

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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JANUARY, 1859.

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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PIVOTAL MEN IN THE NEW CHURCH.

When the Lord puts His Spirit on men in the opening of the internals of the understanding and the will, and sets them apart in the priesthood, their function is one of peculiar sacredness. From the beginning of it, as to their interiors, they are conjoined to a society of Angels or Angelic Spirits. In their interior states they pass, by gradual stages, from the initiatory to the more elevated hierarchal degrees of their own Heaven. In some the priestly office is purely local in its character. Such, when called in the Divine Providence to a central position in a society of faithful believers on earth, will seldom, if ever, leave it till the end of natural existence.

The function of others, however, is that of an itinerancy, especially in the sense of serving as centers through whom the Lord designs to organize His New Church in destitute towns and cities. They pass from place to place, as conducted by Him; are made use of to draw together inquirers, to guide them through the initial stages, and then, when the Lord raises up a local priest through whom the work is to be continued, they journey on.

The faithful minister will undergo no diminution of power, no waste of influence with declining years. Age but ripens the spirit, mellows the faculties, rounds out the understanding, tints the imagination with more divine resplendencies, perfects the judgment, and combines, in balanced harmony, the saint, the philosopher, the hero and the little child. When a young man is settled in the ministry, provided his call be local in its nature, he will live and labor in the expectation, if faithful, of reaping the fruits of his planting, and of seeing at last a wide-spread community permeated with a divine influence descending through his labors. The children and the grandchildren of those to whom he first ministered will rise up and call him blessed. As an exam-

plar and illustrator of heavenly charity no less than as a teacher of heavenly doctrine, he will ripen, reposing at last in the midst of the justly earned appreciation and esteem of thousands. Around such men neighborhoods will crystallize into new forms of benevolent social and moral action. They will be found at last, raised up by the Divine Providence, everywhere in Christendom.

Their ministry will know no decline of inspiration, but, on the other hand, become more fervent, more tender, more splendid in imagery, more perfect in charm and affluent in truth and searching to the spirit from year to year. But their chief use will be as confidential counsellors, aiding on by wise advice the human soul in its journeyings toward the gates of conversion and then through all the seven-fold stages of regeneration to a fixed and final state with the Angels. There is no employment in the world more sweet, more beautiful than this. Speaking in all instances by an immediate influx from the Lord, as their states become perfect, they will illustrate the true life. At present preaching is a profession, like medicine or law, conducted in the selfhood and commonly made subservient to the great end,—self-love. Otherwise here, the good man will give himself to his Divine Lord, to work the works of the Father, will enter no house for the purpose of visitation except as led by the Divine hand, will deliver no discourse and conduct no religious service, except as moved upon by the Holy Spirit, will hold all things subservient to the great end,—Use!

The functions of the itinerant priest will be more arduous, more painful. To him there is no settled home. He is the Lord's day's-man. However much he may be drawn by the sweet ties of a celestial love, to those, who, from time to time, may participate in his labors, he must act as if they did not exist, must gather up the energies, girding the loins of the mind, and march on from one sorely contested and hardly-gained place of conflict to where another battle-field is dark with multitudinous foes.—Of him it may be truly said that "he labors and other men enter into his labors." He is a sower and goes forth to sow, but others reap and gather into barns. Such must bear the wrath of mobs, the strife of evil tongues, the censure of ecclesiastics, and, in some instances, the persecutions of civil magistrates. They rep-

resent emphatically the aggressive element, marching solitary and alone into benighted communities, planting the golden standard of the New Jerusalem, and gathering together the meek who are to inherit the earth, the poor who are to have the gospel preached to them, the sick and in prison who are to be visited, the lame who are to walk, the blind who are to see, the hungerers and the thirsters for righteousness who are to be filled, the mourners who are to be comforted and the pure in heart who are to see God.

In every community to which such are sent exists a seed, precious, elect and faithful, awaiting the consolations of the second coming of our Lord. They will not enter neighborhoods to discuss, wrangle or argue, but to present celestial truth in its own light, especially commending the gospel to the conscience.—Through them the latent Celestial Element in Christendom will find its resurrection; societies will be drawn together baptized in the Divine Love. Oh! the blessings of this ministry. It is a new apostolate; a communication of love; a descent of Heaven; a reviving of charity, and, everywhere, the precursor of the entrance of the Lord Christ into the hearts of His willing and receptive people. Such as love the Lord with sufficient intensity and burning earnestness to go forth, laying upon the altar of service gifts most varied, faculties most transcendent, and lives most devoted, will here be found, nor is the day distant.

The tendency of all religious societies is, first, to self-righteousness, second, to sectarian cant, third, to proselytism. These tendencies originate in the selfhood. Against them it will be the especial office of the local priest to make war, instituting from time to time such religious meetings among the members of the fold as shall conduce to the descent of the three opposite influences, which, in the Divine Providence, are continually seeking to ultimate themselves.

Against the tendency to self-righteousness, growing out of the acceptance of dogma, he will effectually labor, and will serve as an agent through whom a copious Divine sphere will descend continually. A man of the most profound humility and carrying himself in a spirit of abundant meekness, through his pivo-

tal use the opposite sphere from the hells will be repelled, exposed in its insidious operations and overcome by the Lord.

Against the tendency to cant, which, at the present time diseases the Christian world and infects speech with insincerity, will be brought to bear soul-speaking; such profound utterances from the welling fount of inspiration in the breast as to call out, in all who hear with a good heart, an utter detestation of sectarian hypocrisy. The image of Sectarianism is bleary-eyed and wizened, with the talons of a harpy for hands and feet, with lacklustre eyes and hollow voice, wherein dwells no life from Heaven. Against this the priest will labor with might and main, till that idol which is raised so loftily in the visible church is overthrown. The pulpit is full of cant; the religious press teems with it; prayer-circles, where a mere formality or sectarianism presides, are but schools for the education of the mind in religious duplicity. Of all falsehood, that which lies to God upon the bended knee is the most odious. Every religious meeting must be the most real of solemnities or it becomes a profane jest. Sweet and tender as the whispering of affianced lovers should be the soul's communion with her Infinite Beloved.—The harsh voice, the frantic cry, the paroxysm, the spasm, have no place in a New Church prayer. There is no angry God whom we must intercede with, for the sake of another coëqual Deity, to avert His terrible face. Far from it: Christ, our God, is the Infinite Lover. There is no far-removed and veiled physical sovereign, surrounded by crouching sycophants, whose blazing throne we must approach from afar; but, instead, the dear Father of all spirits, who comes to every heart that is open to receive Him, and is not far from every one of us. Those to whom the Lord gives the prayer-spirit in New Church circles will feel it as if it were some fountain of cool, clear water within the breast, some gentle spirit, all still yet unearthly as the south wind moving over flowers. He who doth not strive nor lift nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets designs no frenzies among His people.

A third and especial use to be subserved will be that of meeting and overcoming the spirit of proselytism. All growth to be true must be first the assimilation of souls to a common cen-

ter,—the Lord. It is impossible to make an oak by cording up dry wood, and just as impossible to build a church by the heaping together of an incongruous mass of discordant human elements. For the true church is a family, whose members sympathize in each others states, and mutually feel an intertwining love, binding them together. The ambition of the clergyman is to have a great congregation, to see hundreds of names enrolled on the list of communicants; meanwhile the great truth, that the Church consists of hearts interknit, is treated with contempt and derision. Every true church is the product of the sacred nuptials of the earth and Heavens. It consists of those who are affinitised spirits. Many will come casually to New Church ministrations but few at first remain. None can remain permanently but those in whom the selfhood is vanquished and the Lord revealed.

As the true Priest will not proselyte, so he will be made use of to destroy the proselyting spirit among the people to whom he ministers. He will rejoice that souls, whose states are such that they can best be advanced in regeneration by temporary connection with bodies of believers who retain old church names, are not attracted to conjoin themselves to that more interior and celestial family. He will take delight in witnessing the growth of sound doctrine and a comprehensive charity among all bodies of Christians and will continually enforce the truth that the New Church does not come to destroy but to fulfill. Better by far that the believer who requires, as a help to grace, the verbal mechanism of the Church of England, should be connected with a body of that people; better by far that the mind which craves a passional stimulus from denunciatory preaching or superficial praying or exhorting, should pass through that phase of experience in the midst of a society in whom the same conditions exist. The New Church is for those who are in *new states*: the old for those in whom the old states yet exist. God provides for all. To train the flock in New Church states the parish priest will receive an especial illumination.

The soul of revivalism is the same, so far as it is genuine, in both churches, old and new, but, in the old church, working through an incoherent Theology, it often runs wild in the midst

of glooms, terrors and excesses. Evil spirits take advantage of the panic which is produced by the terrible revival sermon to obsess, to flow in, to mimic with odious farce the solemnities of a true conversion, to make one man howl and others to bark like curs, to produce phenomena analogous to those familiar to Shakers, to the observers of the phenomena of popular spiritualism, and to the Methodists of half a century since. But, in the New Church, the revival will be less a surging of tempestuous waves, more the deep breathing of the mighty sea, whose tranquility is undisturbed by the pulse that moves and rounds its billows. It will come more as the blossoming of the germs of good affections, which the Divine Spirit has already quickened and led on almost to the bloom-point, than as a mere winter gust on ice-laden branches. It will come less as an agitation than as a quieting. When that good man and earnest preacher, Summerfield, was delivering a discourse to a crowded audience of the Wesleyan faith, the enthusiastic brethren began to manifest approval by their fashion of groans and loud ejaculations. He paused, rose to the full height, standing like some radiant column of inspiration, and then, in a voice thrilling them to the soul, pronounced the majestic rebuke, "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him!" It is this keeping of silence that is of all things most important in a meeting of inquirers.—Where the spirit of the Lord broods upon the heart, one frantic prayer, urged with an importunity as if God had to be coaxed and wheedled to be gracious, will often break a sacred spell, and bring back souls, almost open for the descent of the Divine Spirit, into a state of bewilderment. It is like fine music when one of the choir will persist in singing upon a false key.

These reflections find an appropriate place when we come to consider the absolute importance of the local priest, wholly consecrated to his use, and, with interior perceptions, moving in the sweet gentleness of the Divine Love. Until New Church states are established in a congregation the infesting Spirits that have wrought ruin in the old church will seek to inflow. The prayer meeting will be molested and the sacred harmony of devotion rudely jarred. Insidious attempts will be continually made to substitute the obsessions of demons for the true workings of the

spirit of God, and so to induce the three great diseases that infect churches, spoken of before. To meet these will be an arduous task, for deeply rooted and obstinate prejudices will have to be encountered and overcome. To exercise the charity that thinketh no evil and to speak at the same time the needful word that often is most deeply wounding to self love, requires more than mortal wisdom and patience. None can discharge this use unless specially called thereto.

The men of the New Church are like columns of alabaster, lit from within, that give out a soft and subdued shining. They are luminous from internals to externals. But the mere external believer is an opaque mass that gives light only as some foreign object shines and is reflected from its surface. To form these alabaster columns; to disintegrate them from the earth-masses of prejudice and bigotry which prevent the outshinings of the inner light; to walk continually in the midst of this court of pillars, intent to observe that no rude hand is raised to shatter the glorious fabric or to defile and deface this workmanship of God, is the priest's laborious employ. It is emphatically a care of souls.

The object of the Lord in the New Church is to raise a body of people transparent for the shinings of His Heavenly light; a people whose action is so sweet and orderly that it resembles the repose of an infant yet so powerful as not to be swept from its orbit by the convulsions that overwhelm the world.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

The faith that only reaches to the *head*, will never sanctify the heart. Knowledge, without experience, will no more sanctify, than painted fire will burn, or the sight of water cleanse. It may do good to others, as the knowledge of Noah's carpenters was useful to *him*, while *they* perished in the flood.

THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN:

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Of the mysteries of sleep in Heaven it is impossible now to write; but, in the morning, I was wakened by the cheerful voice of Amodeo, who stood by the bed side, holding in his hand a celestial nosegay in which the heliotrope predominated. "Come," whispered my friend, "it is time to rise. Our morning states are very sweet. Suffer me to await you in the ante-room."

On arising from the couch it was to behold, opening before me, a neatly furnished bath-room, supplied with all the conveniences for ablution, and here a new truth was made apparent. The angelic body is renewed day by day. A new hand of more exquisite softness, and new flesh, firm and white and rosy-tinted as that of an infant, and so a perfect person, never before visible even to the celestial eye on its ultimate plane, emerges from the transparent lymph in which the Angels bathe, while the substances, which composed the surface of the body which was visible on the preceding day, are dissipated during the process of ablution. The bath room was adorned with a painting representing children feeding doves. After this I was led into a room of the same dimensions containing a wardrobe, and clothed in pure white linen, and then outer garments suitable to my degree in the priesthood were assigned me. When this was complete I discovered in myself a desire for worship, and, during its continuance, the sense of hearing was pleasantly affected by a sound as of the cooing of doves. At its close a sweet and inexpressible sense of comfort filled the bosom, and then ensued a pervasion of the body with delicious warmth thrilling even to the soles of the feet, while the mind seemed uplifted into an atmosphere transparent as the clear azure of the heavens. I now sought Amodeo.

In conversation with him I found an ancient from the Indian Heaven, whose eyes were of a dazzling brilliancy, but otherwise the countenance indicated the repose of ages. I was informed that, during his earth-life, he had been an inhabitant of the Island

at present called Ceylon, and that he had lived at a period prior to the closing of the internal respiratories of mankind. By his side stood a lovely woman, in whom I recognised, by an intuitive perception, his conjugal counterpart, and, with them, a youth like Apollo for symmetry and beauty, who, during his natural existence, had been instructed at the feet of Mattavita. He also was accompanied by his beloved. A sweet poetical sphere envailed the trio, and, conducted by them into a rose garden where was a summer house used as a banqueting room, we feasted on Oriental luxuries; and here I listened to the

SONG OF MATTAVITA.

PART I.

In the island of Serendib
Dwelt an ancient child of Brahma
In the morning of the ages,
Ere the golden light had faded,
And his name was Mattavita.
All his days were passed in silence,
All his nights were lost in trances,
And his heart, in its devotions,
Rising upward like the palm-tree,
Waved and bloomed with purple fruitage
In the honeyed airs of Heaven.
Golden palm-tree, golden palm-tree,
They who sat within thy shadow
Saw the yellow leaves descending,
Heard the music in thy branches,
Heard the birds above thee singing,—
They were friends of Mattavita.
Deep, oh! deep were their communings
With the wise and good and tender,
Feeding there, in shade and silence,
On the dates of love and wisdom.

From the far-off land of Yehmen,
From Arabia the blessed,
Came a youth whose name was Cintra,
Seeking for the ancient knowledge
At the feet of Mattavita.

The Children of Hymen.

All day long he mused and listened
 For the space of seven summers;
 All night long he woke and listened,
 Like a dweller in the desert
 For the rain that ends the famine,
 At the feet of *Mattavita*.

Then the sage put forth a finger,
 Touched the youth upon the forehead,
 Speaking but the word "Remember,"
 And the pilgrim's prayer was answered,—
 Answered were the thoughts unspoken.

Life on earth is but the shadow
 Falling from the wings of Heaven;
 Heaven is speech but earth is silence;
 Heaven is light but earth is darkness;
 Heaven the rose but earth the calyx;
 Heaven the song but earth the echo;
 Heaven the stream but earth the channel;
 Heaven the flame but earth the altar;
 Heaven the guest but earth the servant;
 Heaven the house but earth the gate-yard;
 Heaven the shore but earth the billow;
 Heaven the face but earth the mirror.

Questions three the youth had pondered
 In his seven years of waiting.—
 Questions three came back with answers.
 What is life? and what is marriage?
 What the end of the beginning?
 For the gift of inward wisdom
 Inward sight alone availeth.
 Eyes that Brahma's mind hath fashioned
 Eyes for sunlight and for moonlight,
 For the Sun of Love undying,
 For the Moon of Truth eternal,—
 Such were thine, O *Mattavita*.

In the island of *Serendib*
 Was a city of the *Yogees*.
 In the ancient peepul shadows

In the groves of musk and citron,
Where the air was moist and humid
Dwelt the genius of the people,
Dwelt the God of life and slumber.
None had seen Him, none had heard Him
For he came in trances only,
With the sight of inward splendor,
With the voice of inward wisdom.
Where the shadow fell the deepest
Sat the man of years most ancient
Sat the aged Mattavita,
With his hands crossed on the bosom.
He was waiting for the branchlet
Heavy with the purple clusters
Of the fruit of life immortal.
"What is life and what is marriage?
What the end of the beginning?
These are questions thou must answer
Ere thou canst behold My presence,"
Spake the Voice to Mattavita.

"What is life and what is marriage?
What the end of the beginning?
Ask the birds and ask the fishes;
Ask the insects of the summer;
Ask the herds in all the pastures;
Ask the roebuck on the mountains;
Ask the waters in their music;
Ask the winds in all their motion.
What is life and what is marriage?
What the end of the beginning?
Ask the silent stars above thee;
Ask the years that were before thee;
And the spirits of the atoms
In the dust whereon thou movest.
Ask the shadows, pale and feeble,
Of the times that have no being.
Ask thyself, Oh! Mattavita,
From the far-off land of Yehmen
Comes a youth whom thou must answer."

The Children of Hymen.

Time and space exist in seeming,
 But the true heart in its inmost
 Knoweth space by states of being,
 Knoweth time by their duration.
 Underneath the peepul branches
 Woke the sage by night and listened,
 Feeling there a mystic oneness
 With a nameless one and distant,
 And his soul divined the secret,—
 'Twas the queen of his affections
 Pure and virginal and blessed.

When a two-fold life within him
 Filled the silence with sweet music,
 Answered all his inward yearnings.
 For the man, without the woman,
 Is the hive without the honey,
 Is the well without the waters,
 Is the branch without the blossom,
 Is the heat without the moistures,
 Is the morn without the sunlight,
 Is the harp without the player.
 But the woman came, and whispered
 As the bee sings in the blossom,
 With a song of songs the sweetest,
 In the heart of Mattavita,
 And the sage arose, and listened,
 While his soul forsook the body.

 THE SONG.

Our golden pinnace cleaves the sea,
 Our purple sails expand;
 Thou spirit youth, Oh! come with me,
 To seek the Silent Land.
 The mystic leaf forever falls
 Upon the winds of prayer;
 The Yucca from her branchlet calls,
 Her bridal nest is there.

Unfurl the airy sails of thought,
And whisper, as we glide,
A song within thy bosom wrought
From one who is thy bride.
Thou canst not see, with inward sight,
The Father of the days,
Till, lost to dreams of outward night,
Thou dwellest with the fays.

Then veil by veil thy outward form
In air must melt away,
As from the starlet fades the storm
And leaves a sun-bright ray.
For, till thou dost become the least
Of all God's human things,
Thou canst not on the wisdom feast
Of Angel queens and kings.

LOTAWANA.

In the far-off land of Yehmen
Dwelt a rose-tree in its blossom,
In the pride of twenty summers,
And her name was Lotawana.
Like a camel in the desert
Was her spirit for its patience;
Like a fountain of cool waters
Was her heart for deeds of mercy.

"Lotawana! Lotawana!
Heart of hearts, my life, I love thee,"—
It was not the bird that sang it,
It was not the plaintive night-wind.
"Lotawana! Lotawana!"

Oh! the heart has many voices;
There the spirits of the seasons,
With an endless, airy music
In the blood-drops have their motion;
There the spirits of the flowers,
Smallest of all human creatures,

The Children of Hymen.

Hive themselves in honeyed fragrance.
Heart in heart, in seven-fold number,
Each a world of life essential,
Each in human form transfigured,
Has a place within the bosom.

"Lotawana! Lotawana!"
All her seven-fold heart was beating
Waking, throbbing through its octaves,
While that voice of voices whispered
"Heart of heart, my life, I love thee."
All the spirits of the atoms
Echoed back "I love thee, love thee!"
All the spirits of the flowers
Echoed back, "I love thee, love thee!"
As the shore that clasps the ocean
While she thrills to own its billows;
As the nest that feels the ring-dove
Filling all its bridal chamber,
Moved the heart of Lotawana,
While the Voice through all her essence
Grew to shape and life most human;
For the sage in soul had journeyed
Through the breast of his beloved:
'Twas the voice of Mattavita.

Then a trance o'ercame the maiden;
'Twas a trance of seven summers.
"What is life and what is marriage?
What the end of the beginning?"
Questions three, like songs in silence
Bringing back no vocal answer,
Hovered round her virgin pillow,
In the far-off land of Yehmen,
In Arabia the blessed."

Listening to this mystic melody, so powerful was the charm that I could hardly realize the objects of the visible Heaven by which I was surrounded. As a light that veils itself in rosy alabaster, the mind seemed passing, from that clear sharpness of thought which characterizes our Occidental races, into an Indian

atmosphere of rêvèry and dream. I was recalled from the delightful trance, that seemed gradually to overpower the sense, by the flute-like, warbling music of the Yucca song, while the Indian poet and his bride at the same instant receded from view.

"This," said Amodeo, "is a visitant from a Lyrical Society of the Indian Heaven. You have only heard in part, nor can you fully conceive, the exquisite harmony and rich interior significance of his poem. He sings of his first existence in the natural world and the process by which he was led through the opening of the internal perceptions to find his true conjugal mate. We shall meet them again and perhaps may be favored with more of their history.

Escorted by my friend I now visited a superb mansion in a partially unfinished condition, yet designed to be when completed, a miracle of architectural symmetry and beauty. I had previously read that "the fairies are the architects of heaven," and now received such an illustration of it as was a source of joy and astonishment. Drawing near the stately pile it was to notice that it seemed growing out of the green sward and so unfolding as the flowers blossom. The thought of Madame De Stæel that "architecture is frozen music" occurred to me, for the unfinished walls and columns, which were of great extent and number, instead of standing in motionless silence, were pervaded by a uniform harmony.

Amodeo turned to me with the remark, "That the good affections which exist within our breast become at last tiny creatures in the human form, sportive and innocent as children, is to you by no means a novelty. My affections of use fly forth, because I am in the delight of architecture, each in its own human likeness, and, each, ingathering to itself its proper element, as if it were a sort of crystal honey, which is sweetness and yet stone, they deposit their airy treasures, atom by atom, till the column grows perfect with shaft, base and capitol. I am one of a group of architects, entrusted at the present time by the pivotal head or monarch of our Society with the erection of this palatial edifice. There are more than a thousand workmen employed upon this wing, which is rising rapidly. It is a dual structure and

designed as a gift, to be conferred, for eminent service of the state, upon one of our most distinguished nobles."

"Friend Amodeo," I replied, "as I reside, through my external form, in a country of the natural world where titles of nobility have been abolished, it will create wonder, not unmingled with incredulity, to learn that titular distinctions exist in Heaven.—Had such a statement been made in France toward the close of the last century the maker of it would speedily have found his way to the guillotine."

Amodeo responded, "When I speak of orders of nobility it is simply to express the truth that there is in each Heaven a place for every Angel and that each occupies his place. Wherever administrations of government exist dignities must be found also. We are not so puerile as to receive and confer titles which are imaginary. If our government is kingly, it is because the wisest Angel, in all that pertains to the administration of equity and to the superintendence of a local Heaven, whose arts, commerce, and agriculture are continually becoming more extended and conspicuous, finds his use in its general direction, ruling at once by the acquiescence of all, by the common perception of fitness, and by the Divine Voice. This is the ideal of kingship yet to be realised in your natural world. He is the most humble Angel of us all and most abundant and universal in service.

At this a gentleman approached, clothed in black velvet, affluent in circumstances, as one might imagine from his style of dress, and of an exceedingly courteous demeanor. He was greeted by Amodeo with fraternal love mingled with respect, and returned the salutation with a certain paternal gravity and tenderness.—They conversed together apart for a moment upon a subject with which I was not made acquainted. I was introduced to the new comer as the master of ceremonies in the King's household, but he speedily went away.

"This building," resumed my friend, "as I remarked is designed when finished to be conferred upon a distinguished member of our fraternity. It is the reward of service rendered to the state. He takes no thought for the morrow, what he shall eat or drink or wherewithal he shall be clothed, because his Heavenly Father knoweth that he hath need of all these things,

but seeks first of all to promote the kingdom of God and to work out His righteousness. Therefore, because he lives for others others live for him. He is one whose employment is to train noviciates, to assign to them their functions, to class and group them into their respective families and to qualify them to enter into the active duties of their existence. His position is one which requires an immense executiveness, and his manifold labors are discharged with a willingness to oblige which makes him exceedingly beloved by every one. He will retire after a period into a new use, at which time he will take possession of this rising structure."

I now beheld a youth, crowned with red myrtle blossoms, whom I recognised as like myself a stranger. It was a young man from the third or Ultimate Heaven. Whereupon the desire to listen once more to the voice of the ancient sage from the Isle of Ceylon made itself felt within the bosom, and, Amodeo being called for the performance of some especial labor, I bade him farewell.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A F R A G M E N T .

The mysteries of life and death
May seem, to natures light of range,
Void as a ball of painted breath
On winds of chance and change;

But souls of deeper insight read,
In ciphers that the skies o'erspan,
Truths which Celestial Angels heed,—
The present God with man.

So to the child, the minstrel's lyre,
Is but the passing moment's toy,
Yet, touched by hands of poet fire,
Fills all the world with joy.

HOW RELIGIOUS MEETINGS SHOULD BE CONDUCTED.

Seven propositions under this general head may prove an advantage at the present time. They are presented as helps and as suggestions, when as yet, in the New Church, the elements are in a plastic and formative condition, and when, rising to higher planes of religious knowledge, the effort of the soul is to unite social with individual experience in the reception and communication of the Divine truth and love.

Stillness is the first thing to be attained; and here we trench upon that peculiar province of truth occupied by the Quietists of all ages. To "gather one's self into the stillness" has been a favorite phrase with the interiorly devout who have gone before us. The honeyed and soothing influences of the third or Ultimate Heaven, the Sunset Land of interior poetry and song, where all objects of life and beauty are unfolded in a growth that is serene as sleep, should be especially sought when we seek the tranquil place that is consecrated to heavenly communion. Religion does not live in excitement. To lash the jaded brain into new activity, after the fatiguing labors of the day, is not the end to be obtained in social gatherings of believers. It is to enter into a charmed and holy sphere of rest. The voice of our dear Lord to all is "peace, be still." If we have brought perturbed and restless spirits they must be soothed till Heaven consciously breathes upon the reposeful heart. As every speaker magnetizes the circle with his own state, how important is it that the Lord should have communicated Himself in quietude and peace, that such as, in the Divine Providence, may commence the services, should be in a condition to receive and impart the tranquilizing sphere of the Divine Love.

Second. The first exercises entered into should be for the purpose of making this state of quiet a general condition. The jarring tone in the voice, the nervous and excited manner, in reading the Word or in prayer, should be carefully avoided. Lamb-like and dove-like, the conductor, himself imbued with the choicest essence of charity, should seek to open himself to the very sphere

of inward calm. The selections from the Word read and the hymns sung should be adapted to induce repose in God. The opening prayer should be commonly brief and every effort made to restrain the impetuosity of feeling on the natural plane. The soul should be steeped in the honey dew of Paradise. A sensible quickening and opening of internal perceptions will now commence, and such as begin to experience spiritual respiration will be conscious of an expansion of the breast from internals to externals, of the withdrawing of the mind from natural thought and a sweet joy in the Divine presence.

When this is accomplished it will be in order to enter into that especial object which should be held before the mind in these New Church assemblages, namely, instruction. Writing now for those who receive the celestial sense of the Divine Word in conjunction with the spiritual and ultimate, we shall not be misunderstood in the remark, that our Lord is preparing for us an easy method by which to obtain the most comprehensive knowledge of Divine things. He has given to us our little First Book of the Christian Religion as a familiar and simple introduction to the arcana of His Word. We can never outgrow doctrine, and our proficiency in use will depend upon our readiness to receive, absorb and give out the great charity-truths of the gospel. Loose and rambling talk from the selfhood forms the staple of the pseudo religious conference meetings in the churches. Specious insincerity consumes the most of the time and the mind loses itself in vacancy. We need method, order and zeal to understand the truth as it is in Jesus. Each should make the especial topic which is to be presented to the meeting a subject of interior meditation and prayer to the Lord for illumination during the preceding days. Gathering together, it will be for each, entering into a sphere of instruction, to grow into a clear and extended comprehension of the lesson. Christians in the churches are commonly infants who have not mastered the alphabet or even the vowel sounds, and whose talk is at random and made up chiefly of incoherencies, or at best of merely emotional experiences which cannot be understood without an intellectual perception. The second use of the social meeting is therefore education.—The mind, fixed on some especial branch of Divine knowledge,

becomes open to that peculiar Heaven which presides over the truth to be unfolded, and internal openings of thought are made from the same source and in the same direction. In this manner the general body of believers becomes solidified in the unity of the understanding of the common faith.

Third. The close of this period will be marked in the spiritual consciousness by a withdrawal of the sphere of instruction and the approach in its place of a delightful aura from the Celestial Heaven, a tender outbreathing of the Divine Love. There will now be a sense of placid enjoyment. On some occasions a sphere of prayer will descend and the remaining portion of the evening be spent chiefly in devotional exercises. At others the believers will break up into social groups for festive conversation, but charity will preside over all. Great joy, manifest in quiet demonstrations of tenderness, will rest upon the scene. It will be like a social reunion of members of the same family circle.— At other times, as by common consent, the music sphere will inflow after the period allotted to instruction, and New Church hymns set to New Church melodies will be sung by all with a common zest, till all part spiritually refreshed and energized, not jaded and wearied, not frenzied and excited, but gently touched and tuned to inward peace. Of such scenes it may be truly said that "It is good to be there, and that they are the very gate of Heaven."

Fourth. The narration of private spiritual experience is at times of great value, but never should be enforced. The soul's secrets are with God. The tender and fragrant flower of regeneration is of all plants the most ethereal, the most heavenly. Touch its fibrils and they bleed. The soul is an immortal sensitive-plant. The habit which obtains in class and band meetings of Methodists, of insisting on a rehearsal of what the spirit has gone through with in conflict and temptation, in sin and sorrow, in watching and prayer, when God alone was present for witness, is fatal, absolutely fatal to the outgrowth of unartificial, genuine piety. The roots of all plants grow in the dark; leaf, flower and fruit alone are for the world's inspection. Individually we say, no man, no body of men, have a right to call the Christian to an account of heart-experience. It is sacred. As well call the bridegroom and the bride to a public narration of the arcana of conjugal

love. Here is the serious mistake, which, from the earlier days of Christianity, has marred the peace and broken up the harmony of churches. It grew among the Catholics into the practice of auricular confession, and, in the Protestant sects, invariably generates gossip, scandal and the habit of introspective criticism of each other, besides producing the most shocking insincerity. Away with it! Let not the holy precincts of the New Jerusalem be profaned by so fearful an inversion of the order of the Heavens!

The habit of standing up and narrating to a circle the subjective experiences of combat and temptation through which we pass develops a mock humility which masks the face of the most intolerable self-conceit. It is without doubt, at times, when some special exigency calls it out, a duty to present for special ends some phase of soul-experience. But this must be done with delicacy and extreme caution. We are to fast in spiritual combats and yet not seem unto men to fast. Men will know that we combat not so much by our narrating a series of remarkable experiences as by seeing the fruits of victory in the humbled, chastened spirit. Those pass through the most terrific ordeals unharmed who hold their own private experiences as belonging rather to the secret chamber of communion than to the temple or the street. For forty days and nights our dear Lord went away to be tempted, as to His human nature, by the combined malice of all enemies of mankind united in the will-force of the pivotal demon of the hells. Oh! what wonders, what boundless wonders filled up those fast-flying moments. Yet all that our Lord revealed of them was the closing scene.

The New Church is injured by the too-obvious presentation of the personal temptation-experiences of individual believers.—They fasten on it the charge of being a band of enthusiasts. Never, except for purposes of instruction or illustration, should a man speak of combats. The hells like to be talked about and take an insane delight in hearing one believer tell another how much he has been troubled and tormented. It is best to grapple with them in a stern silence until we have put the poniard at their throat and suppressed their speech forever.

There are exceptions. One entering into a peculiar phase of

combat or temptation will seek to know the experience of such as have gone through and risen above the mists into the clear sunlight. Yet such communications should be private and breathed in a low tone. Hold back the agony, brethren. When Satan drives his darts into the bosom conquer him within yourselves. When he can do no better, he loves to set some sorely tempted one to talking of "how strong the Infernals are and what agonies they are occasioning," so that the timid may be frightened back from the Christian warfare, while opposers make it an occasion of ridicule against the faith. The subject should never be unfolded except with dignity and circumspection. It is well to reserve breath for the use of the right arm that is to combat, rather than to exhaust it in the bugle-blowing which announces that we expect soon to meet the enemy. The men in the New Church who are going through fierce spiritual combats should be like Wellington's soldiers at the battle of Waterloo, standing in squares of silent strength, and betraying not, save by a more fixed, resolute grasping of arms and nerving of spirits, the pain inflicted on flesh and spirit by the burning musket shots. Oh! for valiancy as of captains in Israel! What though the night be spent in wrestlings with invisible foes, let us, in the triumphing power of our Leader, walk forth in the morning apparelled in a grave and gentle cheerfulness, till at last, experienced in this peculiar discipline, and with our evils wrought out from heart and life, we move as types and tokens of a New Age,—of all men the most modest, humble, prudent in speech and calm in action.

The corn does not tell of the pains which it underwent when it began to germinate in the cold ground, but, growing up like a plumed warrior in its beauty, it preaches, by the living symmetry of its structure and the harmony of every motion, of the rich results which follow the pangs of the transition. So with the Christian. Let the symmetry and beauty of a formed nature, the fluent grace and music of the transformed affections, the surpassing glory of the new manhood which is in Jesus Christ, declare the wonders that God hath wrought. If we are earnest upon this point it is because we see that hundreds are repelled, by the indiscreetness of those to whom temptation-combats are

novelties, or in whom exists some peculiar mental condition which is taken advantage of by the enemy to proclaim a misapprehended and partial truth, where the interests of Truth itself require wise silence. As, in the New Church, conjugal mysteries are for the conjugal, so the arcana of combat and temptation are for those who are in combat and in temptation. We avoid our own private experiences, seeking to conceal everything except that which, as an Illustrator in the New Church, the Lord requires us to disclose. The indiscreetness of believers is a source of constant grief, seeing as we do how many are driven back, how many repelled from heavenly ministrations thereby.

Fifth. Let us not be misunderstood as advocating isolation; far from it. It is to prevent isolation that this point is urged home. The habit of talking familiarly about temptation-combats, of making them the staple of conversation when we meet friends if the listener is sympathetic brings about for the time a *rappor*, of the two spheres, and our own infesters take advantage of it to invade the neighbor. We are relieved temporarily and feel better at the expense of the suffering brother or sister. Oftentimes a strong man will throw the weight of an enormous magnetic sphere, with a potent fiend working through it, on some tender and physically prostrate woman. It is an unconscious cruelty, yet not the less a cruelty because unconscious. We say to our friends, personally, "Come to us in states of temptation, in agony, in obsession, for the Lord imparts Himself to us in such a way that it but brings an additional use. It is lawful to communicate to such. How blessed it is to feel that His Divine influence descends, absolutely relieving dear ones in the New Church of subtle enemies, who are sapping the very vitals! How consoling it is to know that our dear Lord is raising up, in the opening of the internal respiratories, others through whom Evil Spirits can be bound. We rejoice in it with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is the first fruit of the new descent of our Lord to the plane of ultimates. But this gift can never be attained by those who are going through temptation-combats till they have mastered their temptations in silence; till, instead of seeking temporary relief by serving as doors through which infesting spirits get at others, they stand in complete armor at the

body's gate, keeping it barred even if they bolt it with the right arm.

Again the habit of rehearsing indiscriminately our infestation-experiences diffuses over an entire congregation the states against which we ourselves contend. Let me talk of victory or not at all. Let me bring hope to the despairing and courage to the fainting. Let me be a son of consolation. So shall it be sweet to suffer. A hundred persons, in one morning or evening, can be magnetically surcharged with virus from the hells, which shall work obscuration in the reason, confusion in the senses and a tumult in the heart, simply by mingling among them weighed down with infestations and seeking to draw sympathy from this and that. We should go with experiences of this sort to none but those who in the Lord have risen higher. The veteran soldier does not when wounded rush into the midst of a circle of raw conscripts, while they commiserate his wounds. He grasps the musket with an invincible decision and keeps his place in the ranks. There is a world-wide difference between suffering weakly and suffering valiantly. These things are written for our admonition.

Once more; those who indiscreetly talk about combat put themselves in Coventry; that is, at last, antipathetic relations are established toward them in self defense. God's Holy Spirit, working through the suffering nerves of listeners, causes them, unconsciously, as it were involuntarily, to draw away from the approach of the friend through whose weakness or indiscretion the enemy invades. We invariably seek those who suffer most because it is our office, and hearts fly open because at such times we are made use of to disembarass suffering ones of infesting and disturbing influences. Were we, however, to go to those dear friends for relief, craving commiseration, the rushing tide of demons and Satanic spirits whom we now hold at bay, taking advantage of the open door, would spread themselves like an army, states of moral night set in and our use perish by our own suicidal destruction of it. So we go in God, armed and mighty, feeling called to combat for many and keeping to ourselves the sufferings that others may be made partakers in the joy.

Sixth. None can enter into permanent sympathy in the New

Church, either in prayer circles or elsewhere, save as they cease to communicate in the selfhood and in place of it communicate in the Word. What do we mean by communicating in the Word? We answer, not in larding discourses with broken shreds of the letter, but in seeking to acquire and disseminate the general circle of the knowledge of the internal senses. It is the letter which killeth but the spirit which maketh alive. The Scriptures cannot be opened through textual quotations. We know individuals who are walking concordances and yet who have not the most remote conception of being opened from the heart into Divine Truth. Alexander Cruden himself, to whose labors we are indebted for the best of all concordances, was, outside of his texts, a blunderer and a bore. The man of mere texts, who attempts to instruct in doctrines, resembles the foolish fellow who undertook to sing in the language of all the birds under heaven, because he had adorned his head with a tiara of their plumage and made for himself a feather cloak.

The sweetest piety takes to itself an intellectual form through the intuitive knowledge of the Divine Word. The illustration of this is afforded in the dear brother whose articles are now appearing in the Herald in conjunction with our own. Receiving the celestial sense by the opening of the interiors through charity into the celestial auras, and grasping in one connected circle the grand system of the New Church, he is qualified to preach and write, though but as yet prepared for the earliest of the noviciate states of priesthood in the Heavens. Many have been seen deeming themselves instructors in New Church truth, simply because they had picked up the moulting feathers of the bird of Paradise and made them into pens for the purpose of spinning out their own self-originated cogitations; but, when the true priest comes, the bird of Paradise sings through him. This is the most difficult of all things to make plain to inquirers. We have seen individuals mercifully saved from the obsessions of Pantheistic spirits through the divine truths of the New Church who have afterward inclined into an old church formalism, and simply because it was impossible for them to receive instruction through the heart, to let the brain grow still, to feel the self-derived intelligence withering and the external power of reasoning

from surfaces passing away. None will permanently remain in the New Church as a visible organization who do not learn to think from the heart and to will from the heart, or, in other words, who do not become open, through the affections, to the celestial degree of consciousness.

Seventh. In the formation of neighborhood meetings no effort should be made to induce the attendance of those whose uses and sympathies are elsewhere directed. A stale uniformity is undesirable. Any effort to exact pledges is a sin against the law of freedom; in fact the entire pledging system is an attempt to produce power from externals when it should grow from internals. Where the spirit leads the man is his true place, provided always it is the Divine Spirit. In general one social meeting a week, with perhaps a lecture besides, is as much as can be healthfully devoted to this mode of commingling. Those who meet too often are apt to become clannish. We should air the mind in a large knowledge. An evening of communion with some devout mind in the New Church, like Sears or Weller, or the same time spent in drinking in the invaluable knowledges which the Lord handed down through his servant Swedenborg, will richly repay, and aid in the formation of planes in which to receive and through which to ultimate more copious Divine knowledges, increasing in the proportion and tending in the direction of our uses.

While we advocate no indiscriminate reading, and find much to condemn in the modern habit of devouring greedily whatever issues from the press, without regard to its interior or moral qualities, still the Lord, in His Divine Providence, in poem, in novel and tale, in works of science and history, at the present time, is gradually transforming the world of literature and diffusing abroad a general knowledge of the truths of the incoming dispensation. It is a duty then both to read and to circulate good books and periodicals, and to make our faith as attractive as possible to inquirers. Culture based upon the selfhood is a garden planted on the slopes of a volcano, which, at any moment, may destroy by its lava-torrents every green leaf and fruit-bearing tree. But when the heart has been thoroughly permeated by the Divine Spirit it is in the condition to receive the germs of

intuitive knowledges, and we are no less to expect rich and beautiful unfoldings, no less of wisdom than of virtue. We should then cultivate the love of books, the love of art, of polite literature in all its branches, but hold them in all cases as means and helps for heart-growth in perfect charity. It is God's aim to make us a cultured people, the most cultured in the world, entering into new realms of subjective consciousness, and equally endowed with whatever of truth and beauty exists for man in the objective universe.

A LESSON FOR POETS.

That Poet's Muse is little worth
Who rhymes forever of the earth.
The bat with leathern wings may sail,
But ne'er will be the nightingale.
Divinely sing of things Divine;
So shall true Poet's gift be thine.

Sell not thy gold for foolish dross:
Nail not thy God-gift on the cross:
Oh! child and pilgrim of the sky!
Let not the senses cheat the eye:
Sing on, though worldlings close their ears;
Thine are the Hymns of all the Spheres.

To fearless Virtue Heaven is kind,
And they who leave their age behind
Climb to the mountain peaks of thought,
Where the live thunders first are wrought:
They pitch their souls upon the key
Of God-like aeons yet to be.

Find in the soul those shining stairs
That Saints have trod through noblest cares,
And thou shalt reach the mystic door
INCARNATE LOVE has oped before;
There spread the great Elysian fields,
Where every leaf a Lyric yields.

CHRIST THE SOUL'S WANT.

The God of the so-called Christian world has no claims upon our gratitude for reverence and love, when He comes to us clothed in the garb of the current theology. He is a cold, unfeeling wretch, whose sole delight seems to be to create in order to show His Omnipotence and then to torture, in the flames of an endless hell, the offspring of His power, to show His Immaculate Mercy. Oh! shame on such a fallacy: that the Infinite God, our Heavenly Father, should forever banish from His peaceful presence those whom He has created for deathless hopes, infinite aspirations and eternal joys! Life, indeed, as is too often the case, would prove a curse were such a hypothesis tenable. The day is dawning when these false conceptions of Deity are to be wafted away to their native hell by the winds which have borne them. The demon Hate is dethroned and his false sceptre shivered in the hand raised to strike humanity low.—The ages gone have bowed under the might of his oppressive power, but the Angels of God are sounding, from the vaults of Heaven, the day of man's liberation from his iron yoke. The crumbling temples of superstition, error and falsehood, are toppling to their fall, and the grand temple of Truth and Love is rising like a stately pyramid of light. No more will this God of the so-called Christian reign over the heart of humanity; but a God who is infinite in love, boundless in power and eternal in mercy, will sway the mild sceptre of Peace, Righteousness and Truth. He will be, as He has ever been, the Eternal Father of all. One common humanity will realize the native sentiment of the soul,—that *all* men are, in a purified sense, brethren, and that God is the Everlasting Parent, administering to the wants of His children. Does such a thought inspire our hearts with one emotion? Let it flow forth. It is God speaking through our higher nature. From His Almighty Hand He scatters the blessings of His love to all. Down from His Eternal Heart come the rich fruitions of His all-conquering goodness. Let us inspire this inhalation of Divinity. It will warm

our deadened natures into life, and bring to our hearts that which man cannot give. Let us drink deep from the sparkling fount of Divine Inspiration now outstreaming to all. We will feel that God is in the present as in the past, and that He walks the earth at this blessed hour, breathing over the prostrate hope of his child, life, immortality and Heaven. He comes in the silent whisperings of love to the lowly, the lost and the sorrow-stricken in heart. He comes to fathers and mothers, and points to that bright land He has prepared for them to inherit. He comes to prattling childhood, and blesses the infant head with the same Parental fondness as when He said,—“Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” Yes, He comes to all! He speaks in tones of terrible import to the white-washed Pharisee who thanks God that he is not as other men. To him His indignation bursts forth in the scathing words, “Thou whited sepulchre, full of rottenness and dead men’s bones,” your heart is unveiled.—To the self-satisfied Christian, who slumbers away in slothful ease the moments which God has given, for his own and for others improvement, the stern and withering rebuke comes with stirring power, “Why stand ye here all the day idle?” Up thou sluggard, and do your Master’s bidding.

The Spirit of God is moving upon the vast deep of moral evil now overwhelming man with the storm of human passion, crime and brutality. The mighty pool is stirred to its utmost depths and the regenerating influences now descending will purge the polluted wave of all impurities. Behind the cloud of present and coming events He will reveal His true characteristics, and we will behold the Everlasting Father as He truly is, not as the creeds and confessions of faith have represented Him, cold, dark and frowning, but as the smiling, ever-loving Father of all.

To love God supremely we must have some true conception of His being and relation to us, some tangible evidence of His personality so that we may feel, when we offer the heart’s purest adoration, that we are not addressing some cold abstraction, without heart and without sympathy, some grand, impersonal Deity whose incomprehensible being bewilders the mind and blinds the moral perceptions, but a God who is touched with a feeling

for our infirmities; who hears or knows our wants, and like a kind father supplies them. We wish to feel too that in assuming the arduous and often trying responsibilities of human life that "Thou God seest me;" and that He will give strength and succor to those who ask Him. Such is the God all loving natures seek. And our Heavenly Father has revealed Himself in these blessed characteristics. In the person of Jesus Christ we have God brought down to the comprehension and heart-wants of all, from the highest to the lowest. Whatever view we may take of this sublime personage, whether we regard Him as the Trinitarian, as the Son, one and coequal and coeternal with the Father; or whether we regard Him as the ultra Unitarian, as only a mere man, all are agreed that He is the highest manifestation of the God-in-Man which has been given. No other historic character approaches him.

Realizing, with many others, that Christ is the Eternal Father, one and indivisible, we see in Him all that the heart can adore, all that the mind can analyze in its boldest speculations. In Him is centered all the glory-radiance of the Infinite. He is the All-in-all, the Everlasting Father. He is the Lord and Sovereign of the Universe, the Creator, Preserver and Upholder of all things, whether in Heaven above, or on the earth beneath. He is the Redeemer, Regenerator and Savior of all men. By His temptation-combats with the powers of darkness, with the Evil Spirits of the Invisible World, He triumphed over death, hell and the grave, and opened up a new and living way by which all men can be saved.

With this further conception of God what an object does He become for contemplation! Revealed in the simple, yet august life of Jesus, how foolish and vain are all our speculations as to the *Esse* and *Existere* of God, the hypostatic union, and of our senseless wranglings about our creeds and confessions of faith? Here we have, in the living life of Jesus, all that we need know of God. In that pure embodiment of Divinity we have the light which is to guide us through the vast realm of the Present and the Future. If we wish to know the character of God let us quit our vain speculations and go to Jesus. There we will find Him in all His loveliness—there we will see Him as

He really is, our Heavenly Father, rejoicing with those who rejoice and weeping with those who weep; here blessing innocent childhood and saying "of such is the kingdom of Heaven,"—there comforting the hearts of Mary and Martha and displaying His Omnipotence in speaking Lazarus from the tomb. Here sanctifying, with His holy presence, the sacred marriage relation, there denouncing, in unmeasured terms, the corruptions of the Pharisee. Here dispensing the simple truths of His Father's kingdom to the lowly,—there uttering His sublime wisdom to the learned doctors of the temple. In whatever aspect we view Him, He is the same all-conquering God, conquering by the might of the Everlasting Love streaming through Him. On earth all good men loved Him. In Heaven all Angels adore Him. And in the immortal presence-chambers of human souls He dwells to-day, and thrills with a deathless hope the energies of man. Let Him come. He will soothe away our heart-anguish, He will speak peace as erst he spake to the fishermen of Gallilee, when, in the midnight of the nations, they feared and trembled before the appalling hosts of moral evil who seemed to reign triumphant in the nether spheres. His voice is heard now, over the din and dissonance of the strife which is raging, calling to the nations, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Such is the God of the Man of the New Age, such are some of His characteristics as revealed to us through Christ. Shall we not love him? Shall we not adore even this Holy One who has done and is doing so much for us? Let Christ be the centre spring of all our actions; let self be swallowed up in His divine love, and the deceptive theories of the nineteenth century will never enchain our immortal spirits with their slavish thrall.

As God is one and indivisible, so is the humanity He has created. His boundless love encircles all in one common embrace. Should man who is receptive of this universal element run counter to His Divine Parentage? Shall we not reflect the image we bear? Shall we not irradiate to all this common inheritance of love? These heavens above, with their countless hosts of radiant stars, speak of unity in an endless variety; all nature swells with one bold anthem of praise and utters forth the eternal truth that

God is One, speaking in voiceless tones to the heart His everlasting fatherhood over all created things.

Love to man! Who realizes this simple yet God-given sentiment? Who embodies it in practical life? Where is it to be found? In the past ages of the world? Alas! the iron pen of history tells with too much truth the utter annihilation of this principle. One universal wail of woe comes wafted on the winds of the past. Tyranny, despotism, war and rapine and lust mark the desolations of by-gone ages. Even in the Church, where this law should find a practical lodgement, if any where, we see it almost totally abnegated. The bitter persecutions; the heartless recriminations of warring sects; the blasphemous pretensions of a bigoted clergy their usurpations over the consciences of honest men; the fire and the faggot; the scaffold and the stake; the hand of the executioner, reeking with the blood of holy martyrs, all proclaim the damning perversions of this holy principle.

In this age do we behold results less striking? What is the aspect of Christendom at this time? The attentive observer has not failed to note the fact that true Christianity is not to be found except in a few rare instances in individual life. We speak of the External Church. Where do we find that brotherly love so characteristic of the primitive church, that love to God and love to man which could endure all things for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Where do we find that practical charity, which was esteemed by the Apostle as above every thing else? Where do we find that unity of feeling and sentiment which Christ said would be the mark by which his followers would be distinguished? Where do we find that self-sacrificing spirit—that heroism of soul which can brook the cold frown of the misguided multitude, and proclaim in the life, and with the tongue, the truths of God's everlasting kingdom. These characteristics are not to be found. The external church, as an institution, has lost its power for good in this age. It is a God-forsaken shrine. The glory of Jehovah has departed from Israel, and her altars are deserted. We know it may be said that the revival which has just passed over the country is evidence that this is not so. But mark the fact and see if this outpouring of God's spirit has not been principally to those.

who belonged to no church. It has come to man as man and not to God's favored few. It has come despite of Churches and independent of them. Coming to the masses, it has been conducted by them without the intervention of priest or laity. It has addressed itself to the strong hearts of the people, and as a general thing has fallen into productive soil to bring forth, in the coming harvest of God, the rich fruitions of brotherly love and happiness. It is destined to widen and deepen, freed from some of its attendant fanaticism, until one common humanity shall feel its regenerating influence and a Universal Brotherhood stand revealed in the sunlight of heaven's love. To Christianize Christendom, it has been said, is the demand of the age. "That accomplished and the heathen and the sceptic can no more resist its appeals than deny that the sun shines at mid-day, or refuse to drink of the crystal spring that bubbles up in their pathway and wash their parched and fevered lips. The glorious life that shall be on this desecrated earth, it is even now at our doors. Let us watch and work for its speedy realization."

But how shall we watch and work for this glorious incoming reign of the Lord; and make practical His divine command, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The first great need to be attained in this Divine Life is to discard our narrow creeds and narrower feelings and walk forth and inhale the free air of heaven. Let freedom of thought and freedom of sentiment encircle our vision as we live and labor in the fields of human effort. Freedom is the birthright of the soul and he is a tyrant who would seek to abridge one conviction of the free-born mind or quench the aspiring thirst for knowledge implanted, by a common Father, in all. If I am a child of God why should I not contemplate these heavens serenely, freely. Why should I not bathe the immortal brow in His Divine Love and Wisdom, not trammelled by the domination of the few who profess to be the moral teachers of the race. Creeds are the sad memento's of humanity's slavery, they are the Procrustian beds on which has been cut and stretched its lifeless form.

Truth can never be bottled nor its divine flow stopped. 'The light of the meridian sun shines upon the just as well as the unjust, so should God's Love and Wisdom; so it would, if

man did not interpose his self-conceit, and assume the prerogatives of God. But there can be no liberty in the true sense of the word without love. love to Christ and love to man. Without the interfusion of this sacred element our boasted freedom is worse than slavery; it is anarchy, wild and delirious. Love unitizes and makes us one; freedom separates our individuality and makes us men. Both should be united. And here is the demand of the age. With the large and increasing claims we are making for moral and mental freedom, we should at the same time cultivate, above all, Christian charity, love to man in its most disinterested sense. We should feel that although we claim the right to think and speak for ourselves, we at the same time accord to our neighbor the same privilege. He may be a Methodist, a Baptist, a Reformer, a Presbyterian or a Catholic. What of it? He has a right to his convictions. We have no right to say that he is foul and unclean. If we cannot convince him that he is wrong, what are we to do? Slander his good name? Rob him of his goods and chattels? Shun his presence as we would the pestilence? No! What then? *Love him.* That will conquer, when everything else fails. If we expect to enjoy Heaven here and hereafter we must do good to those who despitefully use us and speak evil against us. If we seek unity — oneness of faith, let it be through the heart and not through the head. Christ tells us to love one another, not to think like each other. There can be no uniformity of belief. If such were possible human society would become one vast stagnant pool, man would be a mere machine, acting as he is acted upon, the tool and plaything of every designing demagogue.

If we would be free indeed we must erect in the heart the image of Christ and let the divine glow of His Spirit animate our souls. As his likeness grows within our lives become more beautiful without, and the fair flowerets of faith and the buds of charity, ever bursting into bloom, will cast their sweet-scented odors on all who come within our sphere. Conscious that we are weak and erring ourselves, we will feel for the weaknesses and errors of others. Our pure thoughts and warm affections will become contagious; they will find an echo in congenial hearts, and the affinital relations existing between man and man

will be cemented, and thus, link by link, will the chain be formed which is to encircle all as one, with common hopes, common aspirations and a common destiny. M. C. C. C.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

WORDS FOR A FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Tenderly, tenderly, bear her away ;
Print the last kiss on the beautiful clay.
Loving and lovely she glides into rest ;
Folded for aye to Immanuel's breast.

Walking in white with the radiant band
She will awake in the sorrowless land.
Brief was the pathway of love that she trod :—
Ope the pearl gates for the ransomed of God.

Twine ye a wreath of the flowers that are born
When the smiles of the Savior illumine the morn :
Weave ye a robe from the joys that were cast
On the hearts of the blest when Immanuel passed :

Call ye the loved who have gone through the door
That leads to the face of Messiah before :
Wake ye the spice-winds that hive their perfume
Where the souls of the saints are like roses in bloom :

Draw the last veils of the trance from her eyes.—
Hush ! 'tis the Savior ! He whispers, " Arise !"
Hark to the voice of her endless reward :
" Enter thou in to the joys of thy Lord."

THE CRICKET AND THE SUNRISE.

A useful cricket chirping all the night
Praised the white moonbeams and their tender light.
Till, as the shadows waned and morn grew nigh,
His song grew drowsy, and, with languid eye,
He ceased to murmur, only now and then
Wrote essays on the moonlight with a pen.

The sun rose glorious; o'er the landscape rolled
Aerial billows of translucent gold,
And all the living things of field and flood
Transfigured in that sacred radiance stood.
The cricket rubbed his eyes and mused awhile,
Then cried, "That brightness is an artful guile;—
'Tis not the sun that ancient prophecy
Predicts shall rise,—but some enormous flea
That skips from Hades. Can celestial fire
Throw light on objects fashioned of the mire?
Can it, whose essence fills the void above,
Akin to the first Parent's primal love,
Abstract, refined, impalpable, intense,
Deign to disclose the vulgar things of sense?"

The cricket argued till he half believed,
Then moaned, like one of needful rest bereaved:
"Beside the lady moon I oft have seen
Objects that sought her beauteous face to screen,—
White clouds, dark tempests, images obscure;
But, lovely one! thy image, white and pure,
Hath ne'er been seen in company before
With such foul monster from grim Pluto's shore."
The cricket chirped, and, ere his note was done,
A brighter light-wave of the risen sun
Kindled a seven-fold brightness. Then he crept
Into a darkened brake, complaining till he slept.

MORAL.

Crickets are such as strain the little throat,
Charmed by the lustre of a truth remote;

Lulled by the visionary light it yields
On shady mountain hights and sombre fields:
But, when the Sun of Love, with beams more clear,
Begins above the mountain tops to peer,
Because it lights the world with *common* day,
Nor shines alone beyond the stars away,
They call it low, degraded, poor and base,
And kindled from the void, infernal place.

“Up, brothers, up! the night is done!”
The skylark sings, “Behold the sun!”—
The cricket chirps within the grass;
“Haste, hide, and see the monster pass.”

A DEATH SCENE:

THE WORDS OF AMOLETA.

Without a stain upon her virgin breast,
Or any shadow on her gentle eyes,
Lost in a trance, our earthly darling lies;
Her mortal day-star setteth in the west,
Her bridal cresset burns in Paradise.

Beside the Zofol springs a snow-white flower;
First 'twas a love-thought in her bosom hid,
And, when it opes its pale, transparent lid,
'Twill be to bloom for her translation hour.

The golden archer stands, to wing the dart
That kills the raven bird, mortality.
Nested within the blush-rose of her heart
Young doves are calling: with a little sigh
The gentle one, the tender, will repose,
Calmly as when at eve young violets close.

Listen! Her soul unto its mate is singing
“I hear thy call, Beloved, ‘come away.’”
Bride bells within her happy heart are ringing
Joy for the beautiful translation day.

THE WISDOM OF ANGELS: CONCERNING
A TRUE AND FALSE PRIESTHOOD.

There is, upon the Island in the Celestial Heaven occupied by the Society of which I am a member, a garden of magnificent plants, all of which are correspondences in the celestial dialect. In this enchanting place, beautiful for situation, in company with my conjugal associate, we beheld swans flying southward, and, approaching, the graceful birds, in their descent, became rose-colored, and then seemed flying through a suffused ether. Because, in the Heavens, the conjugal man is the wisdom of the wife, my companion turned to me and said, "Oh, my beloved, canst thou tell what this betokens?" Then wisdom, from our Lord was given, and, speaking from the internals of the breast, followed the answer, Three majestic men, each with his nuptial counterpart, will visit us. The swans are heralds of their approach.

The first of the strangers now drew nigh, and I was informed that his name, while inhabiting the earth, had been Thomas Aquinas. Under his left arm appeared a voluminous book, apparently a quarto of perhaps twelve hundred pages, and bound in the style of the first era of the art of printing. The sages who followed were respectively the Venerable Bede and an ancient monk of the Carthusian order, whose name it was not given me to know. All these were from a Spiritual Heaven. Pronouncing blessings and peace mutually, and embracing in the Lord, we rejoiced to behold each other's faces. The conversation which ensued was concerning the Roman Catholic Church, its Anglican offshoot; their prospective decline and final resurrection.

In company with my associate, we descended from our own Conjugal Society, into a little oratory, situated in a Spiritual Heaven contiguous to our own. Speaking in a voice of exceeding sweetness, the Venerable Bede announced the object of their approach. The oratory itself was in shape an octagon, embellished in the compartments with paintings of the miracles of our Lord. The ceiling was of lapis lazuli interspersed with silver stars, in the midst of which shone the crescent moon. The floor

was one perfect emerald, without a division, but covered with a soft matting.

When places had been assigned, the three, removing a screen, caused us to behold the likeness of an ecclesiastic. The face was painted to produce an appearance of youth; the cheeks rounded out by means of balls held within; the scalp covered with a wig in the style of a tonsure; the eyebrows colored to resemble those of a man of middle age; the shrivelled limbs padded so that the almost fleshless form to a casual observer might be mistaken for that of a person slightly inclined to healthful corpulency. In one hand the image grasped a mass book and in the other a reliquary.

Upon the knee of the figure sat a manikin or popinjay, and more resembling an ape than a human being. Its nose was perked up with an air of insufferable conceit; its little body costumed to imitate the elder person, save, that instead of wearing for outer garment the peculiar garb of the Roman Catholic priest during the performance of mass, it complacently rejoiced in the state attire of an Anglican divine.

The image of the aged man then began to moulder; whereat the manikin, with the quickness of an ape, sprang toward the vacated seat, but fell, withered, crumbled and disappeared.

A servant then appeared for the purpose of brushing away the impalpable, grayish mass which remained, but the Venerable Bede said, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." There were then brought two flower pots of porcelain, and, carefully observing that the elements were not commingled, the attendant placed each by itself in its own vase. Gazing upon the dust I observed that it was exceedingly dry.

The most ancient of the sages then, inclining toward his conjugal associate, a beautiful smiling woman with full lips and a rotund person, said, "Thou blessed wife, shall this dust ever live?" At this, with an arch smile, the lady advanced and touched the flower pot with a wand made apparently of a living pomegranate branch and bright with scarlet bloom. Then, out of the larger pot, upgrew a stalk with as many branches as there are days in the year, as many branchlets as there are hours, as many blossoms as there are moments, and in each blossom per-

fect fruit. A little plant, of essence more delicate, sprang from the smaller, and the two were as mother and daughter, but the smaller grew until it overtopped the larger, and then commenced to absorb it into itself till the former plant entirely disappeared, and the two flower pots became one.

Opening the large, clasped volume, the sage then read these words: "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away. And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these things are true and faithful." I then perceived that the ancient volume was the Word.

At this Thomas Aquinas took up the conversation by observing, "There are seven propositions, apparent in the wisdom of the Spiritual Heaven, which is conjugal wisdom, concerning the Mother Church, Rome, and the Daughter Church, England, in their inversions, diseases, present states and prospective conditions; and also concerning priestly order and its inversions.

1. To the glance of the Spiritual Angels the Church of Rome resembles an aged monk, who, in extreme dotage, still is made to imitate the man of middle age. It is a worm-eaten skeleton in the last state of decay. It is a *simulacrum*, its life wholly imaginary. The good, in seeming attached to the Romish communion, are like the half formed progeny of the water-fly which have become connected temporarily, and before they leave the chrysalis and plume the wings, with a drowned corpse. The English church, as a *state establishment*, and when viewed in like manner is a manikin, propelled from without by curiously adjusted electrical wires. The life which it exhibits is factitious; its position made dependent on that of the more ancient Romish organism, the one outgrowing from the other and resting on it in the cause-world. The last leap of the manikin will be, in the breaking up of Rome, toward the central place of hierarchical rule in the midst of Christendom, but, failing in the effort,

it will follow its predecessor and become a mass of disintegrated particles.

2. The Egyptians, or scientists of the world, at the present day, hold that a State Church is necessary for the maintenance of monarchical order; a part of the necessary pageant by which to awe and keep in bonds the multitude. Godless in their interiors, with few exceptions, they perceive that the world cannot be governed without the religious sentiment; perceive also that the secular and the spiritual power share a coëqual throne in the government of human affairs; and fancy that a fictitious or seeming heirarchy, constructed from an antiquated model and wholly governed by state intrigue, can be indefinitely prolonged and made use of to keep secular affairs in *statu quo*.

Rome is earth's last papacy. It can never be revived, never succeeded, but, gathering to itself the accumulated crimes of all previous existing inversions, it must burst out into new varieties of spiritual disease, be permitted to consummate its wickedness and then de cease. The Church of England, is a state papacy. Vain-gloriously exulting in the downfall of its prototype,—the breath in its nostrils being merely a vapor from the iron lungs of a great monetary people,—it will exhibit such pride and such poltroonery, take upon itself such exaggerated pretensions and run riot in such revivings of antiquated and obsolete figments as to become a by-word. The manly good sense of the British people will cause them to put it away. Then its exaggerated proportions will shrink and shrivel till a few rags of tinsel are its only surviving memorials. Neither Rome nor England are churches, *having no internal unity*. Both are chimeras, which delude the ignorant, charm the superstitious and lead astray the worldly and such as are wise in self conceit.

3. The episcopal office does not survive in either of these institutions in any orderly or Divine sense. The functions of the bishop are those of a center pivotal man among pivotal men, who constitute a local priesthood. See how it is in your own Heaven. Observe the law of the Divine order which obtains through all the Heavens; inspect its stupendous mechanism. God is the Head, the universal Father, the sovereign Pontiff, the Infinite Hierarchy. The true Rome is the inmost sanctuary of the Heaven

which is above the Heavens, where the most exalted pontifical angels of the universe of universes have their place. The streams of mediation descend from the one Infinite Divine Man, through radiant zones of solar and sub-solar to planetary centers, and then proceed in orderly channels till they reach the minutest embryo of the human soul. God is everywhere present. He is approaching our orb in a very especial manner. Expect therefore a revival not of Rome but of the true archetype which in Rome was inverted and degraded. A race of priests will spring up, all of a common genius, all with internals opened to the celestial sense of the Divine Word, all preaching through a copious afflux and indwelling presence of the Lord, they will be men wholly devoted to Divine uses but in conjugal order. Each will find (with exceptions) in due course of time, the counterpart, and, through union in orderly external nuptials, the very sweetness of celestial joy will ultimate itself in their hearts. This vast family, by common consent, will recognise but one head, even Jesus, our God. But, as the universe itself unfolds from centers through sub-centers to circumferences, so there will be hierarchal gradations in that loving family. These will be manifold and based upon the law of service instead of the inverted law of rule.

4. The priesthood is a trine, first social, second congregational and thirdly cosmopolitan. The Social Priest, while his labors are chiefly in the secular sphere, gathers together a circle of minds drawn by sympathy and the perception of use and fitness, and instructs them, in an orderly manner in the knowledges of the Word. The Congregational Priest, whose use is principally that of public instruction, is the center of the visible body of believers of a given neighborhood; visits them from house to house; performs parochial duties, and especially calls sinners to repentance. The social priests of a flock may be numerous, but there can be only one local, congregational priest, who superintends the whole work of the Lord in that particular gathering or nucleus. The Cosmopolitan Priest belongs to the world and is in a condition of regeneracy to be led at the Divine bidding, if need be, through every zone of latitude or degree of longitude, and sufficiently illumined in the Lord to be entrusted with the work

of gathering souls together, from every extreme of thought, into a catholic unity.

In all cases the function is determined by the gift. The social priest, limited in his inspirations, will discover in himself a special adaptation to the sphere of religious instructions within the limits of a congenial or affiliated circle. He will not teach from his selfhood but from the Word and the internals of the Word. The power of ministering in the uses of a congregational priest will not be imparted. The priest having charge of a public congregation will be like a horse caparisoned for the battle, who cries "Ha! ha!" to the trumpets and has his neck clothed with thunder. His use will be that of championship. Imbued with Divine power adequate to each emergency he will move in the embodied might of the sacerdotal Heavens and his works be made manifest that they are wrought in God. The two uses do not interfere with each other nor can they ever clash.

The congregational priest is a shepherd who knows all the sheep by name, and is perpetually on the alert, gifted with internal discrimination and perception of states, wise in counsel, patient with the erring and with the ignorant, tender and gentle with the sick and suffering, suave yet dignified in his association with the world, ripening into balanced judgment and decision of character, and seldom, if ever, called upon to disconnect himself from the society in which he begins to minister.

"The Cosmopolitan Priest, unlike the congregational, can never be permanently the center of a body of believers. Observe the points of difference. His voice is a call, as of a Strong Angel with a trumpet, descending to announce the opening of the seals of a perfect dispensation. He makes his advent in a community unexpectedly. It is not for him to take counsel with flesh or blood. Through him descends for the time being a two-fold power, attractive and repulsive; attractive for the purpose of gradually bringing into coherence such souls as the Lord especially designs to be constituted into a local and visible congregation; repulsive for the purpose of driving away that greater multitude who might otherwise smother and repress the celestial element by their reception of dogma without spirit.— To the individual, except in a temporary sense, he does not

minister, nor can it be possible, inasmuch as, during such times as he is not engaged in public teaching, the Lord provides other use of a vast and comprehensive nature."

5. The Venerable Bede here interposed the query, "How shall the Cosmopolitan Priest be fitted for his vast use?" To which Thomas Aquinas replied, "By the keys. He is Petrus, a rock, and his use is typified in that text wherein our Lord declares, 'Upon this rock will I build My church.' He is the faith-man, who stands in the world in entire disconnection from its mutable and transient influences. He is solar. Our dear Lord instituted this order of priesthood in His first coming. They went everywhere preaching the Word, and organizing the churches. Because heresy and wickedness exist in the subtle parts of Nature among wandering spirits who obsess human bodies, the Living Church can only be revived through a Cosmopolitan priesthood, who shall journey from place to place opened in their interiors to the Heavens, and enabled, through the gift of the Spirit, to relieve such as our Lord designs to call into the New Church form, from the secularizing and sectarianizing genii who inflow on every side. But this power never can be given except through the opening of the celestial into the natural and in conjunction with internal breathing, nor can it ever be fully conferred upon a man until he is in the fifth day of regeneration. These are the three degrees of the priesthood in the New Jerusalem.

6. "Neither Rome nor the Church of England possess the trine in the priesthood, as may be demonstrated thus: 1. There is not in either an accredited priest, who, when the commandments of God clash with the ecclesiastical authorities, dare for a moment to obey the Lord rather than men. 2. The Bishops, so-called, are not Cosmopolitan Priests, because they have accepted their position at the bidding of man, without the opening of the internal respiratories or a Divine call. 3. They have neither knowledge of, nor belief in a direct Divine Voice opening through the celestial into the natural degree of consciousness. 4. They are not qualified to interpret or illustrate the internal senses of the Word. 5. None of them are conjoined to Heavenly Societies, as to their spirits, in this degree of use. 6. None of them possess the binding or the loosing power; they are therefore unable

to serve as instruments in the Lord's hand for the dispossession of human beings infested with demons or for the binding of evil spirits that they may no more injure their victims. 7 and finally. They exercise a usurped function, which proves them to be, though often ignorantly and unwittingly, the servants of Antichrist to this extent; namely, that they claim the right of inducting men into, or of deposing them from the orders of the priesthood, whereas the Lord Christ alone has power to confer or take away, and delegates that power to none, not even to the most exalted Angels. It is plain, therefore, that neither the Roman nor the Anglican Body is a church proper in the cosmopolitan or universal sense. Many of the members of both bodies are in the Lord and so churches of themselves, but as churches deprived of their rights and held in vassalage.

7. "The Cosmopolitan Priesthood will consist in the New Church of coëqual brethren, none assuming power over his associates, but each led solely by the Divine guidance. It will be in itself a trine, namely of three degrees, a celestial cosmopolitan, a spiritual and an ultimate priesthood, as its members are respectively in the priestly office of the Celestial, Spiritual or Ultimate Heaven. Such love will exist between these illumined and self-sacrificing men, that each will esteem the brother better than himself. To the congregational priesthood also, and in the same manner, a trine, they will sustain the relation not of rulers but of servants, found, in times of emergency, and when particular localities are visited by terrific natural evils or spiritual infestations, holding up the hands of the local priest and made use of by the Lord to put down the demoniacal hosts which arise from pandemonium." Here the Spiritual Angel ceased.

KNOWLEDGE:

'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know, the more it knows.—*Spirat.*

GEM FROM "CHARITY GREEN."

Going abroad at an early hour on the ensuing day a roadside cottage attracted her attention, for a wailing sound issued from the half opened door. Now again the two contending impulses spoke within. One said "You have no business with the sorrows of strangers; respect their privacy; a young lady is out of place here." The other answered "Love one another. Visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction. Keep thyself unspotted from the world."—The wailing sound was repeated, and now, mingled with it came the faint moan of a little child, and the cry, "My bairnie, my bairnie, must I leave thee?" On a pallet lay, as Marian entered, the widow of a Scotch weaver, an operative, employed, before his decease, in the neighboring mills. A dry, hacking cough followed. The apartment was scantily furnished, and one poor old woman, for charity's sweet sake, ministering to the dying sufferer. In the mother's arms lay a little girl, whose puny features betrayed that want had clutched at the heart from birth,—that its cradle had been sorrow and its baptism tears.

Marian saw that she had entered to be present at that mysterious scene—the passage of a soul to the immortals. No holy guide was there to point with faith, almost sight, to the Strong Man who bears earth's fainting children through the dark valley; but death had no terrors; mercifully uplifted the sufferer seemed floating away in an atmosphere of some purer element rather than wading through a cold river. Yet nature struggled. The child woke, and, frightened, began to wail. "Hush, Ailie, hush!" gasped the faint, struggling voice—"Twa ha' gone before; little Margery's body's in the kirkyard at bonnie Perth, and Sandy sleeps yonder, where I shall soon lie cauld—hush!" And now the great tears rolled down the cheek. Again the dreadful cough. The dying woman sank back exhausted, while the babe lay sobbing on her breast. "Oh, Ailie, Ailie!" the sepulchral voice again began, "The work-house is caulder than the kirkyard! see," pointing upward, "the gude Book is true. They're comin' for me"—the voice sank into a hoarse whisper, "Ailie, Ailie! I can't leave my child."

Marian heard and saw; and now, like some apparition of hope and dawning love, she knelt flushed with all the sacred light that comes when Heaven prompts the heart to charity. The words, so full of love that it seemed as if an angel spoke them, broke from the young girl's lips. "I am sent to claim the child, dear—to take away the last pang. Your babe shall never see the the work-house. Give her to me." Lightly as a bird, that, when its cage is opened, flies away through cloudless ether, where its companion calls, warbling, as it goes, a faint, low song of gratitude to the kind hand, that, lifting the latch, removes the last, frail barrier, the widow ceased to live in this world, whispering, almost in the last gasp, "God, who sent thee, bless thee!"

PANTHEISM IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

The rise and progress of Disorderly Spiritualism was like the upspringing of Jonah's gourd. Tipping tables were all the rage five years ago, and, from the Fifth Avenue palace to the obscure tipping den, a mania existed for spiritual experiments and communications. While much that came to light from the world of spirits was good and valuable, profligacy and immorality also found often their eloquent defence through the lips of entranced mediums, and the most dangerous and seductive of Antichristian theories,—that of natural progression,—seemed rising into a many storied, many windowed edifice, like a vast crystal palace with tens of thousands flocking to worship in its godless shrines. Deists, who had warred with unremitting pertinacity against the Gospel, were triumphant; grasping a weapon, which, in their fancy, was to prove a fire-brand, burning with quenchless flames, and destined, when thrown into the temple of an historical and experimental Christianity, to consume the venerable pile. It was then expected that a few years would behold Naturalistic Spiritualism the most popular and influential of all substitutes for a vital faith. The handful of Christian believers, through whose opened interiors the faith of the New Church was seeking its natural ultimatum, were in number so insignificant as to be considered by their opponents as almost unworthy of opposition.—Their efforts were derided and their faith held up to scorn.

The bubble has burst. The fire-brands that were to consume Christianity have kindled, in the breasts of those who held them into scorpions that sting and kill. The triumph is on the other side now. Disgusted with the unsatisfactory nature of spiritual communications, or satisfied by them that Self-love "hath the promise both of the life that now is and that which is to come," torpid worldliness has taken possession of the greater part of the huge army of investigators, while, upon the countenances of those most deeply implicated in the inculcation of the pernicious doctrines taught through mediums from the pit, the observant eye may read, in the deep drawn lines, in the restless orbs of sight,

and in many a sign besides, of the dreadful work that is going on in their interiors,—the dreadful work that eternity's morning will unvail.

Spiritual experience ages men rapidly, and, more than aught else produces confirmed states, whether in Christ or against Christ. We are now entering into the Era of Confirmation. The doubtful, the timid, the wavering, who, three years ago, with steps almost irresolute, yet took a stand for Christ and the cross, against Nature worship and infidelity, have grown positive, fixed and satisfied. Their state is now one of uncompromising hostility to every form of spiritual falsity and evil. Such charity prevails among them that the tidings of it have spread far and wide. Their assemblies are characterized by order, devotion and the conscious baptism of the Holy Ghost. Their eyes kindle with the brightness of the day-dawn of the new life. Their hearts leap for joy within the breast. They reap the first fruits of a great victory over Satan and the hells, and pant for more complete and widely extended service.

While Anti-christian Spiritualism is also becoming the fixed, and, it is to be feared, the final creed of a far greater number, its power as a unitary movement is drawing to a close. Its experiments have become stale, its discussions but the revival of conflicting speculations many times before considered and laid aside. The Circle, as an institution, is rapidly becoming obsolete, and magnetic cords, and zinc plates, and dial alphabets, with all the implements for rapid and reliable communications with the "Second Sphere of human progression" will soon take their place in the garrets, serve to amuse children, or be ranked with abortive washing and perpetual motion machines. The golden sands of the Spiritual El Dorado have turned out but worthless mica, and the reaction into money-getting and the worship of the body gains ground daily. So fails the Nineteenth Century's experiment at putting down the eternal laws, which inevitably connect self-service with hell, and self-sacrifice with Heaven.

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