

# The Herald of Light,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH.



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

REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

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OCTOBER, 1858.

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# THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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## FOUR VIEWS OF THE STARRY HEAVEN.

The history of the regeneration and the subsequent and heavenly glorification of the human spirit is divided into epochs, which, in the Divine Word, are called days, months, seasons and years. All of the successive stages through which our Savior passed in His assumed humanity, up to that last and crowning hour of the glorification of the human in the Divine, were also typical of the soul's ascension to the full fruition of its life and use and joy. There is nothing in the Bible that does not relate to man. Especially this is true of its celestial sense. There, as in some sublime pageant, pass before the enraptured vision the ranks and races of the great human universe. We interrogate the shining host, and each in its own order unfolds the mysteries of its existence through the same most perfect and unimpeachable medium, the Word. We hold communion with our kindred of every world. When the sublime arcana of the celestial sense have been received in loving hearts, when Faith grown colossal and all-commanding towers into arch-angelic amplitude, and, with his companion, Charity, sweet regent of the breast, asserts his rightful preëminence in all our intellectual domains, then the Golden Age has dawned upon the soul. We grow familiar with the kingly races of Sirius and Aldebaran as with coëqual brethren, children of the same God and sharers of the same transcendent destiny. In the lustre of a great and mighty unfolding of the Word, the homely and the common things of daily experience and realization are tinted with supernal lights. The seen and temporal become a mirror of the unseen and eternal. We exclaim with the psalmist, "Marvellous are Thy works and that my soul knoweth right well." Our highest ideal of Christianity

hitherto, is over-topped by this new, this nobler perception. We are lost in wonder, in love and in praise.

One world only in the universe marred by blight on leaf or blossom, by subversive and disorderly creations of air and flood, by natural evil in its elements! One world only in the universe where the sin-curse has left its hideous, its fatal imprints; where men have learned to put evil in the place of good; where falsehood rears its hideous crest; where debauchery builds its shameful palaces; where wickedness marshals his battallions, and war performs his bloody pageants, and disease lays waste, and death devours, and Hell has influence and scope and place! One world only where such things as sin, sorrow and death are even known as present actualities!

The night is calm and cloudless; the sun has drawn around himself the splendors of his setting and retired from sight. The firmament is all lit up. Galaxy after galaxy comes forth and the minutest point of star-dust, when exposed to the analysis of the telescope, reveals perhaps a system of suns and planetary worlds. Four men stand there, each the type of a respective faith. They gaze upon that goodly vision. The first is a philosopher of the material sort. He disbelieves that any world is inhabited besides our own. What are his emotions? To him the spectacle is one of mere material magnificence. One little nursery bed, with a sweet child resting there, has in it more of every element that with a tender human interest can move the soul. To him the planets nearer the sun are so many masses of blazing metal and mineral, and those more remote but floating icebergs that drift in frozen circles on the drear, interminable cosmic sea. The sun itself and all its shining kindred but glowing masses of chemical substance, pouring forth incessant lava-torrents of heat and light! Human existence narrowed to our little world!

A second observer is a Naturalist. He rises from the turning table; he leaves the magnetized subject through whom he has talked with Spirits. His mind is dizzy and feverish with the system which they have unfolded in lieu of the Christian scheme. He has let go his hold of prayer and faith and regeneration. To him the Bible is no more God's Word and Christ no more God's Visible and Personal Manifestation. He stands beneath this

vault of night and he too in the starry spaces seeks solace and companionship. What says the Night to him? or, rather, what interpretation does he put upon that luminous revelation? He thinks as he gazes. "All this was once a whirling, blazing mass of fire, whose motion gave birth to Omnipotent Power. That power in its processes evolved concentric circles of suns, and these again divided into belts of planets. Each became a theater, first of motion, next of life, then of sensation and finally of intelligence. The refined mineral developed the vegetable, this in its sublimation became the animal, and from the brute whose structure approximated most nearly to the human, animal generation begot mankind. This is the genesis of the human race. Man is first a gross and rude barbarian, whose congenial passions are war and theft and carnal pleasures. With self-love as the dominant affection throned supreme in the very center of his being, he learns in successive stages to add to this the love of offspring and of his kind. Acting solely from the resistless impulse of Nature he fancies that he is free but is in reality an organ in the system of universal necessity. Do what he may he is incapable of retrogression. Sin, disease and death are laws or states which are necessary to his development. From this enormous hot-bed of the passions springs the Immortal Spirit. Progression is the universal law, and all at last unfold in Spiritual Spheres from centers of intense self-love a wisdom to abjure all other faiths but this." So he stands and gazes upon a universe which he deems is but an aggregate of worlds where brutal nature is epitomized in man. They are sinning on all those worlds; slowly ripening from primal brutality; governed all by inmost love of self; begotten, born, living, dying with no gracious benediction of an Infinite God, with no manifestation of Himself, with no revelation of His Will, with no evolverment of the moral nature through moral freedom into moral perfection, and this tremendous spectacle is but an epitome of all beyond, that from its vastness must remain unseen. It is a universe of automatons in automatic movement. Around each world he imagines an intervolving Spiritual Sphere. Space itself to him seems all interwoven with immense and varied worlds which are the abodes of the Spirits of departed men. He interrogates them all in fancy, and still

the answer is the same, "There is no God but Nature. Nature is supreme. Spirit is but the refinement of matter. Man but the epitome of all brute forms in one. There is nothing better for man than to unfold from a center of self-love to eternity. There are feasts for all the senses. There are opportunities for all the passions. There are exercises for all the intellectual powers. The love of self and the love of the world divide between themselves an empire which is vast as space itself and lasting as its duration; but there is no tribunal for Conscience and no altar for Devotion, no Moral Governor who is the King of Righteousness."

The observer turns back, but there is no cleanness that rests upon his soul from that great theory. To his view the Heavens are fraught with impurity. The stars reek with carnage and are glutted with crime and debauchery, madness and disease and death. Where is the harmony? It was not in the past; it is not in the present; an hypothesis alone paints its mirage in the future.

But see; there is another who comes forth to gaze, and with mild and meditative aspect to read that shining scroll. He is a good man, a lover of his neighbor and of God. He has for many years been familiar with the spiritual sense of the Word; and is not in himself without experience of the virtue and validity of its teachings. He knows the universe was made for man, and therefore infers the existence of the human race throughout the universe. Good and evil wage within him and around him their incessant war. He realizes the great truth that *our orb* is pendant between the mild sovereignties of a Heaven of Good Angels and the terrific insanities of a pandemonium of mocking fiends. He sees that every human being of our world is thus suspended in equilibrium between the two. But the whole universe is saddened to his sight. Incautiously he reasons from the true premise to the ungrounded conclusion.

Trembling with its intense light he gazes on Mercury. "Ah," he says, "young planet! thou hast, perchance thy Hell, thy Lost Spirits to balance all that Heaven gives of beauty and of life: thy Demons, thy sicknesses, thy plagues, thy dying agonies." Then Venus lights her evening flame, but there comes no soothing from that vestal radiance. "Thou, sweet orb!" he whispers,



“thou too art cursed with evil. Peaceful as thou seemest, thy fair vallies are trodden by ferocious and bloody men. Sin and death and hell rear their accursed heads, display their terrors, gather in their victims along thy distant continents and on thy melancholy coasts.” Then Mars draws nigh, most like some dusky Indian Maiden, holding her lamp of crimson flame; but he gazes, and again we hear him say, “There too they sin, suffer and die and are damned forever.” So he gazes from star to star till other systems meet his view. As orb after orb passes by, the same most melancholy whisper escapes his lips, “There too they sin, they suffer, they die and are damned forever.” Be the world however remote from these sad scenes of moral evil, still the cry is the same, “They sin, they suffer, they die and are damned forever.” Terrific thought. Not a world that balances not in equilibrium between a Heaven and a Hell, and those hells perpetual. Not a race, not a soul, but that from the dawn of consciousness is beleaguered and besieged by devils thirsting for the soul’s blood, or if there are, he knows of none. True, there are those upon those distant orbs in all the stages of their regeneration. They will become Angels. But others, their kindred, are slowly or swiftly sinking while these arise. And there is Truth; but warred against by impious and terrific Idolatries; and there good Angels minister, but Devils also weave their spells, and sirens from infernal depths put forth those arts that had their birth in pandemonium. So the whole universe is balanced as if there were above it a floating isle of joy and worship and affection, and below it a corresponding lake of wo and wailings and everlasting pains. The agonies of one world locked in the fierce strain of this conflict are so awful that God clothed Himself with human flesh for its relief. What, then, must be the condition of that Starry Heaven where the same system of equilibrium has found a place, a universal place?

What hecatombs of slaughter, what oceans of blood, what watery firmaments of tears, when the transfixing spear of Moral Evil stabs to the hearts not of men alone but of imperial universes? What ghastly, gloomy myriads of myriads of human souls, damned without the most remote or faintly gleaming prospect, other than to continue in fixed yet infernal self-consciousness

forever and forever? And what a universe? Blessed thought! To this good man, when he is elevated to a more interior plane of consciousness, not one note of discord shall blend with that ravishing music of the spheres, when he hears all the worlds chanting in perfect unison around Messiah's throne; and our earth, the solitary exception now, arising at last to warble its hymn of restitution in the Savior's praise.

There is a burst of distant music, for it is the Sabbath night. A band of worshipers are singing. Listen to the hymn,

"Where Night her starry censer swings  
Before Messiah's face,  
She bids us worship while she sings  
In Heaven's cathedral space.

"The Spirits of the Stars draw near,  
And all that shining host  
Before the Savior's face appear  
And in His glory boast.

"There's not a star on high that shines  
Where sin or death has trod;  
Heaven like a beauteous bride reclines  
Within the smiles of God.

"Our earth was lost in Adam's fall,  
But not a world beside;  
And here the Sovereign Lord of all  
To save His people died.

"To Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
Let praise on earth be given.  
While Night, with all her starry host,  
Adores the Lord of Heaven."

One comes forth. The hour of worship is at an end. He gazes upon those silent watchers. They are not silent to him. Listen to his soliloquy. "A universe of worlds without a solitary discord to mar the perfect harmony! All the abodes of human races, born in innocency and shapen in sanctification! One family peopling space itself, all pure as Adam was before his fall, sinning not, suffering not and dying not, but translated in the consummation of a righteous life, as Elijah was, to Heaven! Each race



different from the other, but all agreeing in the august moral likeness of Messiah God. All speaking the primal language of creation, the language of love, yet flowing through numberless organs of speech into multitudes of perfect melodies! all possessing the same Word and reading it in the same spirit! all free from the defilements of self-love! None loving the neighbor less than the self, yet growing from state to state as the seasons grow mature and as the fruit-tree blossoms in its place. One God, one Word, one faith, one charity, one regeneration, one glorification and perfection in all worlds! Break forth my heart into thanksgiving! 'Bless the Lord all His works in all places of His dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

"He whom the Angels worship, the Father of Life, came down from the worlds that sinned not, the sheep that strayed not from the heavenly pasture, to seek the one world that had fallen, the lost sheep gone astray, that there might be one fold and one Shepherd. Our world is the only orb in the universe whose inhabitants are held in equilibrium between the hostile forces of warring good and evil. The Spirits who fell before our own world was peopled are the only race beside our own who trod the dark pathway of rebellion and inversion. Vainly, Oh! vainly, have the Infernals sought to penetrate the mild and peaceful regions of any other star. Our world is the only battle-field in terrestrial space where moral evil marshals its forces and Hell unfurls its standards. Into the centre of all this darkness hath the Lord descended. The purpose of His Incarnation was to destroy the works of the adversary. He did not come to *make equilibrium eternal* between Heaven and Hell, but to arrest, restrain, bind and finally forever to terminate the career of the Destroyer. Oh! joy, joy, that an Angel's heart might feel! Joy that God's own heart might feel! The only ruined realm of the universe prospectively restored to moral order! Death and him that hath the power of death destroyed! the world restored and made a beautiful paradise! the sons of men reinstated in the primal harmony of creation! all things throughout the reconciled immensity blessing and praising God! This is the mystery of Christianity, the faith of Angels and the joy of saints. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

“How sweet it is to gaze abroad beyond the limits of this little globe. The clear light of every planet, the steadfast lustre of distant suns, veils from outward vision Eden after Eden of the holy and the pure. The light that falls upon our earth from those distant homes is all surcharged and fragrant with sweet and tender affections, with thoughts that kindle from God and burn to immortality. What wondrous knowledges enrich me now! Truly our world is insphered and moves and has its being in the midst of Love. There is a young planet where but now the first formed pair awoke beneath their tree of life, and Milton’s gorgeous dream is but cold and shadowy when measured by the blissful reality which they enjoy. There kindles a remote sun, thrice ten thousand ages have seen its human empires multiply their kind; myriads upon myriads of Angels look back to its sacred precincts as their birth-place and their early home. Joy, love, beauty, holiness meet my sight extended from distant sunset to lands that feed the morning; and every star is but the gateway through which incessant millions, in sublime ascensions, go forth to become the Angels of God in Heaven.”

“How shall my cheerful songs record  
Thy wondrous works and triumphs, Lord!  
But most a world restored, forgiven;  
A vanquished Hell; a perfect Heaven.

“How shall my heart rejoice to see  
The whole creation praising Thee,  
And sin and sorrow lost for aye  
In Love’s interminable day!

“I’ll tell to everlasting days  
Thy pardoning love, Thy quickening grace,  
And to eternity I’ll own  
My spirit saved by Christ alone.

“When Earth to inmost Heaven is wed,  
When time and space give up their dead,  
When sun and stars dissolve away  
In the third Heaven’s descending ray,

“With loud, exulting voice I’ll sing  
The boundless triumphs of my King,  
Rejoiced before His face to fall,  
And own my Savior all in all.”

## THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN:

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

CONTINUED.

In one compact solidarity of affection the Universal Heaven is extended throughout all of the societies in the Grand Man. This order, which we find existing, is again repeated in each society, so that each conjugal pair represents a separate society in the Heavens, and, in one unbroken phalanx of combined and moving love, those uncounted multitudes of happy Spirits unite for the perfection of each individual member. So the end of the universal movement of the Heavens is to pour its confluent harmonies into the breast of each local member of its confraternity.

Every Angel inherits into the perfections of the universal cosmic man. On earth we see men as parts; a little rim of the individuality illumined alone; a mere segment of the circle of the faculties filled with power. In Heaven we see men as entireties; the zone of all the graces encircles the wedded breast; the seamless garment of the universal virtues envelopes the person; incongruous masses of strength and weakness, such as exist on earth, are never found. All tend forever toward the measure of the perfect Man, that is the Lord.

The character of the Angels is without weaknesses; there are no faults to hide nor is there a solitary imperfection in the new selfhood, which the Lord imparts. But while all are made complete in the possession of powers they vary in the combinations. There is no Angel but is a mathematician, a poet, a seer of Nature, a master of harmonies, an artist in substance and in mind, a governor, a king, a priest, a dweller apart in the sacred Shekinah of the Divine mysteries, but the varied combinations of the powers make an endless variety of special endowments, so that each contributes to and receives in turn from the universal fund of wealth, pleasure, beauty, worship and instruction.

Wealth, as it exists in Heaven, is represented by its visible symbols, by the celestial types of the three kingdoms which exist in nature, by the products of the loom, the workshop, the

factory and the field. It stands embodied in temples, palaces and villas, and in the treasures of the fine arts. One feels in Heaven as if he had entered into a world where riches had been stored and increased for a seemingly interminable series of generations. The prevalent condition is one of opulence.

In the morning walk one meets social groups of Angels in every variety of attire and clothed in many styles of graceful and suitable apparel. Each member of a society, though there are millions, may know all the rest and love them with an intensity of affection which has no earthly parallel, yet in Heaven, as in the natural world, there are specialties in all the sentiments, and in the relations to which they outgrow. For instance, a child may have a thousand mothers, that is, a society of a thousand may stand toward it in the attitude of a composite maternity. It may pass from group to group, and from individual to individual for training, in the evolution of range after range of its harmonic powers. It may sing in one group, practice needlework in another, be initiated into the various uses of charity in a third, and so belong to all. Each lovely Matron Angel in all the thousand may sustain especial relations of a tender character to her beloved charge, and with an intense fondness behold the little flower ripening to mature bloom. Every Angel becomes a microcosm of all Humanity through all its varied realms of love, wisdom and activity. So it is impossible to form an idea of the Angel save by selecting every representative character in whom some special human faculty has flowered and borne fruit, and then by gathering these into one human nosogay.

On earth we see one person in whom the sense of hearing is so exquisite that he is enabled to detect the very spirit of the sounds and to tie them up into little clusters of harmonies. The sense which is located upon the palate in another is equally potent and active, and so he craves aromal food; he tastes the very essence of flavor. To another sight in its natural degree lays opens a world of radiant beauty and the eye literally feasts upon the exquisite combinations of the colors. So a fourth enjoys the blossoms of all the world in the process of the inhalation of their separate fragrances, while to a fifth the sense of touch becomes so perfect as almost to supply the lack of all the others. It is

seldom that more than one sense exists in a highly perfected state in any one of the species, though almost all possess them, chiefly in a latent condition. When a soul becomes an Angel in Heaven the senses are all educated up to a point of relative perfection in each, so that there is no deficiency. The ear is married to the eye and the harmonies of color and of sound are intermingled. The delicate touches of the finger, the soft refined joys of the inhalation of odors, the keen delights of the palate all blend together. The repast of the Angel is a delight of all the senses and every fruit of Heaven is in one sense a poem and in another a benediction. The five senses are purposely deadened on earth by the Divine Providence lest their too sharp and cutting exquisiteness should produce pain instead of pleasure. The full delight of the feast of fragrance and melody no man on earth can share. But when the Spirit is capacitated to taste celestial joys, by an exquisite moral law, the senses are varied in their capacity according to the conditions of the mind. On earth the treasure of the spirit is contained within earthen vessels, and the organs are inadequate to the sensations; they are overpowered by them; the vibration of a great joy has been known to break the heart. The heavenly organs expand and yield to the inflowing tides of thought, affection or inspiration. This continues to eternity.

An Angel passes through many affections in the beautiful order of his day. The affections of the delights of the senses constitute a special group by themselves, which act as one; but here it must be remarked that sensation, as distinct from a moral emotion, does not and cannot exist. For instance, the Angel cannot desire to look upon the landscape for the purpose of gratifying merely the sight sense. He gratifies the sight sense in and through the enjoyment of a superior love. All objects which are gazed upon in Heaven impart sentiments no less than sensations, and the deep desires of the heart which fasten themselves upon the Supreme Good, in an ever-yearning passion to be filled with its infinite excellence, are the eyes of the eyes, the ears of the ears, and, in fine, the realities around which the senses play and to which they minister.

"I love," says the Angel, as speaks the earthly man; but he never means otherwise than this,—that his heart is yearning with

an irrepressible affection for the Lord. In whatever he loves he loves the Lord, as may be illustrated in this manner. His counterpart stands before him, arrayed in all the enchanting perfections of her womanhood. No nightingale ever sang so sweet a strain as that which he pours into her enamored ear, and still the burden is, "I love! I love!" But it is the Lord he loves. "What," says the earthly maiden, "Am I not to be loved for myself alone? Better live here always, where I can or I may be." But such love as the Angels feel is the only love which has an *internal* reality. It is only the image of the Lord in any object, whether living or merely representative, that ever has the power to call out in the human bosom a divine or real love. So the Angel loves his counterpart in the degree in which the Lord dwells within him, because He clothes her being with a substantive flesh and blood from the very substance of His attributes. Therefore the Angel thrills with an unspeakable rapture at the touch of her lips or the pressure of her hand. This redeems conjugal relations in Heaven from the earth born charge which may be made against them. It is the pure union of pure souls, through pure substance, in pure goodness, and sensation cannot exist save as it has its reality in the Divine breast; for the joys of the Angels are the Divine joys, communicated through influx to His beloved.

To return to our statement concerning the affections of the delights of sense. They are real, they are permanent and susceptible of an everlasting increase. Such a thing as satiety is never known. Life never wearies there. Music never palls upon the ear. The balsms and odors of the atmosphere are never oppressive, but redolent to all eternity of a Divine charm, to those who love Him and keep His commandments.

Those on earth can form but little conception of the rapidity with which the Angels alternate from use to use, and all this is governed by a Divine impulse or movement through the faculties. It is all harmonic. The book, the picture, the poem, the lesson, the mechanical or industrial employment, the banquet, the festival, the musical entertainment, fill up the course of the day, but all this without any disarrangement of the order in which Heaven moves. Nay, this order is Heaven.



So beauty robes the festive day  
While use perfects the powers,  
And all the thoughts in music play  
As if they danced on flowers.

Heaven is so much like earth to the new comer that the senses, in the early period, take little notice of any change. The solid substance beneath the feet, at first appearance, presents a similarity to that firm element upon which the steps have been accustomed to be made from infancy. The water flows with a pleasant murmur, or glides without a sound through verdant meadows enamelled with the gay tints of multitudes of flowers. The bees pursue their pleasant toil, gathering honey from the fragrant clover. The brilliant humming-bird flits from blossom to blossom, extracting sweets from all. The first feeling of the soul is that it has found some terrestrial paradise. The young swallows twitter in the nests; the oriole swings upon the pendant bough; the orchards are full of leaf and flower; and, soft and gentle, the mild breeze fans the cheek while we inhale its delicate perfume.

We observe the same laws of perspective; as we advance toward remote objects they enlarge to fill the vision, but lessen as we recede, and disappear from sight. The desire for food returns at periods, and at intervals the senses crave repose, and slumber as on earth asserts her mild, diurnal reign. The sun shines by day, and at night the firmament is full of stars.

The Christian on earth is often apt to imagine that he shall enter some realm of abstraction where all is vague and shadowy on departing from his terrestrial form. Others please the fancy with the thought that they shall see God seated upon a shining throne, be admitted to His presence, receive a harp and crown, and pass eternity in alternations of prayer and musical exercise. Some again encourage the thought that Heaven is to consist in an endless contemplation of the Divine Attributes, during which the body may remain suspended in refined ether or be introduced into a condition analogous to that of the subject of a magnetic trance. The future state is commonly defined by mere negations rather than by positive affirmatives. We are told, for instance, that we shall not hunger and thirst, not suffer from cold or heat, never experience mental disquiet or moral pain. Few imagine

that Heaven is affluent of sensation, and a mistaken piety often turns away in horror at the idea.

A sensationless body, however it may please the thought of the ascetic or minister to the fancy of the cold logician, strikes the correctly educated mind with an emotion of pain akin to horror. For absence of sensation is absence of life as well. Who imagines that God has smitten the Angels with paralysis and frozen up the nerves in stagnant torpor and vacancy? What world would that be where hands should touch like the marble extremities of a statue, and where the rigid bosom should remain forever without a pleasurable thrill?

Let it then be earnestly borne in mind that the senses in Heaven find a beautiful domain of rich and ever-varied pleasure continued to eternity, and that the joy of the Lord dwells in us that our joy may be full; that eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him;

“While every power finds sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.”

Heaven is the abode of the arts and is a land of sumptuous civilization. One is astonished on entering the houses of the Angels to behold the objects of tastes and convenience with which they are filled. The same beauty which on earth spontaneously flowers out in the landscape seems here to reproduce itself in all that ministers to the refinements and to the enjoyments of the home. Invisible servants wait upon the pure and innocent desires. With silent celerity, as if by magic, successions of delights are provided. I was in the house of Amodeo before the hour of retiring and after the conclusion of the festival of worship. Left alone for a few moments I gazed upon the apartment where I awaited my friends. The ceiling was concave and resembled the starry arch, richly wrought at the cornice with green and gold. There were four mirrors respectively east, west, north and south, and curiously set in the walls. Over each was an inscription from the Word. They were of a subdued and softened clearness. Amodeo stood by me while I was gazing at one of them and said, “You are wondering that you see no reflection of your person in that polished glass, but look again and tell me what

you notice there." As I gazed upon it I became aware of an Indian Empire populous in beauty, and resembling an ideal and glorified Hindoostan. A soft and languid daylight with palpable yellow lustre overhung the sky. Crimson swans were gliding over the surface of blue lagoons, and dusky maidens clothed in white with chaplets of the yellow rose, some in groups and others in single pairs, were visible in the shadow of aged and majestic trees. Here and there I noticed pillars of alabaster surmounted by statues. As I gazed upon the scene a silvery mist began to rise and I became aware that every object was self-luminous. The shadow of the trees and of the statues was itself a new variety of light. A haze of beauty surrounded each of those celestial beings who gave to the landscape its human charm; their garlands became gem-like with an inward radiance and their soft robes kindled as with a living substance of pure fire.

I turned again to my brother and said to him, I gaze in a mirror but see apparently a different world from yours. He replied, "You behold a society in the southern quarter of the Ultimate Heaven. Such objects only reach your eye as your state makes visible. Mirrors like these are made under the inspirations of the Divine Wisdom by our brethren who are in the delight of that use."

At this I made reply, It must be a delightful employment. He smiled and said, "There are no known boundaries to the beautiful and useful arts as they exist among us. Look in the mirror which is at the right." Complying with his invitation I saw a picture within that shining surface and each object therein was defined with all the roundness of the stereoscope. At first I imagined that I was gazing into a museum, but soon was conscious that the forms floated in a vast atmosphere bounded only by its firmament. "What see you?" said Amodeo. I answered, It is difficult for me to tell; a collection apparently of natural objects which embraces every variety of flying creature; the air is full of them. "This," said my brother, "shall teach you a lesson. These are words that have been spoken. Mark that long train of distant objects extending like an aerial caravan as far as the eye can travel, each different from all others. They are the winged thoughts which emanate from the human mind,

which clothe themselves with form and rise if they are in divine good to Heaven." At this I gazed again. Some were more brilliant than others, more swift in motion. I noticed that all of them flew in pairs, and in their flight seemed to caress each other. "The sight which you behold," said Amodeo, "is a reality. In the process of regeneration there is a continual out-birth of pure affections from the human bosom till at last birds are born from the breast with plumage all gold."

"This," he continued, "is only one of many uses which that transparent glass performs. The others are still more wonderful, but other objects now demand your attention." At this Amoleta entered, and with a charming modesty unclasped a bracelet from her wrist and said, "Dear brother, look at this." I tried to take it in my hand. With a low, cooing laugh she enjoyed my surprise as it became a little dove. Why, I said, these are fairies. And so they were, each in the perfect human form, of size almost infinitesimal. I then saw them cluster into the form of a jeweled bracelet again. The fays are visible in Heaven to the external degree of sight.

At this showers of red roses began to fall through the beautiful ceiling, lasting apparently about a minute and diffusing fragrance through the room. They were dispersed soon into a crimson light and became invisible. The odor of honey lingered after they passed away and soon after I heard the Yucca sing her evening song.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A beautiful inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian church-yard:—

"Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to Heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Many have read it, delighted at the exquisite beauty of the idea; but how few, quickened in spirit by our Lord, have seen it to be a truth of the Divine Word,—forever true.

**CONVERSION AND REGENERATION  
FROM THE STAND-POINT OF  
THE NEW CHURCH.**

There are two things necessary in justification, first, Charity in the realm of the affections, second, Faith in the realm of the intellectual faculties. Without Charity man is fiend-like; with Charity, in its fullest sense, God-like. "He that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him, for God is love." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "If we love God we keep His commandments."

But the process of affectional or moral quickening is never without corresponding mental action. It is idle to say that, whatever be the falsity which man cherishes, he can still attain to Angelhood without its removal, idle to say that in regeneration the mind plays no part. Every truth and every falsity, impressed upon the facile and receptive mind of infancy, or gathered up in all the advancing stages to manhood, is ready for use within the storehouses of the memory, and there exists, subject to the action of the reasoning powers. That there is a God and that He governs the world in righteousness; that virtue and vice are moral opposites, the one harmonious with and the other hostile to the attributes of the Divine Nature; that obedience to God's law is the real virtue and disobedience to His commandments the positive sin; that He inflexibly recompenses the good and punishes the evil;—these are the first truths of a universal moral philosophy, in some obscure form existing on all four continents, and among the human race, whether in states of wildest barbarism or of fairest civilization. There is a true light of moral reason which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

No sooner does man begin to attain to moral consciousness, whether in Christian or in pagan lands, whether with the Bible in his hand or without it, than he begins to be aware that his nature is in some way disadjusted from its primal balance, depraved from some supreme standard of moral rectitude, fallen from those heights of sonship in which with all its being and action God is well pleased, and feels the existence of a wide gulf of diseased or hostile conditions between himself and the Supreme Spirit. The

problem of all religions in all times has been, how to reconcile man to God? how to bring the human into relations of direct and personal friendship with the Divine? All sacrificial rites are typical; men offered, thousands of years ago, their most valuable treasures upon the altar of the unknown God, as emblematical of their desire to pay Him an undivided homage. In the beginning the images which men erected were simply types or emblems of Deity; it was not until the race had far declined from its primitive condition that the idol was worshiped as God. It was felt that God was angry with the wicked every day. This conception is antecedent to all our known history, nor is it confined to the Bible, but has its root in the most profound sentiment of the race.

Hitherto we have been dealing with universal facts. The same conscience which makes itself felt in the Hottentot kraal marches in the vanguard of the moral civilization of mankind, and most keenly vibrates in the sensibilities of natures most highly wrought, most exquisitely and variously endowed with gifts and powers, and most familiar, alike through history and example, with divinely gifted and representative men, models of virtue to mankind.

The most unsophisticated and virtuous youth is profoundly conscious, in the outset, of a nature unreconciled with God. In the degree in which the nature is profoundly passional, or deeply and intensely emotional, or in any sense most truly human, it inherits into the consciousness of the universal man. Youth is a period of unblunted sensation; hence it is that at this period there are times when we long, with yearnings of agony, to be reconciled to God. All things in Nature suggest a durable and permanent Moral Loveliness which we must possess or die. Happy are those to whom God gives, at this critical period, a Religious Ministry capable of entering into and sympathizing with the virginal emotions of the heart, of pointing out and leading the way to the attainment of the supreme virtue, the original and eternal love.

Then comes a crisis of decision. The good spirit of God works in the breast. The hostile claims of Good and Evil, of truth and falsity, that will not be reconciled and that admit of no compro-



mise, agitate the soul. As we incline to the good in conduct and motive, the intellect, by sympathetic action with the will, seizes hold of those moral truths which are most militant in favor of freedom and virtue. If, on the other side, we incline against good, the intellect develops a power of reasoning from appearances, and so, in the course of events, confirms the whole being in opposition to the truth-laws of creation. Of these unhappy instances we have at present no words.

As we press to this decision, the most momentous of all the acts of life, our experiences are modified by the peculiar intellectual training to which we have been subjected; our thoughts are colored by the medium through which they flow. At this point a clear presentation of the doctrine of Justification by Charity combined with its own Faith, saves the soul from many sorrows, and, without this, it often gropes blindfolded through a long lifetime of perplexity. To the young, inquiring after light concerning the reconciliation of the soul to its highest life, here and hereafter, we would say,—Do you love God as the Infinite Life and Love and Wisdom and Ability; as the All-Fair and Beautiful, as the possessor of all good in Himself and the inspirer of all goodness in mankind; and are you willing, from the love of this Supreme Excellence, to yield up all your life for the training of your powers in works of self-abnegating rectitude, that you may be like Him? In a word, will you love and worship and serve God, instead of worshipping, loving and serving yourself? If you cannot do this you cannot be a Christian. Encumbering the mind with no recondite and abstruse doctrines, at this stage we would simply press the home question, Do you devote your life to God-service or self-service? This is the vital issue.

If we found in the soul a genuine desire to live for Divine ends we would proceed by saying, There are in the Bible ten commandments, "You shall worship no God but the Lord," and to Him you shall make supplications continually, looking directly to Him as infinitely your Teacher, Inspirer, Protector and Justifier. You may, if you will, be led by Him as the ancient Israelites were led by the cloud and fiery pillar to their promised land. As objectively He revealed Himself in His Divine Humanity eighteen hundred years ago, so He is able to manifest Himself,

internally, that you may be enabled to behold Him with the perceptions of the spirit. He requires that you should turn to Him, with full purpose of heart, in the strength He gives, to have no will but His will. You are then justified. All such dedications He accepts, and unites Himself anew with the human spirit by descending into its inmost place, which is voluntarily opened for His glorious entrance.

But it is asked,—Where is the faith-act in this dedication? We answer it is in the assent, and more than the assent, the consent, the decision of the intellect, in conjunction with the will. It requires a mighty nerving up and marshalling of all the intellectual faculties, a bringing into requisition of every solitary power both of mind and heart, a marching of the forces of the whole man as it were, bodily up to God, and a deliberate yielding up and throwing open of those powers to Him in this great day of soul-decision. Then we are God's and He is ours. He enters into every faculty which we open for His entrance and dwells therein. We know of no theory of conversion so sublime, so tender, so wholesome, so redolent of all divine sweetness, so true to all inmost experiences as this. It is an act of soul-surrender to God, and He enters into the heart through charity and into the mind through the faith of charity, the truth of love.

We would preach, furthermore, an unconditional forgiveness, a free pardon for all previous offences to all such as have complied with these conditions. This is the Gospel. Where sin abounded grace much more abounds. We have now passed from death unto life, and, though our sins have been scarlet we are washed white as wool. We have received the atonement, and, in the sense of a right beginning, are regenerate sons of God. Still we would add to the believer, You are now forgiven of all your past transgressions. Go in peace. You are a temple of the living God. At any stage of this process which has now begun, should you be taken from the world in God's Providence, you are sure of a final entrance into the supreme delights of Heaven. Your path, should you continue in it, will grow brighter to the perfect day. Your calling and election is sure. You are a partaker in all those benefits which the Divine Word insures to the believer.

we would comfort all such with the exceeding great and precious promises which the Lord has made.

In exceedingly sensitive and tender natures the conviction of sin is intense and overwhelming, and, when the Lord discovers to them, which His Holy Spirit does, that their inherited personalities are exceedingly corrupt, and that all actions which spring from the selfhood have no good within them, they look upon themselves almost with hate; penetrated deeply with a sense of their own demerits it is hard for them to conceive that God, even the Most High God, can stoop so low as to accept them for His own. To such we would say: Mary and Martha were just such as you; of such make was Lazarus whom the Lord raised from his grave, and the beloved disciple who leaned upon His breast. Love much and your sins shall be forgiven you. The love and service of God is the love and practice of holiness. As we love and practice holiness the sins which so afflict us and which we so loathe and hate are driven from their secret lurking places in the breast and put to death. Bear in mind that God does not ask sinless holiness on your part in the outset of a Christian life, as a condition on which you are justified. This is an impossibility. He only asks that you shall love Him and dedicate yourself to His service and believe in His promises. He then takes you, just as you are, and leads you up from stage to stage of your regeneration, till holiness is complete. Though you have been led astray into acts of theft or fornication, though you have broken all of His commandments, in spirit and in letter, though you come with such a load of guilt upon you that it seems as if the earth was about to open and swallow you up, still, if you hate all that God hates and love all that God loves, and open yourself to His Holy Spirit, to love and keep all His commandments, He will blot out the past, writing His own name upon those pages of the soul that are scarred with the branding-irons of sin, and effacing finally every vestige of the wreck and ruin by the imprest signet of the Divine perfections. You are a ruin but He is the Restorer; you are dead in trespasses and sins but He is the Resurrection and the Life.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The Parson, through the country lane  
Upon his palfry aumbles:  
He views, upon the upland plain,  
The young lambs at their gambols.

The mother ewes begin to bleat  
Whene'er they see a stranger,  
And call the lambkins to their feet,  
Beyond the reach of danger :

But, when the Shepherd comes, with cries  
Of tender love they greet him ;  
Then from their thymy couches rise,  
And hasten on to meet him.

The Parson gazes while he sees  
The ewes their Shepherd meeting :  
The lambkins first upon their knees  
Begin the gentle greeting.

He numbers o'er his fleecy charge,  
And, if a lambkin tarries,  
He lifts it from the pasture large,  
And in his bosom carries.

Then, when he goes his flock before,  
To fairer hill or hollow,  
The ewe, that little lamb who bore,  
Rejoices most to follow ;

Still hearing best her Shepherd's voice,  
Though evening shades are closing,  
Because he made her lamb his choice,  
And bears it on reposing.

## THE DEMAND OF THE OLD CHURCH UPON THE NEW.

Opposing brethren are not to be converted to the views of Theology which we entertain so much by the force of criticism as by the power of a great example. There are hundreds of thousands of earnest souls, who, provided they are satisfied that the faith of the New Church is let down from Heaven, have in themselves no hostile state to prevent them from accepting it. It is marvellous that with Christendom all dissolving around us into individual particles, with religious organizations unfolding continually into new forms and assuming a shape and image utterly before unknown, with science widening and amplifying its discoveries, and civilization broad-casting its seeds over the whole earth,—it is strange at first glance that such meagre results should attend the efforts of the teachers of New Church truth to indoctrinate the public.

What is the cause of it? We apprehend it to be grounded in the deep conviction that the Church of Christ must be a Great Spiritual Fact, possessed of a certain inherent power, and demonstrating its Divine origin by overwhelming subjective testimony, by a strength in its ministry at least akin to the miraculous, a fire burning upon its altars which kindles an intense fervor by in the hearts that are open to its reception. Men expect to see power exhibited in a Living Church upon a moral scale, analogous to that material force evinced in Nature, and attested by a pentecostal presence and influence. However chaste in design, however beautiful in execution, of whatever value in material and sumptuousness in decoration a temple may be, men ask that the sanctuary shall be inhabited by a SPIRIT, and if there is an empty shrine there are but formal worshipers. Now doctrines are not merely the temple, but the shrine, and if those who hold the faith possess no peculiar inspiration above those who make no profession of faith, who are mere philosophers and speculative inquirers, if they are not raised by the faith which they possess to a more commanding attitude of reverence, spirituality and devotion, men turn from a mere form of ideas as

they would from the Athenian Parthenon, where long ago the voice of worship died away, or existed in its palmyest state as a barbarism and an inversion.

The common instinct of mankind judges of the truth of a dogma, or of a church, by the force and heat of spirit which it evinces in its members. What holds the best of people to many of our Calvinistic churches? Why does Orthodoxy, as it is termed, although its forms are protean, although it is encumbered with many gross mistakes and burdened too often with cruel superstition,—yet why does it, as with a golden trumpet sounding through the land, gather in souls who hate sin and love godliness by millions to its solemn feasts? Why? Because it demonstrates the presence of God within it by the converting power. There is the secret. What though often the creeds are coarse and repulsive? Men bear with the letter that killeth for the sake of the spirit that giveth life. They would gladly receive in many instances the truths of the New Church, they could easily be gathered into New Church congregations, if, as a body, we lived in the midst of genuine, unartificial revivings of religion; if there was a stirring, Heaven-inspired ministry, thoroughly in earnest in the great work of converting souls, and a praying people tremblingly alive to the felt and seen realities of the here and hereafter.

'Tis the characteristic of a real church that it has a real ministry, an inspired ministry. God speaks to man through consecrated hearts and minds, to whom, according to their light, He intrusts truths that make men wise unto salvation. The gospel marches by its own inherent power, its Divine power. God is in Christianity, and that Church which asserts itself to be a form, much more a new and higher, an ampler form of the Divine religion, must demonstrate its august claim by being filled with gospel force. It must not languish in neighborhoods and communities. It must not be content to linger on a precarious existence in solitary minds. Christianity did not so in its origin: its emblem is the seed springing forth continually to an ever-renewing proliferation; or the dew and the rain from Heaven that fertilizes the arid desert and makes it blossom as the rose. It makes men alive and in earnest from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet. They work not by man force, mesmeric power,



spiritual obsessions, or any agency less than God working in them. One chases a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. The Lord communicates Himself through them.

Again, Christianity is social. Believers cluster together as naturally as bees. The church, in fact, is the highest social form. Wherever two or three exist whose hearts are burning with the same type of religion they coalesce, they act in concert; the Holy Spirit works through them; they are exercised by Almighty power. Soon as numbers accumulate truth forces itself through some best adapted organization; the church begets its own ministry, bearing noble souls as a pure matron to the Lord. Unless disorders intervene the sacred wonder spreads and widens on every side. The ample Spirit overrules the external husk, the rigid frame-work of the dogma. Harsh and stern as is the creed of the Calvinist it can be made subservient to the great end of saving souls, of ripening them for immortal glory. So of the doctrines of other sects.

We in the New Church, formally so called, are as yet, with few exceptions, in the letter, not in the spirit. Some good men begin to think that there never are to be any New Church congregations distinctively. They believe that the Old Church is to pass away, that its vast missionary and other enterprises are to crumble into fragments; they speak hopefully of that approaching era. But what is to replace it? New Church missions, thick spread as are the stars in the nightly firmament and shining upon every zone of our varied human race; sanctuaries filled with grateful and happy worshippers; bands of noble and apostolic laborers foremost in every good word and work; secure and ample charities organized into working powers? They hope so. But what ground have they for this hope? With the extension of New Church ideas do New Church congregations rise and prosper, do they grow into ministries, and, positive to the communities in which they exist, absorb the good of every denomination, piloting the way to higher spiritual states? Do believers in towns and cities, by the sweet law of the attraction of sympathetic natures, grow into a lively union of kindred hearts? Do they love to meet together and tell of the wonders that the Lord hath wrought? Do they unitedly labor in the

work of evangelizing the public sentiment; of turning the currents of public action into pure and healthful channels; of baptizing the world with the Holy Ghost and fire?

If they fail, the orthodox world, the heterodox world, may well refuse to adopt our doctrinal formulas; for the saying is a common one, "that the doctrine makes the man." If we have the most loving faith we must be the most loving people. If we enjoy the most liberal faith we must be the most liberal people. Or if we possess the most illumined faith surely we must be the most illumined people. Till this is the case we shall be classed with utopians and with dreamers, nor can any truth which we possess in theory deliver us from our fate. The world is practical and looks at results. Whenever we become the most ardent, tender, child-like, God-like of all believers, and not till then, will the Old Church in myriads flock to our altars. There is no help for it. Men judge of doctrines by results.

There are two complaints made against the churches formed upon a Swedenborgian basis; first, narrowness, and second, coldness. Let us ask the question if they are not true? Are not the writings of Swedenborg erected into a creed? Would any congregation of this sort accept the very best man in the world, the most gifted man in the world, as a minister, provided he believed that Swedenborg ever erred in his spiritual statements or was liable to be mistaken in any theological matter? Do they not try the orthodoxy of each individual by this huge system? Do they not prevent really independent thinking by exacting a Swedenborgian accuracy? Now what creed is there in the world so narrow? Its very vastness makes it narrow. Outside of his thirty-nine articles the Episcopalian can exercise his mental powers in perfect liberty, but there is no outside here. For instance, I may believe every article of New Church theology, but if I venture to assert that there are reasons to believe that the moral order of other worlds and systems than our own has never been invaded, I am instantly under censure. I may find it hard and indeed impossible to believe otherwise than that the apostle Paul is saved and is an angel; instantly I have made shipwreck of my faith, and, in the estimation of many, am little better than an infidel. Instead of adopting the doctrine that there is an ulti-

mate truth to which Swedenborg as well as all men is amenable, have we not adopted the doctrine that he embodies and concludes all truth, and that, as New Churchmen, we have no right to differ from him on any point? Are we not therefore actually Swedenborgians instead of New Churchmen? So far of narrowness and of the charge of narrowness.

But then: besides this procrustean bedstead of universal conformity to Swedenborg, is there not a private system of racks and thumb-screws besides? Do those who make Swedenborg the absolute authority agree in what "Swedenborgianism" is? Does not the whole land of Swedenborgianism lie under the dog-star of controversy? What jealousies, what bickerings exist between different parties who adopt, or profess to adopt, the common Swedenborgian standard. In fine, does it not seem as if the law of repulsion between opposites had chosen this field for its especial home? A million, yes three million of Methodists live together with more peace than a handful of brethren who have received a faith the very essence of which is universal charity.

Again, as to the charge of coldness. We think that any one who knows what religion is in his soul must feel that the love of God is not shed abroad as a tender, healing, soothing influence upon our people. They are like sheep torn amidst brambles and bleating for their Shepherd. They are, many of them, seeking for the inner life of the New Church, but they pine for sympathy and find it not. Our heart bleeds for this good, New Church people. They long for religious homes, but have seldom found them. A deadly chill and torpor, full of strife, overhangs the congregations. It is an infestation from the Hells, but many of them are like dumb animals in distress, who cannot tell what hurts them, but only moan and make a kind of inarticulate cry. We see them and think of sheep tied hand and foot and so carried to the shambles. A man can receive all the essential truths of the New Church and be permitted to preach them in Unitarian and Episcopalian pulpits. We particularize the doctrine of the Lord, of the internal sense of the Word, of regeneration through uses, of Heaven and Hell, and of Divine Providence. So it should be. There is more liberality, combined with warm-hearted charity, among many clergymen of foreign denominations toward each other.

more liberty given by congregations to their pastors, a gentler and more humane relation existing, than is found among those who claim to be, *par excellence*, receivers of the Lord. There is more liberality shown among private members of the various sects, in the construction of their faith, than among those who follow Swedenborg. In fine, the dogma and not the life is made lord paramount, and the cold and crushing weight of the letter stifles the tender and the charitable spirit. The whole church system of the Swedenborgian edifice is a decided failure in these particulars. Men can put up with much provided there is love, forbearance and a godly zeal for each other's best and highest interest. Men have put up with much in Swedenborgian congregations, in the hope that moderation and silence and giving way would produce peace and concord. Devout and excellent people, receivers of long standing, to our personal knowledge, continue pew-holders and supporters of religious meetings when their hearts are elsewhere. And why? Because they love the church and cling to it in the hope of its revival.

There are offsets to this view. Doubtless there are New Churchmen, who, while they hold to the general reliability, the general truthfulness of the views unfolded by Swedenborg, yet exercise a loving charity toward their brethren, who, as in our case, hold that vast strata of knowledges beyond his ken remain to be unfolded. Others, again, maintain a most Catholic spirit toward the good of all denominations, and see the New Church wherever the Spirit of God is converting sinners from the error of their ways. The noble editorials of *The Crisis* show how deeply and how thoroughly the leaven of a true New Church has impermeated the minds who control and sustain that able and excellent journal. How patiently amidst long-continued disaster have many private members of various religious bodies borne the heat and burden of the day. That noble monument of Christian enterprise, the "Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society," scattering truth with a liberal hand and sowing beside all waters, evinces the truest missionary spirit on the part of its promoters. All these things tell. Nor here should we fail to particularize the noble sympathy of individuals with the great reform and missionary movements of our time. There are stir-

ring sermons preached, there are great lives lived, there are noble charities communicated. Let all these be estimated at their full value.

But what is wanting? The answer is evident. A true Church form; an inspired Church action. We assume that neither of these exist, at least to our knowledge. We insist, first, that the simple belief in the Lord, in the Word and in regeneration through uses, unincumbered by any question of the extent of faith in the infallibility of Swedenborg, entitles the Christian man to full church fellowship. Paul was inspired, but we do not hear that in the primitive Church any disciple was ever required to profess his faith in Christianity as specially revealed through Paul. We hold that Mr. Sears is a genuine New Churchman, and worthy of all acceptance, though in regard to the doctrine of the resurrection of the literal body of our Lord he dissents from the conclusions of the writers of the Swedenborgian school. Gladly would we see him ministering to a publicly recognized New Church people. We must accept the great law of unity in variety. We should be guilty of a great sin did we condemn the editor of *The Swedenborgian*, because, in the Lord's Divine Providence, he has not been led to perceive certain high truths which, to our mind, are clear as the sun, but he is none the less a New Churchman for that. He may write and preach and print against them in charity, till the pro and con of the great matter is set forth in amplest light, but he belongs to that mystical body of which Christ is the Head and of which we hope in the day of just judgment to be found an humble member. In the vitals of religion we agree. Here too the great name of Swedenborg stands in our behalf; his definition of the New Churchman is thoroughly our own. There must be mutual forbearance, mutual prayer, and such love between those who for the time are yet in certain things constrained to differ, that men shall see in us the radiant image of the common Lord. We must prove that we are not a band of snarling, doggish controversialists, but a confraternity of loving, gentle, tender, Christian men. Taking this broad ground we maintain unity without the loss of charity. We grow not alone by the aggregation of numbers, which is good, but of all varieties and styles of human mind and genius, which is bet-

ter. Our camp-fires brighten, our banners are unrolled amidst circumstances the most varied and in localities the most remote.

But second. The salvation of souls must be our great object in coming together. The truth is but the means, but the end regeneration. Here then is the motive that sanctifies the movement. With this great object in view we will not be apt to quarrel about particulars. God's Holy Spirit will march with us to victory. Then from the present inchoate and confused condition will gradually unroll a true order of affairs. Churches will spring up as by magic, stately as the palm-tree, prolific as the pomegranate, of perennial verdure like the fadeless cedar, and fragrant continually as the ever-blooming rose. We shall be gradually recognized as the Charity-people, the Heart-people.

But once more. Love allays all bitterness; Love casts out devils; Love unites repulsed and wounded natures; Love calls down God's blessing, evinces the Lord's presence, connects the Church on earth with that in Heaven, opens the channels of influx, attracts the pure, heals the broken-hearted, uplifts the fallen and restores the lost. We shall be the most loving of all bodies so long as we keep steadily in view the conversion and regeneration of the world to the Divine love. Here is our strength, our safety. From this will date a new beginning in the affairs of Christendom. We shall march on, God in the midst of us, to the moral renovation of the world.

An address will be delivered by Rev. T. L. HARRIS, before the "Young Men's Christian Union," in Clinton Hall, Astor Place, on Tuesday evening, the 12th of October, at 7 1-2 o'clock, upon—" *The Christianity demanded by the times.*"

The public is invited to attend.



## THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE WORD:

### METHOD OF ITS RECEPTION AND DIFFUSION.

So exquisite in beauty are the truths of the celestial sense of the Word, so pure in essence, and in their form so attractive to all the best affections of the soul, that they need no labored argument in their defence: they carry to natures prepared for their entrance in the Lord's Providence, their own most fit and sensible demonstration. We might as well attempt to prove that the morning or the eventide are fair, or that the rose gives forth a delicious odor. Those unprepared for their reception must wait till such a time as the Lord has changed their states: before that period arrives they cannot participate in the exalted joys which their possession and right use imparts to the recipient.

The same thing holds true of the knowledges of the spiritual sense as well. Experience has demonstrated the fact that there must be a certain intellectual preparation before the understanding can grasp the principles which they involve and by which they are verified.

Holding these things in view those who are receivers of the first, for whom our article is especially designed, should content themselves with a simple presentation of those sublime verities in which they take delight, *leaving controversy to the unregenerate*. They will meet with two classes of opposers. First, those who stolidly and stupidly deny, from that same grossness of state which closes the ear of the dull clown to the ravishing music of the fields or woodlands and which makes him prefer the carnal and sensual above the heavenly, whether in feeling, thought or sensation. This grossness is found as well among those who have been favored with the opportunities of external culture as with the most benighted of mankind. The bond slaves of mammon are its especial victims.

But a second class deny, not so much from a lack of capacity to understand or from a deficiency of relish for its excellences when once partaken of, as from a certain latent fear lest a new unfolding of heavenly verities may conflict with the old conditions. It is venturing on new ground; old prepossessions have to

be removed; the conservative ease of the spirit, self-complacently reposing in the midst of the Goods and Truths already acquired, is somewhat rudely disturbed by this vision of the Promised Land, the way to which is through toil and tears. The mind in this case is too often apt to consider that beauteous disclosure of living streams and goodly palaces and gardens of undying verdure and groves of unfading leaf as a deceitful mirage. As the Castilian nobles, satisfied with the conquest of Grenada, saw little in the bold auguries of Columbus,—had no faith even in the sanity of him whose escutcheon bore afterward the proud inscription that he “to Castile and Leon gave a new world,” so, when God’s Word, high, sacred and awful, with brow of light and tongue of fire, in higher tones makes itself audible to the ears of those who already have possessed themselves, at least intellectually, of its more primary and initiatory truths, they are apt to look with incredibility upon those vast and solemn utterances.

It is useless to argue. The best course is simply to imbibe the choicest spirit of the truths we love, to possess them in quietness of mind, to make ourselves familiar both with the height and the vastness of the ground we occupy, to make them a part of ourselves by the appropriation of their elements, and when, absorbed into the consciousness, they flow into the ready speech and elevate the understanding to their own discrete degree, then, as the Holy Spirit moves, at such times and places as are orderly, to set them forth in their own beautiful fitness and sufficiency, as the gardener exhibits his choice flowers or the Pomologist displays the ripened summer fruit.

Like the breath of sweet music, heard in the still night across the sea, these truths for their reception and their enjoyment require a quiet serenity of soul, a state of resting in God. To indulge in controversy concerning them will induce inevitably a state of mind the reverse of that calm and prayerful frame in whose atmosphere they delight to move. Their snowy garments will grow brighter to the vision, their angelic forms more palpable to every sense of spirit-touch, in the degree in which we cultivate the tender and the peaceful affections of the Inner Life. A repose broods over them, if we may use the word, like the Divine breath above an unfallen paradise.

Those truths are needful for the purpose of serving as a means of establishing in the soul the true quietism, the repose state of the Angels. They were referred to by our Lord in the inner sense of His words when He said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Through the celestial sense of the Word the CHURCH OF REST will be established; and, permanently incorporated into the fabric of our most external nature, the Divine Peace, of which it is written, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you,"—that peace which is also called "The peace of God which passeth all understanding," shall reveal itself, till we feel not only that God's kingdom is to come but that it has come, while we realize the answer to the prayer, "Thy will be done as in Heaven so on earth."

Again: it is written concerning the work of our Lord in the establishment of this Celestial Church, "He shall not cry nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street: a bruised reed shall He not break and the smoking flax shall He not quench." Since, then, we are to receive the Lord through the opening of our internal faculties, it behooves us to exercise that perfect love to all mankind which is at once the precursor of His inward advent and the evidence of His abiding presence. The Church established in the celestial sense is also called "Holy ground," and that passage applies in its internals to it in which it is written, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Here, in the celestial sense of the Word, is our Lord directly manifest to us. We must therefore enter into its truths not with controversy but with thanksgiving, and into its knowledges with praise.

Again: the celestial sense is called "the bride-chamber," and those who receive it "the children of the bride-chamber," and its first joy, as it descends into the breast, is that of an endless nuptials, such as are celebrated in Heaven. Its gatherings in the Word are also called nuptials and festivities, and those who participate in its public services, whether social or congregational, should remember that the place and presence of the bridegroom and the bride is consecrated to joyful congregations and the interchange of kind and tender sympathies; never meant or made for controversies; utterly beyond the realm of strife.

With these precepts in view we shall walk, even with those who are not with us in sentiment, as a peculiar people, kindred to the Angels, beloved of God; and so we shall be called at last "the delight of the whole earth."

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**THE INCARNATION.**

The Man of Sorrows trod the earth,  
 From sinful passion free,  
 Yet bore the nature from His birth  
 Of all humanity.

Each Angel gave his inmost part,  
 Each star in essence came,  
 To form the fabric of His heart  
 And build His vital frame.

Through chosen Mary's virgin breast  
 That form to earth drew nigh,  
 While there adoring Heaven confest  
 Incarnate Deity.

The organs of His life before  
 Embraced creation's round;  
 On every planet's peopled shore  
 The Angel's God was found;

But o'er His Godhead now He cast  
 The cloudy veils of time,  
 While Hell's dread anarchs quailed aghast  
 Before the sight sublime.

The pulses of eternal love  
 Through all its substance ran;  
 So He who fills the Heavens above  
 On earth appeared as Man.

## NEW CHURCH TRUTHS IN OLD CHURCH PULPITS.

The doctrines of the Old Church are like rays of light, broken and refracted in their transmission through an imperfect medium; those of the New the same rays, mercifully adapted in the Divine Providence to our feeble vision, yet preserving an acromatic translucency. The questions are often asked, Why, in spite of an imperfect dogma, the Old Church should be favored with such gracious outpourings of the Divine Spirit? Why such zeal should characterize its varied benevolent operations? Why such beautiful instances of militant heroism and self-sacrifice, such faith in God and in His Providence, such love for perishing man, should be displayed among many of its teachers and missionaries? Why such great successes should attend very many of its enterprises, and often whole communities attest its reviving and evangelizing power?

As we investigate the subject we shall discover an essential truth of the New Church concealed in the midst of the technicalities of that doctrine which we are constrained to consider erroneous, but which was preached and argued so earnestly by Luther and his associates, and thence incorporated into the confessions of the Reformed,—the doctrine of justification by faith alone. We make the assertion, which we challenge the whole world to refute, that this dogma is not fully preached in the majority of the Reformed Pulpits; nor do any of the truly enlightened clergymen of the evangelical denominations believe in it; nor is it commended to the inquirer after Divine Grace; nor are those who are anxiously seeking the way into an experimental religion taught to believe that justification by faith alone, independently of a germ of good affections in the spirit, will ever save.

What is taught, substantially, is this; that the love of God, as an active principle, conjoined with the love of the neighbor, must exist within the heart; that there must be an intense hatred of sin as sin; a corresponding love of good as good; a desire to walk from right motives in right paths; an effort of the will to coerce the reluctant passions into strict conformity to the Divine

commands; a feeling that in ourselves we can do nothing, but that God will give the power, through His Holy Spirit shed abroad upon us. When persons are in this state they are told that Christ loves them and has died for them; that, all stained with evil as they are, He asks them to come to Him; that He has power to save them and that He will. They are encouraged to believe that He is personally conscious that they are prostrate in contrition at His feet, and that then He enters by His Divine Spirit and communicates Himself to the fearing, trembling penitent, who rejoices in the power of the Lord to forgive sin, and goes on his or her way rejoicing in the inward presence of the Savior.

Now this is true, every bit of it, and tens of thousands of such conversions have taken place within the last year; but where, in the meanwhile, is the doctrine of justification by faith alone? It is nowhere, but, in its stead, we practically find the true doctrine of justification through charity combined with its own faith. The Lutheran formula, adopted into the creeds, retains its place there, but quietly, noiselessly, its opposite truth does the work, and God is glorified, and men are translated into His glorious kingdom. Enough of the old dogma lingers, it is true, to confuse and bewilder the neophyte, and to involve the theory of conversion in absurdities and contradictions. It is through the doctrine of justification by charity combined with its own faith that the Holy Spirit enters and effectually works. The light is there, but it plays upon a dark background and shines through a cloudy mist of mistakes and perversions. Let us rejoice in the light wherever we see it, for where the true Spirit has room to work the clouds of misunderstanding will roll away, and we shall all come, in the unity of the Spirit and of faith and of doctrine to a perfect manhood in the Lord.

#### NIGHT.

Like some huge smithy glows the night:  
 The Giant Darkness beats his bars,  
 And, where the mighty blows alight,  
 The flying sparkles are the stars.



## JOHN CHAMPNEY'S FORTUNE:

HOW IT CAME, AND WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

### CHAPTER III.—CONCLUDED.

The accession of Mr. Champney to his fortune made little difference, so far as I could perceive, in his simple tastes. Although of course immensely lifted in the world's estimation, the humility, the self-respect, the tender regard for the feelings of others, the straight forward honesty by which he had been known and prized by former associates, remained unaltered. I said to him one day, You might as well be poor as rich: your personal habits remain as they were when your earnings were not over two pounds a week. He answered, "This is not my estate: it is the Lord's." I discovered about this time that he had formed the habit of never engaging in any transaction without a direct reference to the Divine Will. This was illustrated to me shortly before the laying of the corner-stone of his new house and the accompanying chapel.

Grimesby Park was an ancient domain, once occupied by the Benedictines, and, in the reform and renovation of that ancient order, finally held by their successors as a Cistercian Priory. Such it had remained from the remote Saxon times till king Henry VIII. had secularized the ecclesiastical estates. The river Staur, making a wide detour from its general course, almost encircled the demesne. Oaks and elms, with here and there a mighty beech, centuries old, stood now as they had done for generations about the remains of the ancient monastery. Part of its materials, more than two hundred years ago, had been removed and rebuilt into Grimesby Hall, itself a ruin now. One old tower still remained, though overgrown with ivy and much dilapidated.

The high-road to lower Nettleby, skirting the river's course above and below us, passed directly by the Park gates, and, through broad fields immediately opposite, here grown to be a deep, still water, ran the Middle Brook. These fields all belonged to the estate, and were part of the original domains of

the Priory. A semi-circle of terraced and gradually sloping hills bounded the view in this direction.

"Man proposes," said Mr. Champney, "but God disposes. Little thought our friend who has gone that his wealth, gathered with such incredible pains and hoarded for so many years, was to be expended in laying the foundations of a true Christian Society. These broad acres have been long held by unjust men, who, neglectful of their duties, have rioted in opulence while their tenants have been left to live and die as if they were of no more value than so many animals. Their filth, debauchery and servile meanness cannot be removed in a day, I know, but, by God's help I hope to live to see vice supplanted by virtue, and the love of self by the love of the neighbor and of the Lord." Mr. Lovegood joined us at that moment.

Were my eyes deceived and made the victims of some optical illusion? A sudden faintness overcame me. Floating above and now all radiant in the declining splendors of the setting sun, stood a man arrayed in complete armor from head to foot, bearing upon his arm a shield of silver emblazoned with a ruddy cross, while in his right hand was uplifted a sword of such intense brightness that it seemed to throw a white and silvery lustre over the whole landscape. While I gazed upon the vision a voice said to me, or seemed to say, "Rise." and I lost all consciousness till I stood where a company of men of majestic yet youthful appearance were seated in an octagonal room and around a circular table, upon which were spread plans, such as are made use of by architects.

One resembled Mr. Lovegood, though brighter, and another seemed the very image of Mr. Champney. After the drawings had been inspected by the assemblage one who seemed the president of the council entrusted them to the charge of the two who wore the likenesses of my friends and said, "It is given to you, brethren, since you still retain the natural body as a medium of use and communication with the earth, to carry into execution the benignant purposes of our Lord to the ignorant and unfortunate sojourners in your place of natural abode. Here are designs for a temple of the New Jerusalem, a school, an infirmary and a suitable dwelling-place for yourselves. Take them: you will

receive in the external such wisdom as shall enable you fully to incorporate them into their material ultimates." Then all the council rose as one, and sang the *Gloria Patria*.

I awoke. The vision seemed to have occupied about an hour and was so vividly imprinted in my memory that I could describe much more than I have here mentioned. I waited until once more restored to my usual state, and then narrated to them both all that I had witnessed. They exchanged looks, not of astonishment but of joyful recognition. "This is true," said Mr. Champney, "it has been intimated repeatedly in a state between sleep and waking that I should have these plans. I have refrained from acting in the selfhood."

We returned to the temporary apartment which we were occupying in the tenantable portion of the Hall. It was the hour of evening worship, and, after its close, a state which I may best characterize as waiting took possession of us. We were too glad for words. A cool wind was felt by all of us as on the night in which we had seen the white dove; and now, as it seemed to me, a venerable monk of the Benedictine order, who might have lived as long ago as the Heptarchy, was present with us. His broad and ample brow, white as semi-pellucid marble, was without a furrow, and, unlike the inmates of the monastic cell in our time, his head was unshaved, while his beard flowed to his very girdle. He seemed to bear a platter upon which was a large loaf of bread. Following him came another of aspect still more lofty, holding in his right hand a silver flagon and in his left a cup of the same material. Then, two and two, advanced a long procession, which slowly encircled us. They began singing a sacred hymn.

The cup and the flagon, and also the platter and the loaf were now placed upon the table, visible to my spiritual sight, and the chief of this illustrious band pronounced these solemn words, "Our work is ended! Since the day when the VIIIth Henry sequestered these lands, consecrated to the service of God by holy men of old, we have presided over this, our ancient heritage. Living before the Norman Conquest, in days when the Church existed in comparative purity, because Charity was predominant over faith and a good life held the best religion, we became, after

our translation from the body, Angels of the Lord. Each of us is now united to his beloved counterpart, with whom we dwell in endless nuptial festivities in the Heavens, where also we have been instructed in the internal sense of the Divine Word.

“From time to time, at intervals, in sleep and visions of the night, our office has been to comfort the afflicted, to soothe the sorrows of the weary, to ward off the attacks of infernal spirits and to impart celestial consolations to the sons of toil. With longings of unspeakable desire we have awaited the descent of that Holy City, the New Jerusalem, expecting the hour when the tabernacle of God should be with men. The arm of the Lord hath been extended to remove the sons of Belial, buried in fleshly lusts, from this gathering place of ancient worthies. It is once again appropriated to sacred ends.

“A new dispensation succeeds the old. The first Catholic Church died in the death of Charity. In the resurrection of Charity the new dispensation takes its place. The first Heaven and the first earth have passed away. Henceforth these aged and venerable groves shall resound with the matins and with the vespers of holy and happy hearts. Here shall congenial and regenerate spirits be united in chaste conjugal nuptials which the Lord ordains, and here shall infancy unfold in beautiful images of Divine Love and Wisdom till regeneration perfects the spirit for the delights of Heaven. Here shall the Word be opened to believing eyes, and its abundant knowledges, welcomed as the truths of the inner life, be wrought out in visible manifestations of ripe use and rich benevolence. The Angels of the First Church depart: the Angels of the Second Church descend.”

At this there was a sudden sound as if the circumambient ether was inundated with a sea of song, and, no more habited in their ancient costume, but each in flowing robes of intensest light, and now appearing in the perfection of youthful majesty and grace, the sacred company ascended and were seen no more.

I returned to outer consciousness, unable to speak. My friends had not seen the vision, but they had heard an indescribable melody of peculiar sweetness, penetrating to the very soul.

Again my spiritual sight was opened. Miser Grudge stood before me. Speaking with a hollow and sepulchral voice he

thus began, "I am not utterly lost, for a faint and feeble germ of charity began to live within my spirit before I departed for the Unseen World. Nevertheless my evils were so great, so deeply imbedded in my nature, that I must remain many years, slowly undoing my past life,—which I shall do through the grace of God. My clothing is rags because I am poor. I laid up no treasure in Heaven and barely entered to take my place among those who are saved so as by fire. My head is shelterless because I built no mansion for myself in acts of kindness for those without a home. My hands are nerveless, my palate as yet unrenewed, because, through my former state of mind, in which I took little compassion on the hungry, I now find myself unable to appropriate heavenly joys. From my soul seeking to undo the evils of my past life on earth, I ask the Lord to accept this free-will offering of my former life, which my adopted child, John Champney, is in his spirit moved to make. God have mercy on me."

Those hollow eyes, that gaunt face, those fleshless limbs and hands almost paralyzed,—I never can forget them! Miser Grudge turned away, led by a friendly hand which he saw not. He too vanished from my sight.

My vision was then opened to penetrate the outer gloom, when, sudden as a flash of light, and attired in a stained and tattered garment once that of a cavalier, a bloated, burly man made his appearance. It was Squire Grimesby over again so far as looks might go, though in different attire. With him were hostlers, huntsmen, game-keepers, debauched persons of the old time,—just such company as for generations had lived as to their natural bodies in these precincts. It was Squire Grimesby's great-grandfather, the first of the family in this place, a man whose memory had better be forgotten. He was associated with such company as he entertained while here.

A trumpet blew, clear, musical, golden. At this two Angels descended bearing with them two rods, one blooming with silver and the other golden flowers. Instantly the whole of that tumultuous company of revellers, with Grimesby at the head, abandoned the place, flying in the wildest consternation.

It was now far in the night. Suddenly a broad, silvery lustre, defining an area of perhaps seven miles in circumference, made

visible as it seemed the entire domain. Instead of the ruined monastery stood a church, whose slender spire was surmounted by a cross of gold. In place of a church-yard, veiled in the gloomy shadow cast by sombre yew trees and willows, was a lovely garden, whose winding pathways all were made to terminate at the doors of the temple. Statues of white marble stood at intervals, and here and there were vernal arbors covered with the white rose. Fruit trees bent over the garden walks; young birds were fluttering from branch to branch; the air was soft and balmy. At the right of the garden was an airy and commodious building in the same style of architecture as the church. Children were playing before the doors, and, in a niche above the main entrance, I observed the statue of an Angel holding in one hand a little child and with the other pointing to the Heavens. An edifice of similar appearance was now made visible at the left, adapted in every respect to the purposes of an infirmary. A neat and modest mansion stood in the background, and, on the escutcheon above the door, instead of armorial bearings, were these words, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." Many particulars which I do not here relate were represented in this vision. The impression left upon the mind was one of untroubled peace.

I turned to Mr. Champney and slowly word for word repeated all that I have here written and much more, and my language seemed not my own but given to me. I recollect distinctly the closing sentences: they were these, "God's kingdom shall come and His will be done on earth as in Heaven. God requires the perfect abnegation of the selfhood; an entire willingness to live for others; a state of cheerful, perfect acquiescence in His will. Whether entrusted with much or little the responsibilities are the same. The servant to whom is committed one talent has a use as important in its own sphere as the one who has ten talents, and, in the humblest cottage as well as in the palaces of kings, the faithful may commune in cheerful labor with the God of love. Christ comes a second time through men of a new type, who, purified from self and vastated of its evils, serve as the exponents of the Divine order which exists in Heaven. You are one of those in whom the peculiar endowments of the new age are ex-



hibited. The wealth which has been bestowed upon you is not designed to serve as a snare either to yourself or others. Recollect that God, who gives pecuniary means, will give also to all who ask Him justness of discrimination, that, as dispensers of His Divine bounty, such works of use may be accomplished as He designs." At this I paused for no more words were given.

My tale is at an end. I will not here narrate the realization of these things, but, should any of my readers chauce to visit Grimesby Park they will find me at their call, happy to conduct them to the school, now flourishing and a model to the country far and wide. Should they remain over the Lord's day, they will doubtless listen to a discourse from Mr. Lovegood, at once profound and practical, and they may learn, from the lips of those whom he has, alike by his kind words and his noble example, led to a true Christian life, the use which Mr. Champney makes of the fortune, which, in the Divine Providence, has been bestowed upon him.

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#### A SONG OF SLEEP.

As the calm river flows by night,  
Through meadows moist and still,  
Nor shrinks beneath the sultry light,  
Nor turns the noisy mill,—  
From earthly strife and toil and care,  
When slumber seals the eyes,  
Our spirits find the vallies fair  
And landscapes of the skies.

There, as the gentle streamlet runs  
Through night's mysterious hours,  
O'erwatched by troops of moving suns,  
Caressed by fragrant flowers,—  
With Angel-hearts around our own,  
And Angel-eyes above,  
We glide within the blissful zone  
Of our Redeemer's love.

### INWARD PURITY.

Deep in my secret heart I found  
A gem of many rays ;  
It grew without a voice or sound  
From Duty's infant days.  
To every soul a pearl of price,  
So pure, the Lord has given ;  
This Adam lost in Paradise,  
And Christ redeemed from Heaven.

Star of the heart ! how bright it shines,  
In splendor all its own ;  
Through it the path my soul divines  
To glory's inmost throne ;  
And there, as in an ocean shell  
Breathes on the sounding sea,  
With everlasting music dwell  
The words of Deity.

Soft trembling in the dawn of life,  
It brightens while we run,  
Through patient years of martyr strife,  
To Love's eternal sun :  
Then, while we rest in full delight  
Within the Lord's embrace,  
It mirrors the unbounded light  
Of His beloved face.

What bosom-gem is this we find  
When heavenly days begin ?  
'Tis purity of heart and mind,—  
The present God within.  
Oft as the heart to Jesus turns,  
In peerless beauty drest,  
Lit by His love it glows and burns  
To cheer and light the breast.

## THE NEW CHURCH NOT A SECT BUT A PEOPLE.

Those who are versed in the spiritual sense of the Word will understand readily that the names of Adam, Seth, Noah, etc., refer to churches, or peoples who were churches by reason of certain distinguishing moral states. The church Adam, or most ancient, enjoyed open vision, internal respiration, direct intercourse with Heaven, because it was preëminent in charity.— Now the New Church on earth, when it is fully established, will be the second Adam, the collective man reinstated in his normal condition.

But individuals are also called churches. There can indeed be no church as an embodiment of many until the human units of which that body is composed become churches in themselves. Each individual therefore is a church, and as are his predominant states as to faith and charity, so are his relations. For instance, if he is a golden man, in whom the love of God and the neighbor are quite paramount, whose internal perceptions are opened, whose knowledges are from the internal, whose sole delight is use, whose self-abnegating nature craves only to know and to do the Divine Will, he is in the Most Ancient Church having retraced the world's long pilgrimage to Morning Land. We do not say, of course, that any have travelled thus far; but they may,—they will. This is adduced as an illustration. When a man enters into the fullness of his regeneration he is in the New Church in this large and lofty sense, and has become a member of that second Adam.

We are to keep this steadily in view. As are a man's conditions so is his Church, so is he as a church. The names of Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian carry with them no internal significance. There is no internal meaning to the word Swedenborgian. Such names are not recognized in Heaven; they have no existence there, they are not in the Word, but are simply external and of mundane birth. So then, when we ask the question, What church does this man belong to? and receive for answer, "He is a Methodist, a Moravian, a Catholic," it conveys no real

spiritual conception to the mind, because it does not reveal what manner of man he is, does not indicate his moral state. How absurd it is then to predicate a man's condition or his relationship to the inner church, upon his ecclesiastical surroundings. A man may belong, by virtue of certain earthly circumstances, to a sect, whose inversions of truth are most infernal, and yet, as to his soul, his life may be hid with Christ in God. Another may have intellectually a *status* among the receivers of the highest truths now known, but as to his soul may be the familiar associate of Infernal Spirits. Terrible truth! So in heathen countries, as in the dense wilds of interior Africa, availing themselves conscientiously of such surviving truths as are there extant in rude tradition, and practicing clarity as the rule of life, planes are formed in the internal mind, through which the truths of Heaven are brought down in simple forms adapted to a simple people, and glimpses are afforded of that which is within the veil. Here are men, Christian brethren, who have never heard aught of our external mode of Christianity. Where are they as to their souls? Conjoined to the dependencies of the Celestial, Spiritual or Ultimate Heaven.

Here again is a group adjoined as to their externals to a sect whose doctrinal system is based upon the formulas of Wittenberg or Geneva. It is a cold, unfriendly soil, a bleak, inhospitable climate; externally their surroundings are of a painful and restrictive character; but, when the great deep of the heart's fountain is unsealed, the rivers that make glad the city of our God are streaming there. They love and keep His commandments. They walk blamelessly with a pure conscience before His face, and fight as brave a battle against internal evil as ever their puritan fathers maintained against the visible tyrants of the soul. They are like handfuls of ripe grapes whose astringency is all on the surface, whose sweetness is hid within. As to their real conditions, when divested of such husks or wrappings as have been formed about them, they closely resemble our African brethren of whom we spoke before. They are flowers of the same garden, fruits of the same tree.

Once more. A brother stands before us who has received much even of the spiritual meaning of God's Word. He has

more light in the rational faculties than shines in African wilds or on the Nova Zembla of Calvinism. He has transferred to the walls of his mental tabernacle the pictures of supernal realities that lit the mind of Swedenborg; and glimpses of Heavenly Wisdom which shine only in visions of the night, in partial liberations of the spirit from its outer form, on his less favored brethren, lie open for him in books and take their place in a stupendous philosophy. But now, take from him all such truths as he has not yet incorporated into the life; leave him just such and no more, as, by whole-souled acceptance and practical outworking, have become his own; and where is he? to what Church does he belong? When, through the broken shell, we arrive at the living, germinating principle, wherein does it differ from the Spirit that lives and worships in the body of Calvinist or African? Have they attained to equal states of soul-surrendery to God? equal states of soul-emancipation from the bondage of evil? Then they are, as to their church conditions, their church relations, of a common sort.

It is a solemn thought that all truth which a man has not appropriated and made his own is gradually taken away from him in the next state, the World of Spirits. All knowledges that are simply stored in the memory, used merely as the grand adornments of his intellectual mansion, made subservient to ends of self,—ah! there comes a mighty day of burning, and, in wide sheets of fire, they rise and fold themselves together and disappear. All is taken away from the man that he has not made his own. But it is also true that when we enter the World of Spirits the Spirit leaps into an intuitive comprehension of the truths which appropriately conjoin themselves to every good affection of nobleness and virtue which became on earth the tenant of the breast. So the truths of the New Church are intuitively comprehended by those in whom the life of the New Church had become established. And again: from those intellectual receivers who were not also the doers, such truths as they had apparently are taken away. Each man stands then, not as he seems from the external, but as he is in heart.

The curtain of the second life rolls up. We are ushered into the midst of its awful, its glorious and beautiful verities. But as

there is an unvailing of the inner world so there is an unvailing of the inner soul, not instantaneously but gradually. We take our places in the churches to which we severally belong and find ourselves in the companionship of those who cherished the same states with our own. Like seeks like; opposite flies from opposite. But if our predominant states are such that we belong in reality to no church, but to some perversion or inversion of a church, then speedily we enter into close conjunction with those whose prevailing evils are such as approximate most nearly to our own. So all the lovers of good, the doers of good,—entering into the perception each of his own special realm of coördinate knowledges,—find themselves in the great oneness of the body of Christ; while the lovers and the doers of evil,—each immersed in his corresponding falsities,—are found in the embattled legions of the infernal Antichrist.

The question, What church am I of? is then of solemn interest and importance; for, as is a man's church so are his relations, and such his destiny. We belong to sects in seeming, through physical location, through family or hereditary proclivities, through the force of custom, or through intellectual interest in some especial doctrine, but this is simply a seeming, an illusion of the senses. If our souls inhale the auras of the Divine Love, if we are in a true sense the doers of His will, we belong to that great people, who, according to their degrees or states of regeneration or subsequent glorification, extend their populous empires over the expanses of the Upper Earths of Spirits or glow in the intense ardors of the Angelic Heavens. Being many they are one, changing from glory unto glory by the Spirit of God. We must then transfer our thoughts from the sect of which we are members in seeming to the people with whom we are one in reality; and our people, if we are in the Lord, will be found in every sect and every nation in the wide earth; for "God is no respecter of persons, but in every land he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."



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