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THE  
HERALD OF LIGHT:  
A Monthly Journal



OF THE  
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

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

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

EDITOR:  
**REV. T. L. HARRIS.**

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**THE CRISIS:**

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# THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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No. 4.

## THE DIVINE MEANING OF LIFE.

"Is there not an appointed time for man upon Earth?"—Jon vii. 1.

The whole existence of man upon this planet, from the cradle to the grave, is called by many, and believed by more, to be a chapter of accidents—an accident, by some called luck, and by others circumstance; and still there is a third class who, denying this, say that there is a Providence who takes the place of *that*, which, from a more correct stand-point, should be called an *act of Providence*. When a man falls down dead in the street, as often happens, who, an hour before, was conversing with his friends or his family—who, a moment before, was engaged in schemes and plans for acquiring money, which it would take many years to consummate—it is called, in the old law-term, an "act of God,"—as if, in the sudden taking away of a man from this world, without any visible cause, there was a recognition even then, of some interposing Providence.

And it is by His Providence, that this mysterious clock of life has not yet run down; and it is His viewless touch that has suspended this living pendulum, and causes it to move and beat in mercy. And after all so far as organization is concerned—and we are all a mass of organs, grouped and bound together in Infinite order, beauty, and symmetry—we are something like a clock before Him. Every man, provided he lived in obedience to the laws of divine order, completely, absolutely, and independently of everything we call accident and chance, would fill out a certain cycle of life in this world, and would be fulfilling the more specific ordinances of the Providence of God. Every man born into the world is fitted, as we have said before, by the very make and peculiarity of his genius, by the constitution of his mind, the particularity of his

temperament, by the training and the education put upon him, by the peculiar temper of his disposition, training, and use, to accomplish a certain amount of work in a certain channel, and for certain Divine ends.

There are none too many in the world. In overgrown civilized countries, we often hear it said there is a redundant population. But, in reality, God never sends a man into this world without a special use. There are none too many to work the machine of society. There are none too many to fight the great battle of regeneration. There are none too many to be unfolded to moral grandeur, and immortal beauty and use—to become angels of God in heaven. You observe in nature, what we term an infinite attention to detail.

It is true that all things, in their aggregate, in their vastness, in their greatness, are preëminently grand. The stars, the great shining stars above our heads; the crumbling stones beneath our feet; all things that speak to the eye—to the reason—to the heart, tell us of a Designer, who has the care and general arrangement of the whole, whose eye includes it, whose glory lights it. But when you go down the range of Nature, and observe the smallest things,—when you come to put those forms under a solar microscope, you will observe an infinite minuteness—an infinite combining of perfection, in the most minute and almost invisible objects in creation. And so we find God works infinitely and in detail in the minutest things and the smallest instances. Yes, there are plants so small you can cover a forest—or tens of thousands of their trees—with a tea-cup. There lives in those infinitesimal forests, swarms of animalcular life. And every creature is as minutely and grandly organized, as any of the most magnificent objects perceptible to the external senses.

And this illustration, when we come to take it from the world of mere nature, and apply it to the realm of man, has an infinite meaning and force, and a wonderful application. Consider first, *that* God who *thus* descends to work wonders in the minute objects of creation, whose very uses we have no conception of, whose very attributes and sensations are all a mystery to us; that same God works also in us and around us, and works through us. And if He makes a whole season, a whole cycle of seasons, for the peculiar

use of the smallest object,—if He forms and fashions the minutest objects for some special ends, if He descends to the elaboration of the wonderful functions of these tiny organizations—how much more wonderfully, how much more grandly, how much more magnificently, does He work when we come to apply this working to the human spirit? If we see Him form and fashion the most minute of created things, He will, in an infinite sense, form and fashion all those individual conditions in the life of man. Some think men too obscure in the universe, to be worthy the attention of a God. But mark this truth, wherever there is life, God is acting, and inasmuch as we are forms so wonderfully constructed, and adapted to accomplish His ends, can we not see at once, that God in fashioning man, individually and collectively, has formed him for a use?

We see a steam engine. We know that God has unfolded it through man. We know that the great walking beam, the steam chamber, the condenser, each of the specific parts in that piece of mechanism, has its end and use. And again, we see a house, rising story upon story—we see furniture arranged, lights put in the windows, every object of beauty and convenience, and we say, whoever planned this house, had an end in fashioning it.

So then, when we look upon the human body, constructed upon principles of mechanism infinitely grander than the steam engine, with its organs and its many chambers—can we not see at once, that in all this there is a use and an end? Can we think God ever puts intellect into the brain, without a special end of use for that intellect? Can we think that God ever breathes mysteriously the breath of His infinite spirit upon man's life, without an object? Can we think God ever fashioned a being, made fit for regeneration, and gave him material substance, and caused him to dwell in space, with all this wealth of thought and weight of emotion pressing upon him; with all these faculties craving to be used, and has no use for him? Can we think God puts any individual man in the world, without some special end for him? We think not. If we find this, we find something entirely inconsistent with His infinite designs. God, then, has a use for every individual, and that use depends upon what the individual is fitted for. As in a building there are rafters, roofs, and girders, and foundations,

and floors, and the windows opening to the morning ; so in the great structure of humanity, there are individual members constructed for all ends, and designed for all purposes—for employment in spheres, ideal and intellectual—for the preaching of the Word ; living God in the heart and conscience ; for the healing us when we are sick, and instructing us when we are well ; for protecting us against outward danger, and guarding us against interior and spiritual foes. And so this wondrous edifice of humanity is so constructed, as a whole, with specific ends in view for each individual—ends upon which the great harmonies of the whole race are made to turn and be dependent.

And the great mistake is, supposing first of all, that we are accidents. No man is an accident or superfluity. And secondly, in supposing that God, in sending us into the world, has not formed and fitted us for our use and mission.

Well, now, we see men cut down and die in youth. We see them vanish from this busy being, when it would seem they had just begun to live. We see society all mantled over in accident—not in reality, but in seeming. Men go down upon the sea in ships, and are never heard of more ; or float about in dismantled wrecks, till, in the desperation of hunger, they feed upon each other. Men are destroyed by railroad cars, rushing down embankments ; burned up in flaming houses, at the dead of night ; sicken and die, by thousands, of pestilence ; are torn to pieces by cannon shot, hewn and cut down by sabres, riddled by musketry—they burn out life by rum ; fill the body with diseases, by excesses at the table—until the grave-yards glow with the looming monuments of an *unjust* mortality.

But we say, in the light of the Word, in the light of a sound philosophy, in the light of the New Jerusalem, all these individuals, had they been engaged in fulfilling their uses—unless the use itself required a death—would have lived on and on, in spite of chance and seeming accident. But you say this is a mere caprice of language. What, is it asked, can a man be superior to disease, to the accident of frightful and calamitous pestilence and plague ? The answer is—and it is the historical statement of the Word—yes, and most unequivocally, yes ! For God doth measure out the term—the cycle—of every man's life from the beginning, and *this*

depends upon his being in his use ; and if he will loyally give himself up to that use, he will be carried through life, whatever may be its calamities and disastrous circumstances, to the very end. The man thus lives or dies, as he is faithful, or as he is unfaithful to his use.

"The wicked shall not live out half his days." This is a truth which is imprinted in the very letter, no less than in the spirit of God's Word. God cuts down the man who is not found faithful to his use. And now for some practical illustrations of the truth.

A mother has children—she is sick—she feels worn out with her burden—the cares and anxieties of the household press heavily upon her. She need not die. The first thing for her to do—the very best thing for her to do—in the light of the Word—is to stop short and ask, in earnest and simple prayer to God, "Am I bearing these burdens in God, or am I bearing them in the self-hood? Am I discharging these duties from the deep conviction that I *must* do them, because it is *right* for me to do them; or am I allowing myself to be blindly, and in a headlong manner, urged along by the force of social and domestic circumstances?" That is the question to be asked. And if she finds, as is often the case, that she has taken upon herself more burdens than she can bear, depend upon it there is a way provided for her relief. God imposes no tasks that she cannot fulfill. Depend upon it, there is a wrong somewhere. Drawing as she is upon the capital of life, her only resource, her interest, her duty, is to stand still and ask God to show that wrong, and she will be shown it.

Or the man in business, who is wearing himself out, conscious that he is shortening his days, conscious that he is absolutely robbing his children of his example in the future, conscious that he is pursuing steps to a premature grave—leaving his wife a widow, and his children orphans—should ask himself if he is not out of the Divine order. And it is a serious consideration, to be urged upon every class of us—a question we should all ask ourselves—whether, in doing our work, we are not doing it in the mere self-hood and out of order? A man may do right and live, and do wrong and fall a martyr to his sin.

And the right way of going into any action of life, is in prayer—asking God to guide and lead us in our uses. And we pause here



for a parenthesis. If there is anything in the world, that cannot be done in the Lord Christ, it never ought to be attempted. Through the whole circle of our enjoyments ; in every detail of our pleasures ; in every variety of our amusements ; in every species of our avocations ; in our physical, our moral, our intellectual and our religious actions, if there is anything that cannot be done in the Lord Christ, it is a sin, and ought not to be attempted. And by this we can distinguish between the good and the evil—anything undertaken in the self-hood, will not be accomplished at all.

And now to come back to the proposition. The individual may say I must bear these burdens that I have taken upon myself ; I have assumed certain obligations, and must carry them through. But may you not, in pursuing this course, in the self-hood, be placing yourself in a condition for the non-fulfillment of those obligations, instead of the fulfillment? Now, stop. You are wearing out life—you are deranging the finer membranes of that wonderfully constructed organ—the brain ; you are trenching upon the harmony of the nervous system, upon which depends the proper circulation of the blood ; upon the general unity of your being with the great laws which the Creator has instituted, depends your ability and power to discharge these ends and uses, successfully and triumphantly at last. Now, then, let us stop, let us pause and look to see whether or not the self-hood is not urging us onward—whether or not, day by day, doing so much labor for certain ends, is not a specious sophistry ?

We pass from this to come, in the third place, to the dispensation of charity. No man can give more than a little, in comparison with the great amount of social suffering and absolute want ; yet every man can give a little ; every man can give to a certain extent. Objects of benevolence are presented by the score. We can only relieve one, while we desire to relieve all. What are we to do ? One will say, "do nothing, because we cannot discriminate." Another will say, "let our sympathies lead us, and let discrimination go," while a third will say, "let us reason on the subject." The true course would be to stop, and ask the Lord, through intense prayer, what He would do through us. Well, here are twelve persons, but you can only relieve one, yet He has



supplied and provided you with the especial superfluity of means, for the relief of that very one. He will not suffer His plans to fall through. If you will only go to Him in freedom, and loyalty, and faith, and ask the special use, He specially will guide you.

Or again, and now coming back a little. We often feel a multiplicity of duties demanding our attention. There are a certain number of persons that must be seen to-day for the purpose of maintaining our social relations—more than we can see at all, without slighting some part, or else drawing injuriously upon the capital of life. It is necessary for you to pause again. Map out the duties of the day, and you will by degrees know absolutely what to do. If you have business in the external world of a spiritual or moral character, philanthropic business—if you have business to transact with your family or friends, whatever it may be—ask the Lord what are the special objects that He would have you accomplish; and, depend upon it, He will guide you to the very objects He wishes should be accomplished at that specific time. By taking this course you economize life, the powers of life, and throw yourselves into a condition to have your own faculties strengthened—plus the Divine inspiration.

But there is a second way in which the Lord descends and reaches us, by a descent into the inmosts of the will, by a Divine vitality, and so imparting first an interior power and strength to the inner man “that liveth not by bread alone,” and from that inner man strengthens the outer man. A wise physician will tell you how the health of the whole body is dependent upon the harmonious acting of all its most inferior parts. How, on the other hand, a sweet and quiet resting in God, a looking up to Him for light and guidance, so brings the spirit into harmony with God—and harmony in spirit belongs to a corresponding harmony in the physical state—and God does produce, first of all, an interior harmony, and imparts through that a harmony—and new power, by arresting the friction—the inevitable friction—which tears the system to pieces when we are out of order. So, then, in this manner, He brings us into harmony, and prevents the waste of our life.

We begin wrong in the morning, because we do not go to Him for guidance and inquire of God what are the duties of the day,

and wind up our organization for the day's uses. There is the first wrong step. We have partaken of our natural breakfast, but not our spiritual and divine morning repast. We go out with full bodies, but with starved souls. The second mistake is the morning paper. We take it up, replete as it is, in the present disorganized condition of society, with accidents and crimes, with theft and stealing, with a railway accident; the eye, after dwelling painfully on the sickening details, turns to other columns and discovers pages filled with criminal trials, or what is worse, we dislike to speak of it, but it is a notorious fact, crimes—low, mean—peculiarly mean and debasing, which spring from the foulest and most depraved hearts, are paraded with all the circumstances of time and place, with the testimony of witness after witness, with all the arguments of counsel, with the comments of curiosity, all are dished up with the utmost minuteness. Now, what, in Heaven's name, have we to do with this moral carrion? Men would think those barbarians who should drive the crows and buzzards from a decayed animal, and then bring into their houses the fragments of that decayed flesh, and, like harpies, feast upon it. But, is not this feasting on the details of crime every morning just as bad and barbaric? Nay, more, doth it not beget in the spirit an immoral tendency to disease? Can we become familiar and become inured to them—can we surround ourselves with the atmosphere of crimes, without drawing into our mental and moral constitution something of the essence and foul virus from which they spring and eventuate? So, then, as far as these things are concerned, the morning paper is the second mistake. And how can a man be in the condition to know what his uses are, when he has to look up to duty with a mind pictured over with rapes and murders, suicides and dissensions?

And the third mistake is to hurry on headlong to the day's business, to the scheme we have mapped out, whatever it may be, in our American locomotive manner—to hurry on without having first of all left everything at peace in the household. No man is fit to do business, no domestic man is fit to engage in the day's labor, until some kind and gentle word has fallen from him upon his children. The children, at least of the wealthy and more prosperous classes, know more almost of anybody in the world

except their own fathers ; they are strangers to their own blood. We leave them to the care of hirelings, until the father is the last person in the world to whom they will come and confide their sentiments. Hence it is that children, growing up without being brought under the direct control of the physical and parental head, run recklessly in the paths of ruin. No man should go to the business of the day without having first surrounded his conjugal home with sympathy. We believe that premature decline and death is owing in a great measure to the fact that wives are left to bear the burdens of the household without the aid of sympathy from their husbands. The wife needs sympathy. She can bear her great burdens better, if she has plenty of love. But when she sees and feels that the husband is a mere money-changer—a money machine—without a tender smile, or at best a forced one, for her—when the wife feels this, and he has gone, she is apt to engage in those duties without spirit ; she is not in a condition to deal properly with the obstinacy and roughness—often the headstrong organization of children ; she is not in a condition to deal righteously and benevolently, kindly but firmly with her servants. She is just in the condition when the first wave of trouble comes, to be overwhelmed and borne away.

These are the three first mistakes that shorten life, and there are others. Instead of carrying heaven and divine order into our business, we allow ourselves to succumb to the peculiar magnetic sphere which pervades the social world, that makes a jest at religious things ; we allow ourselves to be carried away with the crowd, or we are conscious of a sharp, subtle, bargaining influence which comes from them, and we do not nerve ourselves with the inspiration from God to deal with it. We allow ourselves to be overcome, and how can we prevent ourselves from being overcome by these tyrannic, infernal influences, when we begin the day without seeking in prayer strength from God ? In this way we shorten life.

Society presents the example of men who are almost all unbalanced—whom an exclusive devotion to one subject has dwarfed and shrivelled up in the higher faculties of the intellect. We see our young men old at thirty—young mothers losing their beauty at twenty-five ; we see our little children dying with rickets or

pinning and passing away with consumption, which may be traced entirely to the fact that we do not go to God and ask Him to direct our lives ; that we do not organize Christianity in the life, but endeavor to take care of ourselves in the self-hood. We are importuned to go to a party—we say nothing against amusements in an orderly sense—we are invited to go to a party, and we instantly say, in the self-hood, we will go or not, as it pleases us. What young girl thinks of going to the Lord Christ and asking if it will do for her to go ; her young friends go, when asked to spend an evening, and oftentimes yield to whatever evil influences may be brought around them. And so we say, and mark this, that we cut ourselves off alike from the springs of natural and spiritual life ; we dwarf ourselves in the true proportions of manhood and womanhood, and the curse which follows almost always comes upon our children. We do not live out half our days ; or, if we do live them out in seeming, we do not in reality—we live them out with narrow, imperfect faculties, too impoverished to accomplish their uses to ourselves and others. If a man wants to live—if he wants to come to the good old standard of three-score years and ten ; if a man wants to see his posterity gathered at his feet—if a woman wants to see her children gathered round her knee, and calling her blessed, from her beautiful and lovely life ; if we desire to keep our intellectual faculties active, in an orderly sense ; if we desire to see the standard of our physical health brought up higher ; if we desire to have our perceptions and judgment sharpened for the practical duties and ends of life, and made more perfect, we have only to do one thing, and that is, to conform ourselves to order ; to stop this ruinous friction on the machine of life ; to save this superfluity of labor ; to wean ourselves from all courses ending in loss of power ; to bring ourselves back into the condition to reunite with the sources of life and power, of light and inspiration, streaming from God into the inmosts of the human race.

And now a word more, and finally, to apply this theory to the chapter of accidents spoken of in the beginning. A man goes out on the New Haven Railroad ; he has taken his coffee and crammed himself with his morning paper ; he leaves his neglected wife and children, goes to his business, and finds that he has to go to New

Haven, and by eleven o'clock he has been precipitated through an open drawbridge, and is brought home before night a mangled corpse. There are circumstances arising when God requires a man to die, and, if he dies in his use, it is but a translation to higher service, and it is all right. But, brethren, the casualty that is not right can always be avoided. God knows the accident will come. But if the man will keep himself in order, he may travel anywhere and everywhere, and pass unharmed through railroad disasters and steamboat collisions, and escape disease, though he stand by the bedside of pestilence. So long as he is in his use, and is faithful to it, no accident can befall him. God is with us and measures out our days—our destiny—the cycle of our duration here is with the Lord, and these days, if they are days of order, will be long.

Thus Christianity, so far from being good for Sundays and not for week-days, is shown to be the one thing of vital importance upon which—not alone moral prosperity—but physical prosperity, is always made to depend. And riches—sometimes in the beginning of regeneration God takes away riches from a man; but, if it is good for that man and for his use to have riches, God will give them, and give them in the most natural way in the world when you come to look at it, by placing the man in the very use designed for him, and then quickening his faculties to gather around him the articles necessary to that use.

If a man would marry rightly, bring up his family right, worship right, believe right, and accomplish a real and true use for the human race, all that he would have to do would be to give himself up to the Lord God, and be placed just where God would have him; and if he feels that God has given him his use and is directing him, he should open himself effectually for that direction; and with every advance in regeneration he will be made more plastic for his use, until at last his prayer will be, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done." Thus it is, God's kingdom is to come—thus it is, that His will is to be done on earth as in heaven. That is the condition of angels; they have no self-hood; their regeneration brings the desire to be led by God to do things for Him; and, having come into this state, the Lord God guides them and brings them into purer, richer, and sweeter joy.

And thus it can be with us. Depend upon it there is no chimera in this. It appeals to the judgment ; it comes home to the reason, and is justified by experience. It imparts to the life here the purest, sweetest, and best affections. And when we come to take it to ourselves, it will free us from error, wean us from delusion save us from embarrassment, and create in us a longing for all things beautiful in heaven ; and so qualify us to do the Lord's will more and more abundantly, to the end of life ; then, at last we will step into that chariot to be borne away to that home bought with the Redeemer's blood ; and we will pass away, not in a pale shrinking into ourselves, and trembling with fear at the possibilities of a vague hereafter, but we will go home in the consciousness of having performed the duties begun here ; we will go home from the companionship of the good in a life of uses here, that will bring us into the companionship of the good there—higher, nobler more perfect in goodness ; so that by the combination of their lives with our lives, and our uses with theirs, we will rise to higher uses in the Divine order, from Eternity to Eternity.

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**REGENERATION : SEVENTH DAY.**

Sweet day, of smiles and blessings made,  
My thankful heart must be  
In robes of purest white arrayed,  
To dwell in peace with thee :

Your rising light salutes mine eyes,  
Your crimson skies expand :  
Hail ! hail ! bright climes of Paradise,  
Sweet fields of Morning Land.

What though my dust is knit to earth  
By ties of time and space !  
My spirit, in its Angel-birth,  
Thrills to the Lord's embrace.



## ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

### A POEM OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

(Continued from page 145.)

I was moved, and sang by an irrepressible instinct, and I felt the song-waves bubbling from my heart like water from a crystal well. I turned to my poet friend, and said to him, I wish that you would take the same thought, and clothe it in your better melody, for my song is like a lapwing; it flies too often timorously, and with broken pinions; I feel the truth that celestial poetry is dropped by the Lord's hand, like a golden rose, that with its subtle fragrance, perfumes and etherializes the thought-sphere of the race. I cannot, however, clothe my sentiments in song as I would like to do. He responded in this

#### POEM OF THE DAWN OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Oh Angel, with the Gospel everlasting  
Blown from thy triumph of melody divine,  
Hasten! the storms of hate the world are blasting;  
Cain drinks dead Abel's bloody gore for wine.

The peoples in their cities groan with anguish,  
Or die in hovels, or on pavements bare:  
Goodness and Truth in human bosoms languish;  
The fetid breath of harlots taints the air.

Haste mighty one of ages, smite with thunders  
The world's great lyre-strings, till thy songs descend  
And waken man to the millennial wonders,  
While nations in the bond of oneness blend.

Strike with thy songs, the sacerdotal minions  
Who feast with human tigers at their spoils:  
Loose thy great eagle, with her starry pinions,  
To bring deliverance to the sons of toil.

Haste Angel! let the pure, sweet songs of Heaven  
In every bosom chant unending praise,  
Till every man his brother hath forgiven,  
And every woman walks in virtue's ways.

Then shall the Kingdom come that Christ prefigured,  
Then the wide world with Eden-roses bloom,  
And Man, the Angel, rise, through Love transfigured,  
And evil find its everlasting doom.

Smite thy great harp, Oh Angel! fairy voices  
Shall with its thunders blend their sweet refrain,  
Grown ripe with honeyed bliss, all Heaven rejoices  
To scatter flowers, on Earth's lone, burial plain.

As Love and Wisdom form, in sweet communion  
Of blended life, Earth's universal Sphere,  
Angels and men shall blend in mystic union,  
And then the Second Paradise appear.

All men shall then be like the Holy Angels,  
And every soul its counterpart shall find.  
With inner sense God's infinite evangels  
Shall bring deliverance to the human mind.

One Church on earth, like that in Heaven that shineth,  
Shall ultimate its life, and man shall see  
That Christ the Lord, in visible form, combineth  
All glories of Divine Humanity.

Speed on thy way, thou harbinger of glory!  
Open the inner spirit of the Word,  
Till man within its page, shall read the story  
Of God in Christ, the universal Lord.

Till every sphere of darkness and delusion  
Sets, like a meteor, in a void unknown,  
And Heaven through earth in charity's transfusion,  
Descends and builds the Lord's millennial throne.

What! I responded. Have you too, who had on earth so dim  
a conception of the Divine Personality—have you become an

expounder of the truths of the New Church, which is in the Heavens? To this he answered, "All who are in the Charities and Wisdoms of the conjugal sphere are in the Lord, and so in His Church. His lips then moved in melody, and he uttered the spirit of the ensuing

## SONG OF THE HARMONIC EARTH.

In the beautiful Hereafter,  
Like a fairy in a rose,  
Smiling, while the zephyrs waft her  
Balmy breathings of repose,  
Pillowed on the Saviour's bosom,  
Like a bride the Church will glow :  
Every human heart shall blossom  
In that Paradise below.

In the beautiful Hereafter  
Man, who now, without a care,  
Treads the black and burning rafter  
Thrown across the world's despair,  
Changed in face, and form, and feature,  
By the truths of Love Divine,  
Shall unfold his Angel-Nature—  
In his Saviour's image shine.

Then shall come the shining ages  
Of the blest Harmonic Earth ;  
Poets, heroes, seers, and sages  
In celestial mould come forth :  
Age by age the world shall brighten  
With the human soul revealed,  
Till the disk of time shall brighten  
Like the great Achilles' shield.

## SONG OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

I will sing thee, Oh my brother ! of the blessing,  
While the balmy spice winds blow,  
Which shall come to man below the Word possessing,  
Which shall come with God the Lord's divine caressing,

Like the music airs that flow,  
Soft and low, soft and low,  
When his glorious Eden-birthright repossessing,  
Man shall walk in white below.

There are three degrees in man, the soul, the spirit  
And the form their spheres invest.  
There are three degrees of Heaven which saints inherit ;  
Man ascends through loving use their joys to merit,  
And in loving finds his rest,  
Ever blest ; ever blest—  
In the image of the Lord ascends the Spirit,  
While it works His wise behest :

And the Church on earth, unfolds the form of Heaven  
In its three discrete degrees.  
Love is life ; through love alone the cloud is riven,  
Yea, through love, the spheres of night from man are driven,  
And the spirit witnesses,  
Truly sees, inly sees—  
And the Church on earth is seen, by that in Heaven,  
Like a saint upon its knees.

As it was on earth of old in Ages Golden,  
It shall be on earth again ;  
God shall dwell within His Word, and shine beholden ;  
God shall speak as in the Eden Ages olden,  
While they stand within His ken,  
Angel-men, Angel-men ;  
They shall be within his present glory folden :  
Earth shall be an Eden then.

Oh my brother, be of courage ! the Infernals  
Are like whirling sand-storms blown.  
But the men who love the Word in its internals,  
Are like Spirits, who ascend with the supernals  
To the Lord Redeemer's throne,  
Never lone, never lone.  
Dost thou combat with the hosts of the Infernals ?  
Thou art loved in heaven and known.

Day by day, thou shalt appall their flying forces  
With a braver, clearer blast :  
And the truths of Heaven like Angels on white horses,  
Yea, the truths that guide the stars in flaming courses  
Round the standard gather fast,  
White and vast, white and vast :  
And the Foe that wars against the universes,  
From his throne shall be downcast.

There shall come a day when Solyma in glory,  
Clad in raiment like a bride,  
Shall have taught to all mankind the heavenly story,  
Of the Lord whose hands and side were pierced and gory,  
Who to save His people died.  
Far and wide, far and wide,  
Shall the life-sphere of the Lord of life and glory  
In each heart that lives abide.

The world will not believe that the salvation of mankind is to come through a Church, and much less, that this Church is the New Jerusalem, I felt moved to say when my poet friend had ceased. To this he replied in a melody which I may call

A POEM—PROPHECY OF THE MEDIATORIAL CHURCH.

All things in Love begin and end ;  
The truths of love, when inly kenned,  
Shall knit the orb to Christ, the Friend.

The soul through sympathy receives ;  
The mind through sympathy believes ;  
And sympathy the world relieves.

Through sympathy of hearts below,  
For all oppressed with human woe,  
The Church the world shall overflow.

The man, who standeth at his post  
Unterrified by man or ghost,  
Is organ for the Angel Host.

The watchman on the temple walls  
The fierce iconoclast appalls,  
And, through his lips, the Saviour calls.

The glorious Church that John foreknew  
Shall dawn from Heaven—on human view,  
And God through her make all things new.

Her prophet-rulers, wise and great,  
Shall usher in that Coming State,  
Whose birth the nations all await.

Her poet-priests, shall thrill mankind  
With melody from God's own mind,  
And sow the truth on every wind.

Her peaceful heroes, grand and free,  
The Champions of the poor shall be,  
To liberate Humanity.

Through bard and sage, and hierophant,  
God shall to man deliverance grant,  
And from their lips the Angels chant.

Thus shall the Church to man bestow  
The freedom that the Angels know,  
And human souls like roses blow.

Yes, I replied, when he had finished, the soul precedes the body.  
The Church on earth must serve as the nucleus of the State.  
States are many, but the Church is one. At this a radiant smile,  
as if from an internal sunrise of the mind, glowed upon his happy  
face, and, in a sweet voice, he sang this

#### HYMN OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANGELS.

How glorious, on the mountains,  
The Church appeareth now,  
Enshrined in golden fountains,  
With sunrise on her brow !



She smiles above the waters,  
Enthroned in virgin pride ;  
And Heaven hath sent its daughters  
To deck the radiant bride.

On every hill she reareth  
A shining silver throne ;  
And every star she weareth  
Within her jeweled zone.  
Behold the queenly maiden,  
With sunrise in her hand ;  
With fragrant offerings laden  
She speeds from land to land.

She glides through all the valleys  
With music in her tread,  
And builds her golden palace  
High at the river-head.  
Her name the holy Angels  
Read in her garment's hem ;  
'Tis traced in Heaven's evangels,—  
"The New Jerusalem."

The States of future story  
Like radiant planets, run  
Within her spheral glory  
Whose throne is in the sun.  
Her endless day shall brighten,  
Till all their night shall cease ;  
Her Lord their orbs enlighten ;  
He is the Prince of Peace.

She sits within her splendor,  
The Queen of all the skies ;  
Celestial Angels tend her,  
And God her life supplies.  
She rules among the nations ;  
Her sceptre is the Word,  
And deathless generations  
She beareth to the Lord.

Throned in her soul's affection,  
Through her the world shall see  
The Lord in His perfection,  
And bow the willing knee.  
Her bridegroom's name is burning  
Upon her mystic brow,  
And Eden's years returning,  
Strew flowers before her now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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#### NOTICE.

OUR friends are informed that we are now getting out second editions, in uniform style with the first, of nearly all our works. We would call attention to this fact, also to the fact that we have made large reductions on the prices heretofore charged on these publications. The object of the Association in publishing these works is not to make money, but to get them into general circulation. It has, therefore, brought down the prices to almost cost. We refer the reader to our book-list, on the third page of cover, for particulars.

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#### THE ROSARY.

##### VIII.

The bread thou wouldst with others share  
Great Providence returns to thee.  
Thy word shall bosom-comfort be,  
Though men may heed, or men forbear.

## GLIMPSSES OF THE NEW AGE.—NO. 2.

BY MARGARET LEFFINGWELL.

"FORGIVE."

"Air, more air! Lift me higher, higher! Now go," cried the dying man with stifled breath, and a terrible internal warfare. "Nearer, nearer, children. This is not the peaceful hour that I once hoped would lie at life's close; but the Past is rushing up through the outflowing current, and things demand utterance that I had intended to have carried with me to the other world, if—*if*—there be another. Cease weeping, Louis—a man's burden am I impelled to cast upon you. Clasp the child to your bosom, and let her steal out all its softness; to her be gentle—to the world, cold, brave, invincible. Besides her—love none, *trust none*. There is nothing real—nothing worth struggling for, but independent manliness. Above all, let nothing tempt you to share other people's burdens. This easy confidence has been my ruin; it reduced me from affluence to the drudgery of poverty; killed your proud, beautiful mother; stole away our grand, old ancestral home, and drove us to this mean shelter; deprived you of untold blessings; crushed my hopes—my belief in a righteous Providence—my faith in a just God; and now—last of the curses that have followed a generous deed—you are thrown upon an evil world with a bare subsistence. *You*—the descendants of a Grattan—the rightful heirs of wealth and power—to mingle with the common herd! O my God—my God!—is this Thy justice!—this——"

"Father, father," shrieked the lad, "stay? speak once more—tell me *who*—O father——"

But the lamp of human life burned fiercely out. In utter darkness—with no loving dependence on Him who is God of the soul's night as well as of its day—this earth-worn spirit descended to the Land of Shadows, leaving to these orphaned hearts a legacy whose fangs will strike deeper than the sharpest poverty—be

more freezing than the world's coldness ;—a poisoned legacy of gloom, hate, distrust of God, and His mercy. Of all injuries, the most fearful is, to open a seemingly impassable gulf between the overburdened soul and the beclouded image of its Maker.

The boy staggered back with an agonized groan. It was his spirit's only external manifestation. The mantle of his father's last hour had fallen upon him ; life loomed up with overwhelming blackness ; he shrank not.

Whiter and more stony than marble—erect as if years had suddenly accumulated upon him—he released the child from the inanimate form, and bore her away to her own tiny couch ; then summoning their only servant, and the hired nurse, gave every requisite order briefly, but with calm authority.

Says a wise man, "It is good that one bear the yoke in youth." It is also good to remember, that He who permitteth the yoke, "doth not willingly afflict."

When he returned to the child, she had wept herself into a slumber at first uneasy, but growing more profound each moment. Folding the white spread about her, he slowly paced the floor of the larger room that intervened between hers and the apartment where the last personal offices were being performed for the dead.

Louis Grattan was but fourteen—Cora four years younger. A fearless, high-minded boy—idolizing his playmate—reverencing his father, and cherishing most tender memories of his mother—his somewhat isolated life had hitherto gathered a reasonable share of sunshine. If dim recollections of a broad, bright home, and luxurious surroundings sometimes stole upon an idle moment, they passed more as conjurings of imagination than as realities. Trained to severe study, and the regular discharge of duty, their intrusions were seldom.

But the revelation of the death-hour had opened up the flood-gates of bitterness and revengeful desire. *Who* had *dared* to thrust them from the glorious height of past and rightful prosperity to the humility of the present!—to seize *their* heritage of wealth and honors!—to weave about *them* the bonds of servitude for daily bread ! Forgive!—forbear rebellion!—**NEVER**. It should be *his* life-work to learn *who* had thus trampled upon them—to hurl defiance in the world's face. Vengeance burned ; thrusting

out all heart-griefs—pointing his thoughts and purposes with frightful intensity—absorbing all passions and ambitions.

“Louis, dear Louis.” The soft voice—or a power beyond flowing through it—momentarily allayed the raging storm.

“Cora dear——;” he paused; she has spoken in sleep—it was her habit. “What will say to me, darling?”

“Let him in, dear Louis—please—mamma wishes it.” “Him—who?”

“The Angel, Louis—the Angel at the gate. He is *so* bright, and there is something in his bosom—it looks like—yes, it is a white lamb. O, how sweet his eyes are—the Angel’s I mean—and pitying as he looks upon us. Now he holds toward you a little Book brighter than the sun, like gold afire, and—O, hush, Louis—he says, I will come in and sup with you. You *will* let him in—O say—you—will.”

The dewy tones died away; the sleeper moaned faintly as if catching a glimpse of earthly grief, and all was still, save the wild throbbing in the watcher’s breast. “Come unto ME all ye that labor and are heavy laden,” whispered an inner Voice.

“I will not. I will fight my own battles; nobody shall meddle with *me*,” was the arrogant response of his bewildered self-hood.

Nevertheless, O blessed Lord, Thou *will* return in Thine Infinite Love again and again, till all the spirit’s battles shall have been fought, and the indwelling man to whom Thou speakest stands boldly for or against Thee!

The funeral is over. The Rev. Mr. Chester has consigned the dear remains to earth with set phrases of glibly flowing eloquence—but they touch not the sorely lacerated hearts; and they lay their fingers in the white hand he so gracefully offers, silently amazed at his serene coldness. How stony and silent was the newly restored order of the cottage;—how narrow and iron-bound their little world.

There is a small permanent income too limited for even the most imperative wants of the household.—Mr. Grattan had eked it out in various unknown ways. Food must be provided—Cora clothed and schooled—Hannah, long-suffering and faithful, must remain. How to do all this? The question was often discussed.

"A long time ago," says Cora, "before papa was ill, when he had trouble, he used to say, God will help us."

"But God didn't," replies the brother triumphantly, "and my father gave over trusting in promised help that never came. I sha'n't try that game—I'll just help myself," and with a corresponding self-sufficiency, he set energetically about finding employment, meanwhile diligently pursuing his studies. A month was consumed—two—three. It wasn't possible that one who willed to work, couldn't?

Unused to managing, their little treasury was prematurely exhausted, and absolute Want domineered. As Louis' face grew thinner and sterner, his self-confidence gradually diminished. At first, when Cora had proposed praying for heavenly aid, he had proudly responded, "Don't you do it, sis. I'll take care of you." But now, with only roasted potatoes for many days, and Hannah mournfully wishing a cup of tea, and Cora pining for a cake and apple, he replied a little less jauntily, to her incessant pleading, "Yes—pray if you like—for yourself and Hannah; be sure you don't allude to *me*, though."

Going down the gravel walk, however, smothering a despairing sigh in an artificial whistle, and brushing aside an intrusive tear, he remembered the Angel who, his sister had said, was standing in the gate; and he paused a moment to wonder if he were still invisibly there—what could be the use of his coming, and *how he could admit him*, if he were so disposed.

This was followed by slight internal meltings about the heart—a faint purpose of returning to tell the child that she *might* just mention him if it would please her, though he wouldn't be beholden; and a momentary consciousness of being lifted in unearthly arms, and comforted as never before.

But this all vanished, and he strode down the street upbraiding himself for being womanish. Thankful Reed, a feeble woman who lived alone, stood in her door, desiring an errand done at the store of Walker and Loomis. Would he take the commission? Certainly. When the packages were ready for him, Mr. Walker inquired, "By the way, Grattan, do you know of any lad whom we could get for a morning and evening clerk—to open, and wait on extra customers at night? Wouldn't *you* like the



place—will pay what's right, you know—and not keep you from school."

For a single instant, Louis could have fallen on his knees, and thanked God—so quickly does the untrammelled spirit recognize the source of its blessings. His calm reply was, "Perhaps so, if we can agree. I must not leave my lessons, though." They did agree, and concluded a bargain.

When the parcels were left with Miss Reed, she begged him to carry a small covered basket to Hannah, with her compliments, and say it was quite private—something, in fact, that she ought to have sent home before, only she was careless. This, opened in the pantry, with closed door, proved to be fresh eggs and seed-cakes, with a drawing of tea, "which," was scrawled with a pencil, "she hoped Hannah would not despise." *Despise!* She wept for joy; it had cut her to the soul to see these children working at their books, so sad, and patient, and sunless, when she *knew* that hunger was consuming them. And while she was disposing of her tears, Lizzie Clement's baby hand tucked a bit of a bright tin pail into the window with, "Mother had more than she wanted, Hannah." Tears flow afresh. How does any one know that there is hunger in the cottage, whose inmates have ever been regarded as "proud people in moderate circumstances"—never as poor? Who will doubt that God knoweth the minutiae of human lives, and that He hath sure and silent messengers?

When Louis clasped the little girl to his bosom, telling her the good news, she whispered, with arms about his neck, "I *did* pray for you, though, and now you see what is come of it." The lofty citadel of unbelief, pride, and self-reliance, in which Louis had enclosed himself as a strong tower of defense had received a blow—it was tottering. "*Is* there an over-ruling Providence after all—or is this mere 'good luck,' by chance?"

He is a reflective lad, and can't dispose of this question as carelessly as many do; it will haunt him in solitary hours; and as he drops, one by one, the bars which he so magnificently put up between Heaven and himself, Angels *may* slip in unawares. Hannah interrupted the talk with seed-cakes and milk, and was rewarded with a disclosure of the incipient prosperity.

While lingering and chatting over their lunch, Mr. Walker

drove up in his store wagon ; seeing his new clerk, he called him to take a few " notions " in to Hannah, " liking," he said, " to pay something in advance to secure prompt, hearty work." The instant Louis lifted them down, he drove rapidly away, as if one of the heavenly messengers attended him.

" *Now,*" exclaims Cora, rushing out, " now don't you believe God helps us?"

" Sertain He does," responds Hannah ; " *always, at a pinch.*"

Once more on that eventful morning, while holding the gate open for his darling to pass through, was Louis reminded of the Angel possibly waiting there, and involuntarily said, " *It must be the Angel of the Lord. I think I would let him in if I knew how. I wonder if any one knows how to admit him?*" Ah, Louis, dreamest thou not that the door is already a little way open?—that the welcome of reception is in the spirit, and not in the physical hand? Beware of closing it.

" What?" asked Cora, supposing she was addressed. And in the explanation of this mystery, was passed the time of their walk to the Academy.

These, however, were but oases in the desert. The shadow cast by the dying father over these two young lives was dark—often impenetrable ; and while it was gradually replaced by white and gold-tipped clouds above the spirit of trustful Cora, Louis felt his approaching manhood pledged to nourish wrath against the day of vengeance, which he believed would surely come.

Many are the merciful events strewn by a Father's Hand along the regenerative path ; many and unexpected the ways and means by which He supplies the actual necessities of those from whom He sees fit temporarily to remove ordinary resources. Often, the lesson to be learned is that of humility and entire trust, without which no one can ascend to those higher states of self-abnegation and charity, or to those interior ones of temptation and combat, where human sympathy avails little. In the midst of the surrounding darkness, Cora's external needs were remembered by Him who never fails to clothe the earth afresh, in ever varied beauty, with each returning spring.

Some years previous, Mrs. Clement and her little daughter had come to Wallford from—no one knew where—had rented a

pleasant suite of upper rooms in a large house a few rods above the Grattan cottage—had advertised in the village "*Register*" for dress-making—had grown in gradual popularity, and had unobtrusively won universal esteem as a good and beautiful woman. It was often hinted, that there must have been some remarkable peculiarities in her former, to have led to her present mode of life; but her quiet assurance that in her very few trials she recognized a Divine Love and Wisdom as distinctly as in her manifold mercies—and that upon the whole her life had been very tranquil, disarmed gossip of its venom, leaving her to fulfill her mission in peace.

Dear as loving sisters were Lizzie and Cora; and very precious—for more reasons than one—was this united affection to the watchful heart.

If the Lord designs that we should be ministered to through certain channels, He so gilds those gifts with love, that they convey no reproaches, and the natural pride bows in glad acceptance.

Not a week had Cora been withdrawn from the best instruction at the Academy; and when her bills came in receipted in their neighbor's delicate style, the proud Louis came out of his gloom, and enjoined it upon his sister to repay the gifts with love, till he could make more substantial returns. So, also, as the mourning grew rusty, needing to be replaced by colored robes suitable for incipient young ladies, and the brother contemplated their empty coffers in dismay, a fresh inspiration for adapting means to ends, seemed to have descended upon Mrs. Clement.

Never, from her removal to Wallford till the present, had the contents of two large, iron-bound trunks seen daylight; nor were they now displayed to eager and undisciplined eyes; but discreetly, in solitary visits, there were drawn from hidden depths, dresses that would each make two, with the required additions for respectable wardrobes. In Mrs. Clement's hands, these grew to orderly proportions, and the little recipients were as gay and beautiful as God meant that children should everywhere be. If ever a gentle sigh, or perchance a tear fell upon these renovated antiquities, there were inflowings of healing love, and whisperings of, "Well done, good and faithful servant," that overshadowed the past and tinged the future with hope. Mrs. Clement had

proved that Use and Charity are thorough balms for the wounded spirit.

The years rush on. Lightly we walk through the sunlight of comparative prosperity, regarding its blessings as our *right*—looking to this life for the consummation of our wishes—forgetful of their Divine Fountain. Suddenly falls the shadow; the way is hedged up; the world becomes a theatre of vast, magnificent scenes in which we have no share—a complication of absurdities to mystify, or a machine to torture us; every desire becomes an eating moth; each new plan dissolves in air; the heart and hand are palsied; whatever we touch moulders;—accusing ourselves of sloth and faint-heartedness, we arouse every latent energy, sharpen our inventions, cultivate new alliances with the world, and command our spirits to start vigorously in the new race, but to find opposing impossibilities—to falter, faint, and lie down at night in sorrow and tears, believing that we have no foothold on the earth, and that we are really forgotten of God.

Look upward, *out of self*, suffering one. Dost not see a glistening HAND—that for brightness and power has no comparison—beckoning thee, from above this lowering cloud, into a *new path*? Wilt persist in clinging to an old, worn-out state, when a new and higher is opening upon thee? Take up the cross that lies at the parting of these two ways—commit thyself to God—ignore self, and the new morning will dawn on thy soul!

At seventeen, Louis Grattan—with all his ancestral dignity upon his shoulders—could no longer stoop to be fireman and porter for Walker and Loomis; no, not even with the grand and thoroughly improved opportunity for study which it afforded him, and though they added to his wages a handsome watch in acknowledgment of his faithfulness. He must find his life-work and prepare to do it—as though this preparation began *out of himself*. Ah, how often do we grope about in misery and darkness for *our Use*, blaming ourselves for seeing it not, while the Lord silently prepares us in unknown ways, meanwhile concealing the *end*, lest we grasp it prematurely. Why will we not *trust* Him to open our vision upon it at the right moment!

A year was spent in study, and untiring but fruitless efforts for employment. At last, weary of books, silent and discouraged, he

accepted the office of book-keeper with the smallest of salaries; in three months, the firm failed. Hannah—internally pledged never to desert the orphans—took in a little plain sewing and knitting, at which Cora assisted, to keep up the slow-starvation process.

During all this disciplinary period, silent rage against their unknown persecutor had been boiling higher and burning deeper. Even Cora now shrank in fear from the terrific words that escaped his lips.

"Perhaps," she whispered sadly, but without premeditation, "if we had not left praying, God would have taken better care of us."

This was the overflowing drop of his brimming cup of wretchedness. The infernals, contending for dominion and taking advantage of this rebellion against God, seized his arm and aimed a death-blow at the dear little head which had so oft been pillowed on his bosom. An invisible hand drew her quickly aside. Glaring at her an instant with distended eyes in which magnetic fires were raging, he rushed to his own room and bolted the door, there to yield himself a prey to those demons that entered through his unbelief, his self-love, his desire for dominion, his fierce hatred. For hours they ruled him. But even their power was limited by a mightier; at midnight, he was enabled to arise and look upon himself with truthful vision. O, how crushed—how fallen from his integrity!

Soul-sick and overcome with terror, he bowed before Jehovah, imploring forgiveness. "*As thou forgivest,*" was the internal response in a Voice not to be mistaken. With a flushed cheek he peered into the darkness; no visible form was there; but still a Voice. "*As thou forgivest!*" This, then, is the cross at the entrance of thy new pathway, Louis Grattan; wilt thou stoop low enough to bear it on thy shoulder? This is the key that will unlock thy future; wilt thou enter therewith?

There are low moans and sounds just outside the door—audible human sounds. Cora crouches there, weeping. "How *could* you!" he exclaims, lifting her to his own couch and wrapping her shivering form in blankets. She spoke not—only drew down his head and kissed him; then he perceived that though trembling with cold, her hands were burning. Soothing her with tender

words as when a little child, she at last slept. The tongue, dumb with terror and agony when awake, was now unloosed.

"Not there, dear brother, *not there*. See! they are waiting to push you off that precipice. O, the black water and the howling wind! I can't stay, Louis—don't drag me on—I beg—I implore —." "Hush, darling," he responds, "God forbid that I should harm you." "But it's fearful—fearful," she continued sobbing. At last these died away, and she murmured, "It is a narrow path, but I can walk very close to you, and there is a light yonder. Carry me, Louis. I am *so* weary. There—you will go alone a little way. I shall lie down here and rest; softly—softly—such tender music. I am not alone—go on now, dear Louis—forgive—*forgive; the more you forgive, the brighter will shine that light.*"

Morning brought no joy to that house—no external consciousness to its darling. Her constitution, weakened by privation and an unhealthy mental culture, offered no resistance to a violent fever. Never more, in this world, did she recognize them; but from her interior state, with vision clear and soaring, she spoke freely of things pertaining to his inner life.

"It seems a great thing, dear Louis, to find him who has injured us, to grasp him by the throat, and pour out your fury upon him, perhaps kill him; but I tell you, Louis, that each angry thought is a poisoned dagger; and each revengeful feeling a fiery serpent. O, Louis—you are black with the poison of revenge! Only Jesus can wash you clean, and He will do it—O so tenderly—if you will let Him. *Forgive—FORGIVE!* Try to lift the cross—He will aid you. Bend very low—lower yet. Jesus has trodden all that path before you. Did his enemies give Him where to lay His head? Was He not in deepest poverty?—reviled—misrepresented—persecuted?—and didn't He do the Divine Will—forgiving and praying for all? Louis, when you have not only forgiven those who made us poor, but are ready to give your life to do them good, such a light will burst upon your path as shall make it like the noonday for brightness. The dear Lord will then clasp your hand, and lead you to such victories over self and the evil ones as you have never thought of. *O, forgive, dear Louis—FORGIVE!*"

One day, towards the last, when Lizzie was hanging about the



bed as usual, the departing one whispered, "*She stands in that shining path—far up; if you seek revenge, the blow will fall on her. O, Louis, dear, forgive—don't delay.*"

But hourly the murmurs grew less; and on the seventh day, Mrs. Clement robed the white form of one of her treasures in delicate muslin and flowers, for a place beside her parents! Lizzie wept out her grief on her mother's bosom. The hopeful smile on Hannah's lips died out, and she moved about as if the last joy of her life had departed. Louis sat down gazing at the little deserted rocker with glazed and tearless eye, bitterly saying in thought—"I am a murderer. Now is every man's hand against me, and mine against every man. Let fate do its worst. I defy all." But he was internally forced out of his apathy. If, before, there was a wild storm, there now uprose the blasts of an approaching tempest. Not permitted by the invading foe to ascend to his own room, he fell in terrible convulsions. A man was passing rapidly. Hannah sprang to the open window, and the Rev. Mr. Lyon entered. Immediately comprehending the scene, he closed the doors and windows, asking to be left alone. Falling upon his knees, he prayed earnestly, "Father, strengthen and arm me for whatever work Thou wiltest me here to do." Then raising the poor victim, and moved by an influx of the Holy Spirit, he exclaimed, "In the Lord's Name, I bid thee depart!"

There came a change. Louis, pale and trembling, sank upon a chair, while the human instrument of his deliverance, again kneeling, groaned and wrestled in spirit with the infuriated demons, calling upon Him who alone had power, to give him the victory for the sake of Truth and Love.

When this fearful combat had ended, Louis had fainted. Mr. Lyon remained with him for the night; and during the severe illness that followed, left him only to perform imperative duties. At once, a physician—through openness of his soul to God—to both soul and body, this became a new era in the life of the patient. We are sure to rise from sickness morally worse or better. With Louis, it was the latter. Glad to listen—to hear answered the innumerable questions that are forced upon such a soul—he began to perceive, through the minister's penetrative vision, the door to that narrow, upward way, to which Cora often

alluded. Nor was this so in any mystical sense. A revengeful spirit is a stern reality—a stubborn fact—chilling the heart, marring the intellect, cramping the body. He saw it now in this light; and that he must, in God's strength, grapple with and vanquish it, ere he could ascend to that higher plane to which he aspired.

Through this servant of the Lord, was the right word always spoken to him. "Your enemies," said he one day, "are, by His Mercy, placed beneath your feet; but only through a full and willing forgiveness of others—only through a life of charity, with prayer and watchfulness, can this be maintained."

"And you believe," demanded this regenerating one, with gushing tears, "that the Lord receives and prepares for some especial work all who desire it?"

"*Believe!*—do I not know that when a man renounces his self-hood, and stands like a little child before God, *then will he find his peculiar Use!*"

"*Forgiveness! Self-hood renounced! Charity!*" Those words sank deeply into the bruised heart; and on that day the Angel was admitted to record the solemn vow of consecration, through humility, to the Lord's Use.

A remnant of pride had heretofore kept Louis at the White Church—now, a higher power, that of affection for good and truth, induced him to join the little assembly at the Chapel; coming from whence, he often wondered if the Minister knew exactly his mental state—so *fit* had been the word spoken. The dear Lord knows all our states, and when He speaks, there can be no mistake. O, who that is seeking Heaven, would not prefer to go where the Lord ministers, even though mere intellectualists and external men deride! He who has listened to Him in weeping contrition and soul all enwrapt in flaming love—receiving audible responses to his inmost yearnings—will never be content to be fed by man's intelligence.

Louis' peculiar work did not open upon him at once; long periods of preparation—of learning experimentally what God can do for the soul—were first allotted him—long periods during which he felt that it was quite a sufficient work for him to become wholly passive in the Divine Hands.

At length, without preliminary notice, the Principal of the Academy announced his intention of resigning an office he had held for many years, recommending Louis Grattan as his successor. Notwithstanding his youth, he was universally accepted;—declaring to Mr. Lyon, with great joy, that though it had never before occurred to him, he *knew* at once that this was his true vocation. “And,” rejoined this friend, “God will fill it with unspeakable delight for you. As He preaches through me to this dear people, so will He, through you, teach your pupils. Verily he is standing in our midst, outflowing through all who will become channels.” My dear brother, this is indeed a shining path—a path glistening with celestial gems; but *only*, as charity abounds and self is relinquished. Should a human idol be found there, the morning would give place to midnight. Let *her* whose spirit has grown to thine in sweet sisterly bonds, who stands in Cora’s place to thee, be loved only in the Lord.”

This was a revelation. Both had been his sisters; upon the removal of one, it was natural that a double share of affection should fall upon the other. But now he plainly saw that if both were present, Lizzie was far more interiorly loved. Cora could be given to another who was worthy—Lizzie never;—she completed his being. This brought fullness of joy.

Standing in God’s stead to a wife, as to his pupils, he opened not his heart to her till he was interiorly directed. This occurred on the day of attaining his majority, which was also that on which he assembled with others at the Parsonage to receive their Minister and his bride.

“Ah, Louis,” said Miriam, with a cordial grasp of hands, “we shall both be accused of being stray sheep. I trust that at last we have come into the true fold whose Shepherd the Lord is, and that we shall always hear His Voice. There is approaching a test for you, my friend.”

In the past, Louis would have sought to divine the nature of this test; but now, he inquired not—well assured by experience that whatever was needful for him to know, the Lord would impart in His own time and way.

Lizzie also was present, and as they returned quietly homeward, their mutual love was first clothed in words. There was no ex-

citement—no genteel falsification—no flattery on the one side, or coquetry on the other. Their love was a genuine reality ; and the Lord had but to open each soul to the other's view, for them to perceive that in both dwelt a part of that which would one day constitute their celestial oneness.

"You grow pale and weep, dear mother ; are you grieved ?" added this happy one, confiding all to maternal sympathy.

"Louis is very dear to me, my child," was the reply. "But there are circumstances which, when he knows them, may affect him deeply ; to-morrow, I must disclose to you both a painful secret. However, commit yourself and him entirely to the Lord who doeth all things well."

Tenderer than usual were their nightly devotions ; and as Lizzie kissed the pale brow, she whispered—"He smiles upon our love. I know it."

Louis was surprised to find Hannah watching for him at the open cottage door—more so, to see resting upon the bed that had been his father's, a stranger—a man, apparently aged, yet—upon closer scrutiny—not so much with years as from other causes.

"I am Louis Grattan," said the youthful host gently ; "how can I minister to you ?"

"Louis Grattan !" feebly echoed the stranger. "It is many years since I have heard that name spoken by mortal lips—it was once very dear to me. I was then a proud merchant—your father a man of wealth, leisure, and books. I offered to take the charge of his money—to increase, double, treble it. His prudence prevailed for a time, but at last friendship and confidence won the day. It was a failure—both were ruined ; yet I permitted the blow to fall first and most heavily on him—for myself I reserved something to keep up appearances. It was like dying a thousand deaths to give up my princely home. But I had a good wife, Louis ; she prayed and reasoned with me—gave me no rest night or day ; to do right—to share equally with your father the remains of this terrible wreck, and live as humbly as he was now forced to do, was the continual exhortation from her lips. O, that I had obeyed ! But there came tempting offers from a distance, which, with the pretence of retrieving my fortunes, I accepted. A few weeks brought me a letter from my wife.

'She had resigned our house, which was only leased, and having

sold the furniture, invested the avails as a small permanent fund for your father. For herself, she was about taking our only child to the country, there to maintain both in humble honesty till some other change was Providentially indicated. How strangely her courage contrasted with my cowardice—her integrity with my shrinking viciousness! I see it all now—then I only looked at myself, and tried to grasp the world. The news of your mother's death was a canker-worm in my bosom. I, who had so often shared in the luxuries of her beautiful home, I was her guilty murderer.

"One night, some months after, as I sat alone in my room, though it was perfectly lighted by a lamp, and I saw no one, I was sure of some presence besides myself. It did not alarm, but calmed and saddened me. Soon I *felt* a voice speaking distinctly, and however I might have resisted of myself, I was conscious of being held in quietude by a superior power. Louis, it was your mother, pleading for the half-distracted father and the injured babes she had left behind. Every word is written on my memory in letters of fire. Day and night, alone or in the crowd, and jar of the world, it was ever by—ever saying, '*Restore that which thou hast taken!*' I would have given my life to be rid of this voice. It was clouding all my ambition, and reducing me to a skeleton. 'O my God,' I began to cry, 'grant me some reprieve—a single night's rest.' But no—the dissecting knife was needed, and the plough must go roughly over so hard a heart ere it parted with its selfishness. At last I was left in silence—a changed, gloomy man—knowing the awful wrong I had done—sure that my only happiness here or hereafter, was in atonement—but with no desire to render justice. Ten years after, there came to me another messenger—unlike the first—a man almost infuriated by the injuries he had received at my hand. 'For years,' said he, 'I believed you would redeem your solemn promise; but as my earth-life drew to a close, I lost all confidence in you and in God—more, I left my dying vengeance to be executed upon you by my son. You cannot escape. I *must* torment you.' O the gloomy horrors—the lying vanities—the idle schemes for making a fortune in a day, into which I was led! I will not speak of them—will not gratify the infernals that ruled by recounting their triumphs.

"Three years since—when I was reduced to that despair that the earth was rocking beneath my feet, and the heavens above were

one sheet of blackness—that same sweet, sad voice returned, saying—‘Look upward ; though your sins have been terrible, Jesus is able and willing to cleanse you. Once you believed in God—return, repent, while an earthly space is given. He whom you so injured is striving to forgive ; but O, it is so much harder to do this work here than in your present life ;—delay not. I pray daily for you.’ Again, when I was in great agony for my sins’ sake, she was permitted to comfort me with, ‘Mourn not ; we perceive that out of your evils, God is bringing great good to the dear ones on earth.’

“And now, Louis—you can perhaps imagine what humblings a man must have endured to journey thousands of miles, much on foot, through obstacles of every kind, to lie down upon your bed, acknowledge his sin, and here wait on God till he is released.”

This, then, was the day of vengeance for which he had so devoutly wished—this the triumph for which he had yearned and waited !

“My dear brother,” he replied with a smile that proved what entire power love had acquired over him, “I have naught to forgive. A thousandfold greater than your injuries, have been God’s blessings. You spoke of your wife and child. Our first care should be to summon them. Can you give——.”

“Have you a neighbor—Mrs. Clement?” interrupted the stranger.

“Mrs. Clement!—is *she* your wife?” demanded Louis quickly.

It was confirmed. And “Lizzie—*my* Lizzie——” He had disappeared. His friends had not yet retired. “Dear mother,” he exclaimed, as was his familiar habit, “do you know that when we have overcome any terrible evil, God gives a corresponding crowning joy?” “What do you mean, Louis?”

“Come and see.”

Months have vanished. If—in unceasing watchfulness—in unwearied cares—in hourly giving his life for the invalid who still rests upon his father’s bed, and leans upon his own arm down to the gravel walk—he is ever learning how sweet it is to freely forgive—he is also made daily conscious how dear it is to be beloved by one through whom the Lord smiles and utters words of tender cheer. May you, dear sister or brother, have a foretaste of this same heavenly joy ! May you be prepared, in this New Age, for its outflow through *your* soul, in works of Charity and Use !



## A SUMMER INVITATION.

Haunted, with a ceaseless vision of the days that are no more,  
All my nights are lost in trances of my long lost Elenore.  
In the pride of nineteen summers, just a little year a bride,  
She lay down to her long slumber, and my spirit with her died.

Ah, my friend! 'tis very lonely ; in the midnight I recall  
Her last whisper on the terrace, her last love-song in the hall,  
Till the very place seems haunted, and the quiet air is rife  
With a thousand thousand phantoms, I have conjured into life ;  
Phantoms of the garden flowers, petted nurslings of her care ;  
Phantoms of the dewy rose-buds, that adorned her glossy hair ;  
Phantoms of the glorious glances, in her large and tender eyes ;  
Wifely smiles and maiden blushes ; till the mists begin to rise,  
And in gardens of the Angels, in some strange and mystic land ;  
In a better, brighter childhood, we are walking hand in hand :  
We are speaking in the language that the blossoms at our feet,  
With an infantile sweet laughter, like a fairy's song repeat :  
And a golden sun is shining, in the blessed sky above ;  
'Tis the presence of the Father, and its beams are light and love.

Think me not the slave of fancy ; but I tell thee, Rupert, now,  
That a soft white hand is resting, full of coldness, on my brow.  
There are harp strings that *she* touches, in the bosom's inmost place,  
And her thoughts, divinely imaged, grow to pictures in the space ;  
Till at times the glorious landscapes, from her viewless mind unroll  
Into gardens of the Muses, smiling temples of the soul.

Sure I am that she is with me, in a womanhood divine,  
And her thoughts come down, like fairies, in my bosom to recline.  
Sometimes in my heart they gather, and the quickened pulses thrill  
With a life of good affections, in the palace of the Will.  
And I look within the mirror of the heart's enchanted glass,  
And the loveliest of creatures o'er its airy surface pass ;  
Clothed in mantles like the rainbow, each a living joy that hies  
From its birth-world in her bosom, with a message from the skies.



Then the soul of all things real seems to claim its place in me ;  
And the roses bud to music, and their leaves unfold in glee ;  
Then the mask that hideth Nature from her features drops away,  
And I find a breathing essence where another sees but clay.  
'Tis the Silver Age I live in, Age whose last pale lustres played  
On the laureled brow of Plato, in the sacred olive shade.

I have found a faith the sweetest that the poet ever knew ;  
I have bathed my parched being in a fount of honey-dew ;  
And my senses all awaken, to the wondrous life that moves  
In the fields, where birds and flowers are the forms of viewless loves.  
Not a rose but holds a fairy in its chalice pure and deep :  
Earth is all the gate of Heaven, that the smiling warders keep.  
Growth, and birth, and change, are measured by a wondrous inner  
law :—

Friend, I write thee half in pleasure, half in deep divinest awe.

All my worldliness of feeling, all my pride of place and birth,  
Is o'ercome by what I fathom of the royalty of Worth.  
Kings and queens, by right of feeling, by the love-pulse in the vein,  
I perceive, oppressed and tortured by the galling social chain,  
With a silent benediction making beautiful the day,  
Or with Angels kneeling by them, at the twilight when they pray ;  
They who live, content for others to be spent and then forgot,  
On their hearts an Angel writeth, in a page without a blot :  
They are growing inly Godlike, and their second life shall bloom,  
Where the monarch drops his baubles, at the portals of the tomb.

Come to me, my old companion ! let me grasp thy hand again.  
I would talk to thee of wonders, all too mighty for the pen ;  
How the orb that o'er Ephrata hung its mystic silver shield,  
Is again the east ascending, to the inner eye revealed.  
Come, and bring thy heart's beloved. Oh ! her breast will thrill,  
I know,

As the founts of holy feeling from our blended hearts o'erflow.  
Heaven is nearer, Heaven is fairer, by a thousand thousand charms,  
By the bride-star in the bosom, by the treasure in the arms,  
Than our pedants in their gropings have allowed us to believe :—  
All the loving heart desireth of the Lord, it shall receive.

Come, and while sweet Spring, the virgin, to her Summer groom is  
wed,  
Talk with me of the Immortal, whom we once could weep as dead.

## THE ANSWER.

I read your letter, brother mine. Surprised I am to find  
That Grief's pale hand illumines the torch that lights the realms of  
mind.

My Clara sitteth by my side, and while I write, I feel  
Her tender thoughts, though unexpressed, through all my being steal.  
Love hath my teacher been, with lips of pure impassioned breath;  
Thy lesson hath been learned within the awful courts of death.  
I feel through Clara's loving hand, the Angel by her side;  
While thou in solemn trance dost seek thy far and visioned bride.

She loves me! loves me! I delight to syllable her name.  
Her viewless spirit seems to fill the soul of all my frame,  
And, though her wisdom is to love, and though she is not wise,  
Save in her holy heart, wherefrom the ceaseless prayers arise,  
Yet all her feeling grows to thought, absorbed within my brain,  
And fancy opes its filmy eyes, and reason bursts the chain.

Words of a strange ethereal speech, by minstrel never sung,  
In her most innocent repose oft tremble from the tongue.  
A mystic light upon her brow at midnight seems to rest,  
And living fairies talk to me, hived in her gentle breast;  
And when her heart is deepest stirred, she talks no more in words;  
Her love-speech is the warbling song of Eden's glorious birds;  
And every pure affection finds its own melodious lay,  
To feed my soul with sacred thoughts, and charm my cares away.

Yes! we will come, and thou shalt be interpreter of all  
Those radiant themes that fools despise, and while the fetters fall,  
Thou shalt retrace the mystic path thy dreaming soul hath known,  
From Arctic earthland, to the Heart's immortal tropic gone;  
And, when the words, in silent thought, fold up their wings  
and fly,  
My wife shall sing the mother-songs that thou didst hear on high.

## ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.

### AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE DIVINE WORD.

#### GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

(Continued from page 168.)

#### FOURTH ILLUSTRATION.

33. There approached me afterward a priest from a Celestial Heaven called the Dove Heaven, and him I recognized as of the cosmopolitan order. He put forth his hand and affectionately took my own, saying, "Peace and good will in the dear Lord's name. I am come with good tidings of great joy. There is a novitiate to be ordained into the priesthood in our own Heaven, who, as to his external, is an inhabitant of the earth." At this I was moved to make the inquiry, What will he do? To this the response followed, "The Lord has raised him up as your successor in New York, where he will administer to souls in the celestial sense of the Divine Word, and in the spiritual and ultimate also, while his hands will be strengthened to visit the sick, and to minister to the sufferings of the spiritually tormented: he will grow into great uses, if obedient to the Divine voice."

34. Saying this, he conducted me through a little gate, where a chariot awaited, and I was permitted to rise in his company to behold the novitiate spirit of whom he had spoken. I found him standing beside a running stream in deep meditation, holding in his hand the Word open at the celestial sense of the first chapter of Genesis. He clasped both my hands in his, at first, without saying a word, and I then perceived that, as to his externals, he had been beset by demons, and suffered many things at their hands, but that this had been overruled for good.

35. Four and twenty elders then approached, and the youth was taken in their midst, to be explored as to the quality of his interiors. A superb bird of paradise, with brilliant plumage, accompanied by a white dove, now hovering over a branch of olive, seemed disposed to alight, but the white dove flew away, leaving the other,

which settled down upon the bough. At this, crowned with a coronet of gems, appeared the wife of the chief priest of the series, and, escorted by her, I entered into a banqueting room, wherein appeared long tables, covered with snowy drapery. The drinking cups and flagons were of pure gold, set with precious stones, and, in general, the table furniture of the most sumptuous description. An entire compartment of the wall, fronting the table, was filled with a painting illustrative of the series of divine truths involved in the representative act of the last supper which our Lord on earth partook with His disciples. While conversing with the priest's wife, she called my attention to a scene dimly visible in an ante-room a little at the right. There I beheld the examining Angels, congratulating the youth that he had been found worthy to be initiated into the office of the priest. Soon after, guests began to arrive, and the banqueting hall was filled, after which they took their places at the board, all reclining in the Greek fashion, and being crowned with fillets of sweet-scented blossoms.

36. When the repast was at an end, it was announced that such as desired, and who had been invited hither for the purpose of welcoming a young man who was to be inducted into the priestly office, might remain, whereat about a hundred Angels and Angelic Spirits, the rest having departed, remained conversing, and the subject was the opening of the celestial sense of the Book of Matthew. A little child appeared in the midst of the group, as the conversation began, bearing a basket full of nosegays, presenting one to each. I observed the flowers were full of odor, as if just gathered, and out of the floral gift which I received, which was a cluster of blue violets instarred with gold, I perceived the most minute and lovely faces peeping, one from each blossom. Such innocent and beautiful surprises as these are constantly occurring in the Heavens.

37. The tiny creatures, rising in the air above the flowers, began singing in the smallest of voices, audible only to the celestial ear. Then leaving the aromal sphere of the violets, they disappeared, and in a moment I could hear them caroling within the left breast, where, finding many companions of their own kind, each received a welcome. The little beings then began to perform a representative drama, twelve of their number personating the

apostles of our Lord, and my vision was opened to behold subjectively that which was transpiring. I observed the fairies in my own bosom, numbering perhaps a thousand, gazing with unmingled delight and admiration at the spectacle presented. When it was over, they flew away and hived themselves within the nosegay, which, at the same instant, I was moved to present to the beautiful lady at whose invitation I was present. At this, drawing from the folds of her pure white robe a little copy of the Word, she whispered into my ear in a low tone—that none except those initiated into conjugal arcana might understand—"The white dove who flew away in the garden, leaving the bird of paradise to settle upon the bough of the olive tree, has now returned, and you will see it as you pass again in that direction. I divine, by certain tokens, a wedding in our society."

38. There was then brought a loaf of bride cake, and generous portions of it were assigned to each. Soon after, attendants appeared, with crystal wine cups, filled with the nectar of fresh grapes, of which each drank. I then observed that the youth who was to be initiated into the priesthood, was not permitted to drink of the wine, none receiving except such as had been intromitted into conjugal relations. At this he seemed somewhat astonished, because his glass was empty, when a maiden appeared in spotless virginal attire, whose golden hair was decked with crimson rosebuds. She approached the youth on the left side, and filled the glass before him with a colorless beverage, exhaling an odor of honey, saying, at the same instant, "Suffer me to help you." The youth looked up with large deep eyes, and at the same instant two white doves appeared, intertwining their necks and caressing each other. At this moment a shower of golden rain began to fall upon the heads of the two, dissolving into fragrance while it descended. The virgin then disappeared. The youth seemed astonished at the manner in which the empty cup had been filled, but I knew, through conjugal perception, that it was his counterpart who thus appeared, for this is of frequent occurrence in the Heavens. The white doves betoken nuptials.

39. Returning afterward to the garden, I there beheld a messenger, mounted upon a white horse, and holding in his left hand a flying roll. The horse itself shone effulgent, but the rider was

clad in a flamy purple tunic, and wore a crown upon his head. Alighting from the steed he approached me, saying, "I have words for you in the Lord's name." I answered, in the Lord's name say on. At this, I looked and beheld a bird of paradise rising in the air, leaving the white dove, first upon the branch in its place. I then divined the significance of the sight, and knew that my own use was typified by the bird of paradise, while the white dove corresponded to the use assigned to the young man who was about to be initiated into the office of a celestial priest. Gazing down toward earth, it was permitted me to see that the olive tree grew from the midst of the general sphere of the receivers of the truths of the Divine Word in its celestial sense in America, to whom I had been myself administering in a priestly office.

40. I understood, therefore, that the omen indicated that I was to be transferred into another province of the earth, and that my place was to be given to the novitiate; at which I blessed God, and turned again to the messenger.

41. "I come," he said, "from England. The hells have risen to inundate the minds of the inexperienced, yet cultivated inhabitants, with fantasies concerning the World of Spirits and the Word, especially denying the Divine Humanity of the Lord and the fixed condition of man after death, either in angelhood or demonhood. The mental perturbations begin to affect the Churches, and restlessness and discontent prevail. A sadness presses upon the bosoms of many of the devout, and strange symptoms are experienced in the epigastric region, which betoken internal respiration in its faint and obscure premonition." Then I remembered my previous visit to the reapers in the Heavens, and the command which had been laid upon me by our Lord, and answered, I perceive that our Divine Head and King has provided a use for me, therefore expect me speedily.

These two illustrations are here inserted at the commandment of Him whose servant I am.

#### FIFTH ILLUSTRATION.

42. That Fay souls do actually exist, incorporated into the refined substance of Nature, has been given me to experience and perceive in thousands of instances while in the natural world; and



I am as familiar by name with the inhabitants of the fay world as with my own human species. With the return of internal respiration, they will become the tenants of every human breast among the receivers of the truths of the New Church, both male and female ; but they can only be received through charity. I have beheld their sports, which are all the sports of innocence, and have conversed with their sages, whose wisdom is that of perfect innocence. They are visible in the aroinal degree of natural sight, when it is opened, but those who are thus apparent cannot find admittance into the human breast as yet, on account of the absence of internal respiration.

43. When they return, these sportive æriform little creatures must be welcomed, as one would welcome an earnestly desired and expected babe into a household. Their external æriform bodies may suffer death, though the fay soul itself is indestructible. I have seen them wounded, through imprudences on the part of a natural pair, whom the Lord, in His providences, has opened for the reception of some of their number. Those who are conscious of little winged flutterings within the breast, and who hear tiny voices as of the cooings of doves, and melodious, plaintive tones of nightingales within the throat, seeking to make themselves audible, should remember, that these betoken that the breast is being prepared for a family of infinitesimal human creatures to make their home within it. We cannot be too sedulous of the comfort of our little friends. I am desired at this point to add, that they find their bosom-houses too small, unless there is an extension of the plane of the new regenerate creation daily ; that the coldness of the affections clothes their world with winter, but that states of sweet and tender charity, bring about the vernal season first, and afterward the golden summer with plenteous fruit. They are dependent upon us, in the Lord, for protection ; on which point see more hereafter concerning Divine Providence in the breasts. Should regeneration be arrested at any point, their little kingdoms would be destroyed, and the breasts become as empty nests from which the birds have fled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## HYMN OF THE FLOWERS.

Ye Flowers, which are the breathings forth of God,  
As, musing o'er His own fair universe,  
He sees its brilliant suns like roses bloom,  
I call ye friends, for friends ye are to me.  
I know and love your spirits, Oh, ye flowers!

I stand beside the grave of many hopes  
Born of the self-hood, destined but to bear  
Sad disappointment as their bitter fruit.  
Thank God that it is so; that He, whose breath  
Renews the Beautiful, in thousand hues  
And forms and essences, and life divine,  
Annihilates that ranker, baser growth,  
Which counterfeits the loveliness of Heaven,  
Tainting life's common atmosphere, with thoughts  
And passions,—poisons that destroy the soul.

Yet now, sweet Flowers, while, on the grave of these,  
The germs of Life's fair garden spring anew,  
And Paradise within me buds again,  
While, softer than the blue Campanian skies,  
Cerulean depths of tenderness divine,  
That brighten while I gaze, make night more fair,  
And day more lustrous; while the royal Sun,  
Messiah's express glory, in the east  
Diffuses there its thrice irradiant beams,  
I cull glad thoughts from Fancy's garden born,  
Or on the brows of that Olympian hill,  
Where bright Imagination loves to dwell,  
And scatter incense from their chalices,  
Or pour libations of their honeyed wine  
Upon the altar of Creative Life.     ▪

Oh, flowers, sweet flowers! my childhood's earliest friends,  
Your airy forms in memory endure,

And wreath the columns of the ivory shrine  
Through whose white doors celestial visions came,  
The temple where my childhood dwelt with God.  
Ye were my first-born teachers ; I the child,  
And ye like souls of infants, yet unborn,  
Companions, kindred in some earlier state.

Still, still, your gentle magic half unbinds  
Life's dimly woven veil : I find again,  
In daisies of the meadows, in the rose,  
And all the fragrant firstlings of the Spring,  
A brother or a sister : soft and low,  
With airy tongues, they syllable the strains  
Of my FIRST INFANCY. I had a birth  
In regions where pale death is all unknown ;  
A *soul-child*, I beheld the SPIRIT SUN.  
Fed by the white milk of an Angel's love  
I rocked upon the billows of her breast,  
Or melted, like a sunbeam, in her heart ;  
And, through the music of her living form,  
Acquired the poet's genius. Oh, 'twas sweet,  
In that first infancy, to feel the heart  
Itself a flower, blossom with the flowers.

Ye are, to me, the links in that bright chain,—  
The day stars of Faith's galaxy, the smiles  
Of the Allfather visible once more,—  
By which I track, through immemorial years,  
My essence to its ante-natal life.  
Wave, ye sweet blossoms, that the laughing earth  
Binds round her smiling brow, your leaves unfold :  
There, in no dim astrology, I read  
The starry secrets of a birth divine.

Laugh, ye glad roses, in the lap of Spring :  
Do ye remember, too, that fairer land,  
Where music, poetry and life are one ?  
Fresh from the presence of the BEAUTIFUL,  
Oh, flowers, ye robed yourselves in forms like these,  
And, trooping earthward, with a low-voiced hymn,

Came down to make the common sod a floor,  
Meet for INCARNATE DEITY to tread.  
When Christ was born, ye worshiped Him, Oh, flowers !

Methinks, when, o'er the olive-cinctured hill,  
The Magi saw the star of Bethlehem,  
And hastened to adorn the Manger-born,  
With gifts of gold and spices, that ye stood,  
In veiled aromas, that the subtle sense  
Of the Child-Saviour could alone discern ;  
That there the Rose cast her rich diadem,  
And the pale Lily knelt and kissed His feet !

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HEAVEN BELOW.

'Tis Heaven where Christ Himself imparts  
In union of accordant hearts.  
How sweet the glad affections twine,—  
The tendrils all of Christ the vine.

'Tis Heaven within when Christ inspires  
The bosom with divine desires,  
And all the being gently moves  
On the full ocean of His loves.

'Tis Heaven begun, when, inly free  
From sinful self, the Lord we see ;  
When generous mercies grace the way,  
And uses ripen with the day.

'Tis Heaven complete, when from the soul  
The last, dissolving shadows roll,  
And on its rising orb, the throne  
here Jesus reigns in light alone.

## THE NEW CHURCH POLICEMAN.

### MR. LOVEGOOD'S STORY.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "NETTLEBY TALES."

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(Continued from page 175.)

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### CHAPTER III.

For three days Gregory Hungerford kept his room. On the third I was suffered to cross the threshold. He met me kindly, it is true, with the look of one pale, as if convalescent from a sick bed; yet with a moist light in his eye, and a dewy moisture in the palm. "Ah!" he cried, for the bond of our mysterious knowledge inspired him with a confidence given to no others, "Ah! the mighty elixir, I shall live twenty years!"

Without doubt the drugs, with which an imperfect and wandering Science, now happily retracing its steps to Nature, loads the human system under the name of medicine, even if they ever arrest disease from the body, darken the perceptions of the Dweller in it,—darken the Mind whose thought would wander and find congenial companionship with the better spirit in Books, in nature or in men. "Come," said he, "come. I long once more to hear the charmed voice, once more to listen to the oracle."

Again that soft delicious rest! that almost audible music in the frame, as if the blood-drops all kept time with the glorious march and universal music of the spheres! The viewless Physician was not absent, but some such words were spoken as it made me tremble to repeat, as he began:

"Gregory, I have ministered to thy body. Suffer me now to draw the curtain which hangs between thy spirit and its fate. Thy thoughts are not worthy. It is not God whom thou seekest with a disinterested love, to yield thy new found vigor to Him for the service of thy race. Me thou inquirest after, with a pas-

sion whose root is base, though its bloom seems an emanation of the spirit of gratitude. Thou art not grateful, save selfishly ; yet I would counsel thee once more, though, alas ! alas ! if thou wilt not hear Moses and the Prophets, neither wilt thou believe, though one warns thee from the dead. God's book is before thee ; thy food ; thy medicine ; the lamp to direct thy feet in the paths of this life ; and, to the Good, the ministrant of unspeakable comfort from the fountain of the joys to come. Canst thou believe ?"

"I have thought much," was the reply, "yet only to confirm myself against the writings you would recommend. Why should I equivocate, when my heart is open to your perception ? Thou art one, Mysterious Visitant, of many who, for I will believe thus far, repeat the drama of material existence in its impalpable regions and more ethereal delights. But what so delicious as the soft sense ? so intoxicating as the mead of June ? Subtle forms of self-worship you call them, yet incense the most grateful to the God within. For thy art, I thank thee ; for thy intervention, love thee ; but, for thy faith, though thou art wise in matter, still I think thee fond and credulous.

"Thou presentest," continued the artist, "the same enigma, the same bewildering contradiction, which History affords in the Galilean, the son of the Carpenter. The affections that stirred his heart, were a perpetual war against the sentiments attributed to his understanding. Something of thy mysterious power he possessed to heal the sick. Ah ! I shall live twenty years—thou sayest twenty years. But thou, like this ancient benefactor of the species, while wise in Science—for that grows out of matter—art unwise in Religion. Thine early training in this World leaves the bias on thee still. No ! I am too old to change. I must love myself. I must worship this mighty, this eternal universe, thy Father and mine. God did not cure me. Matter did the work. But thou hast other secrets. I burn with thirst for all those things that man takes delight in. The burden which thou hast taken from the senses, gives to the senses themselves a strange and subtle vigor. Complete thy gracious task. Let me once more enjoy my kind. Not mine the desire that craves to achieve ; yet still remains the better ambition, to enjoy ; and ah ! in this thou canst direct me. I would take a wife !"

"Gregory," was the solemn response. "I have said, now, for the last time, choose well. The heart that hardens itself under blessings is in the last stages of its malady. I said not that thou *wouldst* live twenty years, but that thou *mightest*. God is above nature. The wheel stops in the midst of its revolution; the cataract in its fall; the star in its rise, when God wills. Thy dead affections, all corrupt and in their deformity most horrible within that sepulchre, thy breast, must rise,—or thou wilt die. Yet love of self will not reanimate the extinct images, arrest the ruin, clothe the horror with smiling beauty, and make that bloom perpetual. This arrestation of the slow torpor and chill of age is permitted, that in inner freedom once more thy spirit may survey and there decide. Eternity waits on the decision."

"Humble myself to the Galilean? Never. Become an abject at His feet, suing for pardon? Never! But stay, stay,—I will not—thus—seal over—my spirit—I pause—I tremble—I hesitate—I am almost resolved—once more—to weigh the problem, to own my faith a possible error, thy creed a truth—I will read the Book."

After this, my studies requiring an absence for months, I did not again meet the artist. He had gone, when I returned to India, leaving a letter, thus:

"I cannot desert the fair land of my fathers, without once more thanking the instrument of a mysterious, yet benignant Power. I walk with an elastic step; I sleep with a calm, uninterrupted rest. The world, if it has not its earliest glow, its vernal promise, wears a something of the latter summer, when the tints are still vivid and the harvest yielding its maturity.

"My nephew I leave in your charge. His property, inherited from the maternal branch of the family, is sufficient, with careful husbanding, for the scholar, which I think he will prove. But oh! teach him Belief; for I believe. In my age I have become a disciple. Oh, wonder! wonder! It is not the *letter* of the Book alone; the *spirit fires, it moves, and is the breathing of Divinity*. To the writings of the great Swedenborg I am indebted for an explication of its inner sense. I trust that the long neglected, the almost fatally rejected process of regeneration, is begun. I seek a far land, in the hope, the expectation, of communicating to oth-

ers, in their blindness, a few rays of that marvelous light, which, in my case, was to the blind a dayspring from on high ; the restorer of the soul's perceptions. In humble use I trust to find the Christian's path to Heaven. The twenty years, that seemed so desirable a boon, are indeed precious, yet I seek now to live for others, not for myself."

Reading this letter of the artist, while it excited in the mind a train of pleasurable reflections, served also to establish once more, not alone communion with his own being, but also with the smiling and glorious Visitant, through whose kind offices, as a servant of the Divine Father, he had received the boon of a renovated physical existence. Again the partial liberation from the bondage of the corporeal sphere ! Again the calm, more deep than that of night, the radiance more effulgent than that of morning ! The Artist Angel stood beside me, but meekly, with his hands folded upon his bosom. The look, the gesture, the attitude, that of an humble obedient child. I gazed in wonder, and he spoke :

"Not to warn thee, am I come, for thou art warned already ; but the lad, whom Gregory has left, must be cared for, and this is *thy* present more especial task. The youth is at the age when the Genius who moulds the purpose, the Angel of the Use approaches. Lo ! he is here."

I cried, One word, if it be permitted me. Why ? Oh, why ? I was not allowed to finish the question ; for, turning on me his eyes, that now colored from the azure of the Heavens, the Angel said : "You would ask, why the Book accomplished the work, the miracle, the conversion. Why, mightier than the intelligence of an Immortal, it humbled the proud spirit, broke up the torpor of a dead heart, revolutionized the senses, enkindled and enfranchised the reason, and vivified the will."

"Know then, Youth, that the Book is the Divine Father's chosen means, whereby to effect the regeneration of the human spirit ; its sentences constructed with an infinite art, so that from each the Power, the Wisdom, the Goodness of God, streaming out as sunlight through the disc of the orb that illuminates the planets, shall silently interpenetrate the seeker after eternal life. No Angel is permitted to instruct, of himself, but all his communications are



but the repetitions of the Divine Oracle ; the illustration of its sublime disclosures. And God wills the Book to stand above the Angel ; aye, above the universal sphere of Angels ; an organ for Himself. Therefore thou wilt become wise in the Book. The love of Spirits is doubtful and dubious ; the fantasms and fictions of an infernal magic necessarily gather around the threshold of the invisible. Satan and his hosts are even now marshaling for the last grand struggle by which they hope, through magnetism and the occult sciences, to interpenetrate, to corrupt and enslave the family of man. None but those to whom an especial use is appointed, in the Providence of the Father, are permitted more than brief and transient glances, till a better day, into the Realm of Mystery. But, from the Word itself, shall rise its inner sense, thy fiery pillar, to guide thee onward through use here, to nobler use and full beatitude !” He vanished, lost in the radiance of the divine light, and I saw him no more.

And now a sight awaited me, which, if the former incidents had disclosed, the care which the Divine Lord of all has over the corporeal frame, the medicine by which to dispossess poisons which hurry on the organs to their passionless repose and final separation in the grave ; revealed, even more strikingly the All-Parent’s care over that Social Body, which may be fitly styled the corporeal organism of the world. For, the Angel who now grew visible, held an instrument which resembled a baton, and which took before my vision the shape of a policeman’s staff. He cried, at the same time, “ I am one of those who preside over the well-being of Society ; my task to aid the skilled detective in the frustration or the punishment of crime. At no distant day, the lad, under your charge, will quicken with an irrepressible desire to penetrate the mysteries of the police. Thwart him not : he will become a servant of Messiah among those who watch the security of the household roof ; the guardians of the hearth ; the care-takers of human life. A noble employment if nobly sought, requiring also no common energy and fixedness of will.”

“ But, Radiant One,” I answered, “ the task seems ignoble.”

“ Nay,” was the response. “ Which is the loftier, the Thinker, who muses over abstract themes while the house of Society is burning ; or the watchful servant of Justice, ever on the alert to

extinguish the spark, that else may cause the conflagration? The idle voluptuary looks down from sumptuous revels, and Beauty casts a disdainful eye, from the gaily lighted windows, at the motionless statue at the corner; the ever watchful guardian of the night. Little do they know, that, perchance, to that trained ear, that vigilant perception, they shall be indebted for rescue from violence before the morning."

"As the new Priest comes, enkindled with the internal inspirations of the Word, proclaiming the advent of Messiah into the universal avocations of an orderly society, so, wherever there is found a sphere of righteous or necessary action, our Lord will send the servants whom He is training to act their part in the renovation of all things. Think not the Priest is above the Policeman. All uses are, in a certain sense, one use; which the one God performeth through his own. But each should exalt his especial calling, and love it as the best for him."

"In this manner," concluded Mr. Lovegood, "and through this rain of providential circumstances, our friend X.-30, became the vigilant and experienced detective, contented with his use, and nerved up to the needful combats which pertain to regeneration, through the varied scenes of trial wherein his employment lies. He affords a vivid illustration of heroism in common life. He too, whose fine culture and intense admiration of the beautiful, might seem to require a different social condition for their evolution and even for their preservation, finds, as he assures me, that the calling to which he is assigned, imperatively demands, not alone the boldness that never trembles at any danger, but the sweetness and the grace, that bloom on, unharmed, amidst the contagious infections of passion, the fierce brutalities of ruffianhood and crime.

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#### PHOTOGRAPHS OF BROTHER HARRIS.

Those of our friends who are desirous of obtaining portraits of Brother Harris may see specimen copies at our office.

## HOW SHALL WE GROW?

First, by non-conformity to, and separation from the world, in all the essentials of life. The New Church, as it descends from God, is a **UNITY**, bearing within its bosom uses of unrevealed importance to our unhappy world. Its human organization must be as one medium for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit through intensified words of Wisdom and deeds of Love; standing firmly in God's strength, then grasping with out-stretched arms all who are toiling wearily upward, or crying in the darkness, "who will show us any good?" As integrant members of this unity, thoroughly crucified in the self-hood, and consecrated by the Lord to the ultimatum of these uses—the very dust of worldly ambitions, hopes, pleasures, must be shaken from the feet. Wanderings to places of worship, where partial truths are uttered in the self-hood and the Divine Humanity of the Lord, is not fully recognized; reading the world's literature, accepting its false education, listening to its gossip, are each, in its degree, wholly destructive of that **ONENESS** of affection, thought, and action which is the grand condition of its being used for the regeneration of the race.

Our God will accept no divided instrumentalities; all or nothing. Self, familism, the world, and demons must all lie prostrate beneath the washed feet that would walk with Him, in charity, above the conflicts of externals and the inflowing of the hells. In such, wherever they are, is regeneration proceeding from inmosts to outmosts of daily life; and to them alone can be opened the present uses of the incipient New Church, because they only can stand together as **ONE MAN** in God's sight, through whom He may manifest Himself as never before, and of whom He can say: "I am his God and he is my son." Most thoroughly purged, even with fire, will be these branches of the true Vine. Thus separated interiorly, thus enduring, struggling, conquering, loving, apparently alone, the world will scorn them as it did their Incarnate Master; neither the dying Churches of the past, nor the transition Churches of the present will recognize them as Christians; but it is sufficient that each chosen one will know himself, will hear and

respond to the Divine Voice within his own soul, will receive the abundant assurances of Peace and Obedience.

Again, by a prompt, unreserved, hearty relinquishing of the human props on which, in our weakness, we are permitted to lean temporarily.

Interiorly, we each know whether or not we have sometimes loved the messenger, either man or angel, better than the Lord of the Vineyard,—whether or not we have sometimes been satisfied with the human voice instead of listening deeply for the Divine Word within it. If so, let us thank our dear Lord for the removal of such human helpers, that we may look more directly upon His face—may receive Him with fewer intervening veils and clouds. This stern individuality—this standing alone with God, is one great need of the Hour. Shrink from it as we may, man or woman, we must bear unscathed this fiery ordeal ere we can fully enter upon the personal uses through which each true and faithful member of the New Church, in its infancy, becomes the representative of some especial branch of uses in the future.

During the evolution of order from disorder, these uses descend to us apparently by long and circuitous routes, flitting before our mental visions at times, then receding through more preparatory states, till at last they rest in our arms, as infants, to be wisely loved and nourished to a full development of glorious perfection. Does the birth of this heavenly use—God-given and presided over by angels—involve the pains of separation from persons and scenes around whom linger sweet and sacred memories? Does it imply building with our hands sepulchres for our dearest earthly treasures? Ask the true mother, whether in the birth-hour of a new soul from the Father, she most weeps for the severing pangs, or joys that a child is born for all eternity.

Into these uses we are guided unerringly by the Lord's voice speaking in our inmosts, through the Word and through human messengers. While the first two remain unchanged in form, revealing Him more and more brightly as we are obedient to them, the latter are changed as our states require. Neither angel, however transcendent, nor man, however inspired, nor woman, however loving, nor child, however dear, may *rest* between us and God. In truth, there is but ONE in the universe—the Lord; and

we, so many wandering atoms, encrusted with the accumulated sins of generations, waiting to be purified and re-absorbed into the Divine Life. If another of these human atoms is commissioned with a message from Him to us, we will receive it gladly, use it faithfully and bid the bearer God-speed as he journeys onward. Not by planting our affections in human, but in the Divine soil, shall we grow into vigorous, soul-inspiring, world-regenerating uses. Only as we rise above all human authorities,—not in pride, but in that depth of humility which makes us fearful of casting our burden of sin and ignorance on any less able to bear it than the Lord Himself;—only as we learn, in *soul-experiences*, the value of, and attain to direct communication with Him, shall we grow, in the beauty of Wisdom, in the blessed fullness of Love, to the statue of an angel.

And again, our social and domestic relations must not only be clearly understood and made ladders for ourselves heavenward, but the Lord must so shine through them that they shall present an unfolding series of Truths married to corresponding ultimations of active Love, and that in them can be studied something of the order of the heavenly home. And here, the Conjugal is preëminent. An ineffable mystery of God's Being—the initiament into which is impressed upon each soul ere it leaves His Presence,—it is, like Himself, the Alpha and Omega of all Life. When once the conjugal is established in the household, and consequently in the Church, it becomes an ever widening receptacle for the influx of such streams of Divine Love and Wisdom as quickly reduce to order all lesser disturbances. The true light of Wisdom once lighted on the domestic altar is never extinguished ; true Love once born amid its incense, never sleeps. The heart and the head living, breathing, acting as ONE, not from reflection, not from sober duty—though this may sometimes be needful at the beginning—but from the all-pervading, out-gushing, unspeakable joy of such union, encompassing the household body and still wider, the body of the Church, in its sphere of perfumed delights;—how tenderly would each nerve respond—how softly would the life current flow through all its hidden channels—how fervently would the Divine benediction rest upon that house, of which it might truly be said, that its united centre had already “entered into the joy of our Lord.”

"It is sweet to know this possibility," sighs the worn and weary wife ; "comforting to have advanced a little towards it ; but the way is so difficult to find ; whenever all seems to be going on swimmingly, there is surely a storm-cloud hovering near ; and if there is one Love-bower dearer than all, whither we go to meet our Lord, *there* some secret, hideous enemy lurks, and the hour of anticipated peace and love becomes one of stern warfare. O, sad, sad experiences ! Would—I am almost ready to say—would that I had been content with the world and present happiness—with the forms of religion, without so wearying myself to seek God in unknown places."

Clasp the Word, in cheerful hope, dear sister, to thy bosom, and it will prove an anchor more solid, more enduring than iron. Storms, though fearful, purify the atmosphere ; and for each vanquished foe there is not only one the less, but an ingathering, angelic host, whose swelling anthems of joy for the victory that cost you tears and a bleeding heart, penetrate to the Infinite Heart, apparently so far away in these dark hours, but in reality, very, very near.

Every true wife knows, though she may never have breathed it in words, that her real home is in her husband's heart—she, the lover ; he, the beloved—that thus she stands between him and the Infinite Lover, the FATHER, from whom it is *the* joy of all her joys to bring fresh streams of love for the infilling of all his uses, that within each a living soul of creative power and energy may exist. She knows that *thus* ; however widely separated externally, her love speaks through his voice, labors efficiently through his hands, pours tender sympathy through his eyes ; that *thus* she is permitted to withhold him, in the Lord, from the cold, repulsive life and deeds of manifest injustice to which he naturally tends, and to make him a constant minister of good and truth. What wife would barter this lofty privilege for a petty triumph of words—for the transient wearing of the laurel that rightly adorns her husband's brow ? All this unquenchable inner love—all the encouragement and gratitude that can be laid at his feet, are his by the eternal law of compensation. How fragmentary and useless, otherwise, is his life !

I never hear a man's voice vented in harsh or angry words,



but, however low or rough, a gush of pitying tenderness outflows from my inmost soul towards him, knowing that the home within his heart must be desolate, and the fire never truly kindled upon its altar. I have seen such men moulded by affection to forms of patient endurance, to a manly grace and pliability that rendered them very lovable.

Does not the wife thus become, in the tenderest sense, her husband's keeper? and if he is betrayed into acts of injustice or cruelty, may it not safely be inferred that his heart's sentinel has wearied of her office and wandered into love-forbidden paths? Can the wife dwell ever within the husband except the Lord maintains her in unwearied love? except her life is one ceaseless prayer for him—ever open to celestial influx for his own dear sake? except she is *ONE* with him in thought and deed, in business affairs, in ministrations of goodness and truth—in each and all life-avocations? except she is *always* present to his internal eye; except that into all her individual uses she carries his approval and coöperation. If, therefore, we would grow into the image and likeness of God through the ultimatum of Conjugal Love, the husband *must* be the very head, the wife the very heart; never separated, never usurping, any more than the physical head and heart.

Does the wife, who has entered but the door of what she hopes and believes is a true marriage, pause appalled at the first glance into the boundless work opening before her? Does she almost shrink from knowing that every affection in which she indulges, be it good or evil, takes form in her companion's spiritual vesture, and in the adornment or barrenness of their spiritual home?

Dear sister, there is a secret door just here, through which, if you will suffer yourself to be led by the Lord, you may pass silently, and it will prove to you the very "gate of Heaven." True, you may *not* carry with you the three evil loves—of self, of ruling, of the world; also true that the first stages within it may be drenched with tears of sorrow and wounded pride, and you will *seem* to be altogether crushed and dying; yet, in this darkest moment, shall there *SURELY* burst through your bruised and bleeding internals, a new life, a fresh, joyous influx from the Father; and from that hour, all along this untrodden pathway, will gather



rare delights and abundant uses, till at last you wonder how you could have lived in the dimness and coldness of the past.

And this unseen, golden door is, *voluntary and entire subjection of the will of the wife to the will of the husband*; content to be nothing that he may be all; to wait quietly *within* Love's Temple, the gradual absorption of her spirit into that of her companion who dwells in its outer courts, and through whom she will minister to a suffering world to the utmost of Heaven's promptings; to ever pray: "O Father! may his will be mine, and may our united wills, as one, be wholly subjected to Thine!"

Will the true husband, thus invested with power from inmost to outmost, abuse it? Clearly, no. Each influx of love impels to the surface some remaining evil which he firmly removes, thus purifying her internal and external abode; and each ascending prayer for him returns, through his perfected manhood and quickened appreciation of her states, laden with the pure fragrance of celestial homes.

O, ye restless wives!—weeping in secret for the sympathy and protective tenderness which is your birthright—be content with the inspired recommendation, "love your husbands"; and the unmeasured abundance of its reflow will renew the saddest heart with living gladness. Cease struggling for supremacy, and in the calm depths of absolute submission you will be endued with an authority for good that the Lord confers in no other state—a sure and abiding testimony that your "mission" is from Him. Thus, by right steps in the beginnings of the true marriage; by waiting and gently striving for that unity which our Lord describes in the Divine assertion: "I and the Father are ONE", may we grow purer, more truthful, more loving, till at last in a degree of that state where He is, we may be crowned with the "beauty of holiness."

And more,—out of real Marriage must, in time, grow true parental relation. Parental joys are secondary only to conjugal delights. Both must be born of regeneration and held as choicest gifts from our dear Lord or they are not true, not real, not permanent.

"At least," says the dear wife who has attained some subjective states of the Will, and smiles over her tearful victories as she sits

in her home-bower clasping the new treasure to her throbbing bosom; "at least, *this is mine.*" O, brief triumph! If she is being regenerated, the Lord will soon teach her unmistakably that this child so love-imparting, is not hers but His.

Born of an especial Divine communion within the Infinite Being and descending through maternal bosoms in each of the heavens, the Lord has been wisely pleased to ultimate the child, in the earth degree, through this tender human mother. A portion of the angelic joy of maternity has also descended, through which she is elevated nearer to the Lord, drawn into closer intercourse with angels and opened to fresh conjugal delights. On this wave of Divine Love the parents are borne upward and onward, and in return they become to it mediums for the providences that surround its external life.

Beyond this, *our children are not ours; in every sense they are the Lord's*; and sooner or later we shall come into the fullness, and active reception of this Truth, which will enable us to regard and love them each as distinct embodiments of some Divine attribute for whom He has a Life-purpose as marked, as wise, as loving as for ourselves; and either with or without our coöperation, according to His Wisdom, He will lead them into appropriate paths. Hence, while a just discrimination as to states and motives, with a firm and watchful tenderness should assist this developing spirit, the great work of educating it for its especial mission should be most gladly left with the Lord. And the human agents whom He will adapt to this branch of labor in the New Church, will be found to demand and to have received a preparation wider, deeper and more varied than human eye could have foreseen or human ingenuity provided. If the true mother is God's special messenger to the household of home, no less must the true Teacher be the manifestation of His Love, the out-breathing of His Voice, the pivotal-centre of His Presence, in the household of the school. If, in the home, Love is clothed with protective Wisdom, and through the harmonious interblending of these two principles, Divine order descends to ultimates, its correspondence will be faithfully preserved in the Lord's school. Content to renounce for ourselves the ambitions and pleasures of the world, we shall be willing to forego the same for our children; satisfied with the

noiseless simplicity of Love and Truth in our own lives, we shall also be satisfied with it in theirs ; the pleasure and satisfaction with which we leave them in His hands, mark our own progressive victories over self.

Here two sources of poignant grief are open in the unsubdued heart. The child freely committed to the Lord, may be led by Him or permitted to wander, spiritually, far away from us ; or, remaining very near, may be so needfully smitten by Him in regeneration, that the memory of our own sufferings is lost in comparison ; thus are we compelled to pass a second time through purifying fires.

But to the quickened spiritual perception, these added pangs are so many penalties for having received our children and bound them about our hearts more in selfishness than in Love and Wisdom. When we know, not only in the intellect but in the heart and life, that it is "good for *us* to be afflicted," we shall be able to bear *their* regeneration with gentle and painless humility. The angelic mother nourishes the child of her dear Lord so long as it is needful ; when summoned, she lays it in His arms to be carried through its succeeding birth. Would we grow to a state of celestial maternity ? Let us, likewise, here learn to do our Lord's bidding in silent love.

Only by being withdrawn from the distracting world-spheres and kept within these newly descending influences, as God in His Providence permits—wafted now on a tide of Love, then sitting at Wisdom's feet, and ultimating both in simple, orderly uses—can our children grow to true manhood and womanhood. He alone who knows the peculiar genius and the inhering evils of each, is their infallible Teacher for the development and perfection of one, and the removal of the other. Hence, those who act under Him, must have renounced self, learned implicit obedience, and bear within their own bosoms the approving testimony of His guiding voice.

In the reverent stillness of the morning twilight, while musing upon this Educational Use which the Lord is opening in His New Church, I was permitted to look with the eye of the spirit upon a school in the upper spiritual earth. Though the particulars are wisely withholden at this hour, it is in order for me to say that it

was composed of a large number of both sexes; that the Word was their chief text-book; that infinitely varied instructions were evolved from It and quickly embodied in uses; that while, at one moment, these pupils fell into circular groups and series, and at the next mingled freely in apparent abandonment of all order, the most delightful harmony and love prevailed; and the qualities of their internals were so manifest that I readily perceived that they were, according to individual genius, representatives of the ultimate Spiritual and Celestial Heavens; also, that within each Division they were arranged into three degrees. This, however, was not apparent till the last, when an angel, who has for ages been engaged in the work of unfolding sciences from the inmost degree of the Word, stood in their midst and blessed them in the Lord's name.

It is permitted to add, that some persons are being initiated by the Lord's appointment into this use, through whom, if faithful and obedient, He will reproduce, in our world, this beautiful order of instruction and reception.

M. L. S.

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#### OUR BROTHER HARRIS.

The following extract from a letter, written by a well-known prominent New Churchman in London, and which has been kindly furnished us by a friend in this city, will, doubtless, interest our readers :

"Mr. Harris we were right glad to see in London. He preached twice on one Sunday, and gave great satisfaction. He was the guest of Doctor Wilkinson, and was visited by many of our best people. Mr. Clissold was greatly impressed alike by his conversation and oratory. He is now living at the Lawn, Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, and in absolute retirement, seeing no one. He is engaged on some new work, of what character I do not know. We hope to have him in London again before he leaves England."

NEW CHURCH FABULIST.—NO. 3:

THE RABBITS BY FAITH ALONE

A large gray Rabbit, who, perforce, would shine,  
Assumed the surplice, passed for a Divine,  
And, from the Conies of a neighboring rock,  
Essayed to draw a sanctimonious flock.  
His preaching, sure, his honest race belied ;—  
“ Believe that you are rabbits,” thus he cried,  
“ And you *are* rabbits ; every one must own,  
Each proved a cony, by his faith alone.”

The Weasels, in the neighborhood, rejoiced  
To hear the Rabbit preaching, silver-voiced,  
Owning the doctrine orthodox and sound,  
And growing converts to the faith profound.  
The Ground Moles, Dormice, Adders, reptiles all,  
Hawks, Vultures, Buzzards, creatures great and small,  
Hailed the Great Rabbit. “ Faith alone,” they cried  
“ Will hold us all within the coney’s hide.

We all are rabbits ; *we believe we are!*

’Tis faith alone that lights the morning star ;  
’Tis faith alone, descending from above,  
That clothes the landscape with the hues of love ;  
Through faith alone the adder sheds his scale,  
And the quick scorpion drops his fiery tail ;  
Through faith alone the owl becomes the wren,  
And pigmies learn the languages of men ;  
Through faith alone, the farmer finds his field  
Sown with the seed that shall the harvest yield.”

Meanwhile the Master of the Warren came,  
And the grave Rabbit, venturing on his fame,  
Cried to his Lord, “ Behold our prosperous fold ;  
’Tis full of Conies as the earth can hold :  
Stay till I preach, and you, with me, will own  
A world of Conies, made by faith alone.”

First came an Owl : "Too whit," he cried, "too whoo,  
By faith alone I am a coney true."

A Donkey next, from far, began to bray,

"By faith alone I am a rabbit gray."

A Viper then, "by faith," began to hiss,

"Alone I am a rabbit, just like this."

Meanwhile where was the Coney's earliest flock ?

Alas ! the happy people of the rock

Had served the "*imputed*" for a rich repast :

The oracle alone was left at last.

"Ah !" cried his Lord, "your logic does not hold :

Profess yourself a lion strong and bold ;

By faith alone believe yourself to be

A woodman's axe, that cleaves the forest tree ;

Then seek to stay the oxen in their yoke,

Or hew the woodlands with a sturdy stroke.

Vain fool ! the frogs, who, all the Summer night,

In the bull's bellow took their mad delight,

Till each believed himself, in hide and horn,

The pasture's monarch, burst and died by morn."

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