight, and, as a mediatorial organism, more full of Him.

There is, as it seems to me, a very clear indication that meetings for public prayer are essential to the growth of the New Church. I would have,—yet not I,—every member of any of our congregations fervent in spirit, intensely devotional in feeling, and always ready, in Divine order, to bow the knee in public, and there yielding to the inspirations of Messiah to bear witness of His presence in the heart.

States good or bad are transmissible. We communicate ourselves by imparting the very essence of all our feelings, just as the violet wafts its perfumes on the wind. The heart is made to unfold the corolla of its affections until the very soul of all its loveliness lies bare beneath the ardors of the Sun of Heaven. Until we learn to come forth from the cloistered seclusion of private worship, letting our light shine in the great congregation, and telling what Sinai's, Hermon's and Tabor's we have visited in hours of high, extatic trance and lonely communion with

the Most High, and what unfoldings of divine truth from the Word have enriched us there, and what spoken words of God have blessed us, what commandments enlightened us, what promises comforted us,—however much we may have been receptive, we cannot be said in a full sense to be communicative of the Lord.

If we wish faithful, God-illuminated ministers and devoted and earnest missionaries of our faith, the prayer meeting is the field where the latent powers of the youthful receiver are called forth, and the germ of the true eloquence of the pulpit developed from their most incipient conditions. We must yield up ourselves to be exercised by God, if we would know what gifts and graces are within us. We do not jump, full grown, into the maturity of power; it comes like the soft and rosy dawn before the day. As the primal school of a true New Church Ministry, the prayer meeting is indispensable.

Again, if we would have a Benevolent Church, if we would have a generous spirit, giving time and money for the propagation of doctrines, it must be nourished in the house of prayer. Praying hearts are warm hearts. We take part in the exercise of religion on these occasions, and learn by actual experience what are the desires of the Lord. He puts His Spirit upon us. It may be safely said that prayer meetings in the Old Church have been the cradles of its great Bible and Missionary enterprises. Those denominations which are most formal, those in whom the prayer circle is least in favor are the most penurious. Prayer and benevolence go hand in hand.

The pulpit is the place where great truths should be set forth in the most sublime manner. The sermon should be a superhuman performance. The truths of religion should stand forth, carved as in the white marble of Pentelicus, like divine images in some Pantheon of Heaven. The loftiest oratory should consecrate its varied powers to the high service of the altar. There Learning should bring the acquisitions of all the sciences to show in Christ the God of Nature. There History should unroll her blazoned pages, verifying the historical records of the Word, establishing the long continuity of Churches from the Golden Age, tracing the decline of man from the declension of charity

in the primitive race till that dark midnight when the Lord appeared, raising, by Divine influx, the prostrate figure of Humanity as He called Lazarus from the grave. There, with more than tragic power, should the representative faculty clothe each separate passion with its own fit form and color, and words paint the subjective realities of Heaven and Hell in such hues and images as shall leave impressions more vivid than those of the pictorial art. In fine, the sermon should be, and will be in its perfection, the highest work of human genius, the outbreathing of the God through the man. Religion should appear in the pulpit in her coronation robes and with her crown and sceptre; but in the prayer meeting like the beautiful matron, with her infants at the knee. As a school for indoctrination it is the best of all places, for there the high truths which in the pulpit are like angels enthroned on mountains talking with Deity, show us their tenderer human faces, and, without calling forth such awe, melt into the being like sweet music, as we hear them from the lips of neighbors and friends. The conversational meeting, without the element of prayer, loses, in some sense, the sanction of Deity. Prayer is a great and sacred act. It is a direct speaking to God even the Lord, and brings a direct answer full of peace. We can best talk of God when the central object of our meeting is to talk to Him. The best spheres, the best states are easy at such times of transmission. It is true also that the sublime doctrines of the New Church are then communicated with greatest freedom. Festivities are good; the hospitable board, crowned with flowers and enriched with bounteous provision, plays an important part in the establishment of social relations; I would not undervalue it. Gatherings of a conversational nature, where wisdom sparkles in the place of wine, and where the cups of the mind are filled from many vintages of knowledge, where good-fellowship presides over the interchange of intellectual treasures,—these play their part, and no small one, in the establishment of pure and beautiful societies; but if we would enjoy even these to the full we should meet together at intervals, avowedly upon a higher plane. Festivity is in the natural degree, and the soiree and the *conversazione* eminently upon the intellectual, but prayer circles are for the heart and for the inmost man, and for

the enrichment of the spirit by intercourse with God. There is a varied talent latent in every society which should be cultivated. The minister presents truth from one stand-point, and that, if he is in order, a very high one; but he is, by the very speciality of his function, secluded much from the world. It needs the men and women of every orderly profession and avocation in life to show the complete adaptation of New Church doctrine to the numberless vicissitudes of existence. It is the same Truth in all cases, but, as the one sun gives to the rose its redness, and clothes the lily in virgin white, and bathes the violet in the intense sapphire of the heavens, and, pouring its ardors through diverse forms, crimson in the ruby, and purples in the amethyst, and shines translucent in the diamond, or as it gives to each summer fruit its own especial aroma, its own flavor perfect after its kind,—so the Divine Gospel, interpreted in the light of a New Age, takes to itself a various yet all-agreeing beauty in different members of the same organization. We need all the varied experiences of the dear hearts who make up the visible body of the Lord, their joys, their sorrows, their temptation-combats, their spiritual victories,—we need them all. These living arcana, these expositions not alone of man's walk with God but of God's walk with man, are only open to us when together we turn our hearts toward God. They are religious confidences, called forth when soul blends with soul in His most holy presence.

I have much more to say on the subject, but this for the present must suffice.

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Owing to the delay of the proof-sheets in passing to and from the Editor, who is at some distance from the city, we are later than usual in issuing this number of the Magazine.

Mr. Fishbough's article arrived too late for insertion this month—it will appear in our next.



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