

JULY.

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.

NEW YORK:
NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
NO 42 BLEECKER STREET
1859.

THE
HERALD OF LIGHT:
A Monthly Journal
 OF THE
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

EDITOR:
REV. T. L. HARRIS.
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR:
REV. M. C. C. CHURCH.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

CONTENTS:

| | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| CHRISTIAN CHARACTER..... | 129 |
| ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES..... | 137 |
| BE FAITHFUL..... | 145 |
| GLIMPSES OF THE NEW AGE..... | 146 |
| THE ROSARY, No. VI..... | 162 |
| REV. T. L. HARRIS..... | 163 |
| AMOLETA'S PEARLS, No. III..... | 163 |
| ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY..... | 164 |
| FAIRY MORNING GLORY..... | 169 |
| FAIRY BLUSH..... | 170 |
| THE NEW CHURCH POLICEMAN..... | 171 |
| THE FAIRY STRAWBERRY..... | 176 |
| THE ROSARY, No. VII..... | 176 |
| NEW CHURCH PULPIT..... | 177 |
| HOME IN HEAVEN..... | 186 |
| CONJUGIAL LOVE..... | 186 |
| NEW CHURCH FABULIST..... | 187 |
| THE NEW CHURCH..... | 190 |
| EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE..... | 191 |
| FAIRY MYSTILLA..... | 192 |

THE CRISIS:

A Semi-Monthly New Church Periodical.

EDITED BY HENRY WELLER,

AND PUBLISHED BY H. METCALF, AT LAPORTE, INDIANA.

This publication (now in its eighth volume) eschews all sectarian and denominational distinctions, and seeks to render justice to all—and to labor in charity and faith, for the establishment of the Lord's kingdom in the hearts and lives of men. Terms \$1 per year, in advance.

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

NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
 42 Bleecker Street, New York.

THOMAS HOLMAN, BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTER, COR. CENTRE AND WHITE STREETS.

1859. July 15. 1859.

THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1859.

No. 3.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect."—MATTHEW v. 48.

When the Spirit of the Lord moves upon the latent sensibilities of the soul, there is opened up before the conscience and the understanding the terrible fact, that man is a fallen being. That he has, in some way or another, drifted far from the moorings of a Divine Law within; that there is a great defect, a want of moral harmony in the complicated machinery of his complex life; that he is far short of perfectibility, and that there is no power in the Universe, but God's power, that can attune to gentlest and sweetest music, the delicate instrument originally fashioned by the Great Musician. There is a self-consciousness; a deep conviction, that no help from man; no help from angels; not even the self-action of the individual himself, can do aught to restore the effaced beauty of the Divine Likeness. A deep awe pervades the whole being on beholding the almost ruin of this mysterious something called man: he who is a form for the reception of the Divine Life; a mirror to reflect the image of the Divine One; a dream, cradled in the Infinite repose; a ray from the Divine Sun gleaming through the Infinitude of Space. He, in his fall, stands disrobed of his glorious majesty; the almost demon, exhibiting that unrest of soul which makes his existence a hell. He is but the blurred picture of what he once was; the inverted type of Heaven.

We hear much in this age, especially among what is called the Liberal part of the religious world, about the perfectibility of human nature; its latent capabilities for Progress; that man has emerged from savage life, and has grown to be the companion of

Angels ; that he is a part of God, and that all these labor-throes are but so many efforts of the God within to cast off the superincumbent mass, that the undimmed glory of the Divinity may shine forth in all the resplendence of the absolute Godhead. Nearly all the reforms of the present day are from the self-hood, and are based upon the hypothesis, that man has within himself certain proclivities to grow, if this external life could be so adjusted, as to harmonize with the life within. Forgetting, or not knowing, that all reform must commence in the inmost, and work outward ; that this external display of man's work, and God's work, has its primal seat within ; that what we see and feel, is all an effect, having its cause in the centrality of being. And this is the reason why so many mistakes are made among our one-idea-men. They hew out, from the rough granite of man's nature, splendid theories for his redemption from all this oppression from without and within ; from all this ignorance, superstition, and sin, which is everywhere displayed as the great Moloch which devours all. But no sooner is the touchstone of truth and experiment applied, than the splendid illusion vanishes. Another false promise turns to ashes upon the lip ; another ray of false hope disappears in the gloom of an eternal night. So the world goes repeating itself under different phases in every cycle.

This age is but re-vamping the dreams of the ancients. Nearly every brain-bursting system of these times, can find its ante-type in the Oriental, Grecian, or Roman forms of thought ; and, like them, they will fade. The rising Sun of Truth will scorch them black. Now, as then, it will take Christianity to teach the world what human nature is ; what remedies it needs to cure it of its maladies. Humanity is sick, and none but the Great Physician can diagnose the disease, and start from the inmost the mass of evil which rots and rankles, and holds its festering sway within the heart's core. Hell must be driven out, before man can experience any permanent relief. Anodynes and palliatives here, as in the physical, only afford temporary relief. The great seat of the disease must be reached before any good can be accomplished.

Christianity not only sees the evil in men's natures, but declares the cause ; gives the promise of salvation from its effects, and fulfills this promise, by performing what it says. It does this, not

by stating that evil is the absence of good ; not by stating that it is a mere negation in the universe, introduced to show by contrast the beauty, grandeur, and holiness of the eternal good, but that it is a terrible reality, which cost our Lord His life, and humanity its misery. It does not come to flatter self, and drug the soul with the opiates of a delusive philosophy. Nor does it fascinate the imagination with the false hope that all is well, when a raging hell boils within the breast, ready to consume, if not withheld by omnipotent power. No—none of these pleasing fancies find a place within its remedial system. It tells us plainly, that we must be born again—born into the love and light of Heaven—so that we can reflect the Divine Image of Christ perfectly. That unless we repent, and become regenerate, we are lost ; and this, not by any arbitrary enactment of the Divine Government, but by that eternal Law of Justice written by the finger of God upon every human soul. But whilst it does all this, it also commands us to be “perfect,” even as our Father in Heaven is perfect ; showing that there is a Divine Energy imparted from some source, which inspires the will with a dauntless courage to dare and do, and the understanding with a wisdom which recognizes all as from God. This perfectibility is not predicable of anything intrinsically belonging to man, and independent of the union which has been commenced between the Father and His estranged child. For in the process of this union the soul realizes, in a most poignant way, that all that pertains to the self-hood, has been inverted from true order, and like a rudderless ship, driven before the tempest and the storm, is soon wrecked upon the rocks of passion, appetite, and uncontrolled affection. But this perfectibility is predicable of the new creature which is being formed in Christ Jesus. Is spoken to the new man who is being cradled and reared in the arms of our Divine Lord. And this new creature ; this new man is formed by a clearing out of the inverted Divine which has been previously placed by Him within the receptacles of our being, and by pouring into these receptacles the New Life which takes form according to the original design of the Creator. Now this is all done gradually, and not in a moment, as some would suppose. This work of breaking up, clearing away, and purifying our depraved natures, is the work of a life-time, and

is seldom completed this side of eternity. But all this must be done before man can realize his own destiny, and live in the sunlight of heaven. We do not commence life, until we become re-constructed into the image of our Lord ; until we come into that glorified condition, which is a type of the union of His own Humanity with His own Divinity. And this is doubtless what our Saviour meant, when He commanded His disciples to be perfect, even as their Father in Heaven is perfect. That is to say, go on in your regeneration, or reuniting with the Father until you come into that relation where the essential human in you will be blended with the absolute Divinity, so that there will be perfect action and reaction between the two ; so that your nature and the Divine Nature will be blended into one—your nature becoming a perfect receptacle for the reception and radiation of the Divine Life. In a word, be so perfect, that you will be at one with the Father.

Our Lord is an example, in all things, of what we shall be if we go on transforming His image into ours. What He taught He lived. We need no commentaries to teach us the meaning of His words. He is His own interpreter to the receptive soul. Now as to this matter under consideration. There was something in Him which needed perfecting. He inherited from His mother the hereditary frailties and sins of her nature. These had to be eradicated before He could say, I and the Father are one. And He did this through fiery combats with the hells—through the sorrows, disappointments, and trials which were brought to bear upon His weak body. "He was tempted in all things as we are." And hence we find that before His full and final union with the Father ; before He triumphed over His last foe, and came into that state called His Glorification, He spake as a man—acted as a man, and felt the crushing weight of life's burdens as a man. He was not, in His humanity, wholly united with the Father ; or, rather, He had not made His humanity divine, until He conquered all His foes. Then He spake as the Alpha and the Omega ; the Almighty.

Now, our Regeneration—our Perfection is analagous, and is attained in the same way. For the Lord is representative to us. He was the Father,—hence when He tells us to be

perfect even as He is perfect, He means us to follow Him and behold this perfectibility displayed in His life. He carries us through the same process of purification that He carried Himself through. And if He had imperfection—we mean hereditary imperfection—why should we not? And as our Lord was glorified—made perfect when these evil tendencies were conquered, why should we not? The promise is that we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

Like all the teachings of our Lord, this command to be perfect has another meaning which is to be considered. He clothes Eternal Truth with the "time garment" of some present application—so that all He says has a twofold meaning, from which is drawn a third. He couches the universal within the particular; the infinite within the finite. Whilst its special application was meant to be understood as applying to the perfecting through His help, of the wrecked and ruined structure within, its universal application was the reaching forward after that All Perfect, which is the Eternal, the True, the Beautiful, and the Good—embodied in the Lord, Christ.

And this eternal perfectibility is never fully attained; because it is the reception and giving forth of the Divine; the finite becoming the infinite; the reaching after and assimilating to an ideal which is never realized. We all feel this aching desire within the breast to be transfused into the being of another: the being of our Lord. He is the perfect One—the One that we aim to be. And here is a want of our nature which the Lord knew, and which is fulfilled within Himself. In Him we have the solution of all our heart-problems; for he lived and made perfect everything that is sacred in human life. There is nothing which can happen to us that He did not pass through—nothing we can suffer, experience, or imagine that He did not exemplify in some form of His earthly life. And this eternal response to the universal experience of the race is the proof of His Divinity; for none but God could lead such a life as He lead—none could know the secret life-beats of human hearts but He who draws all to Himself. His life is the answered prayer of all our aspirings.

The ancient Greek sculptors gave to young esthetic devotees the perfect models of the old masters to imitate; gave them the

model whose perfections they were to study, assimilate, and make their own. So it is with our heavenly Father. He gives us for study, and assimilation, and imitation, the Divine Model. The more we study it, the more we see in it to admire and to love. The more we assimilate this Divine Life and Nature into our own, the more we feel the interfusion and blending of the Everlasting and the True; the more we imitate it, the more does this sublime Personality unfold to our comprehension and adoration, until we are almost swallowed up in the great ocean of His Love. Like Madame Guyon, we love God as a lover. And to attain this all-perfect love we must strive, and work, and learn to stand alone under the overshadowing wing of God. We cannot expect to attain it by sighs, dreams, ecstasies, and an eternal wishing for something, we do not exactly know what—the keeping up of a morbid sensibility about the past and its blessings. The true soldier of God seeks to know the *present duty*, not to indulge in the faded glories of departed victory. The present is what true men and women have to deal with—not the past or the future. These belong to God. What! stand idling about when this great life-current is sweeping by, bearing all on to the ocean of eternity?

Dear reader, we must be up and doing whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work. No mistakes of mine—no frailties of your brother or sister, should prevent you from seeking God with an undivided heart, with an undivided purpose.

But what shall we do? says one. Do what your hands find to do, and do it with all your might. We have a character to form, and that for eternity, and each passing moment, with its reality, makes its impression upon the delicate tracery of the soul. But what shall we do to form this character? It is not so much *doing* either, but it is the *being* which forms character, although doing is its co-relative. "In Christian life every moment and every act is an opportunity for doing the one thing of *becoming* Christ-like. Every day is full of most impressive experience. Every temptation to evil temper which can assail us to-day, will be an opportunity to decide the question whether we shall gain the calmness and rest of Christ, or whether we shall be tossed by the restlessness and agitation of the world." All life's battle and its experience are so contrived as to conduce toward the being which we become.

We may fancy in our delusion that we have it all; that the eternal Love and Wisdom rests in His infinite repose within our breasts. This spiritual pride is worse than all. Through this Satan fell. Beware!

Dear reader, life is holy; life is real; life is earnest. Shall we be heroes in the fight? The apostle Paul affords the best example of the true soldier of Christ. He had but one object: the getting rid of himself and the putting on of the fullness of his Master. Where Christ led the way he followed, no matter what it cost him. Friends, reputation, life and its endearments, all were sacrificed to this one thought—the striving after the perfection which he saw in his Leader. He doomed himself to perpetual exile. With a heart filled with the tenderest charity; with a mind richly stored with the intellectual treasures of the earth, he chose to live among strangers and among barbarians. He traversed Asia Minor, large portions of Europe, and parts of Africa, establishing congregations, uniting them to himself through the most heart-warming sympathy. At his Master's call he left all. He was imprisoned, beaten with many stripes; persecuted from city to city; his name thrown out as evil among false brethren, and amid it all, we never hear a murmur. No fits of depression came over him. But ever inbreathing his Lord's love, he was ever fresh; the salient energy of his soul arose above all human sympathy. And here is a fact that the unregenerate mind does not understand. That duty and right are paramount to all selfish sympathy, and that the true Christian, when the Lord calls, is ready to leave all, and follow Him. Those of executive natures, the men who are pivotal to the race, are thought to be men of no heart; are thought to be cold and unfeeling. If they are true men, the contrary is the fact; they are those who have arisen above the selfish sympathy of the self-hood, and with minds enlightened by God's wisdom, they see the ultimate result and good which is to be gained; can bear, like Paul, the reproaches of friends and foes, and keep the heart in charity. William, of Orange, Milton, Cromwell, and Washington, were examples of this lofty heroism of soul. Keeping their own counsels, they walked forward the centralities of the world. God acts in this way to all, and He imparts His own life—His own energy to

those who radiate His Divine Love and Wisdom. This loftiness of soul which rises above the limitations of time, and works for eternity, is the result of Christian culture. It is not stoicism—cold and indifferent; but it is the warm union of the human with the Divine nature which enables it, in true charity, to live the Hero-life with a hero's tenderest love. Such a life Paul led, and such a life will we have to lead, if we expect to follow Christ in the Regeneration. This compromise with Satan on one side, and the Lord on the other; this dependence upon human instrumentalities for our spiritual food, instead of upon our Heavenly Father; this indulgence of a selfish familism; when Christ tells us, that, to be His followers, we have to forsake father and mother; children and friends, if necessary, to be His disciples, is all wrong. Is the Word true, or is it a mere fable? Did our Lord mean what He said, or was He merely talking for pastime? Is Christianity a practical religion, or is it a cheat and a delusion, the vapings of moon-struck visionaries? If the Word is true? if our Lord meant what He said; if Christianity is true, and is adapted to our condition, let us act as though we believed it? Let us stand in the strength of God, and be men and women, reflecting truly the radiance of the Infinite One. Let us go on in that life which unfolds the true Christian character.

In the New Church, Christianity has to be restored to its primitive strength and beauty. It has to become, through child-like men and women, a force in the world, and not as in the Old Church, a mere policy; a lens through which the Infernalism of hell is daguerreotyped upon the world. It is to radiate from a common centre the glory of God, and save the race from the thralldom of sin, sensuality, and crime. If it does not this, it is a mere farce; a fancy of the brain, and will soon burst like the floating bubbles of the hour. But is it a delusion? We think not; we know it is not. It is the solidest of facts. It is the strong right-arm of Almighty God, wrenching from the grasp of Satan the almost crushed out life of His children. It is the cleanser, purifier, and sanctifier; for the Eternal Love and Truth dwell within it. It is the Bride of the Lamb, enhaloed with the beauty of our God.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

A POEM OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

(Continued from page 90.)

As she closed this strain of invitation, I saw that the landscape, which lay on either side of the pool, was, in reality, the floral decoration of a floating paradisaical world. The solid ground upon which I stood dissolved beneath my feet. I then listened to the

SONG OF THE NYMPHS: FIRST CHOIR.

"Come dance on the billow, come dance on the billow,"
The water-nymphs sing in their flight.
Their cheeks on its tremulous bosom they pillow
And hide in the smiles of its light.
The water-nymphs round thee their music are wreathing
And guide thy swift path in the air.
The soul of the Water-World in thee is breathing
A fragrance of music and prayer,—
A fragrance of music and prayer.

O, merry, green billow! O, merry, green billow!
Transformed into valley and hight,
The emerald sphere on thy breast thou dost pillow,
And feed it with dews of delight.
But deep in thy bosom the fairy nymphs follow
The path of the sunrise, and dream
The love-bird is singing his songs in the hollow,
The life-blossom blooms in the stream;—
The life-blossom blooms in the stream.

SECOND CHOIR.

Come to the land that Christna gave;
In liquid bliss thy bosom lave.
The flowers that ope on every tree
Delight our blessed life to see.

The jewels on the spangled shore
With liquid light of love run o'er.
The golden Daylight in a dream,
 With crimson sunset in his arms,
Sleeps, tranquilized in joy supreme,
 And brightens from her vestal charms.
Come to the land beneath the wave ;
Come to the land that Christna gave!

THIRD CHOIR.

Yes, bear him away to the Isle of the Myrtles,
 Where love is a rose that is always in bloom,
And the song of the bulbul, the cooing of turtles,
 Resounds through the groves that are never in gloom.

The ocean-nymphs dwell on the silver-hued mountains
 That blaze on their forehead with purple and gold ;
They glide in the streams and they chant in the fountains,
 And in the soft sunbeams their beauties they fold.

Come, bear him away where the landscape is beaming
 With smiles from the skies of the Spirit Divine ;
Where the stars of the Angels, like cressets, are beaming ;
 And crown him with wreaths of the purple-hued vine.

FOURTH CHOIR.

Yes, bear him to the Sunset Land
 Beyond the purple ocean's rim.
The Water-Angels on the strand
 Have lit their lamps to welcome him.

His eyes shall feed upon their smiles,
 His heart shall drink their thoughtful calm,
And he shall thread their sylvan aisles
 And sleep beneath their mystic palm,

And rest within their dusky vales,
And hear the dreamy Afternoon
Hush in her arms the spicy gales,
And lull the love-winds in a swoon.

With jeweled fingers spired above,
And pointing to the yellow skies,
A Sunset Maid shall with him move,
A threefold Heaven shall meet his eyes.

There shall he learn the wisdom grand
Of Heaven's immortal Sunset Land.

As one who treads in sleep through emerald hollows,—
And over ridgy mountain peaks afar,
And in the path of many an Angel, follows
Through fields, where every flower is like a star,
Drawn by the spell of this enchanted singing,—
I sought the Sunset Land, beneath the deep.
Rainbows above, their flying arches flinging,
Vaulted the sky. Twin-Angels, Birth and Sleep,
These are your wonders. Life's a mystery.
Wisdom, the veil that hides creation, draws
Before the image of Reality
That grand, fixed shadow from the Great First Cause.
Man bows, while from her orphic lips, distills
The truth, that all the intellect o'erfills.

I heard these voices singing round my way
In alternations of a fourfold strain.
Like incarnations of celestial day
The Water-Nymphs, beneath that shining main,
With linked hands, in many a mazy dance,
Led me, till, beautified in life's completeness,
I saw the spirit of my friend advance
And knew him by his name of "Singing Sweetness."

Then, again, I listened to the invitation :

Come to the Sunset Land !
The ocean 's large and bright,
Its crimson veils expand .
'Neath skies of yellow light.
Hail ! to the land beneath the wave ;
Hail ! to the land that Christna gave !

Pursue the windings of thy dream
Oh poet, from the world below.
Here things are fairer than they seem,
And Love alone their life may know.
The crimson roses bud and blow
In every maiden's breast of snow ;
And crimson birds, with music low,
Sing where the budding roses grow ;—
Life is a trance that changes so,

Oh ! brother, I replied, 'tis strange, 'tis sweet,
What far extremes in one experience meet !
I am a man of nature, and I tread
Where iron hearts to sordid clay are wed.
Vice with its bony talons, vulture-eyed,
Clutches the weaklings. Penury and Pride,
Like the lean fox and lordly tiger, glare
Against each other. Sorrows through the air,
Like spectres meteor clad, weep bitter tears.
The hungry pray for rest on burial biers.
The water is temptation, and the poor
See suicide within its crystal door ;
And the unfortunate in soul-despair
Plunge to escape a hell of horrors there.
And mothers in the east, as I am told,
Take the young lambs from the bosom fold
And feed them to the water-wolves, that so
They may escape the everlasting woe.
Oh ! brother, it is strange ; my soul forsakes
Its outward form ; in this sweet Heaven awakes.

He smiled, as I told him of sorrows below,
And he shone like a child of the sun,
Then whispered, 'tis sweet to our Saviour to go
When the sands of the outward have run.

Come rest in this beautiful star of the seas,
My soul to its inmost is wed ;
Her music is borne to my heart, like a breeze
That on roses and lilies is fed.

She dwells in my soul like the light in a gem,
And her spirit drinks blessings from mine,
And my heart blooms from hers, like a rose on its stem,
And she feeds me with raptures divine.

SONG OF CONJUGIAL LOVE.

The Angels of Conjugal Love
In every Heaven abide :
Where the bride-groom dwells above
His heart enfolds the bride.

She wreathes his radiant, poet-brow,
And bids his soul aspire,
Where Music weds his angel-spouse,
And feeds his heart with fire.

The Angels of Conjugal Love ;—
On bright Apollo's throne
They chant a song that Heaven above
Repeats from zone to zone.

The Poet's mind 's a golden shell
Beside the crimson sea ;
In it the ocean-fairies dwell
To breathe its melody.

The Angels of Conjugal Love,
In raiment golden-bright,
From glittering sphere to sphere they move,
While ages roll their flight.

When Song was born, in Heaven afar,
The Angels saw her glide,
To dwell within the lyric star
And be the poet's bride.

"What do you think of my poetry? And where is your good brother, whom I beheld in the earth sphere by your side? And where is the little boy who danced with the butterflies, and whose external body was asleep so often, bedded in fragrant fern leaves, when the golden music sounded in the room, and the Sweet Morning Land sang itself into its terrestrial ultimates? Mary has come home since then." So spake my poet friend, after he had finished his Song of Conjugal Love.

I replied, "You have changed in your style, dear brother. You ask me many questions in one. Eros has kissed your lips since then, and the Celestial Aphrodite has taken you in her pearly car. True in spirit, faithful ever to Divine Truth, is the good brother whom you so affectionately remember. He pursues the path of duty in a remote locality in the external world.* And the little boy,—he, too, grows in the natural sphere, not unvisited by gracious presences from Morning Land. Truly thou sayest that Mary has gone home. As a Spirit, pure and bright, she visits me, and all traces of sorrow are effaced from her refulgent eyes."

"I was with her the night of her transition," replied the poet, "and one of the first to greet her in the paradise of flowers. But sincet hen I have only seen her in a distant view, as she has passed through the varied noviciate conditions. Happy Mary! You have sorrowed much since then, but your sorrows are all over. I will now lead you to a little habitation which is my home." He then sang this—

* This reference is to that dear friend, S. E. B., who, from the first of my soul experiences in the New Church, has borne with me to the utmost of his power, those burdens which have grown out of my mediatorial condition. The Lyric of the Morning Land, of which the Poet here speaks, is indebted to his hand for external transcription. That poem was received in a sequestered locality, surrounded by wild and lonely hills, in the town of Grafton, New York, in the Summer of 1864.

SONG OF NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Come to the Sunset Land !
Here Night 's a happy bride,
With golden lamp in hand,
And robes of virgin pride.
The south wind stoops to drop a flower,
Upon her bosom's heaving white,
When smooths the vine leaves round her bower,
And softly sings " good night, good night !"

Come to the Sunset Land !
Here Night is like a bride,
With golden lamp in hand,
Her happy groom beside.
The fairy Psyche draws the shoes
From feet like pearls and lilies blown,
The fairy Cupid comes to loose
The clasp that binds her fragrant zone.

Come to the Sunset Land !
The Night is like a bride ;
With golden lamp in hand,
Through Heaven behold her glide.
The stars are jewels in her hair ;
Her airy mantle, half undrawn,
Reveals her bosom, dimly bare,
Where wake the poet songs of dawn.

Come to the Sunset Land !
The Night is like a bride,
With golden lamp in hand,
And heart, where doves abide.
To tropic heavens, that smile afar,
She hastens with Morning to repair,
And scatters roses from her star,
That breathe her kisses through the air.

SONG OF NIGHT IN THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

When morning wakes the world below,
The poet-rose begins to blow.
If "every aster bears a thought,"
As earthly poet wisely sings,
The roses are from garlands wrought
That deck the brows of Angel-kings.
The citron blooms on Ceylon's isle
Perfume the air for many a mile ;
The fairies of the blossoms keep
Their winged path across the deep ;
Fear not the North wind's sabre keen,
Heed not the storm when ships careen,
But, with their tiny foot-fall brave,
Make music on the ocean wave.
High o'er the mast ærial throngs
Of zephyrs breathe their summer songs :
The idle sailor on the spar
Feels the locked gates of thought ajar ;
A happy mist is in his eyes ;
His soul, like some stray pinnace, flies,
Thronged with dim hopes and shadowy fears,
Back to the heaven of former years,
'Mid alternating shade and light,
And half in sorrow, half delight :
The ashes live in memory's urn :
The spring-time days of love return !

Spice breath of Music's Sunset Land,—
Songs of the soul's bright Indian strand,—
Ye too are borne, by winds that blow
From your sweet bower to man below.
Rocked on life's dim, bewildering sea,
Between the past and the to be,
Where things most frail the firmest seem,
And real truth is called a dream ;

Where storms pursue the reeling bark,
And day is vague, and night is dark ;
Where dim forgetfulness o'erpowers
The instinct of diviner powers,
Ye come, and, through the flying foam,
Ye whisper of the Angel's Home.

Ye fairy thoughts that tread the wave
Of being ; power ye have to save :
Ye loose the magic sails of thought.
" Oh Soul," ye cry, " swift argonaut,
O'er flying foam pursue the day
Across the narrow gulf of dreams.
Wait not, decrepit, old and gray,
To venture o'er death's wintry streams ;
Unloose thy pinnace, for its flight,
By Faith's unerring magnet steer,
Then Heaven shall clasp thee in delight,
And Angels whisper, ' Welcome here.'
This is the meaning and the end
Concealed within this Spirit verse ;
O, man ! thy better soul befriend,
And win the Angel Universe."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BE FAITHFUL.

Be faithful to the end, if thou wouldst shine
Amid the Saints in raiment all divine ;
Pause not in all thy pure and bright career ;
Trust all to God, and never own a fear.

Remember every day but sows the seeds
Of the great future, be they flowers or weeds ;
And, from the atoms of the moments, rise
The house thou shalt inhabit in the skies.

GLIMPSSES OF THE NEW AGE.—NO. 2.

BY MARGARET LEFFINGWELL.

THE LION AND THE DOVE.

(Continued from page 100.)

During these years, a speculative philosophy was rapidly usurping the place of religion at the White Church. Its congregation—clinging to ancient dogma of a divided God—without spiritual unity, and devoid of the only true interior bonds, Truth and Charity, was slowly dwindling. A sphere of icy coldness and desolation pervaded the place, in spite of its elegant adornings. Where no Love is, death ensues. What wonder, then, that the Preacher of lifeless words, at the close of an elaborate discourse, should recline in such exhaustion upon his pulpit sofa as never more to arise! Such was the fact; and leaving the dead to bury their dead, we will seek the living who are most interested in this event.

It was the anniversary of Miriam's birth—the eighteenth. At sixteen, she had been sent to the Maple Hill Seminary for three years. Striving not so much for honors and preferments, as to be well grounded in those sciences here taught, and being interiorly and consciously directed to those things most needful in her life-discipline, her onward course was rapid; all her mental energies fully exercised. Lingered not upon the Past with vain regrets, nor endeavoring to grasp the Future by undue anxiety, her life in the present was made simple and beautiful by her unwavering trust in God, and love to others.

Had she then forgotten her early friend? We have said that the Lord cast a veil over this tender memory that the needful separation might not be too painful. Never, during the preceding four years, had it been lifted till this closing night of her minority. Standing during sweet slumber, upon a flight of stairs, she was affectionately attracted by a most familiar voice; involuntarily looking back, this friend was endeavoring to reach her side;

without premeditation, she extended her right hand to him, and they ascended together.

Her waking was most peaceful. Conscious that during sleep there had been some joyous consociation which she was unable to recall, she returned thanks for it in the morning prayer, yielding herself to this unknown, internal joy. Many and beautiful were the congratulations and gifts bestowed by loving schoolmates on this morn of Freedom ; and one dear, thoughtful girl drew her aside, saying, as she slipped a ring over her finger, "What *can* have happened to you in the night, my dear ? I could not have believed it possible for any one to have grown so handsome in so brief a time. Shall I frighten you, if I say that you look as though you had been visited by an Angel ?"

"Angels !—they always come when there is need," was the quiet response. "Do they not visit you, Ellen ?"

"Hush—we may be overheard. They come sometimes, and then I seem to live two lives—one with them, and one here ; but *then* I am not fully conscious of what I am doing and saying, only I find afterwards that all has gone right. But I have never dared to speak of this before."

"Trust in the Lord ; they are His ministers ; He won't permit us to be harmed," was the whispered reply.

But private conversation in the breakfast-room of a boarding-school was an impossibility, especially with the heroine of the day ; and these two friends parted with a fresh internal link, and mutual promises of future communion. A holiday was asked and granted ; and the record at its close was, that it had been as bright and cloudless as the life of the gentle one whose birth they celebrated.

But the unseen germs of passing events are meanwhile being clothed with tangible form. Robed in spotless white, she still lingers over the page, that from very childhood she has loved ; still seems reaching after some promise, some support which she cannot grasp. Suddenly, as the day's joys departed, a shadow fell upon her spirit. Healthy and pure, and unused to gloomy fancies, she wrestled sternly with this ; but it struck more and more deeply, till she was vanquished—overcome by a premonitory dread. Claspng her Bible to her throbbing bosom, and com-

mitting herself anew to the Lord, she resolved to try the power of sleep over this nameless terror.

From her first light slumber, she was aroused by low mingled voices at the door, one of which at length said distinctly,

"Let me go in alone—I will tell her;" and it prevailed.

Sitting now upright in bed—the unclouded moonlight silvering the room with a white radiance—calm, trustful, breathing softly as in repose, Miriam extended her hand, asking,

"What is it, Ellen?"

"Then the Angels *did* truly come to you last night?" observed Ellen, unheeding the inquiry.

"I do not remember; but I think so, because of the happiness they gave."

"Do you know, my dear, that our dear Lord often speaks in kindest love through the darkest cloud?"

"What is it, Ellen? tell me."

"And," continued Ellen, tenderly, "that He sometimes commissions His Angels to bring tidings of a great joy, that on its golden wings a heavy grief may be borne away from us?"

"Of what are you speaking, dear Ellen?" again inquired Miriam, noticing the unwonted quietness of her friend, and remembering the conversation of the morning.

"Of your last night's joy, my love," she continued in the same monotonous strain. "Years ago, when you were a child, the Lord ministered through you to a human spirit very dear to Him, because it was capable of doing and enduring so much. As a Dove, you rested upon the Lion's heart. You were Heaven's unconscious messenger, bending before the proud will, and stealing in with silent notes of forgiveness and love, when the storm of human passion had subsided. But there came a time when the discipline of affection must be replaced by a sterner kind; then were you separated. Years of the severest suffering, mingled with the rests and delights of those who are being purified, have marked God's dealings with him. Now, leaning tenderly upon His bosom—becoming as a child under His guidance, love's ministrations are again required—the Lion hath need of the Dove; the Lord will once more, in due time, accomplish through you the work upon which Angels have desired to labor."

"This is your approaching joy, my dear ; to have assisted a human soul upward ; and through him to have led many. Let this sink deeply into your heart, Miriam ; let it shut out present sorrow ; to have extended the hand that guides another heavenward ! can a greater blessing be conferred ?"

There was a little pause ; and Ellen's arm stole about the listening girl, as with a kiss she continued,

"I know not, but I think some comforting words have been spoken through me ; perhaps they will help you to bear what I begged leave to tell you ; that a messenger has been hurriedly sent from your home."

"Ellen," interrupted the dear child, "my father is dead. Poor mamma !—it will nearly kill her. When can I go, Ellen ?"

"At seven. There, lie quietly on your pillow, and call up all your dearest thoughts and consolations for *her*, while I pack your trunk."

And so, for hours, one little white figure silently reposed in the arms of unseen Angels, ministered to by them through memories of the Past, and golden gleams of the Future, while the cup of the Present was beguiled, through filial love, of half its bitterness. And when all the preparations had been made, the little Bible was drawn from beneath the pillow, protection implored for the journey ; then, so serene was the pervading sphere—they slept till the morning.

Thus infilled with tenderest love are the Divine Providences.

The first month after Mr. Chester's decease was passed in the usual way ; friends were numerous, and external consolations were freely offered. Everything has a termination ; and, at last, there were lonely evenings and gloomy forebodings in the widowed heart. Perhaps it was not strange. An orphan almost from her birth, passing from one strange home to another, and at last found by her husband in that most desolate of all places—a private governess—she had suffered her heart to wholly entwine itself about one in whom there was little responsive affection. So earth-bound had been his spirit, that when the external tie between them was suddenly broken, he still chained her to the visible forms of sorrow, rather than assisted her to mount upward where the eye of Faith can penetrate the better land.

She was weeping as twilight melted away in night.

"Trust in the Lord, dear mother," said a sweet voice, cheerfully.

"Yes, I do ; that is, I try ; but the debt we were speaking of, is so heavy, there is no income for us, and you must lose your last year at school."

"Never mind me, mother dear. I am so strong and healthy, it's a pity if I cannot earn enough for us both. The debt is an incumbrance, but we will not despair. God will aid us," and, in a low, warbling voice, reminding one of her early childhood, she glided into the beautiful chant,

"Jehovah is my Shepherd,
I shall not therefore want."

"*God will aid us*," repeated Mrs. Chester, as the strain ceased. "It is easy to say *that*, my dear ; but do you thoroughly *believe* it?—about this debt of five hundred dollars, for instance. Do you sincerely think He will open some way, or provide some means to pay it?"

"It is a just debt, mother. He commands us to '*deal justly*.' Would such be the injunction, if He gave no power to obey? Besides, I have earnestly asked Him for direction and assistance ; and the prayer of Faith is *always* answered. A little patience, darling mother."

In the moment's silence following this brief conversation, there was a sharp, decisive ring of the door-bell, and in due time was ushered in a most agreeable looking woman, bearing her own well stuffed satchel.

"I am Miriam Chester," was the self-announcement, in a pleasant voice.

The mother grew a shade paler, as if irresolute about receiving this voluntary visitor ; the daughter had never before seen or heard of her.

"I come with peace offerings," she continued, bestowing a delicate kiss upon the cheek of each lady, and unceremoniously disrobing herself of extra garments. "Very true, my poor brother and I sadly differed about opinions, when we were younger, and he forbade me entering his house, with other things ; but now he's

where he can see that I long ago buried the hatchet, and he'll have to do the same before he ascends to dwell with the blessed." Forgiven as we forgive, you know. But these are by-gones, and never to be mentioned again. Have you taken tea, my dear?"

Miriam apologized. "I am housekeeper now, Aunt; our recent sorrows made us forgetful."

"Just as I supposed—poor things—weeping and starving," soliloquized the lady, handing in two immense covered baskets from the street door. "I came prepared, for I believe in appetites."

In half an hour there was upon the table a variety, amount, and substantiality of provisions sufficient for a small garrison, with preserves and fruit. There was also restored harmony, a fresh influx of love, and a renewed confidence in an overruling Providence. Miss Chester was a woman who overcame obstacles by affection and singleness of purpose.

While the tea-kettle kept them waiting, and while the true-hearted sister comforted the mourner in tones of cheerful sympathy, opening upwards a vista for tearful eyes, Miriam—moved by a strong interior impulse to share their new happiness with the lonely occupant of the neighboring Parsonage—ran quickly across the gardens, and entered the house unceremoniously. Her hand was upon the knob of the sitting-room door, ere, in the second sober thought, she remembered that she was no longer a child; that years, changes, and even Death, had wrought mysterious results since she came and went with unshackled freedom.

Crimson blushes glowed from brow to finger tips, and the pure heart beat rapidly. But she would not recede; he should not lose the chance of so magnificent a supper and social evening for her timidity. The bolt yielded to her unconscious pressure; and she stood at once in the presence of the friend with whom, for more than four years, she had only exchanged distant and formal greetings.

"Miriam! this is indeed kind of you," exclaimed Mr. Lyon, pausing in his lonely walk, and extending both hands.

"We are waiting for you, sir; get your hat and come," she replied, contenting herself with the clasp of one.

Who was waiting, or why he was expected, he comprehended

not till Miriam opened her own parlor door, with its lights and open fire, its grand array of eatables, its happy voices ; when, what was *her* surprise, to see the intended introduction forestalled by a most hearty greeting between Mr. Lyon and her Aunt, as of old, and cordial friends.

Supper passed cheerily amid the explanation of little mysteries, during which it transpired that Miss Chester was a noble, large-souled woman of the New Age, unbecclouded by prejudice, untrammelled by timid fears, assisted, but not bound by human authorities ; that since her providential meeting with Mr. Lyon in the cars, he had spent many days at her house, had freely discoursed with her and friends there assembled, of the coming time, and things not wholly pertaining to this life ; was greatly indebted to her clear vision and broad charity, for his rapid progress and serene happiness of the present ; "which was the more remarkable," he added, "because most of those who professed to stand upon the same platform with her, shunned him as a man, and still more as a preacher, in consequence of the singular experiences through which the Lord had been pleased to fully reveal Himself to him. It is a marvel to me," he continued, "how they can expect the conversion and purification of this terribly debased and loathsome world, expecting—as they appear to do—that each new" receiver of the Heavenly Doctrines "shall bring a past life of unsullied purity, and a certain rare amount of Faith into the Church ; otherwise, he is held at arm's length ; and falsities from which the Lord has released him, with evils which he has repented of, and put away in deepest humiliation of spirit, are continually thrust in his pathway. Is it not the most dangerously sick, whose greatest need is for the physician ? The masses of starving, maimed, blind, deaf, and possessed—will *they* dare venture into these Temples where intellects are so highly cultivated, and the sphere of Wisdom is commingled with a dainty delicateness, that ignores all acquaintance with actual sin ? I *know* whereof I speak. While passing through the cruel, though needful tortures of vastation, I walked ten miles each Sabbath, to sit in a lonely corner of one of these sanctuaries, hoping through the intellect to nourish and comfort the heart. It is sheer nonsense, my friend ; a gross perversion. The Will must first stretch out its arms to God, be-

fore the Understanding can be taught Truths concerning Him. When we go down upon our knees to receive God's love and dealings with us in weeping humility, then will the mind drink in instruction, as does the thirsty ground the summer showers. There *must* come another degree of the Lord's Church that *dares* to preach His Gospel, and is so open to the inflowings of His Love and the power therefrom, that—specially directed and protected—it shall walk in calm trustfulness, unharmed and uncontaminated, even through those dens of iniquity where are ultimated the passions of the infernals. *Go ye into ALL the world*, was Christ's commission; who obeys it? Let but one organism be *truly* mediatorialized by God; let a stream of living, active Love, outflow from Him through this prepared soul and body, and a work will commence, before which the mere indoctrinators of the past century will bow in astonishment. Yet have they done well *their* work. Broad and firm is the foundation upon which the ladders of the Future will be planted, and many are the Angels waiting to descend whenever the individual church is ready for their reception."

"I am well aware," replied Miss Chester, "that in the New Church great pride of opinion and rigid exclusiveness prevail; and that a majority are sinfully fearful and unbelieving in regard to the ultimation of their doctrines; it is quite true that they do *not dare to live them out*. But the Church is coming up out of the wilderness; the aged and confirmed are passing onward; the heavy barriers that have loomed so darkly between it and the world are falling; the icebergs of prejudice which have enveloped it in an apparent sphere of glittering frost will melt before the great fire of Love that—enkindling from the Heavens—even now glows warmly in many a human soul. As there has been an age of Truth, so must there be one of Charity; as there was long ago given a spiritual sense of the Word on which rests the spiritual degree of the New Church, so will there be imparted in due time a celestial sense, through which will outflow the celestial degree of the Church. As well might the lungs ignore the heart and assume the entire burden of the human machinery, as for my brethren to close their eyes upon this fact. Blessed indeed will those be who shall have been prepared by the Lord, in soul and body, for this

higher influx! For one, I pray that I may not only have the sword of Truth, but may be clothed with Charity, and that in the perfect marriage of the two, I may be led into the utmost fullness of life which I am capable of receiving."

In the pleasant clearing away bustle after supper, it became quite evident that no brooding sadness could long live in Miss Chester's genial presence. She "loved to work, she said, and she did not come to sit by and be made a visitor of; being one of the family, she was resolved to be reckoned as such even at this late day;" and her strong hands did the bidding of her stronger will as readily as in her own home.

"Maud," said Mrs. Chester —"

"Maud!" echoed the Aunt quickly. "Pray let that name slide into oblivion as a part of the old difference. Do you know, my dear, that you were christened Miriam, with the promise of my patronage and an odd shilling some day if I could spare it; but that your dear father's indignation at my religious opinions ran so high that he changed the name and declined the gift?"

The young lady, suddenly pausing in the act of washing the tea cups, instead of replying, looked most earnestly in Mr. Lyon's face. It was bent towards her, as animated with surprise and a conscious revelation as her own.

"Ah, do you remember?" he asked rapidly, looking down into blue eyes that, as a child's, had ever responded to his with holy truth, and the glance added, "nothing less than perfect truthfulness will answer now."

Those sunny Spring days—the rock by the garden gate—the flower terrace growing beneath strong and skillful hands—the first talk—the new name—the *unbroken promise*—the ministrations of mutual love for years subsequent!

"I remember," was the frank reply, as the veil was withdrawn, and the rose-tinted reminiscence sent a flush of joy to her fair face.

Then, as with a lightning's flash, came a second memory—of words mysteriously spoken in the stillness of that solemn night,—of a soul's need,—of a great coming joy. It was interrupted with,

"Miriam, was the promise for a life-time?"

It was a solemn question, involving so much; the answer pure and prompt.

"It was ; the Lord impelled me to make it—it is His will that I should keep it."

There was a silent joy in two hearts, such as those only know who yield themselves to do God's Will at whatever risk ; in her case, it may yet cost more than she at present dreams.

"Mr. Lyon has always called her Miriam ; it was a mystery how he came to, but I never objected," quietly observed Mrs. Chester, taking out her knitting, while her sister's keen eye marked the brief scene, and her memory laid it by for future comments.

The succeeding morning was devoted to the examination of pecuniary matters. Miss Chester made short work of it.

"Miriam," said she, with customary directness, "I am not rich. The Lord has given me a home, from which, with energy, skill, and prudence, I reap a sufficient income. There your mother must go with me. But *you* are quite another affair. There is another year at school which you ought to complete ; and there is a debt of five hundred dollars, due from your departed father to Mr. Usher, for books. That sum is the extent of all I can spare with close economy ; which shall it cover, my dear, your school expenses, or redeem the note ?"

"Oh, the note, by all means," was her immediate decision.

"Very right ; but what will you do ?"

A ring at the street door prevented a reply. It was quite providential that Mr. Usher should have called at this moment ; of course he came for money—sharp, worldly man as he was—and the well filled purse was lying snugly in her pocket. Glad was she for him, for the memory of the deceased—that no stain might rest upon it ; above all, for her sister's sake—to unburden her. Miriam was to her an after thought. But the unseen Hand of Providence is outstretched, and all these plans disappear.

"Mrs. Chester," said the gentleman, after the expression of appropriate sympathies, "perhaps you were not aware of the existence of a note."

"O, yes, sir," she hastened to assure him, "the money is quite ready."

"Pardon me," he responded with a grave but gracious smile ; "Mr. Chester was our revered Pastor ; my respect and admira-

tion for him while living, were unlimited. I desire to give my feelings expression by an act of simple justice, or—kindness, if you choose so to name it, to his family. You will observe, ladies, that this note is his own chirography. I cancel it thus," throwing it into the open grate.

Surprise, thanks ; protestations of delight on his part ; tears of gratitude ; a hope of their continued happiness ; an especial greeting to Miriam ; departure.

From out of this confusion of words and deeds uprose a cloud—a very, very little one, but sufficient for Miriam's tender spirit, to feel it's weight. Strange that from so generous an act, should be born a discipline to mark all the coming years. She did not yet comprehend this.

"Pack your trunk at once, Miriam," exclaimed her aunt ; "it is quite plain that you will be at school another year. Send your bills to me."

Miss Chester's "home," of which she was so gratefully proud, was a grand old democratic mansion, clean, roomy, airy, and comfortable from attic to cellar. There were noble elms, maple, locust, and chestnut trees—front and side yards, with thickly bedded grass kept short for the neighboring children to tumble on, flower and vegetable gardens, almost limitless strawberry beds, and orchards flanked by magnificent woods, beyond which flowed the Merrimac.

Her brother having chosen a collegiate and theological course, to Miriam's lot had fallen the care of the aged and the homestead.

Affectionately and faithfully performing her appointed work, accepting Truth wherever she found it, and inweaving it into her life through manifold deeds of Charity, she had grown strong and beautiful in God's sight, His Love shining through every lineament of his countenance. She was a living, radiant sunbeam, pure in heart and life, and quite ready each moment to forget herself for others.

In this home, where duties and charities abounded, and through which shone the steady light from the Sacred Word, the widowed heart grew serene and hopeful, and her intellect expanded into life-like proportions. One of God's meekest children, she needed but to have the true path pointed out, and her feet turned readily

thitherward. Years that had fallen frostily upon her in the chilled atmosphere of the Parsonage, seemed now rolling back from her brow ; faint tints of the rose warmed her fair cheek, and eyes so clear and bright, with smiles so rare and sweet, gleamed from beneath the sable bonnet, that strangers often paused for a second glance.

Here also, at the close of her school term, was Miriam ; practicing the lessons in gardening which Mr. Lyon gave her years ago. Labor, apparently too heavy for her small hands, was performed with ease through the skill then acquired. With each plant, there was also linked some word of instruction, a tender song, a pleasant story, or some sweet, silent memory, not the less dear, because it had never found a clothing of words.

To-night, however, she had been interrupted, had talked and listened more than she had worked, and looked flushed and weary as she deposited her implements, and removed her garden gloves.

"Mr. Usher has been with you," remarked Miss Chester, giving her a fan and a glass of lemonade. "I thought he would come in for the evening."

"I believe that was his first intention," Miriam replied, "but after our conversation, he declined doing so."

"If," continued the elder lady, "his brief visit related to a subject on which your mother and myself granted him a private interview this morning, I trust that your answer has been dictated solely by the Lord. For my own part, I plainly refused to influence or advise you in the matter, on the ground that marriage is a most sacred event, the conditions of which ought only to be discussed between one's own spirit and Him who alone knows it's needs ; in fact that I would not dare meddle with it. He urged the pleasure you must feel in returning to occupy so elevated a social position as he could offer you at Wallford ; the advantages of a winter residence in the city ; the rare indulgences his wealth would enable him to give a wife ; his custom of summer traveling, and, lastly, his love. Though I washed my hands of the whole affair in his presence, I must say to you, my dear, that these *are* considerations, and that prudence requires us to examine both sides of the case. What say you, mamma?"

Mrs. Chester was sitting on the piazza, just outside the open window, rocking and knitting, and now paused to reply.

"This is a very serious question. I have always liked Mr. Usher very much, especially since——"

"Don't hesitate, dear mother; you refer to his kindness about the note, involving me in so much obligation to him. I confess that this made my duty very painful, and for a little moment I was strongly tempted to cancel the obligation with the acceptance of his offer. But as I silently listened to his persuasions, they seemed to recede from me; and as my soul became passive and loving towards the Lord, there proceeded from the internals of this man who is apparently so good and noble, an exceedingly impure and repulsive sphere."

"You distress me, Miriam," interrupted her mother. "I have never perceived it."

"Nor I, mamma, till it was needful. I think the Lord permitted me to do so for an especial use. In fact, his self-love became so overpowering, that I felt like suffocating, even in the open air; from that instant, the most remote thought of marriage with him became painful—loathsome."

"Will you follow in my footsteps, Miriam, and bear the reproachful title of old maid?" demanded her Aunt smilingly.

"You *could* have married, Auntie?"

"Possibly."

"You believed yourself doing right in the contrary course, however?"

"Yes."

"You are happy and useful?"

"Very. But a true marriage involves happiness and usefulness of a higher degree."

"I fully believe that," was the maiden's reply, after a few moments' quiet communion with her own thoughts; "and I desire that my purposes should wear no disguises. From infancy, the path towards one point of destiny—the preparation for one field of labor, has been so marked, that I could not err. *He who is waiting for me*, is noble and good, because, having endured the most terrible scourgings and purifications, he now lives wholly obedient to the Lord's Will. Though poor and despised, I love him so entirely, that I am not only willing, but *choose* to suffer reproach and affliction with him, and the dear ones of his flock, rather than accept any luxuries the world can offer."

"Why has this engagement been a secret from me, Miriam?" asked her mother in tones of mild reproach.

"You mistake, dear mamma," she hastened to explain; "there is no engagement—at least no external one. Since I bade our friend farewell in your presence, on the morning of my departure to school, I have neither seen, or exchanged any letters with him; but I know all the same that he is waiting and preparing for me, and that he will do so till the Lord, in His Divine Providence, gives me to him. It was only for your sake, dearest mother—to save you from being wounded by reproaches which your child must inevitably bear, that I was tempted to think of another, even for a moment. But God will help you—do not weep. We have learned that we are living in the birth hour of the New Age, when every soul that dares brave the darkness and coldness of the night's gloomiest hour, to catch from the hill-tops Morning's first breaking, must arm itself with courageous, self-forgetting Love, and a Faith that can sound the depths of that sacred declaration—With God, all things are possible. Please not speak now, mamma—for it would be but vainly arguing with Providence. A thousand times have I pondered well your objections, praying to be guided from above, and as often am I interiorly directed to this one course as distinctly as if a Thus saith the Lord was written before my eyes. Bear with me."

"Hinder her not—hinder her not, sister," said Miss Chester emphatically. "To each, God gives a mission; no two alike. She recognizes hers; and though the path may be rougher, and the burdens heavier than you or I, in our blindness, would have chosen for the tender lamb—not upon my head or heart be the sin of standing in her way."

And with a hearty embrace, she went about her duties preparatory for the morning. But the mother's vision was more earth-bound; and many were her tears and soft pleadings, with her head resting on the dear child's bosom, ere she could see the Lord's Hand, and bow to its guidance. She, too, at last retired; and Miriam—serene, as one on whom God has smiled—sits at her open chamber window, reviewing the day's events, and looking steadily at a new work which, growing out of them, interposes itself between the present and that only home on earth

where the fullness of her love can rest. But she will not think of *this* now. First of all, she must be free from pecuniary obligations—how long or arduous a task this will be, she knows not. Auntie steals in.

"Here is a letter for you, darling. Jemmy loitered, or you would have had it two hours ago," and steals out again without a word or look of prying curiosity. She's a pattern Aunt.

It was the first letter from her friend, but was laden with the familiar sphere of her long ago home. She laughed merrily, blushing a little at the commencement:

"My treasure, my child, my tender lambkin, I gather you in my bosom, and wear you in my heart of hearts, and fill myself with your love, kissing you over and over again in these joyous hours, when the dear Lord permits you to be with me, opening in me a consciousness of your spiritual presence."

Then further on, he writes,

"*The promise of a lifetime.* Your own words, darling, and now I claim their fulfillment—not *because* of your promise, but that I *know* how beautiful you will become when self shall have been laid upon the household altar, with the ever brightening flame of pure affection above it. I am years older than you, and have borne many a wild tempest and rude winter; but rough and unbending oak as I am, I shiver in the broadest sunshine, longing for the delicate vine to wind itself about me, and cover all my boughs with broad, fresh leaves, striking deeply with its thousand tendrils into my inmost life. Miriam, I *know* what you will answer me—I know one gift that our Father hath in store for us; yet I ask in due form—will you be my wife?"

Adding, towards the close,

"My human will desires to go at once, and bring you home; but I am permitted to see that there will be a delay, that you are not yet fully prepared, and so God's Will, not mine, be done! A long, long road is it that we are to travel together, love; may our feet be well shod."

To which Miriam replied in the morning,

"Thy home shall be my home; thy God, my God; whenever He permits, I will be your wife; but another work is first to be performed."

In her resolution of the previous night she wavered not ; but, relating to her friend the history of that obligation, announced her intention of teaching till the debt was paid. Both letters were shown to her friends. Her mother acquiesced, though with a sigh ; her Aunt warmly approved.

"I *could* give her the money," ran the thoughts of the latter, "but that wouldn't buy experience. The Lord has inclined her to do this, and opened a way. He only sees what discipline she is going to need—I won't interfere."

Great patience, great endurance, and long-suffering charity, with quietest and most forbearing humility had Miriam to exercise in her new vocation. "I daily thank God for this experience ; it has taken away some self-conceit—consolidated and polished my interior life. I am beginning to be a woman. Do you think, Auntie, that I even shrank with tears from coming so much in contact with the world?—but now, I never cease to be grateful, that the necessity was laid upon me," were the comments with which she placed in Miss Chester's hands the money that was to be transferred to Mr. Usher.

The New Age is surely dawning upon Wallford. The Chapel and its Parsonage have been repaired and re-furnished in the beauty of simplicity and use. Month by month, during two years, there have been quiet accessions to the little band who are striving to worship the One God "in spirit and in truth," and to live lives of Charity. These are from among the loving, the simple-hearted ; from among those who, coming up out of great tribulations, have learned in soul experience, that "God is the Lord." The prediction uttered but a little time ago is being fulfilled ; a Celestial unfolding of the New Church has commenced. Into tender, waiting hearts—into active, upward-reaching minds, into sorely bruised and bleeding souls, is the Celestial sense of the Word being daily received ; not in the spirit of criticism, but as the morning and evening dews upon the thirsty and trodden earth. Like a pure and fathomless spring in the desert, like a table spread in the wilderness, like the rising of the summer sun after a night of storms, like a heavenly Dove with peace offerings, has this new gift from the Father descended to many, to be read and pondered in lonely hours with tears and devout thanksgivings.

The still cool weather of spring renders the cheerful fires of the Parsonage most grateful; while every room is illumined as night draws on, and a moderate feast is in a mature stage of preparation. Great joy is manifest among the few friends in waiting. There is a heavy depositing of trunks and boxes—the noise of a departing carriage—hearty greetings—kisses—tears of joyous welcome, followed by a general dispersing to unrobe.

In a nice little dressing-room—every fixture of which bears the impress of a loving hand, before a wood fire—warming first one foot, and then the other, stands our dear Miriam. Her dress is of white cashmere, open upon the neck, over which falls her gold-tinted hair in unbound, natural curls. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit beaming from brow and lips, is all sufficient.

It is again her birth anniversary—her twenty-first. Two periods of seven years each have passed since she climbed the rock to explore the face of him upon whose broad bosom her shining head now rests; while against her youthful cheek throbs the strong, manly heart that enfolds her own.

“WIFE—HUSBAND,” are the only words uttered by that fireside; but the *tones* are such as Angels listen to with delight, inhaling therefrom the fragrance of that purified and long chastened love which will adorn the New Age with the living fruits of Peace and Righteousness.

The marriage supper waits. With another kiss, internally thanking the Lord for so rich a blessing, they obey the summons.

There are those—doubly blessed are they—whom the Lord is instructing interiorly in the Angelic Mysteries of Conjugal Love. High and holy—yet touching the simplest minutæ of daily life—will be *their* mission—learned in the depths of humiliation—in the most thorough renunciation of self.

If He so wills, may these dear married ones be among the happy number.

THE ROSARY.

VI.

With roses blooms the humble thorn;
So joy from sacrifice is born.

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

In addition to the letter of Bro. HARRIS, which may be found in another part of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, we clip the following from the British *Spiritual Telegraph* of June 1st. We have no further particulars of his movements :

" Mr. Gilbert's lecture was delivered on the 23d of May, at the Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, and was attended by a large and influential audience of the leading inquirers into the truths of Spiritualism. The lecture was listened to throughout with marked attention, and was illustrated by several enlarged copies of the remarkable spirit-drawings of which the lecturer gave a description, and showed the inner meanings which each contained. The whole lecture was of a deeply religious character, and insisted on the aids which Spiritualism would give to science and art, when the mind should be fully imbued with the inner teachings with which it is surrounded.

" The Rev. T. L. HARRIS, the wonderful spiritual poet and teacher, of New York, was introduced to the audience, and took the chair amidst the enthusiastic greetings of the audience. His presence is a remarkable one, bespeaking the deep spiritual gifts of his soul, and when at the end of the lecture he was called forward and spoke some burning words, the audience was, as it were, electrified by his deep-souled utterance. The strongest wish was expressed that he would not leave London without giving us another opportunity for hearing him more fully, that we too, on this side of the Atlantic, may know the height and depth which have been given to this son of spiritual faith."

AMOLETA'S PEARLS.

III.

The doubtful critic chirps away,
"There is no fay! there is no fay!"
But, were he true to inmost life,
The bosom-sphere of tender wife
Would vocal grow, to glansome ear,
And fairy worlds to sight appear.

ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE DIVINE WORD.

GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

(Continued from page 105.)

22. By "Abraham," in this verse, is signified the Lord. By "Abraham begat Isaac," is signified, that He discreted from Himself a soul-germ, which was to become a visible man in the Heaven which is in the Heavens, that is, in the supreme and inmost Celestial. By a series of involutions, the Lord involved into this soul-germ discreted from Himself,—one from each male and female,—a Fairy Angel from each and every Throne Angel in the universal series. This was in its organic form, the inmost human, fashioned to serve as the beginning of the series of ultimated bodies, which He was in succession to assume, in His descent to be incarnated upon our earth. The fays were all infolded into the complex of the organs, and, existing in states of suspended consciousness, served as a tabernacle, into which Jehovah descended, and through which He manifested Himself, as a Divine Man, to all the Throne Angels in the inmost shekinah of the supreme degree of the Celestial Heavens.

23. By "Isaac begat Jacob," is signified, that the Lord caused to proceed a celestial spirit from the first discreted soul-germ, which He had formed to be the receptacle of Himself in His manifestation. In its derivative organization He infolded one from each Throne Angel, both male and female, a second class of Fay Angels, one from each and every organ of the celestial angelic mind. By this means the second degree of the celestial inmost of the ultimate form was established.

24. By "Jacob begat Judah and his brethren" is signified, that our Lord caused to proceed an ultimate visible person, in and through the soul-germ in its two degrees previously established, and that, in and through the soul-germ, thus discreted from Himself, and finally made visible to the inmost objective celestial degree of

sight, He eliminated from each and every Throne Angel a Fairy Angel, one male and female for each of the myriadal attributes of sensation which pertained to Throne Angels ; that these, absorbed into the ultimate degree of this visible manifestation, became in their complex organs of the third degree of the man-image formed for the tabernacle of Jehovah God, and that He dwelt in that man-form, in its three degrees, as Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

25. In this manner, God, who is a trinity in unity, discreted from Himself a man-form, and organized it by causing to infold into its organs the universal series of the Fay Angels, abstracted from each conjugal pair of Throne Angels, in the inmost shekinah which is in the Heavens ; so that the form itself embodied in its Fay Angels a series of representatives from each and every Throne Angel of all. The form then began to be called the Son of Man, because, from the first-born of all Throne Angels, through their entire series, a human Fay Angel was eliminated, to be wrought into this most holy tabernacle. It began also to be called the Son of God, because the first or inmost celestial consciousness, in and through the Divine Operation upon its organs, yet in all respects subservient to the Divine Spirit, began to be exhibited therein. It was God in humanity ; pivotal to all Throne Angels in a discreted and apparent shape.

(For Throne Angels, see A. of C., 799, 800.)

THIRD ILLUSTRATION.

While engaged in this dictation, I was arrested by the cry, "It is a failure," and, permission being accorded by the Lord, I paused for the purpose of discovering, if possible, what the outcry might mean. I was then aware of the approach of Spirits who personated apostles, and one of them, with a bald head, and with strongly-marked Jewish features, accosted me in this manner, "I am Matthew. Jesus was a Jew, of humble parentage. We mistook in writing concerning Him. Why do you say that He is God in inmosts? What is this that you write about the Heavens and His appearing there as a Divine Man. There is no Divine Man. We have been these eighteen hundred years in Heaven, and declare to you that Jesus was the son of a carpenter, and that the account of his supernatural birth was fictitious."

26. At this moment an arm was put forth, as from an invisible source, and the strength was so great that, exerted upon the ultimates of matter, it must have been irresistible. The spirit saw it and fled. I then recollected the Scripture, Isaiah liii. 1, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" The arm remained after the demons had vanished, and I then perceived that the Lord had put forth His Divine Arm. I then heard a voice say, "Arise," for I had fallen upon a couch, and I was taken, in the spirit, into a wheat-field, and began to pluck handfuls and eat. The grain was ripe. As I began to partake, my celestial degree of illumination was enhanced. I then beheld reapers, whom, being moved in the Spirit, I gleaned after, for a space of a day. At its close I discovered that they were Celestial Angels, and that this field was in the Celestial Heaven. There were four-and-twenty, male and female, reaping in the field. One then drew near to me, more glorious than the rest, and said, "Whom have we here?" I answered, a youth from the planet earth, open for the reception of the Divine Word in its celestial sense, and in the natural sub-degree of that sense. At this he smiled, put forth his hand and touched me on the tip of the tongue, saying, at the same time, "Receive power to sow this wheat." I then knew that it was the Lord.

27. An Angel then approached, holding in his hand a measure, heaped full, and said to me, "A measure of wheat for a penny." A golden coin was then placed in my left hand, and on it, so that it did not touch the flesh, a copper token. Seeing this, the Angel poured out the full measure into a linen scrip, which he placed upon my shoulder, saying, at the same time, "Receive of our abundance. It is the Lord's wheatfield. We are the reapers of it." The copper coin vanished; the gold remained. I took it from the palm of the hand and was about to call upon the Angel to restore it to its owner, but he said, "This will buy food, raiment, shelter, and other needful requirements, five years, in the land to which you are going. It is the token, which the Lord confers, and will be honored at sight, at such points as, in the natural world, He shall appoint you to visit. Is it a little thing that the Lord hath done for thee?" Thus speaking, the Angel receded and joined his associates.

28. After this I was in a wood of olives on my way to the natural earth, and rested beside a running stream of pure, clear water. I gathered dried grapes and fresh grapes from the same branches, and ate, being exhausted, after which my strength revived. Descending, I came to a place called Parnassus in the Greek Heaven, and afterward was restored to the body and to my external use.

29. Here I met the demons, who had personated the twelve apostles, and the speaker on a previous occasion accosted me with, "What have you in the scrip?" To this it was given me to reply, "Seed-wheat to sow the earth with; it will grow in the hearts of men, and ripen to maturity in the divine heat descending from the Lord." At this the sack began to grow more and more heavy, until it seemed that I should sink beneath the burden. "Faugh," cried the demon, "I smell priest-craft," sniffing at the same time as if rejecting a nauseating odor. "Your bag is full of old bones, and they are the relics of Modern Superstition, who was born at Bethlehem of Judea, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and died with the glorious revival of interior wisdom through Modern Spiritualism." At this a gulf began to be apparent, and the fissure widened; the demon and his associates standing and mocking on one side, while I remained on the other.

30. I now heard a Voice, which seemed to proceed through the inmosts of the sack crying, "Canst thou bear more?" Then I answered, "Yes, much more. The sack is light to the spirit. The zeal of service inspires me with strength." I was then commanded to set down the sack, which I did, and, being told to open it, discovered that it was filled to the brim with golden grain. Then the Voice, which had issued from within it, became still more audible, saying, "Sow freely." "Fear not," I replied. "Where-with shall I sow?" The answer came, "Through preaching and through the press. Seest thou aught?"

31. At this, lifting up my eyes, I beheld a glorious flower, resembling a white lily, and growing to the height of a man's head. It stood in an earthen flower-pot. Changing, as to its blossom, from a faint greenish hue it became golden, while around it floated a cloud of atmospheric fragrance. Involuntarily I cried, "What is this?" And the answer came, "The Lyric of the Morning Land. Pluck it and place it between the leaves of the Word." At this,

gathering the flower and laying it in the first chapter of Genesis, I pressed the book closely together and secured it with a clasp. Then said the voice again, "Look once more." I beheld now a red jasmín in full blossom. This, like the former, was of exceeding sweetness, spicy and stimulating. "Pluck this also," was then spoken, "and place it on the ensuing leaf." As I put forth my hand, a serpent rose up and struck at my breast; it was an adder; but, gathering the plant, unheeding the interruption, I secured it within the Word, for I felt assured that no serpent could harm me while I was in the Lord's service and doing His behest. At this, the Voice spoke again, saying, "You have hitherto been prevented from receiving the third and fourth of this series. I give you power now over the demons who have interrupted lyrical expositions of that which is within the Word. Look again." Growing from the same vase I beheld a third flower of consummate beauty, and about the height of the lily, but the blossoms were wholly pure and virginal, and of a brilliant light. This I was instructed to gather and place within the leaves of the Word following the other two. The Voice then spoke saying, "The second blossom is the poem of Odora with its sequel, which is entitled *Melodia's Rose*. You will hereafter, and soon, receive ability to complete all that, through you, under the afflux of the Lyrical Heavens, has been begun, without interfering with the wheat-sowing; still canst thou bear another burden."

32. Something joyous began to warble in my heart, and the response was instantaneous and seemingly involuntary. Dost thou give burdens, Lord, without the ability to bear them? Use me as seemeth good. I am nothing, and in myself can do nothing.

At this, more deep, more profound, a solemn answer thrilled my spirit. "My son, go thou to England, and there I will show thee further what thou must do." Then I bowed my head, and worshiped, and laid my life at the Lord's feet.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAIRY MORNING GLORY.

I sink into a brownish seed,
When first the cowslip decks the mead.
I know my slumber will be brief ;
My prayer becomes a heart-shaped leaf.
 I grow ! I grow !
 The south winds blow ;
I climb to meet the morning glow.

I twine around the simplest thing,
The hawthorn twig, the hempen string ;
I climb about the cottage door,
And wreath the casements of the poor.
 My heart grows red,
 To kindness wed ;
As azure from the sky o'er head.

I climb by night where stars are born,
But keep my glories for the morn,
And bid my wondrous flowers unfold
The splendid sunrise to behold ;
 And, dewy sweet,
 I feel the heat
Of morning through my pulses beat.

Above the cottage roof I twine,
Or on the humble thatch recline ;
Content to give myself away,
And be renewed from day to day.
 Sweet gifts I bring
 For crowned King,
Yet, to the poor, an offering.

Such glory hath humility :
 It sinks away from human eye,
 And hides its form of fairest grace
 Within the lowest earthly place,
 Yet climbs above,
 With wings of love,
 To greet the sky-lark and the dove.

It is content to dwell with those
 Who bear the weight of human woes,
 And shapes its blossoms all the night,
 To make them lovely for the light.
 Its spirals run,
 Till life is done,
 In morning glories to the Sun.

FAIRY BLUSH

- "The fairy doves have built their nest
 Within my heart," a maiden cried.
 "A whisper trembles through my breast
 That I shall be a tender bride.
- "In mind and heart the bugles blow,
 The fairy choralists appear.
 By this, by this, I inly know
 My bosom's mate is drawing near.
- "The snow-drops crimson where I pass ;
 The lilies redden on the stream ;
 The crystal dew-drops, on the grass,
 Are changed to rubies while they gleam.
- "The bridal fairies in mine eyes
 Are waiting now with lamp in hand.
 Grow bright, grow bright, ye azure skies,
 And light the way to Hymen's Land."

THE NEW CHURCH POLICEMAN.

MR. LOVEGOOD'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "NETTLEST TALES."

(Continued from page 123.)

CHAPTER II.

I remember that Frank,—for he was not X.—30, as you may imagine, till the boyish rapture had subsided into the practical earnest of the man,—I remember that Frank came the next day and the next, with a message, or rather an invitation. I found Mr. Hungerford, at our next meeting, restless and troubled. The black night, that had long hung motionless upon his mind, if not removed, was broken up, and the sense-whirling vapors struggled against a breath from the Unseen Land ; but the Breath was mightier.

The old man obtained the book and met me with the query, "You have read this work of the Mystic, visionary Swede?"

"Not I," was the response. "What think you of it?"

"I will tell you. If his Heaven is true, it is prosaic ; but in his Hell I can better believe. Why ? you would ask. I have grasped his central thought. Heaven, as a state, is freedom from the love of self, which emancipates the spirit into the universal province of the skies. The Beautiful, in this story, is the shadow of the Good, as it is the express image and embodiment of the True. Therefore, what has Heaven to do with bad taste ? With queues and garters, with cocked hats and knee-breeches ? But Hell ! There he is intensely real. Whatever there is bizarre and fantastic,—of loathly images for the senses and horrors for the soul,—may well befit the habitation of the fiend, for the mind, injected with one unbounded and eternal passion for the bad, must revel in the creation of distorted shapes, and clothe the false with horrors all its own. His anatomy of Infernus, if we grant the premise, is true to Nature, as the post-mortem dissection of a corpse."

"I perused the book with a determination to grasp his theory. The princely magician,—he lays out eternity as a street surveyor maps his job. You meet at every point the traces of an art that commands admiration at least ; for this man unites the moral with the material, giving to every sentiment a form and substance dependent on quality. Now that I recall the whole, and gather it up to unity, it moves me more than when passing through it in detail. Perhaps I begin to see that his Heaven is, after all, as to its expression, up to what we might imagine of the standard of taste among the students of the Infinite, yet at the threshold of their rudiments."

Here the old painter paused, and then resumed, "But I have an objection which is fatal. He builds on a fatuity ; on God. To me there is no thought so sublime as the deification of Matter ; the mighty one ! it wrestles with itself in tempests, and marches to the music of its own storms ! The Titan, it rolls and dallies among its stars like a wild beast upon the pebbles of the sea-beach : it is omnipotent. What are the flying phantoms of the nations, upon the sides of the great round planet ; itself but a speck of the material universe. Ah, it is grand ! In youth, with what voluptuousness it delights the sense ; in age it says, 'come back atom ! thine has been the dance in the sunlight ; drop to thy kindred in the silence and the shade.' Yet I, I would not quite yet yield myself to this miserable summons. Not that I dread to die ; but life grows to be a habit, and habit is second nature. I do not believe this Swedenborg. Believe ! I might have done so once, but now it is too late."

Something in the dignity and grandeur of the old man's style, even though his thought impressed me as wrong, showed morbid nature ; for our style rises with the quickened sentiment, the aroused enthusiasm, the enkindled love. The mysterious languor, and at the same time disenthralment, which I had experienced on the previous occasion, without my seeking it, put a stop, at this point, to our conversation.

Again, the musical, unearthly voice ! Again the fragrance in the air ; the glory for the vision ! Antoinette St. Cyr presented herself, but this time not alone. The artist trembled inwardly spite of his affected nonchalance when I described the sight. In

the sunny hair, curling in ringlets, the eyes almost divine in lucid clearness ; the youthful grace and majesty of person ; the beauty, not of the Hercules, but of the Apollo, where form is indeed a revelation of qualities within the spirit, one might have discerned a being whose thoughts flowed from the internal fountain ; whose heart kindled at the touch of Incarnate Deity. "I have come," said he, "for it is permitted me to speak to the old man yonder, of his art. I was his Good Genius."

"Genius!" cried the listener. "Good Genius! surely, if well-meaning, he must have been impotent. My art! alas! I was a painter once, or felt within me the inspiration to become one, but my picture! Why did I not paint it?"

"Why?" spoke the radiant Apparition. "Thou couldst not. I prevented it."

"Thou! and thou my good genius? thou prevented it?"

"Listen, Gregory Hungerford. The artist like thyself, must have his subject from airy outline in the imagination. That is the easel, where, in preternatural hues, the Invisible portrays itself. I could not image out the glorious conception which else thine inner eye might have perceived ; thine hand have skillfully embodied. Why? Because the condition of thy inspiration was virtue, and the sort of virtue, love. Thou didst not love ; self-worshiper. I could not transmit the image ; thou couldst not perceive it ; thou wouldst not perceive it. Remember the beseeching, almost articulate voice, that strove in the depths of consciousness. Thou dost remember. I wrestled with thee for years, Gregory. Then, when thou didst resign thyself to the worship of the Material, I turned away. Hadst thou sought to paint from the inspiration of Belief, and the love, not of self, but of Goodness, the halo of Celestial Art had encompassed thee with its life. But, since thou wouldst not love the Good and True thou couldst not prostitute the Beautiful to the service of the fiend. So I wot, it was my mission,—darkness on thine eyes ; and, moving from thy side, the strength to grapple with the difficulties that beset the artist in his painful toil, day by day, grew less and at last was gone. The demon sought to use thee, but, in baffling thee, I baffled him. Remember, thou wouldst have painted the Circe in her charm ; the inspiration was the fiend's, not mine.

"I cannot tell thee how to be in this life what thou mightest once have been. But, Gregory reject me not, when I tell thee that thy Genius, extinguished in the sepulchral chill of atheism, can re-lume its rays for the art-life of a serene eternity. Thou askest, or wouldst ask, 'how?' Become a child again; learn, at the feet of my MASTER and thine, a better creed; replace the grim idol with the Incarnate God.

"Idolatry has been thy sin, old man. Of all superstitions the most ferocious is that which makes a deity of self. Thou hast worshiped thyself; this made thee an atheist. Thy skepticism had its beginning in the heart's winter. Recollect, once more, thy thirst for fame, thy greed for pleasure, thy recognition of no commandment above interest, of no restraint save that imposed by policy or worldly expediency. The bright river of thy youth, wasting itself in the pestilential marshes of a carnal life of self-indulgence, bred the foul and shiny monsters, Doubt and Skepticism. Do I judge thee harshly? Nay! for love directs my vision, prompts my speech; love for thine immortal essence. Rise up, old man! rise up. In all thy soul's domains one solitary tower alone stands unpolluted by the invader; but the rust, the corroding rust, is on the hinges, and the worm, the gnawing worm is eating through the frail panels that are the last weak barrier. Up! up! old man, or thou art lost."

"You have a grand way of putting common places," carelessly answered the man thus addressed. "As if I had not, in thought, been over all this ground; and,—pardon me if I differ from so courteous an Invisible,—only to see its fallacy. All that you have said I have divined before, and the talk in which we have indulged, is that of the airy phantoms who once flitted through my dreams. Ha! ha! tell me how life can be prolonged; for I am old; not how the art I have resigned can revisit my apparition, in the vague Vision World, hereafter."

"I will," was the solemn answer, "I will. Not by magic, for it is unlawful; not by miracles, they are in the hands of God. But listen. You are dying, who ought to live a score of years, spiritually of atheism, physically, corporeally, of drugs. Your body, from childhood saturated with medicines, I should say poisons, is like the horse, who, turned out to pasture, carries the load

of an iron-armed warrior still. I can,—for it is my privilege,—administer, in three drops of water, a substance which no chemist's art shall detect, but which shall touch the very *spirit of the drugs*, and rouse them from a latent to an active condition. Physical effects as of corrosive poisons will follow in the system, but you will rise with the spirit of the drug cast from you. I will not say that this will be the end, rather the beginning of cure. Art willing to trust thyself with the potion, Gregory?"

"I shall live twenty years!—twenty years longer! Oh! friend, friend thou givest back life.—I worship thee."

"But, Gregory,—thou seest me not, hearest me not, save through this youth;—canst thou believe that I *exist*, that I, the Impalpable, can still coerce the mighty poison, the power thrice refined, of thy great Titan Matter, in his sulphur and his antimony, his mercury and arsenic, his opium and night shade?"

"Aye, aye," gasped the eager, excited artist. "Life! twenty years! all this is at stake. I must believe. I must believe."

"Hast thou a Bible, Gregory? thou hast,—to rail at, to quibble with its awful words and vent thy spleen at its mysteries, dark to thee from sense-exceeding light. Bring the Bible, Gregory."

The old man rose, and, from the library shelf, took down a copy of the Scriptures.

"Now, my son," continued this solemn voice, "now, my son, place in this lad's hand, a tea-spoon with three drops of water,—no more, no less."

The artist again complied, muttering, "twenty years he said,—twenty years."

The drops, not more than sufficient to moisten the parched tongue, were administered, and then,—I shall never forget,—*"Farewell,"* said the angel, "farewell. Thou art now my patient; the physician will be faithful to his post. I will visit thee again at midnight; again at mid-day for three days successively. I will not reproach thee for the love of self which makes thee willing to believe in the art of physical restoration; but, ponder well on what I say, on such slight evidence as this thou yieldest thy body to a stranger. Reconsider thy rejection of the Stranger's MASTER. Mine the delegated power to assist the infirm body; His alone the Omnipotence to arrest the destruction of the soul."

FAIRY STRAWBERRY.

Strawberry came a courting me :
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!
Sweet was his voice with a bridal glee :
Bright were his eyes with a nuptial flame.
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!

Strawberry came a courting me :
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!
Out of the depths of the Fairy sea,
Clothed in a mantle of rainbow flame.
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!

Strawberry came a courting me :
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!
Into my heart with a bridal glee
Nestled his words with their wings of flame.
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!

Strawberry came a courting me :
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!
Happy am I, as a bride can be,
Crowned with a circle of rainbow flame.
Strawberry came! Strawberry came!

THE ROSARY.

VII.

With sweet content the morning hies
To touch with light the sleeping eyes :
So faithful Duty still must run,
And keep the circuit of the sun.

THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT.
THE FATHERHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD OF GOD.

DISCOURSE I.

And God said let us make man.—GENESIS i. 26.

For we are His workmanship; created, in Christ Jesus, unto good works.—EPHESIANS ii. 10.

It is a profound remark of the most illumined of all human thinkers, that neither love nor wisdom are creative separately: they must be married, and the universe is the result of their nuptial union. God is one as a personality, but in His Divine Person exists three degrees of infinitude; His love and wisdom and proceeding, called respectively the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Our God is infinitely social in Himself, and the Divine Love and Wisdom exist in an infinite conjugal oneness. The ravishing harmonies of the outward universe are but a feeble reflex of the exquisite, ineffable conjugal delight in which God lives within Himself. As it requires to constitute the perfect man, who is made in the image of God, the masculine principle and its feminine counterpart, knit together in that thorough oneness which constitutes the blessed nuptial relation, and thoroughly interblended as to the essences of their life, and loving, and willing, and delighting, not as separate entities, but as one consciousness commencing within itself—so God, who thus has fashioned man in His own image and likeness, in Himself exists.

That which constituted the infinite charm in the revealed character of our Lord Jesus, proving Him indeed to be very God, was the perfection and union of the masculine and feminine nature in absolute unity. Veiled by loveliest lines and outlines of a natural human form; within that form the Infinite Wisdom nestled in the embraces of its Everlasting Love. Our Creator, our Recreator, by every charm of infinite paternity, by every persuasion and tenderness of infinite maternity, by sovereign goodness and its corresponding truth, and through their Divine descent, influence, and operation, visited and redeemed His people.

The masculine element in the God-head, has hitherto been chiefly presented in the Church, to the exclusion of the feminine. I

cannot worship a God with all my being, unless all that is in me of manhood bows before the majestic countenance of its Paternal Source, while, at the same time, all that is feminine, pronounces the adorable name of its Divine Maternal Spirit. All the elements of an infinite womanhood existed in the Lord Jesus, in order to constitute Him, in conjunction with His infinite masculine, the Divine Man, the God, the Saviour.

Until this conception is fixed in the mind we render to our Lord but a cold, half-perfect homage. How beautiful it is to think that in Him exist the absolute qualities, which, mirrored and repeated in His finite creatures, draw us to the Father's pillow, or soothe us upon the mother's breast! And when we kneel at night and say, "Our Father," the petition arises with a more infantile, a more angelic unction, as we remember, that in Him the infinite fatherhood and motherhood are infinitely blended, in the perfection of an original and all-creative life.

You will indulge me in dwelling a little longer on this view. No home is perfect without father and mother: both are there: we recognize in them one will, one understanding, one action. But Heaven is the home, where Divine Fatherhood and Motherhood are both visible to the filial circle, combined in the love and wisdom of the beautiful, the ever-young, the ever-perfect Ruler of the Skies. If we would form a clear conception of the character of Him who made and redeems us, we can only attain to it, by picturing to ourselves all masculine, all feminine glories, graces, and perfections, by freeing them from finite limitations, and by fusing them in one majestic personality.

A dim gleam of the truth, that the feminine sphere of the Divine attributes, no less than the masculine, should be known, loved, embraced and worshiped, enters into the theology of the disciples of Ann Lee. The mistake of that singular and remarkable woman, —doubtless a fantasy infused by Spirits,—was to suppose, that while God's manhood came down to earth in Christ, His womanhood was incarnate in her yet. I would do the honest Shaker justice: He does perceive that the bounteous maternal element, requires representation in a complete theology. We may hope, too, for the day, when this well-meaning people will ripen into a genial religion, crowning peace, and industry, by culture and the liberated

heart, in the acceptance of the all-embracing Love and Wisdom of Deity, in Him who was all woman, all man, all beauty, all majesty, all goodness, and all truth—our Saviour.

Man, formed in the image of God, is never fully made till he attains to an orderly and chaste conjugal relation. Prior to this period, he may indeed be far advanced in regeneration, but still remains, as a spirit, in a condition of comparative inertia. Our Divine Parent, who created us, two in one, as little germs of soul, and then set us apart into male and female, will unite all the good, here or hereafter, as He sees best, each with his or her own; blending them together, in regeneration's fullness, so perfectly that they shall melt and mingle in the transfusion of every element, sympathy and thought.

And now, in this glad vernal season, when Earth herself puts on her fairest garments, as a bride adorned for her husband; when the year's glad bridals, prophecy a rich increase to crown us for the Summer festival; when Spring, that once exulted to behold her face reflected in the rivers of Eden, hopeful, buoyant, prophetic, still wreathes for us in the garlands, born in long succession from the earliest flowers that our first parents wore; now let us ask our dear Lord to make us wholly His, by marrying our spirits anew to His own manhood and womanhood, to every grace that belongs to womanly purity, to every glory that distinguishes the masculine affection; in fine to approach us by a visitation, not alone by the light that illumines, or the heat that kindles, but by the married truth and love, that shall plentifully recreate us in the full possession of all the virtues of our kind.

Human character is ripened and made perfect, in either sex, as the one, without losing itself and its own peculiarities, takes to itself the joy, the worth, the delicacy, of the other. Woman becomes perpetually more a woman, as she absorbs and appropriates, in her pure, sweet feminine essence, those distinguishing endowments of will and understanding which are, from God, the primal birthright of regenerate man. The youth whom a mother has reared, whom lovely sisters have surrounded, whom a choice circle of feminine friends and acquaintances has, from early life, esteemed and welcomed, absorbs, if in Divine Order, the delicate neatness, the tact, the courtesy, the touching

sensitiveness to the affections, the thousand nameless charms, that linger on the motherly side of human nature. Does he cease to be himself? nay, rather, he clothes himself with this abundant sphere, and the young and ardent planet of his immortal life sweeps out into the horizon, a morning star encircled as by an orb of rainbows.

The absorption of the feminine element into the masculine mind, quickens the intellect into a creative state. Original minds, whatever Muse they serve, reveal, at every miraculous unfolding of the genius, that the woman's influence has saturated the nature. It is to those minds who have drunk in the deepest and the sweetest of all womanly attributes, that God vouchsafes His most abundant revelations. I speak not now of that which is disorderly, which blasts and curses, not of the inversions of the harmonies, but of the harmony itself. No man can be a truly original and eminent painter, sculptor, poet, or musician, a percipient of the intense interior splendors of Nature or the Word,—none can truly flower out into a grand artistic perfection, till nursed from Wisdom's mother side.

Again, in the sphere of the more executive faculties, the mighty men, whose steps reëcho through the ages, betray at every point in their career, their indebtedness to the great orb of womanhood. It is through the mother, that we inherit that peculiar quickness and subtlety of the understanding, which enables the statesman to govern the peoples;

To make the pen a keener, mightier sword;
Pierce with a sentence, to conquer with a word.

No man can write a great book until he feels that he is half a woman. Calvin represents the arid masculine intellect, bony, skeleton-like, because deficient of the feminine quality. The reason why the theology of the middle ages,—why almost all theology out of the New Church is harsh and angular, dry and pedantic, narrow and morose, is, that divines have all been educated, as far as possible, from woman's humanizing influence. Treatises on theology remind one commonly of the streamlet frozen to solid ice, reflecting a wintry gleam to the leaden Heavens. In reality, books of religious doctrine should

resemble the streamlet loosed from wintry torpor, and set free to play at will with all the darlings of the Spring, to dance in airy grace upon the hill-side, to linger lovingly along the green places of the meadows to be in all the beauty, the most living, cheerful thing. Ah! were it possible to call down the grave old folios, and marry each to joy and poetry, to youth, love, and beauty, as will yet be done when Theology is rewritten in the New Church! Of all books, those which treat of the great faith of Christ will be the most readable and interesting.

There is something about the stoutest boy-baby, crowing in his nurse's arms, cuddling on his mother's breast, which seems replete with *infantile* womanhood; there are the features of the boy, but also the ineffable freshness and delicacy of the girl. And, when we gaze upon the best of old men, the same mystery is repeated. In growing truly manly, they have become truly womanly. The radiance of the countenance is of sunlight and morn-light fused in one. The truth is so circumfused with goodness, the goodness so animated by truth, that they are henceforth and forever inseparable. And this makes up the charm and perfection of the Angel: the manhood and the womanhood, a thousand times multiplied, and freed from all impurities, and interknit in all God's blended harmonies, make each a mirror of the twofold oneness of our God.

Again,—and now to the other side—all experiments upon the part of woman to maintain an Amazonian life and sparkle into human brilliancy, without the incorporation, in Divine order, of the masculine mind and heart into her own, must fail. Woman becomes unwomanly in the seclusion of a convent. The single body may remain unmarried, from providential circumstances to the close of outward life, yet absorb into mind and heart, into reason and imagination, into every degree whether of her spiritual or celestial nature, the corresponding traits of manhood that complete her feminine attributes. Some of the sweetest and loveliest women I have ever known, have been called in common parlance, "old maids." Unmarried, it is true, in the common acceptance of the term, they had gone on feeding the heart, the intellect, the imagination, with the masculine attributes, of goodness and truth, of beauty and courage, from the Word, from Nature, from history, and the great achievements of human genius in all its

ennobling fields. Repining not, though perhaps indulging in a soft and fond regret, because of the transfer of their home affections to the Eden of a better life, I yet have seen them tender, faithful, devoted, and wifely, in that true sense which bespeaks the spiritual preparation for the orderly and everlasting nuptials. Yet such have perpetually recuperated their interior and immortal youth, by dwelling on the ideal of the Divine Manhood, and making the masculine life of good and of truth in God, their Infinite Bridegroom. Entering into golden charity, the roses but have fled the cheek to blossom in the heart. The Woman Angel sits within the wearing, parting house of clay, and spins and weaves from Life's abundant use the bridal robe, for a prospective and eternal nuptial celebration. So woman fits herself for eternal wifehood, by incorporating into her being, from the Lord, a spirit of the Divine manliness; and when she is married she makes her husband the more a man, by pouring back into his bosom this absorbed sphere of the Divine Manhood of the Lord.

"Two in one! two in one!" 'tis the song of the skies,
Where the dew of the word on the soul-blossom lies.
'Tis the song of the nuptials of Goodness and Truth,
In the infinite blending of Beauty and Youth.

As we advance in our regeneration, we become anxious—I speak now of men—that from every good woman of our acquaintance we reap and gather, by the absorption of her secret influence, some new and peculiar treasure of beauty, of virtue, and of joy. As the woman advances in her regeneration, doubtless, there is no truly Christian man but that suggests to her some new similitude, some matchless but various image, of purity or patience, of fortitude or worth. For human beings, whether male or female, as they advance in regeneration, become distinct; the styles of thought more marked; the specialities of genius more apparent. As we tend up to the stature of the man or woman angel, we proceed and ripen to a more august and boldly separate individuality.

So boundlessly affluent is our God in the variety of His creations, that He inspheres, as it were, a separate delight, a separate inspiration of His own august genius (for God is inspired from within Himself, as man is inspired from above himself) in each created soul. So, as we burst the chrysalis, find the wings, reveal

the possibilities of being, we each put forth the wholly dissimilar features of that especial delight, or ecstasy of God, of which we are the especial outbirth and incarnation. For the seed of the soul-germ of every human being, if I may use the expression, is in some especial creative joy of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. And God has varieties in His joys ; and so there are varieties in human genius ; and degrees in His joys, and so there are degrees in the qualities of His angels. And as each human soul is born from the proliferations of some especial delight of God, so, in our final angelhood, we bloom out into the splendid image of that delight, and revel in its peculiar resources to all eternity. The Lord is not alone infinite in the oneness of His personality, but infinite in the variety of the special joys that tabernacle within His breast. Oh ! take heart, ye weary ones ; look up ; trace retrospectively the soul's bright genesis ; see how the God took new delight within Himself, and, from the infinite peace and smiling plenteousness of that delight, a new soul had form. Take heart, Oh, weary ones ! The struggles of the soul to overcome the evils of the selfhood, are but the pantings of that Young Delight to realize its own immortal qualities, while God breathes in and through each latent, each struggling quality of understanding and of will. Realize, Oh, realize, your Divine genesis ! Be but faithful to the promptings of His Spirit, the teachings of His Word, and, lo ! incorporated into that larger form of universal manhood and womanhood which fills the Heavens, each shall live forever, perpetuating to eternity that joy, in endless multiplications and accessions.

I think—I dare think—that once my God boundlessly rejoiced in the Infinite movement of His harmonies within Himself, in those elements in Him which are symbolized, ah ! too fully in eloquence and poetry, in high philosophy and dauntless courage, in myriads on myriads of splendid attributes, which here we but dimly discern. And then, from that bright confluence of ecstasies within my Creator, this germ of soul, which is my inmost, thrilled, and trembled, and became a living thought. I know it. So God was happy when my soul was born. As my latent, my most interior genius, seeks to unfold, with a child's first efforts, weakly through this evil selfhood, this suffering, this sin, this tene-

ment of clay, it but labors to reveal, in sentences that set themselves to music as they flow, in acts that blow the clarion of the Word's great message as they spring to life, the original, the creative delight of Deity that was inspered in me. And if I love the Lord Jesus Christ, as man never loved woman, as woman never loved man, it is because I recognize in Him the being, in whose infinite joy within Himself, my soul's first essence was conceived.

And why is it, that in all primitive nations, human piety and simplicity evermore cry out, "Abba, Father!" when they contemplate the God? It is because they feel that they came out from Him; that evermore, evermore, they tend to Him again. And, Oh! when my God looks on me, does He not think of the joy that was within Himself, from which I took my origin? And will He not conspire, with all my efforts, however humble, if sincere, to become a worthy mirror and representation of that joy? And if I advance in regeneration, does He not take delight in seeing me unfold the first petals of that sunlike human flower, which shall be that joy's most beautiful and singular embodiment? I pause, as in a sacred trance, and kneel and worship at His feet. I turn toward him, as doth the Helianthus to the sun. And if I hope to possess, in yon fair future, an intellect, whose vast corolla, thickly starred with gold as night with all her constellations, shall reflect, in each immortal faculty, some separate unfolding of that Word which is the Father's mind, it is because I was created, as to my essence, in the midst of the confluent harmonies of my great Parent's bosom-delight; and that original ecstasy of the Infinite, can take for itself, at least, no less worthy and magnificent an illustration. I transfer this thought, my brethren, my sisters, from my own consciousness to yours. I have but grasped at the idea of *your* first and essential genesis in seeking to comprehend my own. Sail out vast Thought, with all thy sails unfurled, thy pennons waving in the wind, and bear *us* on through statelier perceptions, to awaiting knowledges without number, equally sacred, equally Divine!

We make too much a habitude of sorrow. April violets as we are, let us still remember, that all these weeping clouds are sent in mercy, to unfold the gracious petals of our thought in lustres that

purple from the Heavens ; that the moisture that drenches us, and bears down the blossom's drooping head to dry, is all absorbed, to serve as nourishment for root and tendril, to unfold the latent beauty of leaf and petal, and then to be transformed, and seek the skies in the intense fragrance of the flower's heart to-morrow. What native vigor shall delight to reign within the emaciated limbs that now but linger, and feebly creep along the common road ? Feel, feel, ye old men, the strong limbs of the Immortal ; the spirit-pulse, stronger than Niagara ; the dove's voice trembling to softest music within the tongue ! Oh, ye who pine for virtue as the soul's great good, can ye not already feel a *something* born within you that hath the face, and form, and features ; the glorious life and sweet expression of the angel ? Can ye not rejoice with the Lord, and all His Heavens, in this the noblest sorrow that ever befell His children ; the sorrow of the regenerating soul, combating with an evil selfhood, and only grieving that it is not all like God ?

"We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." His workmanship ! how might the marble, wrought into a deathless form of human grace and splendor, rejoice to say, "I am the workmanship of Phidias." It might almost seem as if the clay might be glad to be fashioned into a precious vase, and glory in the potter's masterwork of industry and skill. But we, made naturally and symbolically of clay, informed in substance of earth and of the skies ; we, in the degree of our regeneration, are formed by God in His Divine Humanity. It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves. And Oh ! shall we not, in profoundest humility, because of creature unworthiness, yet interchange and repeat congratulations that our Lord Christ is our Maker.

Remember, brethren, that had the marble sensation, it would quiver, even though it was Phidias that struck with the mallet, and drove home the chisel ; though his toil was to carve out the image of a god. And the clay, could it tremble with a life upon the surface of its texture, would suffer, when wrenched painfully from its bed, and kneaded like paste to make it plastic, and wrought beneath the fashioner upon the sheet into a form, removing the very particles from their primitive relations, and building them up into a shape hidden from sight in the recesses of the

designer's mind. And we, rough boulders, that God would fain carve into the image of Himself, masses of coarse clay, that He would yet model into the very receptacles of His own precious and most pure affections : shall we expect to be recreated in the full glory of our Divine Original, without a trial of our faith, a trial of the heart as well ? If it takes God a century to make an oak, should we not be willing to undergo the testing and discipline, the vastating and constructing processes of threescore years and ten, each of us to be made an Angel ?

There is a profound philosophy in cheerfulness, during the trials of a regenerating career. We are but watchers. And for what ? for the absorption of our spirits into the sphere of Deity ; for the translation of our thoughts from the finite to the infinite ; for the revelation of the fatherhood and motherhood of Deity within, exalting every faculty into something splendid, and dignified, and imperishably beautiful : watchers, thus, for a state of which we may say with the Apostle, " that we know not what we shall be, but we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

HOME IN HEAVEN.

How beautiful is Home in Heaven ! for there
Our thoughts become substantial, and assume
Ten thousand glorious forms and visions fair ;
And loving eyes with light of love illumine
The loving soul ; and love illumines the air
Until it burns, exhaling incense rare ;
And love transforms to feeling all our thought,
Till truth in conscious bliss through all the soul is wrought.

CONJUGIAL LOVE.

Without conjugal love man dies ;
His nobler nature prostrate lies :
He loses likeness to his God
And sinks into a sensuous clod.

NEW CHURCH FABULIST.—NO. 8.

THE WASP, THE HONEY BEE, AND THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A Spider once, the monster of his race,
His meshes wove within a narrow space,
Between the green earth and the azure sky,
Where winged insects, good or ill, must ply.
A Wasp and Honey Bee, the mesh betrayed :
The Wasp returning from his robber raid ;
The Bee with nectar from the morning's toil ;
While the grim Spider gloated on the spoil.

The Wasp, in fierce despair, with broken wing,
Brandished in vain his ineffectual sting,
And thus addressed his fellow-slave, the Bee :
"There is no God, at least for you and me ;
No *special Providence*, that gives relief
To the poor toiler, while it dooms the thief ;
But good and bad, if weaker than the strong,
Must be the victims of the common wrong.
I, the plumed robber of the peaceful hive,
May scarcely hope one prison to survive :
You, honest friend, must share the prowler's lot,
By Spiders eaten ; by the hive forgot."

The humble Bee rejoined : "I am resigned ;
And meet my fate with cheerful heart and mind.
No pilfered hive upon my conscience lies,
No stolen honey lingers on my thighs :
If I must perish, willingly I go ;
Perchance, where rivers of ambrosia flow,
Where fadeless flowers perfume the blushing fields ;
Death to the Bee its visioned nectar yields.
What though we perish in the coming strife ?
There's special Providence in death, as life.
If, in this world, my pleasant toil is done,
I'll rise, perchance, to gardens in the sun.
If not ; that Providence, with viewless laws,
Will save me, even in the Spider's jaws."

"Yes," cried a glancing Fairy, "that it will.
Haste, Honey Bee, your happy hive to fill ;
And, while the violets and roses blow,
Store the sweet treasure for the months of snow."
With that the Fairy touched the airy mesh,
And the glad Bee, while dewy day was fresh
On plains and hill sides, filled the useful hours ;
And with his tale, repaid the generous flowers.

Sir Wasp the Fairy saw, and cried, " Make haste ;
Nor precious time on poor day-laborers waste.
I am a gentleman of high degree,
Conqueror of hives, and monarch of the Bee.
My slender waist, my gilded plumes, betray
A Noble, who thy service can repay :
I'll kill a colony of Bees or so,
And share their honey, if you'll let me go."

"Nay, friend," the Fairy answered, "cease thy drone :
The Fairy comes to aid the *good* alone.
A higher law from inmost Heaven descends ;
The poor delivers, and the meek defends.
Where natural law expires ; where, dim and pale,
The lesser lights of outward Wisdom fail,
The Heavenly flame lights up the gathering dark,
And stills the tempest for the struggling bark.
The captive chains fall from the Angel's hand ;
He swerves the death-shot ; turns the glittering brand.
Lo ! all the Heavenly Attributes conspire
To swell the triumph of the martyr's fire,
To thrill the nerves with all the soul's delight ;
Vanish the flames in visions of delight.
'Tis o'er ! the momentary trance ; the stir
Of the swift motes that seek their sepulchre !
A choral multitude, with souls that blend
Like the harp's echoes, greet and hail the friend !"

"Fine talk ! fine talk !" the Wasp replied ; "and I
Will be a convert ; aid me but to fly."

The Fairy fixed his keen, soul-glittering look,
And answered, "In the heart is placed a book :
Self-registered, our actions there appear :
And now thy book, is it of thought sincere,
Of noble deeds, and virtues, warm and kind ?
If so, with joy thy fetters I unbind."

The Spider heard the colloquy, and said,
"I claim the Wasp ; since first his wings were spread,
His boast hath been, that Might made Right, that Wrong
Was but the weakling's murmur at the strong :
And now I claim him, by his own decree,
And act, and show, a proper meal for me."

The Fairy heard and answered, "Be it so ;
From guiltless heads alone we send the blow.
Those who for others live, for others toil,
Shall from the common doom their souls assoil.
The Providence that works through means to ends,
With *special care* the faithful heart befriends.
This is the lesson, taught from earliest time,
In Heaven's great oracle, the Word sublime.
The worldling suffers from the worldling's wile,
And Mammon's dupes their comrade still beguile ;
But those betrayed within the social whirl,
The guileless youth, the pure, and vestal girl,
Find, in the darkest hour, the sure relief :
Heaven's morning lights the darkened eyes of grief,
All things await the God's divine behest,
And the best agents wait upon the Best.
Though Cæsar fall, slain by a bosom friend,
And the proud victor meet the captive's end,
The meek Apostle, waiting for the morn,
To die a felon's death of shame and scorn,
See's the strong Messenger of love and light,
And finds deliverance through that viewless Might.
Nay ! though the stone is rolled upon the grave,
The dust must yield, when Heaven descends to save."

THE NEW CHURCH.

The life of humanity, since it left its Eden home, has been long and through blood and carnage. As we stand upon the mountain peaks of the New Era, the heart sickens at the appalling picture as it looms up through the darkened vistas of the past. The brightness and glory of the future, however, more than compensate for the gloomy scenes of by-gone centuries. From the Golden Age to the present, we behold the goodness of God, in the displays of the redemptive qualities of His character, and it is in the contemplation of these qualities that the truly pious heart rejoices that it has a God to worship who is a God of love; and that this love is as boundless as His empire and as eternal as Himself.

Amid the conflicting faiths and angry dissensions of this and preceding ages, it is a relief to the tempest-tossed soul to find some place where it may repose in safety and enjoy the calm serenity of heaven. To feel that amid the desolating strifes and hatreds of man—amidst the error, and confusion, and falsehood which is coming from wicked men, made demons by their own crimes—that there is one green spot in the great desert of life where we may enjoy the beatitudes of the blessed. This place—this spot is to be found within the pale of the Church of the New Age. This Church holds its connection with the Holy Jerusalem in the heavens. Through it the Lord descends with His Holy Spirit, cleansing all its members, by the gradual process of regeneration, from the influences of sin in the heart, and protecting us from the invasions of our spiritual foes in the invisible. It is the Lord's body, and His divine life flows through it—forming and moulding it into one harmonious whole. Its mission is to regenerate human nature and restore it to its primitive state, so that it may commence, in *true order*, its ascension to the bright abodes of the Infinite. Its progress will be onward, and ever onward, until this holy object is accomplished—until the divine meaning of the words will be realized by all:—"And He that sat upon the throne said—Behold I make all things *new*."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, May 18, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER :—Our arrival in England was preceded, and has been followed, by continual manifestations of our Lord's divine presence. The field is wide; the harvest ripening; but whoever would labor here must be dauntless, fervent, and utterly self-forgetful. I am impressed that England is opening a new page in her destiny; and, approaching the theatre of the mighty continental struggle, see in vision, the vast descent of the Divine Order into these death-chambers of expiring despotisms. All things prefigure the universal in-coming of the Son of Man.

Our work is begun. Of its particulars it is not now in order to state. Commend us in your prayers to the "Mighty God, the Everlasting Father," in whom alone we live, toil, and prophetically triumph. We find the New Church descending into the interiors of catholic, unsectarian people, beautiful and sweet, tender and reverent; but as yet infantile. It is not revealed as the armed man with sword and buckler, but rather as the soft and sleeping babe.

The whole land of England, with spiritual perceptions, is seen luminously overcast, as was America in the earlier stages of the spiritual manifestations there; but the Divine Providence conceals the form in which the influences of the Heavens are to fall: whether as the gentle dew, imperceptible till it attains its second birth in the fragrances of flowers, or the more copious and abundant rain. Not for us to anticipate but to act, as uses open!

Christianity alone, as it exists in the Divine Church militant that reigns in Heaven, can renovate this lovely land. Acrid controversy, elaborate and stately disquisitions, the rapier thrusts of external revivalism, the transparent idealism of refined men of letters, however important as preceding changes, breaking up exclusive and narrow habits, or preparing fallow fields in man, are but puny affairs, when measured by the *Hour* and its necessities. England demands the practical ministration of God's Word; demands, in fine, the Christianity that flowers and ripens upon the harmonic orbs of the universe. It must lift man bodily, no less than spiritually, into realms of unexplored and practical power. The New Church must come with a force analogous to the wondrous mechanical unfolding which here has taken place. Feeling this well may it be said of the New Church missionary, that he represents Heaven's practical side to the most practical of nations. With spiritualism, technically so called, in England, we have nothing to do. Its work is providential; it takes upon itself a fairer form than in America, and grows more healthily by far. But oh! these dying hearts, these hollow, emaciated ghosts of human nature, thin and paled, that live within bodily houses often enriched with all the seemings of luxury. Ah! this internal England! it sits so woe-begone, that sympathy for its condition harrows up one's inmosts. Stones, curiously carved to resemble food, are shoveled out on every side; but

who shall find the bread of God that gives life to the world? There is little perception of England's internal state; wisely sealed perhaps, and only to be made known with the incoming of a new era of spiritual light and life.

We are deeply conscious that soul ties, formed in the Lord, are a stay and strength to the spirit in spite of physical distance. It will not surprise you to learn that the whole strength of the united sphere of the New Church in America, formed especially through the recent descent of the celestial degree, literally includes us within a solid wall of hearts, through which the mighty streams of the Divine Potency flow forth. Earnestly, then, we would say to those with whom we are thus divinely knit together, that they, as one organic man, constitute God's ministry from the New World to the pivotal nation of the Old. We but represent here that united force. This is the communion of saints, and this that holy and true catholicism, one and indivisible, through which our Lord shall renovate the race.

T. L. H.

FAIRY MYSTILLA.

There is a fairy wishing gate,
Where the fairies tarry,
And spy in virgin state,
The maid they are to marry.

Here a seeking fairy knelt,
Tired of being lonely,
Seeking out a starbeam melt
In his bosom only.

But the starbeam was a thought,
From a fairy maiden,
And, within his breast, it wrought
Boughs with mystles laden.

Then he sought the maid afar
In a fairy villa,
Underneath the crimson star.
She was called Mystilla.

**WORKS PUBLISHED BY THE NEW CHURCH
PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.**

Just Issued—Second Edition.

THE WISDOM OF ANGELS.

PART I.

T. L. HARRIS.

This work contains the experiences of the author during a long period of intromission into the Heaven of Spirits; interviews with Socrates, Swedenborg, and other sages; the wisdom of angels concerning the Divine Word; concerning the spiritual manifestations of antiquity; and concerning the Divine Providences of the present day.

220 p. 12 mo. Price: plain muslin, 50c.; gilt, 75c. Postage, 12c.

Just Issued—Second Edition.

HYMNS OF SPIRITUAL DEVOTION.

T. L. HARRIS.

A volume of original hymns, emanating from an Angelic Society of Lyrical Spirits, and illustrative of the faith and charity of the Lord's Church in Heaven.

290 pp. 24 mo. Price: plain muslin, 75c. Postage, 12c.

JUST PUBLISHED.

ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY:

AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE WORD.

T. L. HARRIS.

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

Price: plain cloth, with Index, \$1 25. Postage, 30c.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First Book of the Christian Religion.

T. L. HARRIS.

An elementary work, adapted to the use of families and Sunday Schools in the New Church; embracing a brief synopsis of the essential verities of Christianity as unfolded from the Divine Word.

This treatise fills a vacancy in the New Church literature. It reduces Christianity to its elementary principles, and, in the form of question and answer, makes it an intelligible system to the youthful mind, bringing it within the survey of the rational faculties, and forming at once an attractive and intensely interesting study.

This is the initial volume of a series designed to be issued as the necessities of the Church require, and ultimately unfolding a complete system of spiritual education.

Price: plain muslin, 30c. Postage, 7c.

All works published by the Association will be forwarded by Mail, on receipt of the price, postage included.

New Church Publications.

HARRIS' WORKS.

First Book of the Christian Religion. Through REV. T. L. HARRIS. An elementary work, adapted to the use of families and Sunday Schools in the New Church; embracing a brief synopsis of the essential verities of Christianity as unfolded from the Divine Word. Price, plain cloth, 30 cents; postage, 7 cents.

Arcana of Christianity. By REV. T. L. HARRIS. Part 1, vol. 1; 8vo., 581 pages. An unfolding of the celestial sense of the Divine Word, commencing with Genesis; containing also illustrations of its truths from the Heavens, from the Earth of Spirits, and from the Solar, Terrestrial, and Aromal Worlds. Price, \$1 25; postage, 80 cents.

Song of Satan. By REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS. 8vo., 107 pages. Being a brief history of Temptation Combats and Interviews with Diabolical Spirits; containing also a series of Lyric and Dramatic Poems, embodying the faith and philosophy taught by Evil Spirits, and laying open various methods by which they delude the human mind. Price, 50 cents; postage, 10 cents.

The Wisdom of Angels. By REV. T. L. HARRIS. Just published. A startling volume of 230 pages. Price, plain muslin, 50 cts.; gilt, 75; postage, 12 cts.

Hymns of Spiritual Devotion. By REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS. A collection of Hymns from the Interior, adapted to the wants of New Church congregations and families. Price, plain muslin, 75 cents; gilt, \$1; postage, 6 cents.

Epic of the Starry Heaven.—A POEM. By REV. T. L. HARRIS. Spoken in 26 hours and 16 minutes, while in the trance state. 210 pages; 12mo., 4,000 lines. Price, plain muslin, 75 cents; gilt, \$1; postage, 12 cts.

Lyric of the Morning Land. By REV. T. L. HARRIS. A beautiful poem of 8,000 lines, 253 pages, 12mo. Dictated in 30 hours. Price, plain muslin, 75 cents; gilt, \$1; postage, 12 cents.

Lyric of the Golden Age.—A POEM. By REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS. 417 pages, 12mo. Price, plain muslin, \$1 50; gilt, \$2; postage, 20 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Improvisations from the Spirit.—A volume of Poems. By J. J. G. WILKINSON, M.D. 416 pages, 32mo. Price, plain cloth, \$1 25; gilt, \$1 50; postage, 9 cents.

The Macrocosm, or the Universe Without. By WILLIAM PEMMOUTH. Price, plain muslin, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

The Healing of the Nations. Through CHARLES LINTON, Medium, with an elaborate introduction and appendix, by GOV. TALLMADGE. 550 pp. Price, \$1 50; postage, 30 cents.

Stilling's Pneumatology. By PROF. GEO. BUTCH. Price, 75 cents; postage, 16 cents.

The Elements of Character. By MARY G. CHANDLER. Price, 63 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Regeneration. By EDMUND H. SEARS. 248 pages. Price, 38 cents; postage, 12 cents.

Athanasia; or, Fore-gleams of Immortality. By EDMUND H. SEARS. Price, 63 cents; postage, 15 cents.

The Conflict of Ages Ended. A Succedaneum to Beecher's Conflict of Ages. By REV. HENRY WELLES. Price, 85 cents; postage, 17 cents.

The Golden Wedding Ring. By REV. J. CLOWES. 48 pages. Paper, price, 8 cents; postage, 1 cent.

Guardian Angel; or, Friends in Heaven. By MRS. SARAH GOULD. 12mo., price \$1.

Guardian Spirits. Translated from the German. By A. E. FORD. 215 pages. Paper, price, 50 cents; postage, 10 cents.

The Prince of the House of David. A beautiful work, illustrative of the life of Christ while on this Earth. Price, \$1 25; postage, 30 cents.

SWEDENBORG'S WORKS.

Arcana Coelestia. The Heavenly Arcana which are contained in the Holy Scriptures, or Word of the Lord unfolded, beginning with the Book of Genesis. Together with wonderful things seen in the World of Spirits and in the Heaven of Angels. In 10 vols. octavo. Price, per volume, \$1; postage, 38 cents.

The Apocalypses Explained. According to the Spiritual Sense; in which are revealed the Arcana which are there predicted, and have been hitherto deeply concealed. In 5 vols. octavo, including an Index. Price, \$5 50; postage, 31 cents per volume.

Heaven and Hell. Concerning Heaven and its Wonders, and concerning Hell; from things heard and seen. 1 vol., 8vo., 350 pages. Price, 60 cents; postage, 14 cents.

Divine Love and Wisdom. Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom. 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 274; cheap copy in paper, 13 cents; postage, 4 cents.

Divine Providence. Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence. 1 vol., 12mo., 38 cents; postage, 15 cents.

Conjugal Love. The Delights of Wisdom concerning Conjugal Love; after which follow the Measures of Insanity concerning Scortatory Love. 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 446. Price, \$1; postage, 25 cents.

True Christian Religion. The True Christian Religion, containing the Universal Theology of the New Church, foretold by the Lord in Daniel vii. 13, 14, and in Revelation xxi. 1, 2. 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 576; full cloth, \$1 25; postage, 30 cents.

Apocalypses Revealed. The Apocalypses Revealed, wherein are disclosed the Arcana there foretold, which have hitherto remained concealed. 1 vol., 8vo., \$1 75.

The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine. Of the New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine, as revealed from Heaven; to which are prefixed some Observations concerning the New Heaven and the New Earth, spoken of in the Apocalypses. 12mo. pp. 72; paper, price, 8 cents; postage, 3 cents.

Brief Exposition. A Brief Exposition of the New Church, which is meant by the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypses. 12mo., pp. 92; paper, price, 10 cents; postage, 4 cents.

Intercourse between Soul and Body. On the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body, which is supposed to take place either by Physical Influx, or by Spiritual Influx, or by Pre-established Harmony. 12mo., pp. 35; paper, price, 5 cents; postage, 2 cents. —In this work the real nature of that influx is briefly explained.

Summary Exposition. A Summary Exposition of the Internal Sense of the Prophetic Books of the Word of the Old Testament, and also of the Psalms of David. With a Twofold Index. 12mo., pp. 132; paper, 20 cts.; postage, 5 cents; cloth, 35 cents; postage, 7 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Compendium of the Theological and Spiritual Writings of Swedenborg. Being a systematic and orderly epitome of all his religious works. With an appropriate Introduction. Prefaced by a full life of the Author, with a brief view of all his works on Science, Philosophy, and Theology. Price, \$2; postage, 45 cents.

Rays of Light; Selections from Swedenborg and other Authors. 128 pages. Muslin, gilt, price, 25 cents; postage, 2 cents.

The Golden Bead, or the True Measure of a True Church. By REV. BENJ. F. BARRITT. Price, \$1; postage, 15 cents.

Biography of Swedenborg. By J. J. G. WILKINSON, M.D. Price, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

The Human Body and its Connection with Man. By J. J. G. WILKINSON, M.D.

Noble's Appeal. By REV. SAMUEL NOBLE. 538 pages. 12mo. Price, \$1. A most valuable work to all who desire to become acquainted with the doctrines of the New Church. Price, \$1 12 cents; postage, 19 cents.