

JUNE.

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 the 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.

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A Monthly Journal
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NOTICE.

Those of our friends who have occasion to address us respecting subscriptions, will confer a great favor by being particular to write plainly the name of persons and places—to give the State, County, and Post Office, to which they wish the **MAGAZINE** sent, and to state the number with which they wish to commence.

All communications should be directed to the

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REMOVAL.

The office and dépôt for the publications of the New Church Publishing Association has been removed to No. 42 Bleecker Street. In thus transferring their place of business, the object of the Association has been to provide rooms less exposed to the noise of a crowded business thoroughfare, and the confused spheres which accompany it.

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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FAITH IN THE DIVINE HUMANITY: ITS PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES.

To those who receive the philosophy of the New Church, the visible and mundane earth is invested with solemn interest, as the theater for the evolution alike of the harmonies of the Heavens and the disorders of the Hells. Much as many may be induced to scout the word "Medium," it is true, nevertheless, that, in a profound sense, all human beings are mediatorial; that the thoughts and feelings of mankind have an origin beyond the individual; that they are all the agents of the Spirit of God, or of the Spirit of Evil. Heaven, redeemed by a true conception from the inertia and stagnor with which the ignorance and indolence of mankind has invested it, is seen as the true Cause-world. There, intellect puts forth its most luxuriant bloom, and ripens to its most abundant fruitage; there the latent capacities both of the understanding and of the will, in this birth-place and nursery of mankind but imperfectly exhibited, and all grouped together around a centre of the most intense and absolute love to God and the neighbor, invest even the humblest Angelic Spirit with preternatural qualities of grandeur, and power, and devotion to the right. And Heaven is teeming with the rich abundance of every quality, which, exhibited on a natural theater, is designed to make both states and individuals great, wise, prosperous and free.

With Heaven so near that over every pillow of human sleep, and beside each scene of human suffering and action, is a witnessing and watching Angel, why is it, that, even in the civilized world, and in the great foci of power, the ordinary life of man is characterized by a keen avidity for ignoble and sensual pleasures; by the greed of gold and by the wearing passions of jealousy and hate? Why is it that whole neighborhoods, even with the

church spire on the hill and the temple of education in the valley, evince an ignorance of spiritual things more gross even than that which Plato found among the middle classes of Athens, or Moses among his co-equals and associates at the court of dim and dusky Egypt? And why with Heaven all around us, no less in our manhood than our infancy, should the stupendous and beautiful unfoldings of an higher and inner life be hidden from us, in the long and weary pathway in which we journey from the cradle to the grave?

The answer to this question is of vital interest—so much is gathered in it relating both to the well-being of the individual and the prosperity and progress of the state; involving, also, many arcana of the Divine Providence. One great truth fundamental to all knowledge stands knocking at our doors, or bleeding beneath our contemptuous refusal. To that truth is intrusted the awakening, the revolutionizing, the preserving, and the reorganizing power:—the KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD IN HIS DIVINE HUMANITY! Divine wisdom has so ordered it, that, till this can be accepted, reverently, fervently in the heart and life, the soul's interior faculties must sleep or be contented with a partial and disorderly evolution. For Christ is the life of the soul; and only as our Life is accepted, and worshiped, and obeyed, can we hope that He will condescend to open the avenues by which the Infinite Love and Wisdom inflow into the finite human faculties.

So, then, before the closed temple of man's inner nature, sits the Angel of Belief, and he who would, within that temple, refresh his spirit with the love which alone can energize or recuperate humanity must own its Lord.

Science is mole-eyed, because irreverent and incredulous. It wallows in the slime and finds in its lost analysis gases and cell germs. Meanwhile He who sitteth in the Heavens holds the herd of Sadducean delvers and gropers in derision. Pursuing what is mistakenly called the Baconian method, it essays to reason from the marble splinter to the statue, with as much real wisdom as an idiot might exhibit, who, finding the fragment of a painter's easel, should attempt to deduce from its blotches and spatters of color the cartoons of Raphael or the pictures in the Sistine chapel. Its methods are false, hence its conclusions are puerile.

Our country abounds with the machinery of education, yet the results tend to materialize the mind ; for the conviction obtains among the learned that we can only know material things with a certainty ; that all beyond matter is hypothesis and conjecture. Except when the hurricane of a Revival blows over a community, men sit in the dead calm of spiritual indifference. More thought is lavished, a millionfold, on cookery, than on Theology ; and the arts of an ever changing fashion in dress, call forth a laborious study which is seldom brought to bear on the sublime truths of revelation. We die of stupendous diseases, which no medical art can remedy, though, for a season, it may soothe and palliate. Treacherous and insidious maladies make our women languid, listless invalids ; our men dependent on ruinous stimulants. We drug ourselves with tobacco and alcohol, with elixirs indebted, for their powers, to Indian hemp and opium. We inflame our food with unwholesome condiments. Passing from the body to the mind, the imagination is diseased and blunted, the sober reason unbalanced, the affections depraved and the passions inverted by scandal, which retails every loathsome crime, and the public press, which teems with accounts of depravities in high places and low, wrought up in all their impure details with the art of a novelist. And from this chaos and pandemonium of spiritual and natural elements, we expect to evoke order, light and happiness ! Learn, Oh ! man, that the first condition of knowledge is purification.

Upon the grandest scale England and America have attempted secular education. As a providential movement, in a transitional era, we are far from objecting to it. The Theology of Rome and Geneva was throttling the intellect of the race. It was right to break up, and forever, the tyranny over the Academy, exercised by a driveling and tyrannical clergy. But thoughtful men may well ask themselves the question, whether it is safe to leave the spiritual side of human nature uncultured, while attempting the evolution of the natural ? Whether, in fine, any science can be taught without recourse to the prime tenets of Theosophy ?

Again, it begins to be evident that there are two diametrically hostile tendencies, which, breaking from the hitherto chaotic elements of modern thought, attracting the educated into their

respective orbits of influence, force upon the future the final issue, Christology or Pantheism. The Church and the state, the family and the body politic, no less than the university, are involved in these great issues. As is our religion, so will be our culture. The knowledge of God in Christ plants the school, the temple, the forum and the judicial tribunal upon the indestructible foundation of a divine order and morality. But, until our Theology becomes Christology, we lavish life in the pursuit of intellectual chimeras.

The rising of the hells into the human intellect cannot, save through the acceptance of the Lord, alike in the faith of reason and the life of love, be presented for any protracted time. As sure as the present dallying and trifling with sacred things continues, we shall be involved in hopeless ruin. The race has so far journeyed through its transition age that now the crisis point is near at hand. What if the spiritual phenomena of the last ten years, acknowledged now by a large body of our best and wisest people, to be at once genuine, and, in many instances, infernal,—what if these are the hand-writing on the wall, predicting and prefiguring the outlines of the Coming Era, in which the widespread nations of the orb must be wedded as a bride to the heart of the God Christ; or prostituted, through their deliberate rejection of Him, to the embraces of the demoniacal Anti-christ?

Hopeless and sick at heart of any possible reform in the Church, in the state, or in education, as it is, the restless masses agitate in a wide-spread ferment for something they know not what. A political movement that springs to life, amidst an efflorescence of the loftiest sentiments, enrolls the patriotic millions. Five years pass, and it is desolated and destroyed, even where successful, through the development of its inbred corruptions. This affords an illustration at once of the best side of the times and of their worst feature. Men are asking, by myriads, for some sure word of life. But, and here is the difficulty, the enslaved Israel hath not its Aaron and Moses, its Protecting Angel, its pillar of cloud and flame. This leadership is to be found, could men but see it, in the knowledge of the Divine Humanity, and there alone. And this faith, taken to the heart, works purification, alike in the material and moral sphere.

The world's great Teacher is not far off, but near to every man according to his state. Oh! will the people for whose salvation He became incarnate, will they never believe, will they never trust the potent presence of that Delivering Friend? Shall a thousand charlatans each have power to inspire a faith, a more practical faith, than the Lord Christ? Shall our eyes remain forever blinded, our ears forever deafened, that we may hear and see Him not? Shall the heart spurn Him forever, and die spurning? Are we gone mad in the unreasonableness of incredulity? Hath He not promised to be with us to the very end of the world? How writes the poet:

"In secret silence of the mind
My Heaven, and there my God I find."

Can we not pause and ask ourselves if the soul hath not senses, turning heavenward, as the body hath turning earthward? Can we not listen, if haply, breaking through this din and discord of a turbulent world and its half-maddened passions, deep breathing in music through the breast, the Voice of our Divine Redeemer may not be audible? Is there no garden of springing affections within the bosom where He walketh at the cool of the day? Hath not this wondrous human heart some latent faculty by which to feel after, and haply to find that Sincerest Heart, the fountain of its existence? Questions like these may well be pondered.

The path to knowledge is by the doctrine of degrees. For lack of this the theology, philosophy, and science of the present age flounders in the bog of naturalism. Every man may comprehend that a house may have more than one story, and that the topmost windows command a view, which, from the basement, is invisible. Can we not then imagine degrees or stories in the mind; and different knowledges, according to their quality, upon the higher or lower floors? Hitherto we have been content with ransacking those chambers in the basement, which appropriately are used as repositories for implements or provender, or fuel, germane to our natural condition, and men have supposed, honestly, that life had no other rooms. One day in the eighteenth century, the tenant of a house at Resina, near Naples, had occasion to sink a well in his garden. The laborers struck a column: that search pursued led to the discovery of the buried city, Herculaneum, with

all its treasures, but that city was dead. Ah! we need the water of truth, and if we dig for it, each in the garden of his own breast, a greater city will be discovered than that which Vesuvius overcame of old. In every man's interior, degrees will be laid open, in living thoughts, feelings, and passions, the beginning of that which shall be Heaven or Hell. Our interior degrees need to be explored : there we shall perceive enthroned, centering their harmonies or marshaling their discords, the living God, or the Destroyer.

The good man is the temple of Christ. Cloistered in the inmosts of his bosom, the inner degrees of human nature, is a presence chamber for the King of kings. That which the good require at present is access to their own interiors. Stupidly and inconsistently the martinets and pedants of theology, led by the fantasies of the senses, ignore the inner degrees in man,—ignore the chambers where the stately truths of all the Heavens in vivid beauty, wrought by the Divine Artist, have their place. Every regenerate man has the Bible within himself, and is, in his threefold being, a duplicate and representation of the Word. Could we then but have the inner degrees of our being opened to the light, all the regenerate in noonday knowledge, would awaken to a simultaneous perception of the Divine Humanity. That God is the Divine Man, and that every human unit tends, through regeneration, to a state in which, as a mediatorial form, to exhibit, in a finite sense, the qualities of the Infinite Original, will require no demonstration when this opening has taken place, and as human effects we are then brought into direct conjunction with our Divine Human Cause. Oh! the grandeur of an existence which is thus found in God.

"The love of Christ," said Paul, "constraineth us." Yet, perhaps the fervid and inspired Apostle to the Gentiles but in part comprehended the sweetness or the power of that constraint, that willing constraint, the depths of humility, the heights of heroism to which it bears the man. It has been discovered by experienced instructors in our schools, that the principle of love is mightier than that of emulation ; that if an absorbing affection can be excited in the pupil, it vibrates from the chords of sentiment to those of reason, and calls out the latent energies and qualities of intel-

ligence. In adult life the same fact is self-evident. According to the purity and intensity of the love, is the growing perfection of thought, the increasing potency of action. Love transforms the dwarf into a Hercules, by awakening that which was heretofore latent in the spiritual or celestial degrees. Without the love of an art or science how onerous the protracted application! how vain the most laborious effort! But the love lightens the task, by calling out an adequate power for its accomplishment, and wins success, both in the labor achieved, and the latent faculties kindled into life. Apply this to the case in point. There is a need, in every human breast, of some SUPREME PERSON, in whom to centre our affections. It has been well remarked, by a recent German thinker, that Hero-worship is the only form of adoration left possible to our race.

We see this negatively proved in the coldness of heart exhibited among the adherents to a metaphysical Tritheism, who, wandering in a limbo of thought, from the Father to the Son, and from the Son to the Holy Ghost, and unable to offer either a sole worship, sink into devotional stupor, roused by fear to periodical paroxysms. Impossible it is indeed to love and worship truly a multiplied or divided Infinite. The confessions of Tritheists, on this point, are conclusive of the mischievous effects of the theory they entertain. Devotion, in the Tritheistic sects, is largely contaminated with Fetish worship, the essence of which consists in the fearful homage offered to physical superiority. Oh! how the Father is feared, the implacable Sovereign. Never did Greek or Roman so cower before the thunderbolts of the dreaded Jove. The Son is loved as a benignant intercessor, Who, were it not for the Father, would save us all: yet He is not much worshiped: good hearts are afraid to worship Him; that just and awful Father might consider it a derogation to His majesty. But the Holy Ghost, in personality, the least revealed, a nebulous haze of Deity, enwrapping the earth with a filmy paleness of presence, as the white halo gathers round the morn! The Father is feared rather than worshiped, for real worship demands love. The Son loved rather than worshiped, for real worship demands not only love, but the conviction that that Love is infinite in its own matchless wisdom and power. But the Holy Ghost is practically neither loved nor feared; it is a filmy nothingness which the intel-

lect penetrates in passing to the other two. From a large experience with Christian people, bewildered in this Tritheistic faith, we write understandingly, and justly paint a posture of affairs which is indeed deplorable. It is not the sweet constraint of love which wins the heart and makes the being a glowing orb, brightening and revolving in the orbit of that supreme luminary which hath won it to itself, but rather a fearful and mysterious bewilderment, in which the Reason turns alternately from image to image, finding neither sufficient in itself to meet its conception of Divinity.

Tritheism dies down into a final Pantheism. That this is the tendency of intellectual Protestantism is evident in its own light. It is a temporary relief to the thought to find Unity even at the expense of a loss of Personality. Both Rome and Geneva have much to answer for on this head. Pantheism is the reaction from Tritheism. The human intellect, finding it impossible to multiply objects of adoration, adores Nature; there, at least, it thinks to find a unitary principle. Tritheism is ostensibly the faith of the Churches, but Nature worship the creed of literature, entering, moreover, into the universal religion, or irreligion of common life. But Nature worship, in its last analysis, is no worship, but a simulacrum. It is impossible to adore truly, unless we can conceive intelligence in the object of our adoration. This intelligence must be not only infinitely powerful, but supremely benign. Yet these involve the threefold elements of personality, and center in the radiant image of the DIVINE MAN, our Father. In seeing Christ, we view the Father; in loving Him, love the Father. Christ is God revealed as the Infinite Personality; and so not lessened but brought within the range of the finite perceptions. We can love Him; there all the lineaments, alike of beauty, of majesty, and sympathizing kindness and moral rectitude, meet together. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are one—the three degrees of His person—the soul, the spirit, and the operation of the Divine Man.

Grasping at this conception, our faith is made anew, or rather the chaotic elements of belief are wrought together into a Divine Form, resplendent with the attributes of Deity. Unitarianism, whether in its Arian or Rationalistic phases, in reducing Christ to the finite level, prepares the way for the world's relapse into the darkness of the Pagan philosophies. It reopens the closed ques-

tions which were triumphantly solved in the descent of the Deity to His Incarnation. It shrivels up in the flame of spiritual thought and leaves but ashes. Christ could have been but one of two—man, and so one of us and nothing more; or God, and so infinitely more. If only a man, His birth was natural, and so the splendid legend of the Incarnation is, pardon the word, a pious falsehood. If only a man, the Bible loses its unitary character and becomes a mass of religious myths, poems, and histories, resulting from the spiritual genius, and colored by the local circumstances of the Hebrew people. The internal sense of the Scriptures falls to the ground, and in that the word disappears forever: for the unity of the Scriptures depends on the internal sense, and that internal sense primarily is all an unfolding of the Lord. The word thus is lost, and we are left upon a dim ocean of unexplored conjecture. Already we see in minds, who have ripened through the Unitarian phase, the direction of the stream, and poor Theodore Parker takes his place in history, a monument of the relapse of the natural man into the philosophies which preceded the Christian faith. Adorned and beautified with all the poet's charm, the rhetorician's superb skill, his masterly sentences but serve to disguise the features of a Belief, empty of the true and living God. And the steps of rationalism take hold on hell. Those forced by the hunger of belief among its disciples, grasp eagerly at spiritual phenomena, for these evidences of an immortality, which, in the rejection of the facts of the Word, becomes a dubious conjecture. Fixed in the conviction that the Lord Christ is no more than a natural man, they attract those Wandering Spirits who represent the Anti-Christian movement of the Invisible World. By this means their homes are filled, their intellects obsessed, their very bodies infested by the ghastly, gloomy legions of the pit. The mocking, sneering, reviling spirit, the spirit that induced the Jewish rulers to crucify the Lord, breaks out from this time in a supernatural hatred against the distinguishing tenets of the Gospel. Alas! for those, however brilliant in intellect, however profound in culture, who lay open the minds of men, unguarded, to the invasions of this demoniacal host! Better for them had they never been born.

But Unitarianism, in its development, exhibits another side to which, we doubt not, will tend all which it embraces of genuine

piety and profound moral worth. A transitional movement, it ripens towards the faith of the world's future, and finds in Christ "the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last, the Almighty." The Unitarian body is pivotal to the various sects which constitute the party of Liberal Christianity. Its beautiful culture has already permeated the ministry of its kindred sect, the Universalist; made Channing and Parker, as representatives of two of its schools, the household oracles of many minds. Let but its literature become alive with the sacred conception of the Divine Humanity, and the most beneficial results must follow; for the Unitarians think for at least two denominations beside their own.

All men grow like the objects of their worship; and if with undivided affections, the heart ascends to hold communion with Him whom every Angel adores and loves; if, dwelling on Him with fond emotion as the altogether Lovely, and feeding the spirit on that bread of life, which He alone can give, so inevitably does our nature assimilate to that which it most delights in, that we shall, in every beautiful variety of harmonious and noble character, repeat His wondrous image. Loving Him with a depth and earnestness proportioned to the quality of His own Divine affections, the ardency and the purity of that devotion will inspire us, in the surrendering of the self-hood, to absorb His spirit and to do His will. Inspired through the faith and love of the Divine Humanity, the inner degrees of our mysterious system will open to the light; and, as in the closing up of the human faculties, and the bewilderment of faith, and the decline of charity, the Church becomes a confused mob of belligerent sects; so, in the reopening of the inner degrees of the understanding and the will, and in the quickening of faith, and the resurrection of charity, a Divine Order will descend, evoking light and love and the loveliness of returning Eden from the chaos of the religious world. Nor is this all: inspiration will descend into every department of human culture, every theatre alike of the moral and social life. For men, with Christ in them, moved by the Divine Hand into appropriate fields of action, will inaugurate the New Age in every material or mental avocation. With the appearance of the Divine Spirit in the mind, the whole world will undergo a thorough renovation, whereof the results are prefigured in the regeneration of the individual soul.

LET US GROW.

BY PROFESSOR S. E. BROWNELL, M.A.

Life is advancement ; a flame that ceases not to aspire till it declines and dies. Growth is the orderly and normal condition of our powers. Dead things decay and pass away ; but life covers itself with new beauty ; transforming bud and germ to fragrant flower and ripened fruit.

The Golden Age of the past, of which the literature of the Greeks is, as it were, the thousandth reflection, or an infinitesimal dilution, was itself but a morning dream ; a glorious reverie of untried youth, compared to the perfected manhood of the race now to be achieved. On this earth man has never yet attained to the full and majestic growth and maturity of all his powers. Our first parents were but immature buds upon the tree of life, glorious human innocences, when despoiled of their heritage, arrested in their progress and consigned to an existence upon the most outward or natural plane of the mind. Their descendants, the children of the Golden Age, more mature and perfect in development, receiving special influxes of life, were the utmost that humanity was capable of, till re-invigorated by the incarnation of our Lord : and the Christianity of the past eighteen centuries, with its arts, science, and culture, marks the high to which the reception of Christ, through the intellectual principle of faith, could raise man towards that serene and sinless manhood he was destined to attain. Thus far, instead of re-mounting the stream toward its golden sources in the eternal mountains, we see that no Church has been able to maintain its primitive integrity, but drifts ever downward towards the sea of all corruptions. Of the Ancient Churches, we learn that each gradually declined and was succeeded by one inferior to itself. The only inspired era of the First Christian Church, was that which passed with its founders and their immediate successors, and the glory of Protestantism is still its dawn. There seems to be a latent defect, something limited and partial in each of these movements to stay the downward

progress of the race. The special end may be attained, but we see in the light of them, that evil will never be exterminated simply by holding it in check, or binding it beneath the feet, or covering and sealing it by beautiful veils of art and external culture. It recovers from every defeat, penetrates at last with its consuming breath through every disguise of concealment, and stands forth re-invigorated for new combats.

Standing then "on the century's slope," and in this consummation of all the ages; realizing that the fairest productions of human genius known to us, are but degenerate specimens of dwarfed and sickly plants, the inquiry comes home to us, how shall the race, how shall humanity itself, as manifested on this planet, attain to the beautiful maturity and perfection of unfallen orbs. The question is suggestive of themes too vast to be discussed in an article like this, and involves principles too profound to be fully grappled and mastered by any but an inspired thinker. A single thought, indicative of the direction in which a complete answer may be found, is all that can now be offered. The incarnation of our Lord is the great fact lying as the foundation of the First Christian Church, the essential verity upon which the Apostles everywhere insisted, to such a degree that Paul "determined to know nothing else;" the interior life of that Church, the degree of regeneration and sanctification to which it attained, was dependent upon the descent of the Spirit, which is the divine sphere of our Lord, diffused and operating throughout the world. The New Church resting upon the same eternal foundations; receiving, in humble heart, the divine influences of the same operative Spirit, derives a new life from its faith in the Divine Humanity of the Lord. The gifts of the first Church were confined to the personal sphere of the Lord. He breathes upon His disciples and they receive the Holy Ghost. These lay their hands upon the other brethren, conveying a similar power. But the virtue declines as it recedes from the Divine Impersonation, and in a few generations its miraculous power entirely ceases. But in His Second Coming the Lord, by that glorified humanity, now made all divine, renews and revivifies the race. He approaches not a few of the obscure and lowly, not one tribe or nation, but humanity itself; not outwardly, limited by personal access, but inwardly drawing nearer

and nearer, till each feels as John felt leaning upon His bosom, or Mary when she wiped His feet with the hair of her head. And if it be asked why this vitalizing element could not be imparted sooner, the answer is, there were no planes formed in the human mind, through which it could be received. The First Christian Church was the pioneer of the Second. Through her prayers, and tears, and groans, the man child was born to rule the nations. As the Jewish was but a type and representation of the Churches of the past, so that now consummated, is but a shadow of that which is to come. Its symbol was the evening twilight, darkening on to the midnight hour; the bright and morning star is the herald of the Second. It comes shrouded in golden glory from the East; the songs of the morning are its attendants; the sun shining in the Orient, is seen as the eternal source of its life and illumination.

But, whilst the hope of the New Church is the Divine Humanity descending to earth and becoming incorporated in the whole of life; its acts, science, and institutions; its effective operation is only through the annihilation of the self-hood. In the construction of every edifice the foundation must be deep and carefully laid in proportion as the fabric is to be lofty and enduring. The New Church, therefore, requires, not the consecration of one day in seven, but of all days to the uses of an orderly life. It demands not simply the faith that can remove mountains, or a missionary zeal to traverse the earth with its truths; even the giving of one's substance to the poor, and the quivering flesh to the flames, may not imply so absolute a surrendering of the inmost will. The Lord must so reign and rule within us, that the self-hood itself becomes a willing subject, running upon the divine errands with more than mortal swiftness; then imagination and the intellect, with all its powers, like faithful servants, wait and watch to fulfill His high behests; and the heart becomes a palace-chamber for the awful Presence.

Such, then, is the divine progression of the New Church. Its aim is the palingenesia or new birth of society itself; the restoration of man to his lost inheritance; growing up from innocency to angelhood. Its special source of power is the Divine Humanity, investing life with a new sacredness and beauty; re-imparting to man the lost elements of his grand transition and progression to

the state of the inhabitants of unfallen worlds. Its means of operation is the perfect regeneration of the human soul, carried on through the six periods of preparation, to its Sabbath state of Divine repose.

But we must trace more distinctly some of the earlier steps and stages of this great renewal. And here we find the outward growth and development of the child, symbolical of his regeneration, and awakening to eternal life. Daily the watchful eye of the mother detects new gleams of intelligence mantling, with a higher beauty, the passive form over which she bends. At this period also, angel hands are inseminating germs of affections, of which all that is beautiful in after life is but the blooming out-growth. Sentiment awakens a new world in the breast of youth. That affection which is to bend the wayward impulses of their nature, and consecrate life anew ; or, being perverted, be as the blast of the desert to the summer flowers—at once matures and transforms. The sweet child of yesterday, lightsome and glad, singing in happy unconsciousness, to-day sits in maidenly grace and dignity, waiting for the youth whom a similar feeling has ripened into manhood. And at this very period the spirit is awakened to its moral obligations, and becomes confirmed in loyalty and willing obedience, or in rebellion against the divine laws. And not unfrequently in choosing our life-companions, we choose or reject the Lord. If the self-hood rules, if vanity or worldliness direct our choice, we are wedded to them ; but if the heaven-born affections bear sway, then through them we become conjoined to kindred societies in the heavens. Many, indeed, in this age, demand for themselves the joys of the conjugal life, who know not what they ask. Such are the inherent evils of our nature, that we must first pass through a baptism, not of water ! but of fire and the Holy Spirit. This tender affection can find a home only in regenerate bosoms, where the Lord arranges all things according to the order of the heavens ; nevertheless, it will be the crowning glory of the New Church.

In truth, a new Pilgrim's Progress is now to be written. Christian and Christiana shall not long journey alone ; but hand in hand pursue their way, treading the flowery and enchanted ground. If combats await them more terrific than Bunyan dared

to dream ; if castles, grimmer than Giant Despair's, frown and forbid their progress, let them remember, that they have armor even more impenetrable than those who journeyed of old. The shield of faith, wielded by skillful hands, still receives the fiery darts of the adversary ; but charity, if perfect, is a coat-of-mail, protecting every part. And if the Word, in its letter, was terrible, like a two-edged sword, dividing, penetrating, overcoming, what shall stand before it, when the seals thereof are broken ; and the Voice that called forth the morning stars in their choral procession, and man from the bosom of the Infinite, again with no intervening veil, speaks in the inmosts of the will ? For the interpreter's house, we have the visible ministry of angels, and the conscious opening of the interiors to Divine communion. The Delectable Mountains, that so cheered the ancient pilgrim on his way, are still visible, mingling with the azure blue of heaven ; but above them shines the Divine Sun, increasing in splendor and glory, and sending its beams to the dark places of the earth.

But the Christian of the New Age should grow not only in the rich experiences of the inner life, but, in order that he may be thoroughly furnished to every good word and work, the affections of the will must clothe and embody themselves in kindred knowledges in the intellect. There must be a happy union and blending of the masculine and feminine elements of the spirit. The energies of the manly mind must be associated and conjoined with the loves of the heart. The rigid expositions of doctrine enunciated by Swedenborg, and the law of correspondences, will be the basis of new empires of thought in the understanding. The *Arcana of Christianity* rises like a temple upon immovable foundations, sacred to the celestial knowledges of the redeemed man. *The Wisdom of Angels* presents the sublime methods of intercourse between God and man in the most ancient times, and pictures, as upon living canvas, the radiant glories of the better life, with gleams that light up for a moment the terrible realities of the nether gloom ; whilst the *First Book* brings down the most important of these knowledges to the comprehension of children. Let these works, and such as these, be faithfully studied ; let their spirit and life flow unimpeded in and through our own, and we shall neither be poor in that which enriches and adorns the in-

tellect, nor barren of appropriate fruits in their season. These truths received into the understanding, assimilated and made our own, will nourish in us germs that have long been waiting to unfold. Thought begets thought ; ideas are inseminated into our minds by every original work that we read ; which awaken in us new series of conceptions, and so unfolding us more and more inwardly, till we grow up, intellectually, to the full stature of a man of the New Age.

But there is one element of our nature, of which we have not spoken, the culture of which must by no means be neglected. Poesy thus far has occupied a large space in the Unfoldings from the Interior, and in future will be found to be a prominent and characteristic feature of the New Church. The Old Church never was but partially favorable to the culture of the Muse. The faith-principle alone is not creative. And that phase of Christianity with which we are most familiar, the Protestant, specially develops the analytic method of thought. Aristotle is its model, and Paul its inspired logician. But the creative process is synthetic. The very word *Protestantism* shows it to be an antagonistic, and, therefore, a temporary attitude of the human intellect. It is an army in the field, entrenched and fortified against the enemy. Accordingly, few of the great poets of Christendom have been within the sphere of the Church. Milton and Dante sing of Christian themes ; but even their genius was kindled at the still smouldering remains of classic antiquity. Shakspeare, Schiller, and Shelley were Gentile minds. They found no home in the bosom of the Church. The so-called religious poetry is decidedly inferior. The hymnology of the Church, aside from its pietistic element, has usually little merit. There is certainly no reason why the hymns of Christendom should be inferior to its songs and ballads ; or why the Methodists should be compelled to adopt secular airs in their social worship. They ought to produce far more beautiful ones as the expression of their inner life. But the tight lacing of creeds was never favorable to the deep inspirations of the Muse ; nor the "faith alone" to the sphere of genial and creative thought.

Nor is this all we have to add. The *appreciation* of poetry is not promoted by the sphere of thought and culture infused by the

Old Church. The number of those who really delight to read the best poems in any language is very limited. "My works," said the German Goethe, "can never be popular;" and Milton craved "fit audience," though he knew it must be "few." But in the New Church, from its very nature, these things will be, in a measure, reversed. The celestial element is the poetic. The prose of the heavens, the common speech of the angels, is more rhythmical and inspired than the loftiest strains of human genius. Poetry is the genial play of all the faculties of the mind in their most glorious exercise. The dance has been called the poetry of motion; but poesy is the choral procession of thoughts, and emotions, led forth in inspired unison with the harmonic movements of a higher life. It is Heaven itself ultimated in the most perfect form of human expression.

Accordingly, poetry is older than prose. The wisdom of the primeval ages comes to us in this pleasing form. The earliest writings of all nations are lyrical; as the primitive life was pastoral and poetic. Who knows even when Homer sung, or Job poured forth his sublime complaint? The Book of Genesis is an unrhymed translation of the epic of Creation. Viewed from an interior stand-point,

"The Bible is a poem; not a line
But lives and talks in music to mankind;
And Nature is all poetry Divine;
And song the natural language of the mind."

Let us, then, grow up into a perception of the beauty of rhythmical compositions, and learn to respond to the lyrical cadences of the inspired poets. Even the delicate traceries of field and garden, the wonders of blade and petal, are, as it were, woven music; the results of infinite wavelets of harmony, welling up from the deep heart of Nature. The ancients fabled, that walls of mighty cities were reared by the magic power of numbers; that the rocks, and the trees, and mute Nature herself, moved responsive to the tones of the lyre; and shall not the human soul, formed inmosty to respond to all the harmonies of Heaven, be touched to sweetest symphony, and roused to noblest efforts, by this happy union of Wisdom and Beauty borne on the wings of celestial

melody. In truth, the highest steps and states of culture, are not to be attained without the inspirations of the Muse. It is Art, Christian art, alone, that can interpret between man and Nature. Led by her guiding hand, he traces the steps of those reposing on the golden hights of purest wisdom ; listening to the inspired voice of the Heavenly Muse, he is insensibly drawn upward to the home of Art, Beauty, Wisdom, and Melody, the embrace and bosom of Deity.

AMOLETA'S PEARLS.

II.

The sleeping infant wakes at night,
 But, finding there its mother's breast,
 It knows that none shall dare molest,
 And wakes or dreams with still delight.

The loving heart, that yet would keep
 Right onward, through a thousand storms ;
 And there its gentle use performs,
 For breasts that bleed, or eyes that weep ;

Though dark the night, or drear the day,
 Is safer than the infant still.
 The pulses of the Perfect Will
 Through its eternal motion play.

THE ROSARY.

II.

When Love illumines the palace-heart,
 And pictures Heaven within the breast,
 The thought and language are the best,
 And far beyond thine outward art.

ODORA:--THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

A POEM OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

(Continued from Page 21.)

Come to the Sunset Land!
The mist is on the hill;
The water lilies stand
Like Naiads in the rill.
Come to the land beneath the wave;
Come to the land that Christna gave!*

Mild as the Autumn afternoon,
That sleeps, 'mid Indian Summer haze,
As if it rested in a swoon,
The Indian Heaven shall meet thy gaze.†
Come to the Sunset Land! the Night
With jewels in her streaming hair,
Pearls, amethysts and jacinths rare,
Gleams through the mild, enamored air;
Come to the Sunset land! the light
Of setting day is always bright.
With fingers tipped with crimson fire,
And lips rose-blossomed with desire,
And liquid eyes, that dance and gleam
Like Naiads bathing in a stream,
The daughters of the Sunset Land
Enfold thee in their shining band:
Come to the Sunset Land!

* Christna is the name by which those Angels who reside in certain provinces of the Ultimate Heaven are accustomed to designate the Lord, and when it is used in this poem it invariably refers to the Savior.

† The phrase, Indian Heaven, throughout this work, refers to that region of the Ultimate Heaven which corresponds to those heavenly spheres which presided over the genius of the ancient Asiatic people, residing, prior to our knowledge of antiquity, in portions of Hindoostan, especially on the rivers Ganges and Jumna. They had a sacred city, which occupied the site of Benares; were a mild and inoffensive race, and approximated very nearly to the Ultimate Heaven. For many interesting particulars referring to the various regions of the Ultimate Heaven, peopled from our own earth, the reader is referred to *Arcana of Christianity*, Part I, Nos. 208 to 226.

Come to the Sunset Land ;
 The water-lilies fill
 Their vases from the rill :
 Beside the stream they stand,
 And bid thee drink thy fill.
 The Indian Heaven is large and bright :
 It is not day ; it is not night :
 Our fruit-trees ripen unbesought,
 And drop their annual loads of thought :
 Our cassia groves perfume the air ;
 With half-shut eyes we wander there ;
 Still, year by year, the myrtles blow,
 And drop their crowns of crimson snow.
 Life passes, as a zephyr flows
 Through the shut petals of a rose,
 And all things ripen in repose.

Come to the land that Christna gave ;
 In liquid rest thy bosom lave.
 The water-lilies, white and cool,
 Hide their soft breasts within the pool.
 Night, like a mild gazelle at play,
 Pursues the flying steps of day.
 The crimson love-birds in the trees
 Sing to the Spirit of the breeze.
 Float through the balmy air with me ;
 The Indian Heaven 'tis thine to see.
 But pause, the Love Land maidens glide
 From musk-groves where the shadows hide ;
 Thy brows with tuberoses wreaths they twine,
 And bathe thy lips with sacred wine.

I heard a tropical maiden, whose brows were wreathed with red lilies, singing this mystic song, and, being in the spirit, said to her, "Do you desire me to accompany you, and if so, for what end of use?"

To this she replied, "You shall visit the Heaven of the red lilies."

I answered, "You speak enigmatically: be more definite."

At this, she took my hand in hers, and replied, "Last winter, you recollect that the young Poet-Angel, whose departure from the Earth-sphere is recorded in the first part of the Lyric of the Morning Land, paid you a visit. What did he tell you? I am his companion. We will now fulfill our promise."

To this I made answer, "I recollect the visit to which you refer, and I rejoice that he has found a counterpart whose interiors exhale so divine a fragrance of conjugal love. Dear sister, in the Lord's name I greet you, and am ready to receive, if it be in Divine Order, that which has been promised me."

"This will be the sweetest book you ever have written," responded the youthful Maiden. "It will be entitled, *ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.*"

"Why Odora?" said I.

"This," she replied, "is the interior name of the planet Mars."

"I am most happy," I made answer, "to be made useful in picturing, before the minds of those who love celestial truths, anything of value from that locality. But tell me why you add the title, 'The Maiden of the Skies,' to the poem?"

At this she smiled and gave no reply; but I saw that a vivid blush overspread her countenance.

In a short time, I found myself standing in a green wood, whose atmosphere was pervaded by a violet-colored light. The odor of tuberoses and cinnamon was in the air. I paused in a few moments beside a clear stream with crimson lilies floating upon the surface.

"This," the maiden said, "is my home," and then vanished in the crystal water, but, in a few moments, I saw her gazing, crowned with red lilies, from the midst of the blossoms upon the bosom of the pool.

"Who are you," I said, "and of what strange genius; for you seem native at once to the air and congenial to the wave."

To this she responded, "I am a Truth Spirit, and live in the water-world. Do you not remember your visit to the Water Sprites?"*

I then saw a golden fountain springing from the bosom of the stream, and she stood in the midst of it, while the water-drops glimmered, as they rose and fell, with the reflection of her pure, celestial brightness. In the midst of the fountain her companion appeared, and they commenced again:

Come to the Sunset Land!
Around the ocean large,
The crimson lilies stand
Like Naiads on the marge.
Come to the land beneath the wave;
Come to the land that Christna gave!

* See Lyric of the Morning Land, p. 87.

Beyond the purple bounds of day
 The yellow skies of Æthra shine ;
 And there are diamonds of the spray,
 More bright than in Golconda's mine.
 Come to the Sunset Land ! the mist
 Turns to a maid, by zephyrs kissed ;
 The sunbeams wreath her yellow hair,
 And momentarily she groweth fair,
 And, with her slender, jeweled hand,
 She points the way to Sunset Land.

I now saw, little green creatures, no bigger than the stamens of a lily, yet each apparently in the perfect human form, with gossamer wings, and invested with silver light, playing among the blossoms on the water. Some had emerald rings, containing circles of crimson bells, which they shook with a merry sound. Others played upon the pipe and tabor, and still others upon the flute. While I gazed upon them, they rose in the atmosphere and commenced singing the melody which I thus endeavor to ultimate, while their faces sparkled with the delight of innocence. They were fairies.

SONG OF THE LILY FAIRIES.

"Dance all night, dance all night,"
 Sing the water fairies in the lilies white."
 "Hide all day, hide all day,
 Where the golden roses bloom beneath the ocean spray."
 "Dance all day, dance all day,"
 Chant the water fairies on the billows gay.
 "Dream at night, dream at night,
 Where the water lilies ope their leaves of light.

Silver swan, silver swan,
 Chase the flying daylight o'er the horizon.
 Golden swan, golden swan,
 Chase the silver starlight when the night is gone.
 Silver wave, silver wave,
 Rook the crimson lilies that the dew-drops lave.
 Golden wave, golden wave,
 Chase the meadow fairies to their sunset cave.

In the deep, in the deep,
Bloom the silver meadows filled with golden sheep.
Soft they creep, soft they creep,—
Shadows green and golden, o'er the mountain steep.
Bright and large, bright and large,
Rolls away the Sunset Land beneath the ocean marge.

Airy bells, airy bells,
Chiming in the water when the south wind swells,—
Silver bells, silver bells,
Swung by Fairy Angels in the sunset dells,—
Golden bells, golden bells,
Fairies hide the echoes in your crimson shells.
Crimson bells, crimson bells,
Marriage bliss of lovers all your music tells.
Earth is dim, earth is dim,
Brighter blooms the landscape 'neath the ocean's rim.
Earth is dim, earth is dim,
But beneath the ocean dwell the Water Seraphim."

These aerial singers passed away and I then saw a rainbow above the fountain. The prismatic hues of the bow were composed of fairy forms more minute than the former. They gave me the idea of infinitesimal humanity. I then listened to the

SONG OF THE RAINBOW FAIRIES.

In the ocean deep
Dwells the spirit Sleep.
Crowned with golden gems the Spirit lies,
With a summer world
From his dreams unfurled,
And a Fairy Heaven within his eyes.

There's a little bird,
Sweetest ever heard
In the Fairy Heavens, with dulcet voice,
And it comes and brings,
To the Ocean Kings,
Marriage rest and bids their hearts rejoice.

Rainbow fairies dance
Where the sunbeams glance;

Round the ocean girls they form a ring :
 Through the wave they glide,
 And, to greet his bride,
 Carol round the youthful Ocean King.

Bride and bridegroom wed,
 Eve grows crimson red,
 Yellow stars are in the azure sphere ;
 Then, in airy play,
 Fairies blithe and gay,
 Charm their hearts with bride-songs heavenly clear.

Fairies of the bride
 In her bosom hide,
 Trance her soul in sleep, and, all night long,
 Like young dovelets, nest
 In her happy breast,
 Singing in her heart their marriage song.

“What you see,” said a Voice, speaking through the depths of the conjugal spheres, within my own breast, “are correspondences.—But go on and listen to all the sweet music of these little ones. You are in a condition to observe with entire safety, and no harm shall befall you.”

I now heard a group of lovely little creatures, so minute that millions of them might have composed the body of a humming bird, singing this enchanting song, but their voices were so small that I could not distinguish the words, till they hovered in the atmosphere so near me that it sounded as if they were singing within the tympanum. Some flamed with a brightness like that of the most vivid emerald ; others sparkled with a diamond light, still others were of transparent azure and their companions like the crimson petals of a rose.

SONG OF THE AIR FAIRIES.

Fairies green, fairies green,
 On the meadows white,
 Dance the cowslip banks between
 When the stars are bright.

Fairies green, fairies green,
 On the meadows white,
 Deck the lovely Ocean Queen
 For her True Love's sight.

Fairies pale, fairies pale,
On the meadows white,
'Broider from the southern gale
Robes of balmy light.
Fairies pale, fairies pale,
Summer stars are bright,—
To his rose the nightingale
Sings his sweet delight.

Fairies red, fairies red,
On the meadows white,
See the Ocean Monarch wed
To the Queen of Night.
Fairies red, fairies red,
When the stars are bright,
Strew with rose the bridal bed,—
Veil their bliss from sight.

Fairies blue, fairies blue,
On the meadows white,
Feed the rose with honey-dew,
All the summer night.
Fairies blue, fairies blue,
Where the winds alight,
Hide in myrtle shades from view,
When the day is bright.

Fairies true, fairies true,
Crimson, green and white,
Weave a charm for lovers true,
On the bridal night.
Hid from view, hid from view,
In the happy light,
All your useful sports pursue,
Veiled from mortal sight.

A tremulous lustre, like that of setting suns, diffused itself through the atmosphere, while the Air Fairies were singing, and then disappeared. I then looked into the crystal water and as I gazed a jeweled lady, with robes like white mist, so ethereal in her form that she seemed like some fragrant exhalation of the air, rose from the stream. Pointing with her slender finger, she commenced singing,

Come to the Sunset Land !
 The day is calm and bright ;
 With odors pure and bland
 The flowers exhale delight.
 The lilies in the pool
 Have lit their lamps of light :
 The crystal deeps are cool,
 But hide their bliss from sight.
 Come to the Sunset Land ! the air
 Is holy as an Angel's prayer.
 Come to the land beneath the wave,
 Come to the land that Christna gave.
 The Water World is grand and large ;
 The ripples of the sunset break
 In foamy jewels on its marge :
 The Naiads dwell within the lake.
 The Water World is all a sphere
 Transparent as a fairy's tear,
 Where love is warm and thought is clear,
 And Summer blossoms all the year.
 The Emerald World is far above ;
 The Silver World is far away.
 O, Angel of the Crimson Dove,*
 Fear not in Sunset Land to stray.
 Eve, like a mild gazelle at play,
 Shall thrill thee with enchanted eyes :
 No more, no more, no more delay,
 Or else the bright occasion flies.
 The water lilies in the rill
 Have lit their lamps with crimson fire,
 The water fays their music trill ;—
 Pursue thy eager heart's desire.
 The Indian Heaven is large and bright,
 'Tis always day, 'tis always night :
 For thee the pearly gates expand :
 Come, follow me to Sunset Land !

* Angelic Societies are distinguished, one from the other, by emblems, which are worn by all the Angels upon the breast. For a description of the Heaven of the Dove, we refer the reader to the *Wisdom of Angels*, Vol. 1., commencing at paragraph 165. New Church Publishing Association : New York. 1887.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GLIMPSES OF THE NEW AGE.--NO. 1.

BY MARGARET LEFFINGWELL.

THE LION AND THE DOVE.

(Continued from Page 44.)

Slightly bewildered, yet strongly attracted, the child arose, climbed upon the rock, and looked steadily into the genial face, overflowing with love and mirth, resting by the chin on two broad hands firmly clasping the garden fence. No concealments, no evasions. To her pure vision, the open door of his heart was plainly visible, and without circumlocution she walked directly in, replying briefly and quietly,

"You *may* call me Miriam, sir."

"And whatever I ask of you, by that name, you will do, if it is right?"

"Yes sir, I promise," and the tiny hand glided into his. He kissed and released it. This was a great effort at self-control, longing, as he did, to gather the little bird in his bosom and carry it to his own cage; but her innocence and the angelic ministrations invested her with a sphere of mingled purity and grace which he involuntarily respected. Thus quickly, in sincerity and affection, for all coming time, were internal relations established between these two; relations so true that external tempests might sweep over them in vain.

"Miriam," he questioned, roguishly accenting the name, "how do you like my garden?"

"O, it's going to be so beautiful. I have told mamma every day, and she has watched it from the piazza blind. Mamma loves flowers dearly."

"There is plenty of waste ground here," he continued, looking into his neighbor's premises.

"I know it, sir, and I begged papa to have one made; but it can't be; there are private reasons that I ought not to repeat," she replied bravely.

Mr. Lyon immediately comprehended that her father's extra resources were consumed in books, so that even the simple luxury of flowers must be denied to his wife and child, besides, he might be laying by something for her education. Love suggested a way.

"Who nailed this gate, Miriam?" he inquired suddenly.

She was ignorant; it was done previous to their arrival.

"If your papa is willing," he continued, "I will open it that you may pass in and out freely. And then, if you will help me sow these seeds that they may be growing while we work, I will make a flower garden for you, like mine. But we must first have the approbation of your parents." Like a dove, she went and returned with the olive branch of peace, the consent that resulted in open communication; and standing beside her new friend, holding the little seed papers and boxes, learning their names and characteristics, she inhaled the pure delights of use and companionship.

He also *needed her* childish presence, needed the serene simplicity and elevation that flowed through her guileless soul to his. He knew this not now; but in after years, when reaping the whirlwind, when even the anchor of God's Word was for a time lost to him, he learned how easily, through this little messenger, a chain had been woven to lead him back to God. Thus was he led in a path which he saw not; in his soul was being sown invisible seeds of good, by the Great Gardener, which he comprehended not. Like those, each tiny flower seed at last reposed in its earth-bed, there to yield in darkness and silence, the indwelling germ of its future glory.

"There is nothing planted here," said Miriam, kneeling upon the lower range of the terrace.

"That's a privileged spot," replied the happy gardener, bringing a basket of tender violets, and having divided the circle equally, so placed them that one side proclaimed the name of Miriam Chester, and the other, Mary Lyon.

The implements of work were then removed, and preparatory processes commenced in the adjoining garden. Daily was the task renewed; the weather continued fine, and at the week's end the child announced that it was finished. But affection's labors ceased not here. Through all the summer he taught and assisted her to weed it, to repair the little injuries caused by the rains, to train the shrubs and vines. Merrily these two friends, at morn and even, chatted over their never-ending work, Mr. Lyon often bringing his wife, and Miriam her darling mamma, to enjoy the grateful fragrance and cultivate neighborly love in these little bowers. Here also, in spite of opposing theologies, was firmly established a confidence, which subsequent events rendered peculiarly desirable.

Thus glided the joyous and useful summer. But when the autumnal winds roughly crushed the flower-stalks, drifting away the half-dried leaves, when the new seeds had been gathered and marked, and the roots of perennial plants snugly covered, when the earth was

wrapt in snowy sheets for its wintry nap, there was a threatened dissolution or suspension of this friendship. But love's mysterious power to overcome obstacles, guided by the Lord's Providence, was manifest in her long daily visit, with her books, her work and beaming smiles, at the Chapel Parsonage, where she was ever called Miriam; though elsewhere, Maud.

Meanwhile both Pastors preached on, Rev. Mr. Chester from the accumulated pedantry of the Past, exacting admiration for extraordinary mental labors, over which glittered the fascination of unwonted oratory, cutting a track quite wide of all human infirmities and sorrows, sometimes enriching the intellect, but seldom descending to the heart. The rich, the exclusive, the intellectual, the aspiring, listened in heavily cushioned pews, with secret rivalries, and open congratulations, that under so splendid a Pastorate, *their* church would soon equal, for fashion and elegance, the most select of city audiences. But, year by year, the vacant seats at the White Church were more numerous, till, at last, the eye scarcely rested upon an aged, humble or youthful form. These flocked by hundreds to the Chapel where nothing was formal, nothing premeditated; but the Minister prayed, sang, preached or read from the pulpit Bible, as he was moved to do. There were wide-awake, sympathetic listeners, tears, audible responses, and doubtless some, though imperfect, ascending of souls heavenward. There were yearly revivals also, and far short as they fell of true revivings through the quiet and orderly descent of the Holy Spirit, they drew the impulsive and tender-hearted away from greater evils, and some good was accomplished. It is *something* in this sad world not to be encrusted over with forms, and to keep the soul's avenues open.

But if, at the White Church, there was light devoid of heat, pride unsubdued, and a ruling sphere of, Touch me not, I am holier than thou, there were at the Chapel, gross misapprehensions of true and undefiled religion, melancholy perversions of the Word through ignorance, frequent substitution of animal excitement for heavenly inspiration, unholy lives from interior evils whose depths the Eternal Eye alone could fathom; with open gossipings, slanders and misrepresentations that were as festering cancers in their midst, spiritually breeding serpents and abhorrent reptiles, and exhaling an atmosphere in which demons delight to dwell. These things, however, are not yet visible to the external eye or comprehension; internal broils are partially smothered, and the Preacher's ardent zeal flows out like oil upon the surging waves.

But the leaven is working, and the climax cannot long be delayed. While one church is freezing, starving and pinching itself to death, the other is rapidly approaching a moral typhoid, fed by impure streams unconsciously stealing in through newly awakened perceptions. Crowds of unseen visitants from invisible spheres are pressing more and more closely, exploring every neighborhood, family and individual for avenues of communication, and subjects through whom to obtain dominion; while watching Angels, prompted by the Lord, protect and lead upward all who willingly commit themselves to His tender mercies. Few, very few, but inconceivably blessed are these; for tribulation, and anguish of spirit, and terrific ordeals, must enter these homes, ruling as with a rod of iron, rending natural ties, sweeping with tempestuous blasts through the soul's secret chambers, driving the human spirit to such dire extremes of suffering, that, at last, if ever rescued, it must cling with dying grasp to Him who alone hath power to save.

This is the condition of affairs in Wallford, as the seventh year of Mr. Lyon's ministry approaches its termination, with external indications of the coming crisis.

Miriam, who all these years has been the only and idolized child of the two Parsonages, living, loving and being cared for, almost equally in each, is now conscious of a repellant force; and wondering what it means, stands silent and tearful at her chamber window which overlooks the two gardens, where each summer of the seven, her friend and herself have worked, talking and linking their souls with active love and use, as in the first; which also overlooks the dear house where joyous welcomes ever waited, and where she had grown in knowledge, beauty, symmetry and every grace, passing from the true and mysterious loves of childhood, to the fresh aspirations of maiden-life.

There are rare instances of persons, who, whatever surrounding evils there may be, walk unspotted through their midst, neither attracted to or tempted by them. Of such was Miriam; not perfect, quite human, but yielding herself with implicit trust and tenderness to the heavenly guidance. While, through deeds of love, she had interwoven her life by golden chains with many a human heart, drawing them heavenward, she yet seemed to float above them, inhaling breath from purer sources.

Regularly, child though she was, all unharmed by the contending elements, had her sweet, earnest face beamed upon the Chapel's weekly prayer-meetings, her softly thrilling voice uplifted in grateful

praise or attuned to subdued and child-like supplication. But now she was gently withdrawn from these gatherings from her second home; and, when questioned, simply replied that she no longer wished to go, turning aside to hide a tear of memory.

And as the last of these seven winters expired, as the spring opened with its contending beauty and gloom, she knew by degrees that there would be no united garden-making, no more strawberry gatherings, no more mingling of voices in song, no more carrying of flowers and fruit together down narrow lanes, and up flights of stairs to the sick, the lone, the earth-weary. These two, so outwardly dissimilar, the man of powerful sinews, and the child of fairy proportions at his side, were known in every home where grief or want had entered, known as the bearers of good cheer, of earnest love, of useful offerings, known as the lifters of burdens, as the dispellers of dark shadows, as earthly messengers of God's Providence. If there had been, at times, wonderings on idle lips at this unexpected friendship, they were put to flight by charities strewn by them in every needful place. Over this beautiful phase of child-life now floated a dark shadow, behind which it was already gliding into the Past.

Miriam was one of those susceptible organizations with whom states terminate quickly, leaving her in freedom to enter upon successive ones. And if her heart was soft, it was also brave. Not for herself did she weep in this separation. Though praying often that the dear Lord would carry her in His bosom, teaching her whatever He would have her do, the most tearful and earnest petitions were for that dear friend in whose companionship she had been so wisely happy, and who had been permitted to teach her only those things that were true and good.

Upon a stool beside her window stood a monthly rose in full bloom, and above it hung a cage with a pair of canaries. On the eve of a long absence, Mr. Lyon had begged Miriam's care for these favorites, saying truly that they were burdens to his wife. This little incident marked the close of the transition state; and turning resolutely to the future, she entered her father's study, demanding, in her affectionate way, to be sent to school.

"What new freak is this, Maud?" he asked, laying down his pen.

"No freak, papa. Mamma and Mr. Lyon have heard my lessons, you know; but she is not well now, and he is going away, so may I go to school, please?"

The following morn, she was entered as pupil at the village Seminary. Our dear Lord, guiding His lamb thus tenderly into a new sphere

of knowledges, mercifully drew a veil of partial forgetfulness over the past, that it might not mar the present. But no Providence is wasted; and in His own time and way, this severed link will doubtless be restored, with its use made quite manifest. It is in these preparations that His hand may often be most distinctly seen, leading us a little way by one path, and then by another, now with a pillar of fire by night, and anon through the cloud, sometimes through sorrow and then through joy, in storm and sunshine. To hourly live in the consciousness that these are means and not ends, preparations and not ultimates, would greatly alleviate the pains and mitigate the tedium of the life-journey.

It was quite true that ere Mr. Lyon entered upon his eighth year he was to take a long journey, involving an important pecuniary affair, a legacy from a deceased brother, remaining in the hands of the executor. Leave of absence had been granted, and persons appointed to take charge of their public meetings.

One incident of this journey had a marked connection with subsequent events. A lady, somewhat past middle age, refined, dignified, but of exceedingly sweet, frank countenance, and dressed with great neatness and simplicity, entered the crowded car at a way station. Not readily seeing a vacant seat, our friend relinquished his, standing by her side as they dashed onward. Burdened with heavy satchel, she requested him to suspend it from a hook overhead; and this revealed a card stitched upon its front, on which was *Miriam Chester*, in a clear, prominent chirography. Every association with that name was a dear and sacred memory. Ardentely loving children, but himself childless, he lavished upon the little maiden at home all the wealth of parental love gushing through his open soul. This name, meet it anywhere, was most precious to him.

While reflecting upon the coincidence, the train again paused, and the occupant of the inner seat left the car; the owner of the satchel took the vacated place, and thanking Mr. Lyon for the use of his, begged that he would resume it. The law of neighborly love was written on each manly feature, and few could have doubted his genuine honesty of purpose and life. Evidently the stranger did not; for she was easily led to speak of herself and some peculiarities of her life; listened with quiet tears to his description of the dear one; gave him her full address and exacted a promise, that should certain conditions occur, he would immediately write to her,—meanwhile he was to be silent respecting this providential meeting.

Our traveler journeyed on. The persons whom he must meet had

removed several hundred miles westward, and to follow, was his only resource. When found, and matters amicably adjusted, it began to be apparent that this Providential dealing with him, had a deep meaning. In fact, he had been led out to be tempted.

It was at this juncture, that the great rushing waves of Spiritualism inflowed with such terrific and devastating power through city, village and solitary hamlet. In one of its central whirlpools our friend now lingers, wholly absorbed by means of his ardent zeal, sensitive nerves, sympathetic organization, and open soul. God shield him! human power avails not here. Nevertheless, he must sound this mystery, that he may comprehend its nature, that he may discriminate between good and evil, that, knowing its secret paths, he may be able to stretch out a helping hand to bewildered ones; he must be tempted to the utmost verge of his endurance, that deeply imbedded evils may be drawn forth, and that in *their removal*, he may stand a living witness for the Lord Jesus Christ, that He is very God, ruling undisputed through all immensity; and that in His imparted strength, he may yet meet and overcome these invisible foes.

But *now*, O, sorrowful, soul-sickening is the sight. Swayed by these malignant influences within and without, forgetful of God, unarmed with His Word, he has plunged into the fearful mysteries, is rapidly becoming the racked and tortured victim of every communicating Spirit that so wills. Fearless of all consequences, he is sinking deeper and deeper; through his brain false lights are glaring; fantasies of every shape are woven about him; falsities of every degree are propelled through him. After months of absence, he rushed homeward to declare to his waiting flock, that Nature is the only God, the Bible a monstrous absurdity, religion, prayer and revivals, insane humbugs, Spiritualism the only reality, in fact, life's great end!

Verily he has returned to his own place, and it has been duly prepared for him. The Chapel doors are closed. Household altars demolished. Bibles gathering dust. Mediums are being developed, "circles" formed in almost every house, all the monstrosities of disorderly Spiritualism, are being rapidly enacted. A flock without a shepherd, and he who was given for a shepherd is leading them most wofully astray.

Patience! silence! prayer! O waiting, weeping one, whose inmost soul recoils with terror from such denials of thy dear Master. God's ways are often past human finding out. Even from the blasts of this moral tempest, will He yet compel Praise, restraining the remainder. In all the universe He permits no evil, but to prevent a greater. Rest

assured that if our wandering brother can be made a helper and champion for many, the Lord will prepare him in His own way, arming him with needful weapons. Rest assured also, that however low he may descend, if there is within him the capability of becoming an Angel, he will ultimately be led to that high estate.

During the third year of this Spiritualistic excitement, a very limited revival occurred among the worshipers at the White Church, and with others, Mrs. Mary Lyon applied for membership. This was regarded as a great triumph, and out of it grew much speculative gossip. The truth was, that unable to take a broad view of God's dealings at any time, she was seriously alarmed by this terrific Spiritual influx, and having no practical faith in the Infinite, fled as many timid souls do, to the vain refuge of forms within a corrupt and lifeless church. But individually, this was permitted to her in tender love, by the Lord, as a comfort in her life's closing hours; for, within a few weeks, prostrated by a violent fever, her earthly tenement yielded up its spirit.

Now, indeed, the desolations, long suspended over the Parsonage in darkened shadows, took form. No wife, no child; in wasting poverty; forsaken by human friends; deceived, tortured and driven often to the verge of self-destruction by demoniac spirits, the mourner became thoroughly vastated. Then commenced a series of combats, mingled with agonizing temptations upon which no pen can touch; in the volume of the inner life is their history written.

Prostrated, faint, dying as to his self-hood upon this vast spiritual desert, his entire being resolved itself into the single question, *Is there a God?* In secret ways and places, known only to the Lord and himself, into which no human eye should venture to search, was the answer given; an answer which brought him at last to sit clothed and in his right mind at Jesus' feet, asking in deepest humility, in the softened tenderness of re-awakened and purified love for humanity, Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do? As earnest seeking always results in finding Truth, so the sincere and loving worker will not long search vainly for his use.

This man of the New Age, renewed in spirit and in life, breathing more and more deeply that his thoughts may penetrate to hidden things, truly regarding himself as separate from the world in an interior sense, cannot re-assume the mantle of the Past. Standing upon the knowledge of former years as a basis, he cheerfully waits to be instructed. The Lord becomes his teacher. Watching and praying in the external solitude of his home, a new and glorious light from the internal depths of the sacred Word illumines his life-path.

The lady friend of his journey becomes the human instrument. A solid package of books, the *Arcana Coelestia* of Swedenborg, was brought to him one evening with the following note:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Being deeply impressed that you are in a state to receive the accompanying work, I hasten to send it. God grant that it may assist you in discovering and comprehending the veiled truths of His Word."

This was indeed a treasure, an available key to that Book which has spoken the fit word to needy souls in all ages, a key, by the aid of which, all its discrepancies and seeming contradictions are harmonized.

An "*internal sense*" to the Sacred Scriptures! These simple words startle and puzzle many a devout, praying Christian, folding the Bible closely to the heart, leaning upon it as a staff, and following it as a guide all through life. Yet, what but this same internal meaning are *they* searching for, though unconsciously, sitting in deep contemplation with the open Bible on the knee, drinking in more and more of its divine spirit, and mounting on the wings of enlarged and renewed faith to the very presence of its Author? Like Him, the Word is ever *new* in its manifestations, adapting itself to the actual want, continually renewing the bread and the water of life to hungry and thirsty spirit.

Longing souls dive deeply; and breaking through the often rough and incoherent outer text, seize with avidity the orderly and luminous truths within. So with our friend. Following with clear eye and firm steps the glorious path which the Lord, through the Swedish Seer, has opened to the spiritual sense of the Word, bringing the heart, as well as the understanding to its thorough study, especially prepared for its reception in those hours of Sabbath rest, after temptations, "when Angels came and ministered to him," he could do no otherwise than embody these truths in a daily life of charity. Impart them he *must*, wherever he could find a listener. Freely as he had received, so freely he gave, not only of what he learned through others, but of those interior teachings which were the chief happiness of his life. Firmly planted on this everlasting basis of the spiritual sense of the Word, as on an immovable rock, he commenced, from this higher plane, to preach Jesus as the one God and Savior of the world. Curiosity and old attractions drew together crowds;

these, being unprepared in themselves, dropped away, leaving a select few, who, abandoning the "circle" with the delusions of disorderly Spiritualism, entered with joy this new and upward path, an humble band, conjoined in God, with Him for their leader.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AMOLETA'S PEARLS.

I.

"What is to-day?" the worldling cries,
"Alas! 'tis but a bubble;
Pierced by the sunset beam, it dies
Upon the seas of trouble."

"What is to-day?" the Angel sings,
"Though full, perhaps, of sorrow,
The flying seed with airy wings,—
A flower, to bloom to-morrow."

THE ROSARY.

III.

The dancing Seasons, in their course,
Repeat the Spirit's inward year :
The Artist of the universe
His master-secret keepeth here.

ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE DIVINE WORD.

GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

(Continued from Page 29.)

11. The incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ was three-fold ; as a world-man, inworlded in the centre of the world-souls of the universe ; a sentient man, in the centre of a family of sentient men upon the natural Earth, for whose especial deliverance He descended ; and as a fay-man, amidst the fay-souls whose orderly unfolding had been arrested, in consequence of the inversions of moral order, resulting from the introduction of evil.

MATTHEW I. 2.—ABRAHAM BEGAT ISAAC, AND ISAAC BEGAT JACOB, AND JACOB BEGAT JUDAS AND HIS BRETHREN.

12. The nature and constitution of world-souls, require, at this point, a brief explication. The corporeal body of the world, prior to its glorification, and during the preparatory stages of the evolution of human life thereon, is as the corpuscule of the feminine ova, containing within itself the seed of impregnation,—that is, its own fay-soul. Herein arcana appear, which, for amplitude as well as variety, can hardly be contained in human language. The world-souls are in personal intelligences, male and female, two in one. They exist as a separate species of composite human entities in the Heavens, each being a Heaven in the greater human form ; as man himself, when he becomes an angel, is a Heaven in a lesser human form.

13. The fay-souls are so numerous, that, prior to their absorption into the human organism, of which they are to become organic affections, millions congregated together, hived within the aromas of flowers, or, moving in the impalpable essence of the atmosphere ; yet each is a tiny man, who might say to the angel, "Thou art my brother or my sister." In like manner, world-souls that have not yet become incorporated into their especial orbs, but which exist in nature and are diffused through space, and to finite computation, numberless, and move in the winds that traverse the vortices ; yet each might claim fraternity with transcen-

dent humanities, in the image and likeness of which the world-souls are visible. When, glorified in the Heavens, the fay-soul, the human soul, and the world-souls, are, in their structure, correspondent, they agree in conformation of organs and eras of development, being governed by the same laws of transformation in their cycles. The fay soul is the initial point where divine life penetrates the finite human form; the man-soul, in its earthly ultimatum, being the axial centre, where the moral freedom of the creature pivots and balances, and the world-soul being the outlying boundary, including within itself those two separate degrees of being, namely, the fay-race and the human race. The universal series of the fay-race constitute the fay-soul of the Heavens. The universal series of the human family constitute,—its fallen members excepted,—the angelic soul of the Heavens; and the universal series of the world-soul of the Heavens. World-souls are of three continuous degrees in their families; solar, athermal and planetary terrestrial. The same classification applies to souls of the human race, and also to fay-souls.

15. A fairy, is an ultimated fay-soul in a fay-body; man, an ultimated fay-soul in the human body and in the adult will and understanding, where the moral freedom of the creature impinges and balances. The world-soul is the fay-soul, insphered within the composite series of the vortical atoms of its own orb, each atom serving as the ovum of its own fay; so that the fay form, is the evolution of the fay-soul, into its own simplistic body; while the human form is the evolution of the fay-soul, which serves as the primate of the body, into a composite organization, which, sin excepted, becomes a composite and unitary home of myriads of fay-men and fay-women, all cohering into one inseparable unity; and the world body, in its essential, is neither less nor more, than a vast universe of fays, each classified in the body of a distinct human intelligence; while, at the same time, the human intelligences repeat this dynastic order, gathered in series, according to the varieties of their especial use, into the greater body of the world-soul, or Cosmic Man.

16. The reason why the fay-soul, human-soul and world-soul are correspondences, is, because each is a perfect receptacle for the descent of the divine affections of good, truth and their use.

The reason why each of these must unfold in the human form, is, because God is the Divine Man, and fashions the receptacle according to the form of His own affections, which is the human. Therefore it is apparent, that the soul of the fay, of the man and of the world, are all, as to structure, correspondential one with the other.

SECOND ILLUSTRATION.

17. Being interrupted at this juncture, by the cry, "False! false!" and perceiving it to be in order to discover the cause, I beheld a spirit, as to openness, a Pantheist, emerging from a pit. His face shone with a lurid, copper hue. A parchment scroll, covered with cabalistic characters, appeared in his right hand. I inferred that he had been once a Romish ecclesiastic, but one who, because his interiors were evil and his mind of corresponding quality, had consorted, after death, with nature-worshippers. An expression of insufferable conceit rested on his visage, and, grinning with a kind of fiendish leer in his eyes, the demon, noticing that he was being observed, exclaimed, "Creation is not from centres to circumferences, but the reverse. There are, in nature, certain elemental properties, which coalesce, and form, in their first conjunction, gross earth; their second conjunction the vegetable kingdom, and their third conjunction animals, and then men. Who ever heard of fay-souls? You are writing fictions to delude the enthusiastic. I am on my way to a conclave of philosophers; if you will accompany me, your fallacies shall be shown untenable."

18. My angel appeared at this moment, whom, the demon saw: he shouted horribly, and a combat began, which lasted perhaps an hour of spiritual time. All of the host, of which he was one, shouting at once, "Nature is God! Nature is God!" but they fled at a sign which appeared in Heaven, and I saw them no more.

19. When this was over, I was infested by demons, who personated clergymen, some Calvinists, others Lutherans, and others of the Church of England. I said to them, "Why do you continue to infest me, seeking to obsess the mind?" Whereat one of them answered for the rest, "It torments us, in our society, that such

things, as you write, should be uttered by any one. Leave off writing and we will cease infesting. It is our joy to believe that man springs from the animal and is afterward to become an angel, through progression of natural faculties." While gazing at them they appeared exceedingly miserable, and joined in beseeching that such words should not be written or read. Whilst I was conversing with them my angel showed himself, and seeing him they cried, "Smite him! smite him!" but he stood unmoved, while the rosiness of celestial youth tinged his cheeks and his raiment shone with golden light, saying, at the same time, "Be warned; cease to infest this man: else punishment will follow." At this they fled.

20. Afterward I was infested by Spirits from the Lowest Earth of Spirits, and perceived them to have been, during their sojourn in the body, adulterers. Others, at the same time, smote me on the cheeks, and flowed into the joints of the knees and elbows. Their countenances indicated ferocity inflamed to madness. One held a scorpion in his hand, seeking to produce a wound upon my breast, and another held a black adder streaked with white, to inflame the glands in the trachea. Some in the background, were urging the foremost to a general attack, and all seemed instigated by a common hatred. An elderly man in the centre, addressed me in this wise, "Why do you provoke us? What is it to you whether fay-souls exist or not? We know that man is procreated wholly from the instigation of animal passion. Show us a fay and we will believe." At this came forth through the internals of my breast, a fairy angel, who descended into my interiors, and cried in the sweetest of all voices, "My name is Joyful; I am a fay," after which he receded to his former place. At this the whole multitude shouted for their women to come up, whereat a great number of evil spirits of the female sex made their appearance, all of whom were confirmed in impiety and harlotry. The demons then cried for the fairy angel to show himself, and he again descended, accompanied by his conjugal mate, and they both, speaking in one voice, said, "We are a fairy husband and wife," immediately receding as in the former instance. The whole body now began discussing the wonder among themselves, and the infestation ceased for a mo-

ment, till they all became possessed with the desire to destroy, and made a combined onslaught. It was agonizing to suffer the tortures inflicted by these bitter enemies of innocence, but, commending myself to the Lord, grace was given me to endure, that His divine end might be accomplished. They raged within themselves, at the idea that even one such innocence should exist, as if the sight had produced a frenzy of the will.

21. They receded after a time, and I was attacked by a gross gloomy spirit, who was a Wanderer and possessed of a dense, magnetic body. The effluvium which exhaled from him was like that of putrid flesh. He was accompanied by one resembling a satyr, whose person seemed covered with goat's hair, and whose hands resembled the hoofs of the same creature; the appearance of both, was brutal and disgusting in the extreme. Inquiring within myself of the Lord, I was instructed to converse with the first, who seemed almost as stupid as an animal. On asking him the object of his approach, he cried, "We are man-eaters; give us flesh." I made reply, "Take all the Lord permits you to appropriate." I then perceived they were such as infest the subtle parts of nature, and subsist, as to their magnetic bodies, by approaching human beings during sleep and absorbing the magnetic exhalations; such literally feast on men, rob the human system of its vitality, and are the causes of melancholy, hysteria and premature decay. My spirit was moved within, not with anger, but with an intense desire that the ravages of these devourers of mankind might be arrested. At the same instant the Lord descended in His Divine Spirit, and making use of the open respiratories, breathed forth a word which deprived them both of power, and their magnetic bodies began to exhale away; while both were bound and consigned to a place of restraint, concerning which see more under the head, "Binding of Spirits."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ROSARY.

IV.

True thought but flowers when we keep
A heart of love for all mankind;
Eyes brighten, when for love they weep,
That else remain but dark and blind.

THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.

Lo ! I am with you always.—MATT. xxviii. 20.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON, DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONGREGATION WORSHIPING AT UNIVERSITY CHAPEL ;
NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1859.

The greatest evidence in favor of the truth of the Christian religion is to be found in its adaptation to the spiritual wants of man universal. All other religions deal in vague and ambiguous technicalities ; in mystical transcendentalisms, and in incoherent generalities. They are addressed more to the Intellectual than to Affectional—more to the selfish side of human nature than to the Heavenly side. Not so with Christianity. It appeals to man as man, in all the relations he sustains to himself, to his brother, and to his God. It would not be divine—God-given, unless this were true. Whether it finds humanity fallen, as upon our earth, or whether it finds it running the harmonic round of the great Life cycle, as upon the orderly orbs of the universe, it is the same great shadowing forth of Fatherly care—the same great system of means and ends—the same great life outworking itself in the love of Heaven and in the hatreds of the lost. Christianity is the life of God seeking ultimatum from the inmost to the outmost. It is the emblem of that Eternal Love and Wisdom which is the the Divine Personality everywhere reflected in the dual oneness of the Infinite. It brings this personality down to our comprehension, and reveals it in its divinest relation to us in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. And it will be our purpose, with the Lord's blessing, to bring this relation home to your hearts on this occasion. How often have we read the text, and yet how seldom have we appreciated its import :—" Lo ! I am with you always." How many scout at the idea of the New Church, that the Lord is as really present in these times as in the apostolic era. That He is manifesting Himself now, as then, through the interiors of men. That His sweet voice is heard in gentle whispers breathing benedictions of peace and love upon all His erring children. That He especially comes to those who are of a meek and childlike spirit

—holding the personality within the charmed circle of His life—illuminating the whole being with love and liberty. He dwells in the understanding as the Absolute Truth, and in the heart as its Divine Ideal. He is the Divine Man to all.

If there is one thing more prominently taught than another, by our Lord, it is His oft repeated teaching of the sacred nearness of the Father to the human soul. In all of his parables—in all of the miracles which He performed, their whole end and aim seemed to be the illustration and bringing before the mind, of some attribute of God which would draw out from the heart a response to this one great central truth. Through Him flowed an infinite yearning for the welfare of the humblest—a Fatherly going forth of the affections for the restoration of the most inverted, the most degraded and impure, to Heaven and to happiness. The Infinite Heart, through Him, pulsated with an ardor of affection which manifested itself in every form that could reach a soul made receptive to His all-embracing love. He served all—felt for all—and at last poured out His life's blood to attest the holiness of His mission. And, as if to impress upon His disciples that which was dearer to them than everything else, He closed His last charge with the promise, that He would be with them always even unto the end of the world. This promise, spoken in the flesh, is now repeated to us in the spirit; and have we not every reason to rejoice that this is so? We who live in the light of the New Age; we who feel the inspirations of a common God; we who gather in the lustres of His second coming, and in the strength of His New Church, march forward in the vanguard of the great army of Christendom to do battle for God—for humanity, against the common foe of all truth and righteousness?

If there ever was a people who enjoyed the love-light of the Lord, it is the people I now address. Where can you find a Church more united—a Church whose members have been brought together from every condition of human life; whose culture reflects every form of thought, and whose sympathies are all, viewed from an external stand-point, diverse, and in some cases, possibly antagonistic? Where can you find a more loving heart-people? Not the conventional love which withers with a frown and rolls back the great tide waves of affection with a hypocritic

smile, but that warm, glowing, soul-inspiring affection which melts and mingles all as one ; which sees in the eye the glistening tear-drop of sympathy, and feels in the grasp of the hand the pressure of a genuine friendship. In this age of hatred and materialism, we know not where to find another parallel, and yet, dear brethren, we are in the mere vestibule of the great temple of our God. Intrinsically, we do not deserve this marked consideration. We are chosen as a sort of first fruits in this new movement. Rest assured we will be held strictly responsible for these privileges. The time for individual action has come—action which is Heaven-consecrated and directed by the Lord, and when we say individual action, we do not mean that each and all must ascend the rostrum and the pulpit, and proclaim the truths of the new kingdom ; we mean that we must labor daily in the uses to which the providence of the Lord calls us. If a man desires sincerely to be led by Him, he will know unmistakably where he is wanted. There is nothing that so destroys the manhood of a man as this unrest of soul—this grasping after untried conditions and labors, before we have become sufficiently purified by the fires of preparation to be master workmen in His hands. Character is formed by slow accumulations—by the trials, sorrows, and disappointments of life ; by combats with the demons of the under-world ; by disease ; by false friendships and unrealized hope. In a word, life's discipline goes hand in hand with the daily work appointed for us to do ; and as we are faithful and heroic, these crushing burdens weigh less heavily upon us. We live in the sunlight of Heaven and enjoy the smile of Him who is the All-in-All to us.

It is unnecessary for me to go into an exposition of the peculiar conception *we* have of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is sufficient to say, that we regard Him as the Eternal One—manifesting Himself in a triune relation to the human soul as its Creator, Preserver, and Sanctifier. That whatever we may understand by God, Jehovah, Lord, the Eternal Good and Truth, all are embodied in the one personality—JESUS CHRIST. That in Him, God is revealed as the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; the Prince of Peace ; Immanuel ; the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

We are most interested, at present, in knowing whether He can come to us now, as in the apostolic days, and lift us out of the pit

of sin ; break the magnetic chain which binds and holds us to hell ; whether he can come and lighten our burdens, and give to us peace by the impartation of His own blessed spirit. Under the same conditions, why should He not ? He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He *has* come to us. Is He not with us now ? Is He not gently warming your hearts into sweetest charity ; into holiest affection for Himself ? I feel the subdued awe which rests over this consecrated hour, and that a gentle voice speaks, Peace, be still : Lo ! I am with you always.

As a consequence of this direct presence of the Lord with us, we have the incipient ultimatum of the New Church as it exists in the Heavens. This Church, whether in the general or the particular, comes to all those who are sufficiently receptive in the will and the understanding to comprehend its purpose—its system, and who are willing to ultimate in life-act its love and revealed germ-thought. The Lord is its sun and center, and as it extends, the Absolute Truth and the Absolute Love go with it ; and as its system unfolds to the mind, it amplifies the true Christianity of the Heavens. It gives all and requires all. It comes with the pledge of the Infinite and asks the full and free surrender of the finite. It comes as the ark of safety to all those who wish salvation. Even to the more external observer, this grand temple of Love and Truth is seen rising from the waters of discord which threaten to deluge man with the infatuations of the age.

It may be asked what do we mean by the New Church ? We can only answer for ourselves. We mean not the combinations of men and women which rally around the creed-cry of some self-constituted leader. Not the floating icebergs which gather in huge masses around the polar regions of an effete theology ; nor that peculiar organization which has constituted itself the sieve, through which is to be sifted, the grand and glorious inspirations of a past and a present seership. But we mean that broader ; that more comprehensive conception : *The life of God outworking itself through the heart of humanity—taking objective form according to the state, culture, habits, and genius of the recipients.* With this view, we think it is perfectly idle to talk of this form, or that, being the *only* form of church organization which is Heaven-sealed and sent, and through which alone the Divine Spirit reaches the

hearts of men. The Lord comes to all who live in charity and acknowledge Him as the All-in-All of life and its action. What the world wants most, is not an ecclesiasticism, but ocean-waves of this Divine Spirit to cleanse its heart from the foul corruptions which make man a brute. As this all-cleansing Spirit moves upon the great deep of moral evil, and the higher light of Heaven beams in upon the souls of men, they will soon see into what organic order they should array themselves. Where two or three are gathered together in the spirit of the Lord, there He is, and that to bless. Church relations can only be determined by the affinital ties which are formed in the Lord. To receive the absolute divine idea of a Church as it exists in the Heavens, men have to become fully regenerate—angels—perfect repositories for the reception and radiation of the Divine Spirit. Individually, we think the Church order which prevails here is the most perfect—the most in unison with that true Church which exists in the Celestial—as being the most adapted to the development of individual growth and the unfolding of true manhood. We have here an absolute unity, blended with an absolute freedom;—the Lord God dwells within us. But like every other dispensation of His government—like that Christianity which is the reflex of this government, it is in adaptation to the wants of the people; to the exigencies of the times; and in the carrying out of His great designs as connected with the salvation of its individual membership; and of demonstrating that an organization can exist into which He descends directly, and through which He can reach the world. All congregations that can be similarly organized, will serve as the centers through which our Divine Lord will throw out the living inspirations of His love into the waste places of the earth; they will serve as the locomotives to draw the lumbering trains of a less powerful ecclesiasticism over the world's railroad of sin, brutality, and crime. These Churches will be points on which will be poised the world's hope; for they will strike deep into the heart of Satan the javelin of truth. They will tear from his corrugated brow, the mask of meanness, hypocrisy, and sensuality, with which he has besotted the world for these many centuries.

But the sacred nearness of the Lord; *that* we must realize

before we can make any advance in the New Church ; in the Old Church ; or in no Church. We must get the spiritual meaning of these words, before we can see their full import. If we do not, we assimilate, unconsciously, the ideas of space and time, as connected with our Lord's Being. He is never away from us. It is we who are away from Him as to our states ; away from Him in that soul-communion which is the true piety of the heart ; away from Him in that sense which annihilates all charity, and in its stead displays the hatreds of the fallen.

This is the second coming of the Lord, and when we say that this is His second coming, we mean that there has been, and is, such a clearing away of the evils from the interiors of men, through the varied operations of the Divine Spirit, that the world can receive, as to states, the Divine Love and Wisdom, as an inflowing element into the will and understanding. In this sense, He is coming as a sublime Personality to stand within every human form. As this clearing away of the evils of men continues, the manifestation of the Spirit will be more powerful in individual life ; but it will come in Divine Order as a shekinah overshadowing the ark and resting over and in the sacred precincts of the inmost holy of holies of the soul. He will come into the human will and understanding, from which he has been driven by the perversity of his erring children. O ! brethren, how dear is He to the stricken heart and blasted soul, when we feel His gentle spirit drawing us to Himself, and pouring floods of light and love into our overburdened natures. It is not only His second coming, but His ever coming to us.

Now, brethren, we of the New Church have Christianity unfolded as a science—as a vast system of Truth, whose author is God. Its elementary principles are simple and few, and as profound in their depths, as the eternal nature of Him we worship. We have a superstructure reared, let us take away the scaffolding and see the beauty of its architecture. Let us rise into the Absolute Love and Thought Life of the Angels. We need not lose anything in thus aspiring. Each angel carries within the breast and the understanding, the same sublime yet simple principles, which we, if true, carry. Instead of the stern analysis, and sharply-drawn features which have characterized the New Church movement

among others as well as ourselves, we want the all-diffusive spirit of Love and Wisdom to display itself as a spontaneous going forth of the Divine Life ;—Christianity in its higher and absolute unfolding. In its celestial relation, the Inmost, through the perceptions, gathers in, at a glance, the arcana of a vast, and to us, unexplored realm. The so-called scientific man cannot understand this ; but the simple in heart are wise in the Lord's Wisdom. Our Lord manifests His nearness through the mind and heart—illuminating the one from His Word, and blessing the other from the inbreathings of His eternal love. Let us recognize Him, not only in His Personality, but in His *Overshadowing Presence*, in filling all with His own effluent Life. No matter what the issues of this Time-travel may be, whether disappointment, affliction, persecution, or even death, *we* know in whom we trust. In tracing our pathway in life, we see where He has been with us ; been with us most when the dark storm-cloud threatened to burst over our heads with unspent fury. We know that this sacred truth of the *Divine Personality* is no fiction, but that it is one of the most consoling of facts.

Many of us have passed through the bewildering mazes of modern Pantheism, which presented, at first, the grand ideal of a consummate philosophy—a philosophy which seemed to come as the New Saviour to a lost humanity ; but which, when the veil was lifted, exhibited naught but a splendid illusion—a grand phantasmagoria, projected into the brain from the lower world. When the delusion was dissipated, and we beheld the utter barrenness of our souls, then it was, that we felt the need of some Dear One who could fill us with His love, and enlighten us with His wisdom, and speak to us in the gentle tones of a Father's sympathy. At such an hour, there is but One who can satisfy the soul—that One, is Jesus Christ, the Lord God.

This fantasy-dispelling hour is coming to many among spiritualists. They, especially those who have accepted the Pantheistic phase of that movement, have to be reduced, through terrible vastations of the inner man, to the point where they must feel the necessity of a Personal God. And that the only revelation we have of this Being, is through Jesus Christ. New Church men must exercise great charity for these their brethren. It is not

against Pantheists we war, but against Pantheism in its modern form. We must recollect that many of us were once like them—spiritually obsessed as to our interiors, and led captive by infernal influences. We must recollect, too, how we have been rescued, and know that the Lord requires of us a hearty coöperation with Him in this work of saving. And we are not to help save these brethren by any rancorous discussion of the doctrines of the New Church. These doctrines are never to be propagated by discussion—they are to be inseeded into the hearts and minds of those whom the Lord is preparing to receive.

We can only help men by praying for them and gently leading them to the Lord by persuasive means ; and freeing them, when under His direction, from spiritual obsessions, so that they can receive and decide upon the great truths of Christianity, in that freedom which the Lord gives. Now, that the great decision-hour is coming, when a man's foes will be those of his own household, let us, who receive the Lord, receive Him in that sense in which we are willing to sacrifice every tie of the self-hood, whether in the family or in the social circle, stand firm in that charity which the Lord bestows, and without which no man can labor, successfully, in His harvest, in this winnowing wheat time. There is an Overshadowing Presence brooding o'er the world. He who realizes this Presence within the heart, is being made receptive of a Divine Element which is to draw the soul into oneness with God. He is beginning to breathe that pure atmosphere which holds man to the Lord in love, and which is called Piety. This is what we want at present. Hitherto you have been indoctrinated into an appreciation of the Personality and Divinity of the Lord, of the truth of His Word, and of the absolute necessity of Regeneration. Taken from the infatuations of an inverted spiritualism, you have been led, like little children, to your present position. You do not need knowledge so much as copious influxes of the Divine Spirit, so that your lives may be built up into the image of the All Perfect One. And this cannot be done unless we let His Spirit inform itself within. This union of the child-nature with the Divine Nature—this reciprocal action and reaction of the love of the Infinite Father with His child, is piety. This, when rightly understood and appreciated, through the light which is now de-

scending to us in the New Church, and also in the Old, comprehends the all of the true Faith. We know the danger : an inactive quietism. But where the true knowledge of the Lord is, and under the light of the Heavenly Inspirations of this Age, and the light which comes streaming through the Word, we think there is comparatively no danger. He whose vision pierces skyward to the inmost—to the shekinah of our blessed Lord, will realize that He is the only True Director and Protector ; for He has said—“ 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.” Every member of the New Church knows that the Lord is absolutely with us ; that He causes a Divine Sphere to encircle all, which is as a wall of fire to our enemies ; that He inspires us with His Holy Spirit ; that He comes, and through His Word, talks to us as a Father talks to his children—chiding us when we go astray ; consoling us when depressed and sorrow-stricken in spirit ; guiding us in the path of duty, and at times, opening the sanctuaries and home life of the Blessed.

Man, in regeneration, advances first from the outward to the inward, until such truths are received into the understanding as will serve as a basis for the future superstructure. This is always so, unless the Lord, in His wisdom, chooses, as in the most ancient times, to communicate through a more interior way, by the opening of the internal degrees of the mind, and the internal respiratories, as in the case of Swedenborg and Harris, and the many others, in a partial manner, scattered here and there over the religious world. This opening of the respiratories is a terrible ordeal—an ordeal which carries with it life or death. It is truly the judgment hour in the man or woman in whom it is commenced. It is the crisis-hour. By this process the Lord is drawing all to Himself. It is only in passing through this fire of purification, however, that we can come into the condition where we can see things in their just proportions and relations. If we stop on the way, we see in shreds and patches ; no comprehensive unity in variety fills the mind's contemplation. Our thoughts, conceptions, and reasonings must flow from the inmost to the outmost—flow from center to circumference, and to do this we must love the Lord our God

with all our mind, soul, and strength. This is piety in its true sense—in its deep heart-meaning, and without it, it is impossible for any man to receive the full, free, and Absolute Divinity which comes from God ; fashioning the man into the form of an angel, so that the image of the Lord may be reflected perfectly. There is something just here which needs to be brought out with more prominence. HARRIS, and WELLER, and SEARS have given us slight adumbrations in this direction. But we want a Madame Guyon or a Fenelon in the New Church, to pour forth the glorious heart-thoughts which swell as some bold anthem from the Inner Presence of the Divine One. When this is done, the New Church will begin to reveal itself absolutely in ultimates. Then will the New Faith stand in Divine Order ; love to God, or piety ; love to man, or charity ; faith, or the right perception of truth in its relation to God and man ; and regeneration through a life of uses in accordance with the teachings of the Divine Word.

c.

SECOND VOLUME.

Bound copies of the Second Volume are now ready for delivery, and those of our friends who wish to procure the **HERALD OF LIGHT** in this form should call at once and get it, as only a limited number have been reserved for this purpose. These copies are for sale at the Office of the New Church Publishing Association—price \$2. The Association have also on hand separate numbers of the **HERALD OF LIGHT**, which will be sold at five cents a copy ; they are admirably adapted for circulation as tracts.

THE WATCHERS.

What's haunted ground ? Earth hath no spot
Where spells and shadows tremble not.
A mystic faith and strange, I ween,
Yet, everywhere, the dread Unseen,
Where rainbows wreath the passing showers,
Where dewdrops brighten o'er the flowers,
Where moonbeams track the silent wave,
Or the rank cypress guards the grave.
Still, still, the subtle air contains,
A subtler fire, to chill the veins,
To burn within the heart unknown,
To mock at Reason on her throne,
Yet, pregnant with the foul decay
To change the form to common clay.

Oh! there are Genii, dark and lone,
By sense, by thought, by creeds unknown ;
The haunters of the crowded street,
The outcast's den, the green retreat ;
The masters of the magic art,
The veiled assassins of the heart.

Yet not in vain their presence here,
Dark rulers of the realms of Fear.
Slaves of the lamp Religion fires,
They rule alone the mean desires.
The good react against their sway ;
The base alone their call obey ;
They serve the ends of Him, who still
Charms the wild waters to His will.

On every man the demons wait,
For lords or captives of his fate ;
Lords, if he lives for selfish ends,
Or scorns the aid Religion lends ;
But captives, if he dare depart
From the dull customs of the mart ;
Captives to all, whose souls have won
The morn, the wakening, and the sun ;
Captives to all whose lives are given
To Christ, Humanity, and Heaven.

THE NEW CHURCH POLICEMAN.

MR. LOVEGOOD'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "NETTLEBY TALES."

CHAPTER I.

With the profession of a Detective, in the common thought, is associated something of the brutality of the prize-fighter, as well as the odiousness of the spy. When, therefore, Mr. Lovegood, in the first days of their intimacy, remarked to Mr. Champney that Officer X.-30, of the Metropolitan Police, was one of the most conspicuous illustrations of true Christian use and manhood, the assertion startled the listener not a little, and provoked the reply : " One would be apt to imagine that the constant association with criminals and desperate characters ; the vice, the slime, the filth, the wretchedness which one must inevitably be compelled to observe in that profession, would make it preëminently unsuited to one whose conversation was in Heaven, and whose spirit was lost in the contemplation of a beautiful and serene Ideal."

Mr. Lovegood rejoined : " Officer X.-30 is a thorough New Churchman ; at home in the conservatory in the society of breathing and almost worshipping flowers—equally at home in the library, where the Departed of Thought's great universe being dead yet speak, nor wholly without a genius, and a physical beauty which makes him, among the fair sex, while his employment is not known to them, something of a chevalier. When I add that he is without the material necessity of following any service for a livelihood, being possessed of a moderate yet sufficient income, you will wonder still more, that one fitted in the world's parlance, ' to grace Society,' should choose as a walk in life the path that threads the dark thoroughfares of misery and crime. "

" To dream away the years of youth in the voluptuous intoxication of poetry and love, and then to harden, like those Southern soils, which gay, for a brief hour in the vernal season, with ephemeral flowers, present afterward to the traveler a naked,

sandy, or indurated waste, is the common experience of cultivated and prosperous youth. The doctrine of Use, the sweet faith of finding Heaven below, and of unfolding to a complete regeneration, through ease vanquished, luxury conquered, and self overcome, is, and must be, both obscure and unpopular. Obscure, because the brilliant sophism is sought in preference to the unpretending truth; unpopular, for the reason, that men are apt to condemn with the lips, and to insult with the understanding, that which the heart rebels against, and the conduct of the life desires.

"Yet my friend X.-30 had his dream, a short one, which ended—I will tell you how. Thirty miles from London, in a country village, is an old mansion, or was, a short time since, which, though surrounded by gardens, presenting the remains of careful culture in the romantic style, stands, itself gloomy and disconsolate, as an old man decaying in the midst of tasteless and mocking luxuries. Perhaps the house is renovated now, but then it was, as I describe it, a monogram of its inhabitant's character.

"On entering its walls one might have seen, in the principal suit of apartments, the uniform evidence of neglect, yet also of wealth once prodigally expended in artistic treasures. Such works as Vasari and Winkelman, and here, dropped carelessly years before, a palette, whose colors, moist and vivid then as impressible and brilliant youth, were now hard and faded as fixed and despairing age, indicated, perhaps, both the mind to grasp the idea of pictorial beauty, and the desire, if not the skill, to execute worthily its latent conceptions.

"The taste displayed, as might be inferred on every hand, was not, however, for the grand school of Italian Art. Here were no reminiscences of the Sistine Chapel, nothing to indicate a mind steeped in the rich hues of Raphael, enamored of the majestic outlines of him who arched the dome of St. Peter's, or sat shrined in genius before the lofty creations of Leonardo Da Vinci. Without doubt material beauty, the charm and magic of mere Nature, had been, to the collector of these riches, a passion and even an infatuation. And, if this worshiper of the Beautiful had built within his spirit an especial sanctuary for the haunted and vanishing Presence, it was the Circe, not the Egeria, the Mistress of the Senses, not the Bright one of the Skies.

"Here my friend X.-30 received such a desultory education as might have been absorbed, rather than memorized; an education such as the nephew, by a younger brother, of an aged, heart-weary man, preternaturally wasted and defaced, and wholly contemptuous of God or virtue, might have gathered from living Nature without, from radiant Art within, and also from a dark, diseased imagination, reflecting in its old age no supernal gleams, but reproducing, in fantastic conceits and impatient and bitter aphorisms, the arguments of De Holbach or the trivialities of Paine.

"This disheartened, withered Skeptic, had been in his prime at the period when the meteoric sun of the French Revolution dazzled and bewildered the mind in its Heliacal rising. He had shared in the hope and the impulse, and grown disconsolate and wretched in the reaction; the despair. The failure of Deistical Philosophy to renovate the world, combining with a private grief of no ordinary acuteness, had smitten him down thus hopelessly; and, more than physical decay, his illness was moral indifference, the will's paralysis, the contempt of the affections. I was invited to visit him, not, you may imagine, as a priest, but because his curiosity was excited concerning the vague wonders of Mesmerism, of which he had heard a little and speculated more. I was then a youth of twenty-two, enthusiastic in a disposition to investigate the occult sciences—just, also at the doorway of the True Christian Religion.

"X.-30 was then a bright, rosy lad about sixteen, and living in this enchanted wilderness, as in a veritable province of true fiction. A something of Byron in his determined countenance and brilliant eyes, but more of a youthful Wordsworth in his guileless innocence and contemplative wisdom. The youth was of that rare character, a genuine child of nature, the milk-white Thessalian courser unbroken to the bridle, unharnessed to the car.

"'Come,' said the aged Diogenes, 'the magnetic fluid is too scant in my old nerves; but there is a promising subject, unhackneyed,—a fresh mind. Ha! ha! he does not even know the Catechism, and looks on all creeds as equal. Perhaps we might discover the secret of prolonging life, could we but mesmerize him.'

"The old gentleman knew me rather as the budding philosopher than the incipient Christian, and therefore hesitated not to add, with a sneer, 'Had there not been good Mesmerizers at the court of Pharaoh, where Moses became an adept, father Abraham's progeny might, to this day, have vegetated in the land of Goshen. Matter is God; but the mysterious Divinity exists in sublimated forms, which, could we but compel them to our embrace, might perhaps, since old age is but the result of the effort of the particles to disintegrate themselves, commence a restorative process, and possibly recreate, or at least reorganize the fine, electric dust?

"I found the aged artist really serious. Willing to experiment, not knowing then its danger, or in many instances, its sin, I grasped the hands of the laughing, but good-natured boy, and began, in obedience to the directions laid down in the manuals of the science, to manipulate. I had, hitherto, in several instances relieved pain, and once succeeded, and I think with God's aid and blessing, in removing an abscess. Exulting and confident, I commenced the process. No sooner, however, had a few passes been made, than I felt myself growing strangely ethereal, a pleasing languor in the senses,—a soft rapture at the heart,—a gathering dimness before the eyes. Suddenly a something in my breast parted and gave way. A great awe overcame my spirit. A new intellectual condition had begun, more than Mesmerism. And a Voice, soft as the south wind that hardly moves the flowers, sonorous as the distant chime of marriage bells, without being audible to the ear, wave after wave, poured in the undulations of a music, which was thought, upon the wrapt and listening Spirit.

"I distinctly remember, though at that time unable to recall a solitary idea, the dialogue which ensued, and which I will read you in part from the stenographic notes, rapidly taken down by the old painter at the time.

"Why! why! Mr. Lovegood. My dear sir! You are becoming a subject yourself. Extraordinary! Your eyes are closed. Do you see?"

"See! Ah! what do I not see?"

"Come, come! Better than I hoped! Let me interrogate you. What do you see?"

"A lovely young girl; her name Antoinette St. Cyr; her hair a jet black; eyes large, lustrous, piercing, but of the same hue; the profile of her features, purely classical; the illusion is heightened by her dress which is of a Greek simplicity."

"Oh, my friend. Stop! stop!" (the artist's voice was dry and husky, as he gasped, rather than spoke,) "Wondrous power! Doubtless thou perceivest an image, preserved for years in the deepest chambers of memory. Since all beauty is material, it must leave a material image on the mind's finest substance. I can comprehend this. But stay. 'Antoinette St. Cyr' you call her. The real name was Antoinette Fouchet. You are mistaken."

"Nay, she says, 'St. Cyr.' Recollect she was a foundling; the name Fouchet given in the Asylum."

"She says! 'Do the Eidiola, the phantasms, which live within the brain, the mere shapes of memory,—do they speak?'"

"Antoinette! I recollect she was a foundling: but go on."

"Let me then tell you what,—be it a phantasm,—be it a Memory,—the lips move to say, the voice thrills to utter. 'For thirty years you have not looked upon my picture. It is covered with dust for the moths have eaten the green baizé wrappage; it lies upon a number of bronze medals which you purchased at Rome, and of them a Trajan has left the imprint of its blue mould on the morocco case. Look and see. But this is not all. Recollect our conversation on the Immortality of the Soul. You denied; I affirmed. You attributed to mind a material origin, but I grew earnest in the assertion of my conviction, that matter is but the veil, the garment. Recollect, furthermore, what I told you, "that the time would come, when I should convince you of your error." The time is at hand.'"

"Mind immortal! Mind not the product of organism, the sublimation of material essences!" now the artist's voice grew tremulous, while the old limbs quivered as if with slight galvanic shocks. "To whom talk I? Is this Antoinette? But no! Death is an eternal sleep; the body's decay; the mind's annihilation; else all my life has been devoted to the worship of a chimera. Tell me, Mr. Lovegood, I adjure you, what the phantom says?"

"Read Plato on the Immortality of the Soul. Ah! could you see Plato now; the Reverend and cultured Spirit, the moralist

of an incorruptible virtue, the demonstrator of the intelligence of the Supreme Being, the friend of Dion, the bosom companion of Pythagoras,—could you see Plato, no longer could you doubt, no more be infatuated to deny." Thus the Presence, who named herself Antoinette slowly spoke, while I repeated, word for word, the dialogue.

At this juncture, the artist had risen, and was groping in a cabinet which stood in a niche at a distance. He now returned holding the shagreen case of a picture. It was enveloped in a faded green covering, moth eaten and partially decayed, while the green stain left from an antique coin was visibly impressed upon its surface. Muttering "It is so : she was right ; here is the imprint of the Trajan," he laid it on the table at his right hand, and then dropt off into the soliloquy, "This overwhelms the reason. If they are the living, we are the dead. But matter *may* exist in higher, nobler combinations, and the refinement of matter be spirit. If so, I can understand the possibility of a continued, though still natural, existence. Subtle, incorruptible, yet human essences, the gentle departed still may linger and dream in the haunts endeared by early recollections ;—and I may meet her still."

The name of the artist was Hungerford,—Gregory Hungerford. Now the soft, sweet voice gave me not alone language, but the very tone in which to respond. "Gregory, there is a great gulf fixed between thee and me ; for I am with the Blessed Spirits ; and thou, by the dark and terrible creed which fills thy understanding, by the contempt for man, the neglect of charity, and, surviving all else in thee, the love of self, art weaving the meshes of an intolerable destiny. I am sent to warn thee, Gregory, and, by the reminiscence of thy love for me, to rouse thee to the nobler affection for virtue, to the sweet reunion with the God."

"God ! phantom, I have denied Him since youth. I love Him not. Leave me !—Yet stay. Thou sayest that thine habitation is with the Blessed ; are there then Unblessed ?"

"Take," was the answer,—"thou canst find it in London,—a work published in the last century, entitled, 'Heaven and Hell,' its author, a man of vast and brilliant scholarship, beheld, by an especial appointment of Providence, the Invisible World through a more perfect quickening of the spirit than that which enables

this young seeker after knowledge to behold my face, to listen to my voice."

"I will! I will! phantom!" groaned the aged man, now with his face buried in his hands. "Yet one word more, for I am old. Thou hast secrets! Dost thou know how youth can be repurchased? how life can fill again the dry and dusty channels of the heart?"

"I do, Gregory, I do," was the thrilling and oracular response. "There is an art whereby the shadows of old age even for the body, can be compelled for a period to recede; but, better, an art whereby the spirit itself, which becomes, as is yours, older even than the body, can spring to new-found vigor, with the glow upon the cheek, and the brightness on the vision, the mind to expatiate a boundless and all-celestial knowledge, the ravished heart, to thrill with untold and incommunicable ecstasies, that have their source, their circuit and their end in Love. Dost thou heed me, Gregory? I know the art whereby, from out the Chaos of the Soul, can rise a New Intelligence."

Here ended the service.

THE ROSARY

V.

A trout, that leaps to take the fly,
Himself is taken by the hook.
The darting tyrant of the brook
Within the angler's creel must die.

So, those who still devour the weak,
Forgetful of the Right and Wrong,
Themselves are taken by the strong,
In acts they do, or words they speak.

THE NEW CHURCH FABULIST.—NO 1.

THE RAT AND THE MEAL-SACK.

A Rat, who lived beneath a stack of hay,
Into a neighboring corn-crib found his way,
The portly meal-sacks stood on every side,
And the intruder stuffed his leathern hide.
Meanwhile Grimalkin snuffed the stranger there ;
For Crime, though silent, taints the very air,
Proclaims its presence still, with every breath,
And scorns the judgment to provoke the death.

Soft as Grimalkin trod, with velvet feet,
The poacher heard and made a swift retreat.
And " Ah," cried he, " this way I entered in ;
'Tis just my size ; no cat, however thin,
Can squeeze or labor through such narrow space,
How shrewd I was ! now for my hiding-place."
So cunning Fraud a loop-hole of retreat
Seeks always, fancy-sure, with nimble feet.
Vain fool, to think that Justice cannot spy
To the schemes inmost, with omniscient eye.

Grimalkin entered, " Ah ! " quoth she, " the floor,
With wasted meal is plainly powdered o'er ;
In it I'll track the rascal to his goal,"
Meanwhile the thief had gained once more the hole.
But now, distended with the stolen grain,
He sought to force a passage-way in vain ;
Till Tabby, agent of the fatal law,
Ended his struggles with her taloned claw.

The lean offender, through the harrow gate
Of opportunity, with eyes elate,
Prowls warily upon forbidden ground,
Till the huge prize of base desire is found.
What though appearances the truth belie ?
Where'er the culprit hides, the Fates are nigh :
Successful Sin, but hastes the fatal doom,
And Wrong, through triumph, marches to the tomb.

THE OVERSHADOWING.

One of the writers for this journal, viewing causes from the stand-point of the Inner Life, has predicted, from time to time, the great religious issue which is, and will be necessitated upon the decision of men. This issue is: Christ, or Anti-Christ; Pantheism, or a Personal God. These two forms of thought are being narrowed down, until opposites seem to merge into these representative ideas. The fillings-up between these living antagonisms, constitute the all of faith, whether in Christendom or Heathendom; and as the Last Judgment is being ultimated to the External—a judgment which brings the nicer shades of belief into the shadow of Satan, or into the sunshine of Heaven, men begin to feel this inner influence. Conviction ripens into act, and they are taking their positions on one side or the other, as the predominance of good and truth, falsehood and evil, hold sway in individual character. The old forms of religious controversy have been changed, and instead of the pop-gun polemics which formerly characterized the discussions of Christendom, we now have huge Paixans, and arms to wield them, nerved by the inspirations of God, or fired into Herculean strength by the hatreds of hell.

Those who reason from the inmost outward, instead of from the outward to the inward, see these things in the clear light of Heaven's Eternal Law, and are not surprised at the results which are at present following the powerful working of these forms in the Invisible. Everything tends from the inward to the outward, and as the causes of good and evil; truth and falsehood, so far as we, on this earth, are concerned, exist in the Interior, we should not be surprised if these positive principles work out their results, on the External plane—should exhibit that near approach, in deadly conflict, which is to result in the overthrow of sin and Satan, and in the establishment of truth, goodness and God, in the heart of man. Let us, therefore, watch in the understanding, and keep the heart right. Let us have the Spirit of Wisdom to illuminate the one, and the Spirit of Love to inspire the other.

FAIRY BLESSING THE SHEPHERD.

The Fairy Shepherd tends his sheep
As if they were his people :
His joyous thoughts to music leap
Like bells from any steeple.

I am a Fairy Shepherd, and
They call me " Goodman Blessing,"
Upon the hills of Fairy Land
An hundred sheep possessing.

These are the good affections, borne
Within my happy Master ;
New lambs come forth each Sabbath morn,
My flock is growing faster.

I lead them to his shining eyes,
And often, when he preaches,
The lambkins, in their paradise,
Respond to all he teaches.

Within his good wife's bosom, too,
I love by night to fold them,
Where fairy lads the lassies woo,
And fairy priests behold them.

I shear them in the spring and fall :
Their wool is turned to dresses,
When fairy lads for mantles call,
Or maids with golden tresses.

I am a shepherd-king, content
To bathe in mercy's fountains ;
My name is Blessing—Sweet Consent
Dwells with me on the mountains.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter was addressed to Brother HARRIS and his companion prior to their departure for Europe. Its sentiments are of so disinterested a character—breathing such fragrance from the heart's purest affections—that we have concluded to publish it entire. We hope that the writer will pardon the liberty we thus take with his private epistle; there are so many of our readers who will be pleased with its contents, and who feel as he feels, that we cannot forego the opportunity of giving it a place in the HERALD OF LIGHT. C.

NEWARK, N. J., April 31, 1859.

MR. AND MRS. T. L. HARRIS—*My Dear Brother and Sister*:—As the hour draws near when you are to pass from our outward sight, perhaps forever, I am the more forcibly impressed with the great significance, and the indescribable grandeur, of those truths which our dear Lord has so lovingly and so lavishly showered upon us, through your devoted instrumentality; truths which would have been cheaply purchased with an age of toil and suffering, and such as the wisest and the best of past ages, were not permitted to behold. Yet to us, who are so unworthy, have they been given in such abundance that the storehouses of the understanding seemed filled to overflowing, and the heart is borne heavenward on the bosom of that love-stream which wafted them to us.

When I look back to the state in which I existed only twelve months ago, before I had seen the "Arcana of Christianity," or heard from your lips those Divine knowledges which have since so entranced my soul, and remember my spiritual poverty, the endless maze of conflicting opinions in which I was wandering, without light or experience; and almost without hope; with no human God to respond to the heart's deep longings, and become a sure and conscious guide through all these devious paths, or to give light and consolation in the times of darkness and affliction; when I reflect upon these things, and contrast them with my present joy; with my firm faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in His Word and His Heaven, with the complete concentration and absorption, of every faculty in the one purpose of doing His will, and of living to diffuse those blessings among His children which he has so bountifully bestowed upon us; with the entire change in all the objects and pursuits of life, and the rapid destruction of all those desires for mere personal gratification; and when I realize that all these changes which have produced so much happiness, are but the growth of one short year, words can neither express or describe the emotions that thrill through every fibre of my being. And not until you can hear my heart speak, in the language of the skies, will you ever know the extent of that yearning love which God has inspired me with, towards you. Not only as the mediums in His hands through whom I have received these holy joys, but as the living representatives in whom, as in a mirror, I see the reflections of those tender—those sweet and glowing affections, as

well as those sublime and glorious truths, which are now dearer to me than all the universe besides. For I would rather, a thousand times, have the companionship, and hear the approving voice of my Lord and Saviour, than, without Him, to be the monarch of all the angels, and spirits, kingdoms and powers, and harmonies, and beauties of His eternal world. The confident hope and expectation of yet attaining this great boon, will I trust, be sufficient to sustain me under any and every affliction that this world can impose.

I doubt not, my dear friends, that it is expedient, even for our sakes, that you should go away; that we may realize more fully our absolute dependence upon Christ, and thus seek Him as our only constant guide. You are also going to a land where I, as an Englishman, know something of their famishing condition. I, therefore, rejoice in my heart that our dear Lord is going to feed their souls with that love and truth, that bread and wine of immortal life upon which we have so long feasted, and which if a man will continue to eat he shall never die. I, therefore, pray that the good seed you are now sowing upon earth may multiply unceasingly, and bring forth fruits which shall gladden your sight in the celestial kingdom, as a mighty host of redeemed souls and radiant angels in the paradise of God.

I cannot bid you both farewell, without expressing the deep and lasting obligations I am under, for the pure happiness I have obtained through your labors, and I sincerely thank my God for His goodness in leading me to make your acquaintance. Be assured, my dear friends, that, next to obeying His voice, nothing will give me so much pleasure as the privilege of being useful to you. I, therefore, ask as a favor, wherever you may be, that should any circumstance ever occur in which my time, or labor, or money, or influence, or anything else that I have or can obtain, will be of value to you, that you will have the kindness to inform me, and thus afford me the pleasing joy of serving you, and, at the same time, the opportunity of testifying my affection. *And should our dear Saviour perceive it best that we meet no more on earth, I know, if we serve Him, we shall meet in Heaven, where those who love each other will forever rejoice together in the gladness of the Lord.

With my daily and fervent prayers to God, that He will ever preserve you by His Spirit, and guide you with His voice, and sanctify and bless you with His love, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,

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