

SEPTEMBER.

THE  
HERALD OF LIGHT:

*A Monthly Journal*



OF THE  
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

---

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

---

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

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

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

**TERMS:** TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

**CONTENTS:**

	PAGE.
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH, ARTICLE I.....	257
BOLTON ABBEY.....	262
THE NEW CHURCH, SEEN IN ITS DOCTRINE OF REGENERATION.....	263
ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.....	272
NEW CHURCH PULPIT, No. II.....	279
ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.....	286
HYMN FOR AMERICA.....	290
PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.....	291
HEAVEN IN FRATERNAL LOVE.....	298
A VISION.....	299
THE ROSARY, No. IX.....	301
A LETTER TO REV. B. F. BARRETT.....	302
THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN: ADDITIONAL CHAPTER.....	311
HOW TO MAKE CHRISTIANS.....	316
NOTICE.....	320

**THE CRISIS:**

*A Semi-Monthly New Church Periodical.*

EDITED BY HENRY WELLER,

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

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

**CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS,**  
 AND  
**PIANO FORTES,**

SELECTED FROM THE BEST MAKERS, FOR SALE BY

**GEORGE LEACH, 42 Bleecker Street.**

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

1862, 12. 18.

# THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

No. 5.

## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

### ARTICLE FIRST.

THE CHURCH must in all cases adapt itself to the character of the individual, and assume a various expression, dependent upon the quality of genius, the breadth of culture, the clearness of perception, the height and depth of experience, and the speciality of use. It will, therefore, be found to clothe itself with an increasing richness, and to assume a more grand and stately attitude, as regeneration advances, and the man tends upward to perfection.

For lack of perception of this simple and obvious truth, the Visible Church has become a mass of inert unwieldy schisms, in each of which the effort is to maintain intact certain organic specialities, endeared to the piety, or resulting from the local circumstances of previous generations. Making no account of the evolution of character into higher forms, the broadening of the reason into vaster knowledge, the quickening of the perceptions to more interior principles, the sect, once formed, remains, so far as possible, an immovable, immutable establishment; nor can the system fail, however well meant or well adapted to peculiar states and experiences, to become at last oppressive.

All forms of ritual, all statements of dogma become perpetual mediums, transmitting from one generation to another the mental states and conditions of their first begettors; but more, they transmit as well the peculiar spiritual influxes under which they were conceived in the understanding, and promulged in the will.

Thus, in the Romish communion, its confessions are forms through which the earnest and sincere catholic drinks in the spirit that prevailed in the Councils at Nice or Laodicea, the

heats elicited by the unhappy Arian controversy, the passions fomented by a bloody and hand to hand conflict with rampant Heathenism, the singular infatuations, aptly represented by St. Simeon Stylites, which led to the cold austerities of a subsequent monasticism. As the honeycomb drips with honey, or the salt sponge with the briny ocean whence it came, so every form of faith is the medium for the peculiar spiritual qualities under which it originated, and of which it is the expression.

No one can become a close observer of the religious condition of England without detecting everywhere the silent subtle operation of those peculiar spiritual spheres which presided over the transfer of ecclesiastical sway from the Roman See to a National Hierarchy. Without doubt the Anglican Church commands a deserved respect as singularly conservative of the best forms of existing order, whether in the family or in the state. Its morality is more cheerful, its piety more wholesome, its ministrations more orderly than those which prevail in rival sects of perhaps equal antiquity. Having at its command the social respectability, and wealth, and patronage of the world's most rich and cultured nation; vast in ancient endowments appropriated from its Romish predecessor; unrivaled, with one exception, in its monuments of architecture; boasting of the most thorough means of clerical education; supported by the prestige alike of past and present connection with whatever is imposing and magnificent in regal authority, it may well exhibit to the world a rich and sumptuous, no less than reverent and dignified exterior. A Church of peers and princes cannot fail to command at least objective respect. When too we remember how many of the sainted dead have enriched its communion by their virtues, no less than embalmed it in their memory; what multitudes of reverent and humble, of sweet and kindly-affectioned worshipers partake continually of its ministrations; what endless processions of prayers, and praises, and exhortations, and charities go up from its midst to Heaven, we feel that to criticise with undue harshness were indeed a sin; nor do we wonder at the reverence which it inspires, the love which it enkindles.

When, however, from internals to externals we contemplate a spectacle to the senses so august, what do we behold? An insti-

tution utterly destitute of that divine unity without which the visible body of religion is but a corpse embalmed in spices. A clergy, of whom one part is Arian, another Tritheistic, and perhaps a third believers, though from afar, in the Divine Humanity. This tripartite division is obviously secular as well as clerical, and the nominal receivers of the same thirty-nine articles are divided in secret and often expressed opinions, not merely upon those matters which are usually considered doubtful, but also upon the most sacred verities of Christian faith. This great house is divided against itself; what wonder therefore that spiritually it cannot stand.

Again, from the beginning of its history it has been an unre-sisting prize to the cupidity of secular ambition. Its high offices are state preferments, its amplest livings the subjects of barter and of private patronage. It is in many respects what the Christian Church of the first century would have been, had the naming of the apostles or the selection of the seventy been committed to a nominally or partially converted Roman emperor or pro-consul of Judea. The hard requirements of a true ministry, though doubtless understood by a minority of faithful and godly priests, find little favor, little belief in a system which is open to the learned or the noble without regeneration. It is only a wonder that with such fearful odds its truly Christian ministry has thus far maintained in the communion so high an average morality, so decent a respect for sacred forms and pious observances.

England is eminently the land of common sense, where the abstract gives way to the convenient and practical. The National Church is preserved from mingled feelings. First, because believed by many to be a buttress to the existing forms of government and society. Second, because there is in the public estimation nothing better to substitute in its place. Third, because its demolition would open the way to the discussion of vast spiritual questions, at present kept in abeyance, and which the nation does not deem it expedient to consider. Perhaps there never was a Church so obedient to, and in all respects harmonious with the state. There are other considerations; one being doubtless the private and family interests which cluster in its properties, and another a public pride in its beauty and dignity of form. The hold

which the Church of England has upon the British people is abroad but imperfectly understood.

But within this composite affection, springing from such various sources, which binds the nation to the establishment, is a deeper, an interior conviction that Church and State are indispensable to the welfare of a Christian people. How far this sentiment is a tradition, and how far an inspiration, it is not now needful to decide. The destruction of the National Church would shake the state to its foundations, nor is it probable that, after its decease, the present regal system could long endure. As the Protestant innovation upon the Romish faith in England indubitably was one of the great causes, if not the greatest, in that subsequent political revolution which transferred the government into a constitutional republic, retaining only the dignities of a monarchy—for this is England's real form,—so doubtless a further innovation would react upon the state; in what direction remains to be seen.

Public sentiment is stronger in Great Britain than in America, and the will of the people when thoroughly expressed is as fully respected as in Massachusetts. Were dissenters united into one religious body the Anglican Church could not endure a session of Parliament, and it is strong only in the divisions and jealousies of those who would fain be its destroyers and supplanters. It possesses the obstinate life of the tortoise, who, hid within his stubborn shell bids defiance to earthquakes that rock the globe. Spiritually a dwarf, it exhibits corporeally the sinews of an athlete and the trunk of a giant. So long as England maintains its present state, broadly founded on the corporeal rational plane of human nature, it will endure and represent the ruling class, the pride of tradition, the potency of wealth, the reverence for antiquity.

If the spiritual eye, gazing from the world of causes, perceives the breaking of its slumber, the disruption of its forces, it is solely because a new element, which has never entered into the world's calculation, is being deployed from Heaven and brought to bear on man; an element which strikes like lightning through the sky, seems destitute of clouds, and sets at defiance all means and implements of human resistance; INTERNAL RESPIRATION. This will prove emphatically the ordeal of fire.

There is between the spiritual and natural lungs in the human

organization a finely-woven membrane, which prevents the auras inhaled by the interior or spiritual man from flowing into the corporeal structure. Were this opened to-morrow instant suffocation would destroy the life of every unregenerate man. And why? Did he breathe the Divine fire he would drop speechless from the moral repulsion of the organs to the Divine influx. Did he breathe infernal fire, so destructive is it that the body would perish as by the inhalation of the most fatal mephitic vapors. In either case the Evil would be swept from the earth as by the besom of destruction. But this judgment is at hand as Earth's next vast spiritual event.

This then is the trial which awaits the Church of England, and to which, as a body, it is marching with the unreturning certainty of time. But it may be said, "So learned and pious a body of Divines, so moral and orderly a people, have little to fear." This brings us to consider, in the sober light of judgment, the question, Wherein consists safety, wherein lies danger at the awful opening of the respiratories? and how will such an opening affect a public ecclesiastical institution?

As the respiratories are opened man begins to be conscious, by the perception of truth from good, that there are in Christianity itself three cardinal doctrines, namely, the divinity of the Lord, the infinite, everlasting truth of the Divine Word contained in the Holy Scriptures, and the regeneration of man through a life of uses in strict conformity to the inculcations of the Word and of the Spirit. If a preacher, the effect of this opening is to empower him with the gifts of the Spirit, and to arm him as with the thunders of the Word. But from this time he must, at the peril of the suppression of gifts and the ruin of the soul in hell, be the Lord's freeman, ministering only where sent, when sent, and as sent. This, of course, involves a procedure for which canon law affords no precedent; involves in fine one of two things when it enters the Church of England—the breaking up of the Establishment, or its transfiguration as the new born Church of a new born people. Vast issues here present themselves which we must defer to another number.



## BOLTON ABBEY.

[The ruins of Bolton Priory, a grand ecclesiastical edifice founded in the twelfth century, are situated upon a broad meadow, interspersed with venerable elms, near the river Wharfe, Yorkshire, England. The Priory itself was suppressed by Henry VIII., and the remains form one of the most picturesque features of a great estate belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The nave of the ancient edifice, roofed in, is still in use as a parish church. The venerable walls, beautiful in decay, are overgrown with ivy, wild flowers bloom in the aerial crevices, and sheep feed undisturbed amidst green grass and daisies within the choir and transept of the once stately temple.]

Within the gray monastic pile  
The annual daisies bloom and smile,  
While o'er the roofless cloisters shine  
Heaven's altar lamps, with light divine.

Where holy men their ave said  
The Angels pace with stately tread ;  
And deeds of mercy, all forgot,  
Devote to heaven the hallowed spot.

Not vain the Faith that dwelt apart  
And sought its God with chastened heart ;  
The self-renouncing mind and will  
Could hold divine communion still.

What though, within their darkened age,  
They saw but dim the sacred page ?  
Truth from her Scripture drew from them  
The crucifix and diadem.

The vestures of their age decay ;  
Their time-worn temples pass away ;  
But still the Church eternal stands,—  
A shrine not built by human hands.

Steadfast in glory, as in shame,  
Burns on the ever-living flame :  
From mossy stones of fallen creeds  
Bloom the sweet flowers of kindly deeds :

And o'er the roofless arches beam,  
Through depths of light and love serene,  
The splendors of that three-fold ray,  
The Word that fills all heaven with day.



THE NEW CHURCH,  
SEEN IN ITS DOCTRINE OF REGENERATION.

A Sermon delivered in London, May 29th, 1850.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN III. 3.

THE old dispute between nominalism and realism, clothing itself with different forms of expression, is still carried on in the heart of the nineteenth century. We have our nominalists of Christianity, who view the Gospel, and indeed Christianity itself, not as founded in the eternal verities of the divine righteousness, but rather as a legal and external system for saving men by means of a forensic imputation. We have as well—and doubtless all of us in our deep souls incline to this view—a school of thinkers more interior, more rational, more biblical, more just, who view Christianity as a realism, who look upon the coming of the Divine Man into our visible world by the descent of the Divine Spirit in the incarnation, as having for its end something different from the salvation of man *in* sin; or the removal of a mere surface evil, namely the salvation of man *from* sin. The whole end and object of Christianity—of the Incarnation, of which Christianity is the flower and fruit—is the salvation of man from sin by the descent of God's most Holy Spirit.

Again, we have our naturalists—and naturalism is co-extensive with that great spiritual apostasy, which, during the last age, has been developed in Christendom—we have our naturalists who hold that man, as a mere development of the kingdoms of lower nature, may grow up into a spiritual consciousness, and a vast future existence, by the development of the soul from a radical centre and starting point of self-love. In opposition to these we have our profound Christian thinkers, found in all the sects, in all the frag

ments of Christendom, who hold to the counter idea, that man only can be saved as he overcomes self-love. When we look in the light of conscience into our own deep interior natures, we have written there in the inmost places of the understanding this truth, that of all mean things, and base things, and corrupt things, and ruinous things, self-love is the worst; and of all great things, and best things, and most heroic things, self-renunciation and the taking of the love of God, growing out into the love of the neighbor, into all our nature, is the most worthy. I say, we find this deeply inscribed, as by the Divine Hand, within ourselves. If any man cannot find it—if any man, on the other hand, looking into his soul, finds that he really believes that self-love is the best thing for him, I do not say that he is a ruined man, but that spiritually he is trembling over the very abyss. For what is demonhood but the confirmation of the spirit in self-love, and the crystalization of a deformed character in which self-love reigns and triumphs, and is omnipotent and omnipresent in every part? And what can we conceive of angelhood, but that it is this—a man in whom the Divine Love is not only a presence, not only a combatant, but actually an all-pervading spirit and a sovereign ruler? So, then, when looking into ourselves, into our affections, into our principles, into the conduct of our lives, we perceive there a tendency to self-love, or a tendency from self-love; a clinging to self, or a repugnance as against self; an acceptance of the self-hood as divine, or an acceptance of the Lord, the Christ as divine; we have a sure criterion by means of which we may know whether we are on a final journey to the pit, or on the way to heaven.

When men are stripped naked of conventionalities, when the interior nature, with its hidden springs, and principles, and ends of action, is bared to light,—when through all the drapery of the senses, the image of the soul starts forth, a beauty or deformity, that beauty is all the result of the love of God and the neighbor enshrined within it; that deformity, on the other hand, all the consequence of a life fixed, of a will confirmed, of an understanding established in opposition to that divine law of self-sacrifice which is the magna-charta of the skies.

The peculiarity of the New Church—and by the New Church I understand no narrow sect, but a catholic and divine movement,

descending from God in heaven, and working through the interiors of all true and just men in Christendom and in the world—the peculiarity of the New Church is, that, coming to the aid of man in the midst of the contests peculiar to this age, it reinforces him in his will, it kindles him in the understanding, by the revelation of the spirit of the living God, the Lord Christ, actually immanent in the interiors of the human personality, condescending to stand within us and to fight our battles for us. There is no gulf, my friends, of eighteen historical ages between man the sorrower and the sufferer, the combatant, often, alas! the victim—no gulf between the man and the man-God, the Divine Man. For man as to his spirit does not live in time and space. Our bodies, it is true, are “of the earth, earthy,” and therefore connect us with the material sphere; but as to our interior and spiritual natures, which are distinct from the body, discreted from the body, they absolutely live in the inner world. We are spirits gathered here, and this which we call the body is but the veil, as Michael Angelo termed it, “this frail and weary weed,” with which the spirit is clothed upon for divine, though temporal purposes. We are spirits, I say, and we are to live as spirits when all this has vanished. Were at this instant some divine fiat to pronounce “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,” instantaneously, as in the twinkling of an eye, all this material substance might fade out in thin air, might gather itself in filmy flakes and particles as of human snow, frozen in death beneath our feet: we, a spirit congregation, might still be gathered together, and this discourse, the utterance of the spirit to spirits, might go on without interruption.

Now, Christianity is the faith which all good spirits own, the faith which all angels reverence. Through the acceptance of Christianity, which works out in regeneration, not alone is social life made more secure, not alone are our rights, and liberties, and institutions made more perfect and permanent, and the earth beautified and adorned, but, more deeply and more vitally, spirits are affected. There descends into the interiors of every human spirit a divine influence. As the earth cannot bud and blossom and ripen of itself, but is dependent upon the diurnal influences of the constant sun for vegetation and for maturity, so the everlasting presence of the Lord Christ, beyond time and space, shining

into the interiors of our spirits—our spirits being beyond time and space, though clothed upon outwardly with matter—shines in upon us, and, in the degree in which we accept that influence we become regenerate and perfect.

- So, then, passing beyond the mere outward, and entering into the essential verities of the Christian faith and life, here we are, spirit-women, spirit-men, dwelling in a spirit world, encompassed by spiritual influences, connected with each other by spiritual ties, and forming a small portion of a vast spiritual universe. Of that universe of men—for angels are men glorified—so far as they are in righteousness and so in order, the Divine man, the Word, the Lord Christ, is the centre. We are all forms of man; He, the Word, is the real man; He alone having life in himself, and we all forms made receptive of that life. The life of God is goodness and truth. As we love the truth for the sake of its good, as we love the good with all the energy and potency of our natures, we expand ourselves, we throw open all the faculties of the internal will and understanding, to draw in the essential beams of that light of life in which we live. We are orbs that only burst forth in tropic bloom, that only resound with sweetest songs of birds, that only are the habitations of happy families, as we turn the disc of the constant affections to the eternal sun of righteousness.

Christ came to reveal this faith: the whole world is but an expression of it; the whole universe but an illustration of it; and as we become Christ-like, in the renunciation of self, and in the acceptance of the great law of service in the Lord and to the Lord, more and more we attain to an internal perception of the verities of that faith. The Word is opened before us, and the natural universe is perceived to be its outward illustration. Dim history arises from her immemorial past, to testify to the truth of its disclosures; mute Nature, in plastic and flowing beauty, corroborates and confirms forever the divine evangel through its correspondences or symbols. Prayer, dove-like, fluttering upward, or like the early bird that sings, first harbinger of morning, bathing herself in the brightness of the yet unrisen sun,—prayer, fluttering upward until the morning is on her wings, returns again to her low nest on earth, and sings of that primal and essential brightness of the Word made flesh, and finds His Wisdom all insphered

and framed in revelation as the truth of God is written in the universe. The deep heart of man, pale witness, arising from its death in sins and trespasses, and bursting the stony and the fleshly barrier of its outward form—that pale heart of man, coming out to testify from hidden depths the mysteries of consciousness, bears witness to the power and the love of God as inscribed in this great charter of our regeneration and our immortality. All human hopes are thus bound up and centered outwardly in this visible expression of this written Word of God : but within us we have an ampler, and a vaster, and a surer testimony. As our internal perceptions are opened in the advances of the regenerate life, we behold that this word, which we have thus naturally inscribed and traced before us, is the same Word written in divine symbol and image, which every angel hath in heaven. And as from the interior of this Word, breaks out evermore the solemn truth, “man must be born again,”—born from self-love, born from the love of the world, born from the love of rule, into the love of God, the love of the neighbor, and the love of sweet and holy service in the best interests of mankind,—from the interiors of that word which is in heaven, yea from heaven itself in one full form, and thence through all the depths of our interior existence, there proceeds the everlasting confirmation of the truth.

When the veil that hides the outward from the inward is taken away, and we see the tendency of those two great streams of human existence that are perpetually vanishing from the world, we discern all those confirmed in self-love changing into the image and likeness of the infernals, and rushing deliriously and fearfully from God. We also behold all those in whom the love of God and the neighbor, and of use, has grown, and strengthened, and become confirmed—from every land and people, and out of every Church and every sect, all tending heavenward. It is a vast sight, most fearful in the one aspect, most glorious in the other. And we all, as to our interior affections, are being inscribed upon one army roll, or upon the other army roll.

The man who yesterday was throned in all the greatness of empire, and had perhaps three continents trembling at his beck,—the man whose sword was like a comet dividing the peaceful skies of Christendom, none greater, if confirmed in self-love, meets death

to-day. The outward form crumbles ; he takes his place among those like himself in the fixed insanity of demonhood : a greater fall than from throned Paris to rock-bound St. Helena. Down the sheer sides of the precipice of moral desolation he is precipitated, until he findeth his place amidst the anarchs of a lower world. Never more shall he mount into his vacant seat of dominion ; his name shall be blotted out from the hierarchies of the blissful skies. It is the love of self that, like an infernal giant, gathering the man who gives himself to it, in his right arm, his mailed arm, crushes the being in his gauntleted hand, and casteth down the bleeding soul, and trampleth upon it with a demon's fiery heel. Therefore, as God liveth in His Word, and moveth in His universe, so surely shall every man who becometh confirmed in the love of self, share that ruin which he hath invoked.

But the peaceful, humble, I will not say obscure man or woman (for God can be served with equal acceptance in life's uses, whether with your queen on the throne, or your street sweeper at the crossing), great or low in the world's estimation, making the daily sacrifice, internally warring against the love of self, internally seeking to become the assistant, and friend, and helper of all the doers of charity, drinking in great draughts of God's mercy, and breathing it out until the very air becomes tinted with the empurpled bloom of Eden, and resonant with all its loving harmonies. Not for me to paint their future. Words fail, as the sight of the disciples was obscured in the splendors of the Lord's transfiguration.

But look a moment. Behold a scene that comes as surely as verdure and blossoms to the waiting earth, and beckons on the faithful, humble toiler to its transcendent reality. There standeth, after a little while, a stranger beside them—they call him Death. His robes are dark to those whose souls wear the foul livery of evil, but beautiful beyond the mind's imagining to those whose spirits wear the raiment of lowly service in the Master's dear and blessed name. You have grand coronation days in Westminster Abbey, when thanksgivings go up to Heaven for the perpetration of a peaceful and constitutional dynasty ; and bright with jewels is that material crown. But turn with me to a more august spectacle ; God the crowner ; congregated angels the witnesses ; for



music, the harps of Heaven. And who are these that come up to wear such robes as morning weaves not, and to inherit such thrones as rulers imagine not, and to partake of such felicities as human heart conceives not? They are those who have taken Christ into the heart, coming to them veiled in the very lowliness of service; and they shall reign with Christ forever and forever. This is the real coronation, and their's the real sceptre, the God given empire of the skies. And Death kneels humbly at their feet and vanishes,—for he is a shadow,—in the first beams of the day that has the Lord for its light, and eternity for its duration.

Yes, enter with me once more the chamber of translation, however lowly, and be the attendant and outward circumstances however so ignoble. Behold, as the shrivelled and wasted form vanishes from the spirit, how the immortal riseth, clad in the express livery of the sons of God, to wait before His face in Heaven. See how the glory of youth is on the brow, and the smile of youth upon the lips, and youth's bloom upon the cheek, and youth's gladness in the bosom! See how paradise openeth its folded gates! Mark ye those gathering multitudes with their songs of welcome! Behold ye that "House not made with hands" crystallized of the virtues of a patient and self-sacrificing life! And gaze ye on that empire which they inherit, wide as thought, lasting as virtue, and beautiful as love, into which the redeemed ones enter, giving God, even Christ the Lord, the praise.

My friends, it all depends on one thing, whether we become angels or become demons. It is not the expansion of intellect, it is not the accretion of the marmoreal statues of the sciences in the corridors of outward or of inward thought, that is to decide the turning of the destiny; but it all pivots on this radical and central issue, "Are we born again?" For unless a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.

And then, how is this second birth to be brought about? Does it come in the twinkling of an eye? Is a man made perfect in a moment? Or is it a grand process beginning from the hour when he first learned to shun evils as sins against the Lord, and receive truth, and practice goodness for its own divine and blessed sake? Observe the analogy of nature: how everything unfoldeth from its least germ to its utmost perfection! See how



Spring cometh scattering first her simplest blossoms in the places of the snows, and at last rising to a coronation of bloom as she glides into the Summer's glowing arms. See how your oak groweth : first a bauble that a child may play with ; at last wrestling with the storms that sweep the island, and lifting up its grand crown to the mute sky. See how infancy itself sleeps in its cradle, watched by father and mother as by cherubim and seraphim, until at last, emerging from youth, the strong man stands in life's arena of combat prepared for any foe. See, in fine, how all things grow from imperceptible beginnings ! See how all things unfold by ordered growths to perpetual consummations. It is thus, then, that we become regenerate—taking into the inmost of our being resolutely and determinedly God's law, which holds God's love, we must act, we must work it all out ; we must see that each day has virtue in it, and so beginning and so toiling upward, through burden-bearing for others, not through self-seeking, we at last and by degrees put off all our evils, and dwell with the angels of God in heaven.

Finally, there is in this faith no deification of the individual, no worship of Nature, no Arianism, no Pelagianism, no Nominalism ; for, observe, it is all of God. As the earth cannot blossom or ripen without the sun, so in this faith man cannot blossom and ripen in truth and virtue to immortality except by drinking in the influences of the Sun of Righteousness. It is not by the mere imputation of God's grace, but by the constant and inward assimilation of God's virtue that this wonder-working process is carried out. Here, then, upon this fundamental truth of regeneration, the New Church takes her stand ; and it is to the putting forth of this in art, science, literature, poetry, preaching, in all the uses of an ordered life, that the energy of the true churchman is continually, in the Divine Providence, directed. And friends, who receive this, bear in mind that whatever be the splendors of science, the wonders of heavenly communications, and delights of a conscious foreknowledge of the great futurity which gather around us,—they are but that arch of rainbows under which we walk—that blue dome, lit with all the stars, under which, standing on this firm earth, we are to fight God's battles. Let us bear this truth in mind.

And, in conclusion, as we become regenerate in this inspired and noble sense, we become, to use our modern word, the *mediums* of the Spirit. Any man, good or bad, can become a medium for spirits. I have seen the vilest and most degraded made the organs through which spirits utterly lost, yet with something of the beams of the fallen archangel's faded brightness lingering in the intellect—I say I have seen such, as well as others, earnest, sincere, and worthy, become the organs of communication between the visible and invisible world. But no man can become a medium, an organ or oracle for the Spirit, for the Word made flesh, giving to every man according as He will, until he hath passed through the door of penitence, until he hath gone up through the gateway of a sincere conversion, or turning from his evil—until he hath consecrated himself to the great law of right—until he hath voluntarily taken up all the burdens which God in His providence, whether social, or domestic, or moral, has imposed upon him—until, at any cost or any hazard, he hath sought to do, in his daily life, those things which God in His Word doth most authoritatively and continually command. All such may, all such do become, all such are the *mediums* of the Lord Christ. Omnipotent, omnipresent, and eternal, walking, as the Divine Man, in the midst of the paradise of the angels, breathing forth His breath, and so vivifying the very air which the angels respire and live, He breathes down that great *aura* upon us continually. In prayer, and in the good, self-sacrificing life we drink in that *aura*. The breath of God inflows into the lungs; the thought of God streams into consciousness; the energies of God are directed to the will; man, weak, becomes strong; man, ignorant, becomes wise; man, narrow, becomes broad; man, sectarian, becomes catholic and liberal; man, self-conceited, becomes reverent and humble; man, transformed from the image of the tiger, the ape, the serpent, takes upon himself, in Christ, the angel's image. And as we drink in more and more of this divine spirit, our path in life—the path of humble uses (not the path of self-seeking ambition; not the path of prying curiosity) groweth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Lord Jesus, breathe upon us thy benediction. Pervade us by thy influence, and sanctify us to uses in thy present and eternal peace. Amen.

## ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES

### A POEM OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

(Continued from page 212.)

"Do you recollect," he then said, "a little song that I heard you singing in the external when you were in the sphere of your mediatorial use and in communication with Robert Burns? This melody flowed from the Angels through his mind to you. He is in Heaven the poet of Democracy. His sins were forgiven him because he loved much. He is now an Angelic Spirit." To this I replied by singing

#### SUNRISE IN THE MORNING.

Full oft we wake from weary dreams  
Of want and wo and scorning,  
When thro' the window shine the beams  
Of sunrise in the morning.  
The dewy rose is fresh and sweet,  
The gay parterre adorning;  
And meadow daisies press our feet  
At sunrise in the morning.

Though outward life is dark with dreams  
Of want and care and scorning,  
Thank God! it ends with Angel beams  
Of sunrise in the morning.  
Love's dewy roses open sweet,  
The heavenly sphere adorning,  
And death shall stoop to kiss our feet  
At sunrise in the morning.

Then let us wake from idle dreams,  
No child of sorrow scorning,  
To scatter far the blessed beams  
Of sunrise in the morning.

Then heart and soul shall blossom sweet,  
The Heaven of Love adorning ;  
And we shall with the Saviour meet  
At sunrise in the morning.

While I was rehearsing this in its interior sense, there came a scent of jasmin blossoms on the air, and I beheld at the left a jasmin tree covered with flowers approaching in size to the large blossoms of the magnolia, while crimson birds, in their proportions very much like the terrestrial sky-lark, were on all the branches. I then beheld a maiden with colorless white features, whose large tropical eyes, superbly beautiful, were uplifted as if communing in a trance with supernal intelligences. Her abundant black tresses flowed to her waist. She was attired in a white mantle. In her lap she held white doves. "There," said my brother, "is an Angel of the Tropical Heaven. She is called the Lotus Bride, but we know her by another name which we cannot give you now. She will sing to you soon." In a short time a seven-stringed lyre was brought to her, which she took upon her lap while the white doves arose fluttering and rested above her in the branches. She then sang in its internal spirit a little hymn which I in part was able only to bring to the external. It may be entitled

CHILDREN BORNE TO HEAVEN BY ANGELS.

"With roses crown his baby head ;  
Close with a kiss his tender eyes ;  
Strew lilies o'er his cradle bed,  
For he shall wake in Paradise."

What music fills the silent room ?  
O list ! the Guardian Angel sings :  
"Our spirit rosebud springs to bloom,  
Our spirit-bird unfolds its wings."

O Mother ! look with inward eyes ;  
Dear heart ! at once bereaved and blest.  
Behold the infant Cherub rise ;  
He smiles upon an Angel's breast.

Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears ;  
Rejoice, for unto thee 'twas given  
To swell the music of the spheres,  
To bear an Angel-babe for Heaven.

She then said, " I have sung now a little hymn which will comfort hereafter many a mother in the natural world when her babe is taken from her. I will now repeat another, which will serve also as a sweet consolation, when the little one has been uplifted from outward vision and crowned with spring-time violets in the happy April of the skies." After this she sang the inner melody which lives in the external words which follow :

THE YOUNG CHILD IN HEAVEN.

We yield thee to our Saviour's arms,  
Thou fair and gentle child,  
With all thy spirit's holy charms  
By evil undefiled.  
He gave thee, for a transient breath,  
Our inmost hearts to cheer ;—  
Rise, Angel ! through the clouds of death,  
And seek thy own bright sphere.

What starry crown is on thy brow,  
In Love's refulgent land ?  
What vales of tranquil beauty now  
Before thy sight expand ?  
We journey, through the night of age,  
To seek the Spirit Sun :  
Thou, dear one, hast thy pilgrimage  
Of glory just begun.

We know, that, though we see thee not,  
Thy gentle soul will be  
A minister of holy thought,  
Our hearts from sin to free.  
Our silent hearts with love are full ;  
With thee our thoughts arise,  
Our Blessed and our Beautiful,  
Whose home is in the skies !

After she had completed this, she spoke once more, and said, "I will now sing you a hymn of the happy life and joyous uses of children in the Heavens. Our dear brother from the natural world who is here with us has two little child-relatives in the Paradise of Infancy. This is a melody which they sang themselves to his spirit when once they visited him conducted by their Angelic Guardian, and he will now translate it into a terrestrial form." Having thus spoken she sang this

## HYMN OF CELESTIAL CHILDHOOD.

Where bloom celestial roses,  
The Angel-children stray ;  
Each infant heart uncloses,  
Like flowers at dawn of day.  
By mortal sin unblighted,  
They live beyond the tomb ;  
There, to the Lord united,  
His love-land roses bloom.

Their beauteous human nature  
Reflects His life Divine ;  
Transformed in mind and feature,  
In Seraph-grace they shine.  
In robes of light invested  
Before the Lord they stand ;  
Their hearts, like doves, are nested  
Within His hollow hand.

With every morn's unclosing  
In clearer truth they rise ;  
With every eve's reposing  
They feel His guardian eyes.  
Then, from the world of glory,  
In radiant bands they move,  
To sing below the story  
Of His redeeming love.

As she closed this sweet refrain, our circle was graced by the cheerful smile and hearty greeting of, Robert Burns.

"I canna stay lang," he said, "I little thocht adoon yonder, when the aitmeal was scant in the parritch pot, and low in the kist—and when the poortith and hunger gnawed the puir wee bairns and when my Hieland Mary withered and died—and the cauld was in the heart and the scorn smit to the brain—I little thocht to see this day. Its a weel, its a weel now. Ye hae been pleased to sing a little sang o' mine. I thocht it would do some puir chiel guid, sae I sang it in your lug frae aboon."

I am unable to preserve, except in part, the broad Scotch in which the Peasant Bard addressed me. He then continued: "I made use of my old vernacular, because I wish to say to my Scottish countrymen that Robert Burns is with them still. Till Scotland becomes a blooming garden, and the cross of St. Andrew shines in its independent banner, and Democratic principles have equalized the peasant and the King, Robert Burns will never forsake his earthly brethren." Saying this he burst out into a song,

THE NEW "FOR A' THAT."

From heavenly point of sight the King,  
Who wears a crown and a' that,  
Is but the angry nettle's sting  
To wound the poor and a' that.  
For a' that, for a' that,  
For crown of gold and a' that,  
The Kingly race is earth's disgrace ;—  
A man's a man for a' that.

The miser raking heaps of gowd,  
Who starves his kin and a' that,  
Is but a bantling coarse and proud,  
With feathers foul, for a' that.  
For a' that, for a' that,  
A bantam fowl for a' that,  
The sordid knave is Midas' slave,  
With grizzle's ears for a' that.

Yon Angels grace the poor man's board,  
Who shares his loaf for a' that ;



But Satan baits the miser's hoard  
For trap to catch his soul at.  
For a' that, for a' that,  
For poortith cauld and a' that,  
The honest poor man wears a crown  
Of Angel gowd and a' that.

The time will come when man shall be  
A brother, friend and a' that ;  
The poor man's Angel, Liberty,  
Shall level thrones and a' that.  
For a' that, for a' that,  
The poor shall rise for a' that ;  
All honest men, to Angel ken,  
Are brothers, friends and a' that.

I have not been able to reproduce in external language the exact phraseology of this poem, but the sentiment, form, and figures of speech with some of the words, are given as I heard them. He sang to the natural plane of the mind through the spiritual. Had his utterance been from a celestial degree, none of that inexorable hostility would have appeared. I felt that he identified evil principles too closely with their victims. I saw, however, that the spirit of Democracy, unwavering in its attachment to the broadest philanthropy like an immortal Angel, had throned itself within his breast. He turned to me after he had finished and said, "Would you like to hear a song from my Mary?" I bowed my head.

The Scottish maid, whose countenance presented a lovely blending of the lily and the rose, advanced from his side and warbled this

SONG OF THE HEAVENLY NUPTIALS OF BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

We are married, we are married  
And my dearie's all my own :  
For the moment long I tarried  
With the white rose in my zone.  
When on earth my dearie anguished  
And for Hieland Mary sighed,

While his heart for sorrow languished  
O'er the sod that hid his bride,—  
O'er the sod that hid his bride,—  
And for Hieland Mary languished,—  
I was standing by his side.

We are married, we are married,  
For the moment came at last,  
And the watching Angels tarried  
Till his dying grief was past ;  
And I met him, in the shining,  
With the red rose on my breast,  
And he felt my love entwining,  
For his heart to mine was prest,—  
For his heart to mine was prest :—  
Oh ! he felt my soul entwining  
Round his own and was at rest.

We are married, we are married,  
And my Robin sings above.  
For the bridals long I tarried,  
I was constant in my love.  
You can hear his spirit singing ;  
He is mine and mine alone,  
To his faithful Mary bringing  
All the joys by Angels known,—  
All the joys by Angels known.—  
You can hear my Robin singing ;  
He is mine and mine alone.

For additional particulars, referring to the present happy state of Robert Burns and his Highland Mary, the reader is referred to "The Children of Hymen."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT.

### THE OLD CHURCH ERA CONTRASTED WITH THE NEW.

#### DISCOURSE II.

"And I saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven."—REV. II. 2.

We do not disparage the first Christian Church, now passing away, in claiming for the New a distinguishing preëminence, a richer love, a clearer light, a nobler use, a wider glory. Hallowed by the lives of saints, the deeds of heroes and martyrs, when considered as to its genuine life, it will survive in history, as hitherto, the world's noblest achievement. The absolute religion of the Heavens came down, embodied in its DIVINE ORIGINAL, in the midst of the effeminate culture of the Greek, the dreamy languor of the Asiatic, the ruffian chivalry of the Roman, the lofty narrowness of the Hebrew, the uncouthness and baseness of the barbarian. A plant grew up, grafted on the thorny stem of the world as it was, and budding with the beautiful promise of the world as it is to be. It refined the man, purified and liberated the woman, sanctified the child, and, everywhere, aroused the race from the supine vice and the ferocious crime, to the knowledge and practice of virtue. Planted amidst the rottenness of a decaying Civilization, it transmuted the fetid soil in which it grew into something lofty and glorious and kindred to the skies. It withdrew the nations from a gross materialism, or an impious demonolatry, to the worship of the Infinite Father, embodied and manifested in the Son; and by leavening the world with the doctrine of the Divine Paternity, prepared the way for the final acknowledgment of the common brotherhood of man.

But it did not escape the common law, which ordains that the transcendent inspiration which comes, radiant in its own glory, from its Divine Original, should make its first lodgment in the intellect rather than the will. The world first perceived Christianity on its silver, rather than its golden side; owned its truth divine, but failed to embrace its charity; divorced, in a measure, its light from its heat, and insisted on the saving *doctrine*, in prefer-

ence to laying stress upon the sanctifying affection. Hence the first Christian Church nourished at heart a preference for faith, and sought to fill the world with that, oblivious to the foster duty of exemplifying the link of doctrine by the strict charity of life.

As a consequence of this, we trace, even in its earlier era, the manifestation of a persecuting spirit. Doctrinal dissensions broke out, even during the Apostolic Age. The doctrines of its Divine Founder were of such a character, that, while in their practical application, none could find excuse for their misinterpretation, yet, as to principles, springing from Infinite Deity, and ramifying out into all the mysteries of Nature and Spirit, of history and philosophy, of the past and future, the widest possible ground was afforded for speculative difference. The earlier Christians committed the unphilosophical error of imagining that mere logic exercised on the letter of the Canonical Books, was sufficient to throw open the gates of Truth's great temple, and permit the world to gaze on the exposed yet infinite penetralia. They forgot that truth is a whole, made up of an infinity of parts; and that till man can read the atom, he cannot comprehend the universe. But partially liberated, by their reception of the Lord, from Jewish and Gentile superstitions, they imparted into Christianity a multitude of bewildering speculations. The Divine center of the faith of the early Christian was his true belief in the Lord, in His Incarnation, in His miracles, teachings, crucifixion, resurrection and ascension. But this wondrous life they interpreted from the standpoint of previous education. The writings of the fathers were a singular tissue of supernal truth and human fiction. The Faith came down from God, but was clothed upon with figments and incoherencies growing out of a diseased condition of the human mind and heart.

It was a great Light, shining in the darkness, wanly revealing the dim features of crypt and catacomb. It threw its gleams athwart the dusky faces that beheld its advent; and men, instead of waiting for the light to broaden and brighten to the perfect day, in that benignant charity which admits that, after all, in our present imperfect condition, we but know in part, and prophecy in part, began to reproach each other, because all, from different points of view, could not behold the same objects with the same outlines, or in the same relations.

And now they fell into three continuous mistakes. First, in attempting to settle polemics by argument ; second, in submitting the truth of doctrines to the decision of majorities ; and, third, in instituting coercive measures for the purpose of settling doctrinal divisions.

Their first error was indeed grave ; for Truth shuns the air of controversy, however much it courts the light of investigation. Disputative men, though skillful as critics, seldom make discoveries. Truth grows, and is unfolded in the still serenity of the intellect : it requires for its evolution into the world a balmy atmosphere, analogous to that which in the natural world calls forth the blossoms of the orchard and elaborates the crimson calyx of the rose. It is safe to assume that all honest men have some truth,—have much, if rightly apprehended by themselves ; that all good men have, in themselves, a yearning for a perfect knowledge for the sake of its humane and heavenly uses. But it is also true that in truth there are degrees, and that, in order to comprehend its qualities, the corresponding degrees in the human mind must be laid open and made active. How vain, then, by dissuasion, to attempt to make the opposer a convert to that, for the comprehension of which he has no quickened faculty. Why talk of music to the deaf ; or perfume to those of dormant olfactories ? Yet this was the mistake of the earlier Christians. They narrowed Christianity into the syllogism, and sought to wring out the secret of the Universe by the rack and thumb-screw of textual discussion. Forgetting that truth requires the opened faculty, they sought, even when right, to force a premature admission on minds incapable of perception ; and then concluded all recusants the unwilling slaves or impious familiars of the hells. Themselves the converts of but yesterday, they sought to make their futile comprehension of the Infinite, a measure for the intelligence of their own and all succeeding ages ; to establish a creed, never to be questioned, never transcended, never reviewed.

But their second error was still more mischievous, and yet a mistake whose folly must have been, even then, to many minds, without a doubt. To bring down the claims of truth to the decision of a majority is proper, when that majority are qualified judges. The merits of an invention may well go before a jury of patentees,

or the claims of a destructive missile to a council of military men. A congress of housewives will best decide upon the capacities of a newly-fashioned churn or washing machine ; or a band of teachers on a supposed improvement in the grammar or arithmetic. But who would leave the claims of Bacon or Newton, of Humboldt or Shakspeare, to the unlearned multitude ? Yet this was the error of the earlier Church. They permitted a fierce and intolerant majority to form the canons of Christian Orthodoxy ; and presbyters, with minds half eclipsed, with fancies distorted, imaginations drilled, hearts enslaved, from the prejudices of a narrow age, were permitted to settle the formulas of that great Faith that came from Heaven.

But worse : having decided, as they fancied, the true interpretation to be placed upon the Gospels, they followed it by denouncing the penalties of persecution in this world, and eternal tortures in the next, upon those, however pure in motive, however irreproachable in conduct, who might honestly differ in opinion. So it became impossible, except at the risk of excommunication, or even martyrdom, to review the past. Faith in Christ, belief in the Word, obedience to its precepts, weighed as nothing, when one departure into heresy incurred the peril of the flame. This system became concrete, and petrified itself in Papal Rome.

Our predecessors in the Reformation singularly fell into the same triad of errors. The thunder of the early Reformers, was to imagine themselves capable of pruning an exhaustive and final creed for Christendom. Calvin, Luther, and the Anglican Divines, all were involved in the same fantasy, and few are sufficiently enlightened, at the present day, to see that the air of controversy is unfavorable to the growth of correct opinion. Theirs, too, it was to perpetuate the grave mistake of supposing that majorities can bind the consciences of the faithful. Theirs as well, though in a milder form, to admit the righteousness of persecution upon the ground of a difference of belief. Calvinism, Lutherism and Anglicanism, are, doctrinally, the fossil forms which petrified the speculative theology of three hundred years ago.

Good and great men may doubtless ripen for the skies in each, but they are bound from infancy to a narrow round of thought, beyond which it is heresy and ruin to venture. As in the early

Catholic, so in the later Reformed bodies, one age has sought to impose its narrow conception of the Gospel upon the reason, the perception, the imagination of the next. And because God ordains the human mind to grow, it bursts the barrier and builds itself a dwelling place beyond the limits of preconceived opinion. To-day the Calvinist sees through the intense but narrow thought of the grand logician of Geneva. To-day, the disciple of Luther retraces three centuries to sit in obscure twilight with the sturdy monk of Wittenberg. To-day, the liberal and cultured priest of the Church of England must shrink to the temporizing state of Cranmer, and limit his mind and action to the narrow prejudice of Laud. A visible uniformity is purchased at the cost of a smouldering dissatisfaction, that vents itself in the earthquakes by which sect after sect has been shattered, divided, or overthrown. The mind, debarred from the rich inheritance of the present, the hopeful vision of the future, is forced, for safety, to confine itself to the field of antiquarian research or material investigation. Hence the treatises of Luther are interdicted to the Romish priest, and the writings of Swedenborg, *de facto*, forbidden to his congregation, by the Protestant Divine.

But this has no place in the New Jerusalem ; and this is the first grand feature of the New Church, in which it is differenced from the old : it is free !

And first we recognize that the door to revealed truth is not through polemical controversy, but rather through the progressive quickening of the higher planes and vaster faculties of the understanding, in the normal progress of a regenerate life. Moral growth, under God, is manifested in a mental quickening. There is a moral instinct in the soul of man analogous to the physical instinct in the animal ; an instinct for the truth conducive to the purification and renovation of its immortal powers. An orderly life is the best of all instructors. The knowledge that is put to use, instead of exhausting, enriches and matures the intellect. By pressing on sternly in the narrow path of Right, all truths conducive to our welfare grow into perception. God is the great concealer, as well as revealer, who, hiding the open secret from the proud, delights to unfold its glories on the vision of the humble. He builds in the fair temple of the regenerate breast the



awful presence-chamber, where, as of old, in the Hebrew Shekinah, He whispers to the spirit in an infinite oracle. Lost wholly in self-abnegating uses for our kind, He quickens the latent faculties of the inmost and eternal reason, matures the judgment, refines the taste, regulates the fancy, purifies and irradiates the imagination, and gives us an endless unfolding of original and infinite ideas. So, when we come to compare ideas with our brethren, in equal states of perception, all discover the same Teacher, in the one beautiful unfolding of the same Word. As our states, so will be our knowledges; natural, spiritual or celestial. What though my brother may not see to-day the luminous fact, the self-evident deduction, apparent to my own mind as a radiant orb new risen to grace the constellations? As the disc of his own soul turns toward the morning, that orb will shine on him as well. For truth is not a fancy in the intellect, but a reality above it and beyond; and, in the advances of the intellect to God, who is Truth, that knowledge will kindle on it from His own face. Understand us: while we discourage controversy, it is not our object to discountenance investigation. We owe it to our faith to know its foundations; to perceive the symmetry of the vast edifice, in the relation of inevitable parts to the harmonious whole. We take nothing on private, human, or even angelic authority; nothing under God. For the truth must stand in its own light, and in entire independence of the supposed authority of the revealer, being of a quality to vindicate and approve itself. But we can best confirm ourselves in truth by opening ourselves to the Lord, that the light of the Divine Sun, shining upon the understanding, may render every object on the mind's face luminous, and so bring out its hidden quality, whether of the Heavens or of the hells. By keeping this in view, we escape the scandals and the schisms which convulsed the earlier Christian ages.

Again: in the New Church we recognize the fact that no opinion can be made true or false by the decision of majorities. Not all the denunciation of Rome, the ignorant censure of the Protestant sects, dims one star in that vast galaxy which God, through Swedenborg, made evident in the solar heaven of the Word. For truth is true, though all men gainsay it, and error false, though all men uphold it. We need not enlarge on this.

But third : holding that men are approved or condemned in the final judgment, not according to possible errors of the brain, but as their lives were principled in good or evil ; accepting as well, that, be the opinions of the individual what they may, he has a perfect human right to maintain and hold them, responsible to God only ; we put an end to all proscription, all persecution on grounds of difference of belief. How beautiful it is to know, in the light of the New Jerusalem, that in every land he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him. Welcome to the good man, the lover of his kind, though nursed in Sanscrit mysticism, or steeped in German ideality. A dim bewildering haze obscures the intellect ; the same God rules the throbbing ocean of his breast ; builds, in vast and mystic realms of consciousness, the paradise whose dwellers are to be the good affections immortal in their human charms. The New Jerusalem above, even the most ancient and universal Heaven, enfolds him in her motherly embrace. The orbit of his soul winds in everlasting spirals to the Divine Sun. Welcome to the toiling, suffering believer, though as yet the New Jerusalem casts no adumbration upon his intellect, shining as a veiled city in his deepest heart. If the heart and life are Christian, the understanding will be ; if not in this world, then in that to come.

We see the inevitable reason why the palmiest and stateliest days of the Old Church were its first ; why the glories of Protestantism are gathered about its dawn. But opposite causes produce opposite effects : hence we predict for the New Church a career like that of the perfect man and the upright, growing clearer and clearer evermore. The Old Church made no provision for the manhood of the race, however well it may have rocked the cradle and warded off the perils of the babe. The New Church takes Humanity, and leads it to the feet of Christ, and shows it, through Him, the pathway to the endless unfoldings of the earth and Heavens.

## ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.

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

#### GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

(Continued from page 226.)

Verses 3.—And Judas begat Phares and Zara of Thamar; and Phares begat Esrom; and Esrom begat Aram.

43. "And Judas begat," signifies, that, in and through the universal series of the organs of the ultimate celestial form in which he was known as the Son of Man, the divine Lord caused to proceed a three fold celestial mind, signified by Phares and Zara of Thamar. Concerning the organs of this mind, suffice to say that it was fashioned within, in the image and likeness of the complex of the inmost celestial Heaven, and that each and every society in that Heaven, was represented by its own organ; and moreover, that in and through these organs, the Divine Man was visible to the inmost objective sight of each and every Angel throughout the celestial Heaven.

44. "By Phares" is signified the ultimate natural celestial mind, which the Lord assumed prior to his emergence from the shekinah in the midst of the Throne Angels. By "Phares begat Esrom" is signified that the Lord discreted from Himself, through the universal complex of the organs of the previously established form, a trine of natural celestial, natural spiritual and natural ultimate soul-organs, in the midst of which He appeared instantaneously from that time in the Heaven, which is in the Heavens, the Heaven in the midst of the Heavens, and in the Heaven which is in the expanse of the Heavens.

45. By "Esrom" is signified the triune divine image in which Messiah God appeared in the inmosts of the inmost of the Heavens, Celestial, Spiritual and Ultimate.

46. By "Esrom begat Aram," is signified the descent of the Lord into the sun-sphere of the universal cosmic man. By "Aram" is signified that our Lord clothed himself with the primates of the inmost sun, which centres the sun-system of universal space; that

He, descending through the inmosts of the primates, evolved through the complex of the atomic spherules of that magnificent luminary, a radiative sphere, which, in systolic and diastolic action, evolved a new, majestic type of the human family, called the "new Adam of the sun of suns," who became the new pivot, or solar monarch, representing the crown or highest of the human races. Concerning this new Adam, suffice it here to say, that He stood as the receptacle of the Divine influxes, descending through the Lord God, in His manifestation as the Divine Man in the inmosts of the trine of the Heavens, and that He was designed to serve as the pivot of the new and more celestial order of the social harmony of His own orb, resulting as the first consequence of the visible Divine descent into the inmosts of the Heavens.

VERSE 4.—And Aram begat Aminadab; and Aminadab begat Naasson; and Naasson begat Salmon.

47. By "Aram begat" is signified, that, in and through His radiative sphere, descending through the centre sun of the universal space, our Lord descended into and through the universal sun system of immensity itself; causing, by that descent, a simultaneous unfolding of the new and higher type of the universal solar races; so that at this time, whereof records are preserved in all solar history, a new and higher human genius, of which much is to be said hereafter, began to appear. By "Aminadab" is signified the second to the seventh type inclusive of this new human genius, unfolding through pivotal centres, on all the inhabited suns, our own inclusive. By "Aminadab begat Naasson" is signified the descent of the Divine Lord, into and through the planetary aromal and planetary terrestrial orbs. By means of this descent, the planetary and aromal races were reconstituted, from centres to circumferences, by the creation of the higher genius of pivotal aromal and pivotal terrestrial men. By "Naasson" is signified the universal series of planetary terrestrial chiefs or rulers thus created.

48. And "Naasson begat Salmon" signifies the descent of the Divine Lord, in and through the universal series of pivotal men of the new type, into the universal complex of all sciences, all arts, all types of the Divine religion, all governments and all political and social institutions throughout the planets, evolving therefrom a new and higher representation of His own Divine order.

VERSE 5.—And Salmon begat Booz of Rachab ; and Booz begat Obed of Ruth ; and Obed begat Jesse.

49. "And Salmon begat," signifies the unfolding of the world-soul of our own orb, by means of the descent of the Lord God into its inmosts, into a state absorptive of the influx descending through the Divine radiative sphere referred to in paragraph 47.

50. By "Booz of Rachab," is signified, that our Lord formed and fashioned, in the inmosts and throughout all the several essences of the world-soul of our orb, a new Divine Image, in which He dwelt. "And Booz begat Obed of Ruth" signifies that our Lord, in and through His Divine Image established in the world-soul of our orb, descended into the inmosts of the world-soul of the lost planet, and, in the inmosts of that world-soul also, caused to appear the Divine Image of the Lord Jesus Christ, as a solar man of men. By "Obed begat Jesse" is signified, that descending into and through the Divine Christ-image in the interiors of the world-soul of the lost orb, our Heavenly Father descended into the inmost soul-germ in the interiors of each and every demon of the lost orb, both male and female, and dwelt therein.

VERSE 6.—And Jesse begat David the king ; and David the king begat Solomon of her who had been the wife of Urias.

51. By "Jesse begat David the king" is signified, that our Divine Lord, having thus descended into the inmosts of the soul-germs, which themselves are the inmost human principle, of the fallen Angels of the lost orb, indrew into the Divine Image, called Jesse, the first principle of that celestial essence, by means of which the soul-germ itself is enabled to maintain its unending connection with the will and the understanding and their ultimate form, and so to maintain the man-spirit in his individualized immortality.

52. By "David the king" is signified, that our Lord, having thus inter-attracted into the Divine Image, called Jesse, the inmost essence of the celestial principle of each and every fallen Angel of the lost orb, caused them to be reconstituted into a man-form of the inmost celestial element. By "David the king begat Solomon of her that had been the wife of Urias," is signified, that in and through the image-form called David, our Lord descended into the inmosts of the spiritual degree of the fallen Angels

of the lost orb, and thence into the inmosts of their ultimate degree, abstracting from them all, every primal element through which the organs of the will and understanding, and also of the ultimate spiritual form, are enabled forever to remain grouped in their series around the inmost soul-germ. By "her that had been the wife of Urias," is signified the universal receptive principle in the understanding and the will, through which the fallen Angels had, through the machinations of the first destroyer, absorbed into themselves the destroying influences of moral evil.

VERSE 7.—And Solomon begat Roboam ; and Roboam begat Abia ; and Abia begat Asa.

53. By "Solomon begat Roboam" is signified, that in and through the image-form of the principles abstracted from the inmosts of the wills, the understandings, and the bodies of the fallen Angels of the lost orb, our Lord unfolded an *absorbent form*, which He caused to return into the inmosts of the world-soul of our own planet. By "Roboam begat Abia," is signified, that in and through this absorbent form, our Lord descended into the hells peopled by the human race, and eliminated from the inmosts of the soul-germs of each and every demon therein, whether in the inversions of the celestial, spiritual or ultimate heaven, the inmosts of that celestial essence, whereby the conscious individuality of the human creature is made perpetual. By "Abia" is signified the new ultimate image of Himself, which our Lord caused to appear, formed from these abstracted essences. By "Abia begat Asa" is signified, that our Lord descended through this image to the inmosts of the wills, the understandings and ultimate bodies of each and every human demon in the hells, withdrawing from them the inmosts of the celestial, spiritual and ultimate principles, by means of which, the organs of the will, the understanding, and also of the body are made capable of perpetual inherence in the individualized spirit. By "Asa" is signified, that our Lord, in and through the image called Abia, fashioned these eliminated elements into a more ultimated form.

VERSE 8.—And Asa begat Josaphat ; and Josaphat begat Joram ; and Joram begat Ozias.

54. By "Asa begat Josaphat" is signified, that in and through the image called Asa, our Lord descended into each and every diseased corpuscule or atom of the human natural form upon our



orb, without regard to persons, omitting none. By "Josaphat" is signified the new Divine Image which He formed in the universal series of the atomic corpuscles, inwrought into the human system. By "Josaphat begat Joram" is signified, that in and through the universal image in the corpuscles, He revived the extinct myriads of atomic primates and ultimates, once members of the natural bodies of the deceased members of the human family; and in and through these, established a new image, and constituted them into a universal form, moving in its members throughout all the aroal atmospheres of the orb. By "Joram begat Ozias" is signified, that in and through the image formed of the revived primates and ultimates, He deposited in the inmosts of the world-soul a new organic form, attracting into itself the inmost essence of the aroal atmosphere of the sun, and that this image unfolded in the world-soul.

---

#### HYMN FOR AMERICA

Land that we love, beneath thy burning dome  
 Messiah God shall give the heart its home;  
 Wide as the realm of thought His empire be,  
 And unto Him the nations bend the knee.

Praise Him, ye blue and unrepousing floods!  
 Praise Him, ye deep and everlasting woods!  
 Obedient man shall waft the strains that rise,  
 And Angels echo from the solemn skies.

Break forth in music, Spirit, great and strong,  
 Soul of a people, freed from ancient wrong:  
 Lift hallelujahs; let your deeds proclaim  
 To earth deliverance in Messiah's name.

Scatter the foemen who in wrath would bind  
 The mighty members of the common mind;  
 And build the shrine where every human race  
 Shall blend in Liberty's divine embrace.



## PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity, in its practical aspect, is neither more nor less than a synonym for the minutest and divinest heroism. The true life, from its inception to its most glorious consummation, is all a scene of combat; and, no sooner does the individual Christian begin to realize in himself somewhat of a victory over internal, inward, and hereditary evils, than he realizes this truth—that the Lord had more than an individual end in giving him that trial—a universal end. For our Lord *has* a universal end, an eternal end in all things—an end reaching over cycles of being, and including myriads of principles that are used in the regeneration of every man's soul.

We are living, as we all know, at the close of the first Christian Church—the first Christian age. The infantile or literal dispensation of Christianity is finishing. The nobler, the purer *internal* dispensation is in its earliest dawn. It is an age characterized peculiarly by a bold and daring irreverence—by an impiety grown shameless—by a grasping avarice coupled with a malignant hate. Preaching, to a large extent, has become a trade, and hearing little better than a form—little better than a common custom. The great social whirlpool draws into its vortex all ranks of society and takes the place of the requirements of inspiration. The effort of the masses is to rise—not Godward, in the formation of a transparent and beautiful nature, open to choicest influences from the skies; but to ascend an eminence above their fellows.

It is recorded of a great Russian General of the last century that in seeking to take a fortified town in one of the wars with the Turks, he deliberately marched his first ranks into the ditch and filled it up, that the other ranks following might march over their still living bodies, writhing and gasping for life. So over *these* poor bodies does the great social multitude remorselessly rush, trampling down friend and foe alike.

England and America stand representing, so far as they can in their present condition, the great providential movement of God in the world. Swedenborg tells us that in the spiritual world,

the English race occupy the central, and all the other people are grouped in subordinate positions around them. Applying this to the great Anglo-Saxon people, in being the great pivotal race in humanity, we see the demonstration of this truth.

In the providence of God, in the midst of this seething vortex which represents the activity rather than the inertia of man ; which represents, not the retrospect, but, looking inwardly, the prospect of the race ; in the midst of this seething vortex, God, in His Providence, has caused the quickening principles of the New Jerusalem to be unfolded.

There was a great truth in the remark of a recent German thinker—that no possible worship was left for the human race hereafter except hero-worship. Since tritheism had been disproved and the illogical vagaries of polytheism had been exploded, there remained no hope for humanity, there was nothing left for the soul to fix itself upon but to worship the hero. His lips uttered a great truth, although his statement was made from a wrong stand-point—a great New Church truth—a truth of God.

There is one hero, divinely heroic—the Lord Jesus Christ—not alone in the plenitude of His revealed character, and in the sweetness of His constantly descending influence, but in the concentration of all besides that is required to meet the varied conditions and changes of every human being. Without *Him*, what is the race? A mass of drifting, floating atoms. With *Him*, what are we? In the radiance of the Divine Man, a light falls upon us ; in the influences of the Divine Man, a life descends into us, and in the degree in which the Lord Christ comes down into the great Golgotha by his sovereign influences, bone clings to bone, the skeleton stands upon its feet, and assumes the intellect and moral consciousness of a man.

As the faith of Christ gathers into itself the pivotal truths of all sciences and the splendors of all revelation, so the love of Christ inspires in man the most dear hopes, and creates in man the utmost willingness for self-sacrifice. We are but specks, little molecules of life, mere floating nothings that He inspires ; but as we open ourselves to the great descent of the Lord Christ into the human soul and human life, He comes down and takes possession of us. Hero-worship, then, according to the thought of Strauss,

is the only possible worship left for man ; and his saying was a great truth, it was no abstraction. Well, we can do one thing—call this a womanly sentiment if you will, but it is a womanly sentiment adapted to masculine needs—*we can worship Him !*

And, oh ! what a God it is to worship—a God who clothed himself with humanity that he might suffer and endure, and show himself open to the sympathies that stir and move our human race—a God who descends into the very littleness of men. Oh ! what a God we worship. As there is no time or space in the spirit ; as matter is, as it were, a floating mist all pervious to spirit, so this great faith quickened by this great love, leads us to him.

Now, is not this, after all, the most transcendent of all theories ? And what we in the New Church have to do is, to cast that theory into the form of practice. We can do it. *We can do it.*

If the love of country was so strong in the Roman Curtius that it nerved him to cast himself into the chasm of the forum that Rome might be saved ; if the love for the helpless babe is sufficient to nerve up the seemingly helpless mother to dare the flood, and undauntedly wrestle with the billows and with the flames to save it ; if men even, for the love of the yellow idol, will forsake a dependent family and loving friends, and leave their bones to bleach beside the streams of California, then, shall we not have power to possess this excellent affection which will make us dare all for Christ ? Shall not our love for him be supreme ? Must we not all be quickened with the desire to ultimate the most remote, and at the same time, the most intimate and interior of all loves—the love for the being whom we feel came down by His Divine Spirit and quickened us from death to life—a love for the being through whom, and whom alone, our evil passions are subdued and put to flight—a love for the being through whom, and whom alone, Death, the sable giant, becomes Death the shadow—a love for the being who in pain, and suffering, and wo, is our comforter ! Oh ! shall not that love put such a spirit in men that, in the strength of it, the world shall see all our life, all our inspiration, is drawn from him ? and all the gifts or talents we possess—gifts of character and reputation, moral, physical, and spiritual gifts, are devoted to him ? The tribute the blushing earth gives

back in fruits and flowers and sweetness, the heavens drink in from God.

Shall we not then be an heroic Church ?

It is not every one who saith "Lord, Lord,"—it is not every one who professes, intellectually, faith in the divine humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ that is a New Churchman. We all know that this truth communicates itself very positively,—all those incarnating, for the second time, his life are true New Churchmen, and can have and be incarnated in his love. From the infant child to the grey headed traveler to the grave—from the tender virgin, radiant and accomplished, just starting into life, to the burdened woman and the lone widow : all classes, all conditions can have the inspirations of our God. Peter, in his advance to regeneration was heroic—we can be brave as ever Peter was. John was tender, womanly, and celestial—we can be as tender, womanly, and celestial as ever John was. Is not this a beautiful thing ? Mary ministered to the Lord Christ when she wetted His feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair ; so we can minister to Him as nearly, as truly, and as tenderly as ever Mary and the apostles did ; for our Lord, who fills all space, is in constant, sweet, and holy consociation with us.

Oh ! were the thing possible—could that heart, that breast of the Lord Christ, our loving Saviour, be unfolded, we would find ourselves living and breathing there. And, in the advance of our regeneration, as we drink in the sweet affections of the spirit that flows from him—as we lose ourselves in His self-hood—as we discreate ourselves from, and die to, all our falses, we shall be rapt away into sublimer transports, we shall be caught up as to the soul to witness the incommunicable glories of which our hideous falses now shut out the sight. These eyes shall behold the King in his glory ; these ears shall hear the sweet music of His Divine voice, and every man in his inmost nature, shall quiver and thrill at the perception of His Divine touch. We say truly that, as to our outward sight, we have not seen the Lord, but every Christian may say that as to his spirit, as to his interior perceptions, he has beheld Him. Could you have, through regeneration, the internal sight, now closed, opened, you would be able to make the glorious statement that, with a sublimer vision, you "have seen and know Him, whom to know is life eternal."

Having, then, these internal and spiritual natures—these internal and spiritual faculties, which are turned in regeneration toward the Lord, we may say as one body in the New Church, that our faith is founded on a perception and knowledge of God. And this is an awful thought—awful, yet beautiful, in its overwhelmingness—that He has caught up these things of clay, as to the spirit, into deep and true interior unfoldings of the preciousness of His Gospel. And those of us whose affections are turned toward the Lord, in faith and charity, have the sweet light of His countenance, and His gracious and divine influence falling continually upon us. How does this annihilate the outward and transfuse the presence of the Lord within? We have then our Lord as a verity within us, causing us to triumph over all our foes, and bidding us to rejoice unceasingly.

Then comes another thought. Having found the Lord, as we advance in our regeneration, His Divine influences are falling upon us, moment by moment, and moulding us out into His Divine image; having found the Lord, His rays of light flow into every heart, giving life to the torpid germs enshrined in our natures, which afterwards shall grow into plants, bearing the perfect fruits and flowers of rich affection, of righteousness, of truth, of charity.

Oh! grander than Niagara, is that great waterfall of Deity, that everlasting, outpouring stream of Divine influence which is forever gushing from the great heart of the Lord Christ into your hearts. You live, because *that life* is flowing into you; you think, because it mounts up into the reason; you act well, because it gives knowledge to the human heart and all the power to the will. Oh! think of this! Because, you see, the life of the Lord God works through our inmosts to our outmosts. His life gives us our external sight and invites us to behold the outward universe, which is permeated by his Divine life. If God, then, comes down and dwells in the dust below us, how much more clearly and perfectly will He abide with His children!

For, we tell you that you know not what you shall be. You know not into what sweetness these latent spiritual faculties in you, which our dear Lord has placed there, are going to unfold into. Messiah God is pouring out His quickening spirit, in earnest, tender, delicate, and beautiful sweetness, in the New Church.

We speak not in self-gratulation. God knoweth He found us sinners, and sees us sinners still. We know all that and we see it. But yet see what God hath wrought. Look at yourselves. See how doubt hath vanished in the sunlight of a common knowledge. See how faith has quickened into easier perception and we have gathered fruit from the trees of heaven. See how the future, so dark and dim, now opens to our vision a divine hereafter; and see how life, a confused speculation to the mind, in the light of His presence is made so transparent, that man no more shall lose the Messiah in himself. See how we can grapple with sickness, bear trial and pain, endure battles and combats, and still never rebel. See how God hath come down into your hearts and minds; see how he hath visited you in your homes and filled up the chalice of domestic bliss, and sanctified the household to the infinitely tender Lord. See how He hath come down to fan the slumbers of the babe, to rock the cradle, and soothe the life of infancy. See how Death has lost his sable gloom, and see how the departed ones have passed away—not as the voyagers over a dim and trackless sea, but as those who saw the dwellers in the palaces of Heaven, waiting for them to depart that they might bear their souls triumphantly above, to be with God, forever and forever. And see, how from the Word itself, the ark, the anchor and the rock, the palladium and the treasure-house of our faith, has broke out, in almost audible voice, an attestation of its own divinity.

And now, brethren and sisters, seeing all these things, what remaineth for us? Doubts! Fears! Doubts do for those who have a problematical faith, and fears for those whose love, unfolding from that faith, is but an hypothesis, a speculation. For us remaineth a most dauntless faith in God and our cause. We shall find our use from Him; whatever the crisis, whatever the emergency; if we will follow where He directs the way.

This is the most glorious of all the glories that have yet dawned upon mankind—that the humblest practical New Churchman, if faithful to his use, shall fill a nobler and more transcendent position than any male or female of the first Christian age.

Oh! the wonders that enwrap this planet, the only natural world where immorality and evil dispute the presence and visible



embodiment of infinite righteousness—the world which, balanced in equilibrium between all that is glorious and beautiful in the heavens, and all that is infernal and terrible in the hells, is the centre of the eyes of angels, whose gaze is now fixed with an intense and peculiar earnestness upon it, because they behold the great lines of great uses converging there, for the awful struggle which is to close the great tragedy in which the armies of the Evil One who are gathered round to crush out the good in man's interior nature, are to be vanquished, and the great voice of God, dividing the visible firmament, shall say, "It is finished."

Oh! my brethren, what is the nature of that grander crisis which yet shall break from Heaven and shall sweep in waves, of sorrow and joy, of glory and of fixed despair, around these contending and embattled nations? Think you that God, who has no acquaintance with iniquity, no fellowship with crime, will not at last precipitate to some enormous crisis this terrific struggle, and, pitying the human race, will sweep down evil as with a sword of fire, and give them righteousness and a blissful immortality? The whole world breaks out with the great prediction of His second appearing. We find men's quickened consciousness beginning to thrill, vibrate and quiver, in anticipation of something that is to come. And now, when culture has been attained, and art has been exhausted, and civilization has ripened, and when, in fine, the internal respiratories, closed at the flood, again begin to be opened: when evil anarchies come up to make war even upon the living bodies of God's redeemed—can we not see that the signs are being fulfilled, that the awful warnings are being explained and shall we not march on to meet that crisis in the faith and service of the Son of Man?

Oh! brethren, let us so stand that at any moment we shall be ready, when God shall make His great voice grow audible, to do His bidding. Let us so live that we shall stand erect, as living stones for the Lord's new temple—erect as those who, in the darkness, carry in their hearts the light—erect as those who, though 'tis winter, feel within their breasts the spring. Shall we not do it? Young man, are you willing to be called to live out the doctrines of the New Jerusalem? Young woman, are you willing to forego fashion and shun the forms, and brave the sentiment of your



circle in society, to live out the doctrines of this glorious faith? Fathers and mothers, are you willing to work with a calm, fixed intent in your path of uses, knowing it leadeth visibly to God's radiant throne? You, who feel the evils in your natures rise up, are you willing to pluck them out, even though you shall be beggared by the act? Are you willing to offer up all things to our God, even as Abraham offered up Isaac? The angel writeth the names of all those who worship the Lord and who will to be in His service, in the great Book of Life. God grant our names be found written there in light and glory hereafter. Amen.

---

#### HEAVEN IN FRATERNAL LOVE.

'Tis Heaven to love the brother,  
'Tis Heaven begun below ;  
In serving one another  
The Angel's life we know.  
From hearts our care has lightened,  
From souls our love made free,  
And minds our truth has brightened  
Our heavenly joy will be.

Vain is our earthly treasure,  
If lavished still to find  
In evanescent pleasure,  
With many a sting behind :  
But doubly rich the giver,  
Who, in the Lord, imparts ;  
The wealth that lasts forever  
Is stored in loving hearts.

Through deeds of cheerful kindness,  
Inspired by Love within,  
We rise from sin and blindness  
Celestial joys to win ;  
Till Christ, our spirits greeting,  
Approves them good and wise,  
In charity repeating  
The hymns of Paradise.

## A VISION.

### FRAGMENTARY.

The clustering clouds in gorgeous tints, are rolling o'er in light,  
And resting on her azure couch, reclines an Angel bright ;  
She grasps a ladder's topmost ring, and wreathes it o'er with  
flowers,

Its foot is planted on the earth, where murky darkness lowers ;  
Above is heard seraphic strains, flooding the balmy air,  
Below are mingled sighs, and moans, and doubts, and blank despair !  
Pilgrims are gathering thickly 'round, some clasp the ladder's side,  
And some have gained a foothold there, and many backward slide :  
Unnumbered groups are issuing forth from forest-glen and vale,  
(Omnipotence alone may read their life's unwritten tale :)

One young and lovely being, beside a tottering frame,  
United in the tenderest bonds, forth from the valley came ;  
He bowed his humble, hoary head, upon that maiden's breast—  
She soothed with words of holiness, and bade him on her rest !  
A band of rainbow beauty, encircled them around—  
Ah ! none could doubt the haven pure, to which their hearts were  
bound :—

And some had carved out mimic wings, and thought to scale the  
height,

They only fell to deeper depths ; to darker, denser night !  
Man may not hope by stratagem, to gain the bliss of heaven,  
'Tis only to the earnest heart, these victories are given :—  
And some desponding, pause midway ; Oh ! 'tis a grievous sight.  
Their gaze is riveted to earth ! They cannot see the light !

"Look up ! look up, ye faithless ones ! look up ! and catch the  
ray

"That's streaming downward from the Source of clear and perfect  
day !

"Angels are looping down to thee, their golden chains of love ;

"Look up, and grasp the glowing links ! They'll draw thee safe  
above !—

Oh! blessed be thy mercy, Lord! Thou call'st, and some have heard ;

Thy voice has pierced the clods of clay, the smould'ring embers stirred.

Oh! may the kindling spark, flame bright, and vivify the soul,  
And evermore, Oh! evermore, hold it in blest control!

Their dazzled eyes are seeking thee—they are struggling to rise,  
And reach that home of blessedness, beyond the starry skies ;

But many are the piercing points, that wound their tender feet,  
And many false and shadowy lines, their eager footsteps cheat.

On either side are tempting scenes, inviting them to rest ;

And many seek these luxuries, and clasp them to their breast!

Dark clouds from earth, conceal the steps ; bewildering the mind.

Ah! there is sunshine up above ; there clouds are "silver lined ;"

Look up! and light ineffable will pierce the mist around.

No bliss for those whose highest hopes are lingering on the ground!

Some struggle through the eager crowd, and raise their eyes above,

They long to gain an upward step, and reach that chain of love!

It seems those golden links were near, and they might clasp them  
'round,

But a weight was on the selfish heart, which bowed it to the  
ground ;

Oh! they must lay their burden down! And cleanse those secret  
cells :

Each step is steep and difficult! Each fault and folly tells!

But turn with courage to thy work, thy fainting spirit cheer,

'Tis hope will speed thee on thy way ; be strong and banish fear.

God bless the patient laborer, whose slow but earnest strife,

With cheerful, daily, hourly toil to gain a higher life,

Surmounts each barrier in his path, each fetter 'round his feet ;

O'ercomes temptations which beset, but which he fain must meet ;

Looking forever upward, with humble, hopeful prayer,

That he may find at last a rest, and meet acceptance there!

Thanks to a God of mercy, the promise is for all,

That those who labor faithfully, shall never, never fall.

But reaching hopeful upward, shall clasp that Angel hand,

And join forever-more in bliss, that bright celestial band ;

Shall hear that thrilling shout resound, "well done thou faithful one,"

"Receive thy crown of glory now, thy race is nobly run !

"Enter the blessed realms of peace, prepared for thee above,

"Come ! Oh ! come and dwell with us, heirs of undying love !"

---

I paused to hear the heavenly voice repeat the glorious strain !

But for a season silence deep, reigned o'er the extended plain,

And then a trumpet-blast swept o'er the slumbering train :

"O hear, thou thoughtless son of earth, who dream'st with Heaven  
in view !

"Arise ! and shake thy garments ! Thy drowsiness subdue !

"Thy hours are flitting by thee ! Time spreads his tireless wings,

"O hear them flutter in the breeze ! List to the song he sings."

"Mortal, thy span is ending ! quick, gather up thy powers !

"Shake off this clinging worldliness ! thick darkness 'round thee  
lowers ;

"The earth-flowers thou hast gather'd, are fading on thy breast,

"Their beauty all departed, their fragrance, too, at rest.

"Behold ! the blessed Angel is coiling up the chain !

"Be quick ! for few and changing, the links which yet remain,

"Around each meek and holy head, she twines that flowery-band,

"Yet, still with gracious loveliness extends to thee her hand !"

---

I looked again, the gorgeous clouds had faded from my sight !

A rainbow spanned the heavens now, where beam'd that Angel  
bright !

Below there stretched a wilderness, in blackest darkness lost,

O where was now that Pilgrim band, I saw upon it tost ?

C.

---

## THE ROSARY.

### IX.

The Paradise of faithful toil

Grows from the seed by duty cast ;

Though earth may seem unfriendly soil

The tear-wet germ must ripen fast.

## "LETTER TO REV. B. F. BARRETT."

[We publish the following letter to Rev. B. F. BARRETT, not because it goes into an elaborate presentation of the claims made for the works which are being ultimated through Bro. Harris, but because it is written by an esteemed friend and embodies thoughts on New Church periodicals and literature, which should be considered and acted upon by our own, as well as by the friends of the other New Church journals mentioned and implied. The receivers of the truths unfolded through Bro. Harris are not called upon to enter the lists in defense of his works. These works must stand on their own merits or fall as the judgment of Time shall decide. Our readers will, therefore, understand why it is that no special notice has been taken by our friends of the very uncharitable criticisms which have been made upon the productions of our brother.]

### A LETTER TO REV. B. F. BARRETT,

EDITOR OF THE 'SWEDENBORGIAN.'

Presuming you would perhaps not unwillingly hear something from the friends of the New Church in this place, and having also somewhat to say for ourselves, we here offer you a few hasty thoughts, hoping, through your worthy and widely circulated journal, to be brought into relations of Christian sympathy with many others—receivers of like precious faith. Though not yet organized into form, we hold meetings three times a week, and seem to enjoy the respect of all liberal and unbiased minds. The great doctrines of the Divine Humanity of our Lord, the internal sense of the Word, and the necessity of Regeneration through a life of uses, are both inwardly received and openly advocated. No disorderly form of Spiritualism has ever sprung up among us, though receivers of the phenomena from the very beginning; nor is there one of our number who seeks or would hold any disorderly relations to the spirit-world. We seek only those genuine openings which come from a true unfolding of the spirit; recognizing that it is the province of the Lord to unseal the spiritual senses and faculties of man.

The numbers of the "*Swedenborgian*," kindly furnished us, contain many articles with which we were much pleased. Your letter to H. W. Beecher, more than satisfies; and if continued in the same spirit and with that clearness and cogency of argumentation,

these epistles will form a pamphlet worthy of being placed in the hands of every genuine seeker after spiritual truth. To those wandering bewildered amid the conflicting dogmas of the Old Church, they may serve as beacon-lights, guiding on to the secure haven of the New. And to us it seems that more effort ought to be made for the gratuitous circulation of liberal, attractive, timely articles upon New Church themes. Tracts of the ordinary character are soon read and thrown aside. So much also that is really narrow and common-place has found its way into them, that they seldom meet with a very cordial reception. But if an effort were made to place a good periodical before the eyes of all who would read it, its regular visits and constant presentation of the truths of our faith, adapted and applied to all the exigencies of life, would do much to modify the vague and often hostile sentiments entertained towards the New Church. The great command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, is to be obeyed in all the uses of life; and through our periodicals we have an agency whereby the humblest can reach the proudest or most distant. We would suggest, therefore, that an effort be made to furnish the best New Church journals, free of cost, to such as are willing to receive and read them, but who are not yet sufficiently convinced of their truthfulness or utility, to be willing to subscribe.

No one can read the regular issues of such journals as the *Crisis*, *Swedenborgian*, or *HERALD OF LIGHT*, without forming a higher estimate of the earnestness, piety, intellectuality, and living inspiration of the New Church. The cost, we all know, of a few hundred extra copies, would be but trifling; merely the paper, press-work, &c. Let then such announcement be made, that any journal will be so furnished to those who wish to "investigate," as our spiritual friends would say, and we believe both funds and names would be quickly furnished. There are indeed thousands who would read a periodical, thus placed in their hands, who would never subscribe for it, until by their own quickened perceptions, convinced of its character and value. Besides, there is many a clergyman who would not dare to "take" a New Church journal, who would gladly receive and read it if "sent," so that he were not in the least committed or compromised "in his sacred office." But we need not say more upon this point; our position will be

clearly seen ; we advocate a widely extended New Church periodical literature. We believe it will meet the wants of the age.

To return to the *Swedenborgian* ; we perhaps miss something of that genial, creative, loving element which should characterize the literature of an age in which all things are to be made new. The sweeter and softening feminine element also seems to us, if not wholly wanting, still not fully and fairly represented. In such a journal we demand somewhat for every member of the family, that all may welcome it with delight ; science and profound investigations for the intellectual ; something from the clear fountains of Beauty, or emotional thought, welling up from the deep heart of humanity, for the more interiorly cultured and sensitive, with stories and allegories for the children. We know that all cannot be accomplished at once ; yet in the end all phases of life must be represented and addressed, each in its own peculiar language. How many tender hearts have been obstructed or crushed by the unrelenting sternness of the Puritans ; how many wearied with the monotony prevalent among all sects. Even outward nature might teach us a lesson ; she offers herself with profound suggestions baffling the wisdom of the sage ; and yet with a winning grace, "a smile and eloquence of beauty" that glides into the heart of the tender maiden and even of the little child.

Perhaps also we may be allowed to speak of the writings and mediatorial state of Rev. T. L. Harris. In this place we have been receivers of the "Disclosures from the Interior," from their very beginning. We have read and studied them almost daily for more than seven years. Every portion of them has been publicly discussed and privately canvassed, as issued from the press ; and we feel that we can speak of their inner life and spirit. And we are most happy to bear this testimony, that thus far we have found no contradiction, nor aught derogatory to the Word. On the contrary, each successive disclosure has, in general, been but a fuller unfolding of germs of truth involved in the statements of the earliest period. We are also aware of the severe trials, temptations, and embarrassments through which our brother has been called to pass ; and we recognize the divine hand of our Lord leading him and us, step by step, to a full and hearty reception of the essential and more interior doctrines of the New Church.



To us who are students, and not mere readers of the *ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY*, the strictures and criticisms of the press generally, and those of the "Swedenborgian" in particular, do not seem vitally relevant. Though much that is so confidently asserted were proved true, still the *Arcana* would be to us a book of wonderful disclosures from *some* realm of the invisible, and worthy of the profoundest study. Cut off all its adventitious claims, strip it of every pretension, and regard it merely as a book of *unknown* origin and authorship, still it rises up in its own vastness of conception, luminousness of statement, dignity and richness of style and illustration; a mountain of thought, reared by unseen hands, standing in solitary grandeur alone and apart from the literature of the world.

To the assertion that Mr. Harris' exposition of the word "*Third*" contains nothing not found in Swedenborg, we reply we had long read that author without at all perceiving what to us is clearly unfolded in the exposition referred to. We too had felt something of the drear loneliness of that solitary Gulf of Being, unaccompanied and speechless through infinite ages. We remember when a child, of pitying God, because before the creation of the angels he had no one to speak to! And what society can the creature be to the Creator? What satisfying converse for the Infinite with the finite! But when told and shown that the Lord is an infinite conjugal man; that the divine beatitude is all a *nuptial* joy; that the degrees of the Divine Personality sustain such a relation, that all the joys of all the angels, "the tendernesses of all affection, the fondnesses of all communion," and all the ecstasies of delight, are but a pale reflection, a feeble and insignificant symbol of His infinite and ineffable joy, we are filled at once with awe and astonishment. We perceive the *holiness* of the marriage relation as never before. Each conjugal pair may thus feel a new thrill of delight in approaching a Being who is the absolute of that dual oneness to which they are ever approximating. We perceive it is no mere abstract quality of Good and Truth that are united in the oneness of the Lord; but *living essences*, the infinite archetypes and primordial forms in which man and woman are created. The subject is so holy, the mystery so easily profaned, that we cannot discuss or illustrate it farther, but would call attention again to the matter

as unfolded in the Arcana.\* Swedenborg may have indeed unfolded a portion of the truth, set forth in the exposition referred to, in its spiritual degree; but it is surely made alike, heart-touching and soul-satisfying in the words of our brother.

That hints and suggestions, or even approximations to many of the truths of the Arcana may be found scattered through our higher literature, is to us no marvel. That which is true has always been true; and it would be strange indeed, if no dim foreshadowing of it were found in the perceptions of the most interior minds. We are told that many of the doctrines of Swedenborg were taught by the Mystics; and even Madame Guion has been illustrated by extracts from the writings of the Swedish Seer. To assail the originality of a work, because some dim or crude suggestion of something similar may have somewhere existed, is as if we should accuse Shakspeare of plagiarism, because he drew his plots from early traditions and legends, or even the romances current in his day; as if, indeed, because early navigators had discovered "the still vexed Bermoothes" Ariel and Miranda, and Prospero with his magic wand, were not genuine creations. Shakspeare clothes all with the rich hues of his own vast and mighty genius, "giving to each, a true authentic heart." We accord to Swedenborg the meed of originality, because he gave us the truths of a new theology in a regular system, though fragments of his comprehensive thought may have floated on the sea of mind for ages. And does not Harris also speak from an interior perception? Do not the very vividness and power of his delineations indicate that he must have stood face to face with the realities he describes? Is not all in his writings clothed with the rich tints and hues of the immortal life? "No man," says Milton, "can write epic poems, till his whole life attain to the grandeur of an epic." And can one worthily describe the sublime and beautiful scenes and inhabitants of harmonic orbs, till through the opening of his own interiors brought into rapport with life thereon? In truth, the whole conception of the unfallen universe is a new thought in literature. Our highest ideals and aspirations are more than realized. Fiction becomes common-place, and the loftiest flights of the imagination tame and prosaic in presence of the transcendent reality. In

---

\* See Nos. 369-376.

truth, the poet ever brings with him his own credentials. He can worthily describe or sing that only which he has seen, lived and loved. His poems are a part of his own life, and are only valuable as they are truthful; genuine transcripts of that inner volume, which each carries in his own bosom, but which with most is sealed and forever hid from mortal view. An insincere\* poet would be an anomaly in Nature. Now the Arcana, if not outwardly a poem, could have been ultimated only through the poetic faculties. It conforms to the conditions of a poem in this, that the force and vividness of its delineations are specially dependent upon interior illumination. Its author must have been in the very sphere and life of that which he unfolds, otherwise there would have been inequalities and weaknesses where the influx was withdrawn. But as Goethe says, of a poem of Lord Byron, "you cannot place your finger upon a weak paragraph." The work is wonderfully sustained throughout.

But in discussing the originality of the works of Mr. Harris, we should wish to go over all he has produced, and we think we could show a prodigality of thought, an affluence of intellectual endowment, that would wholly preclude the idea of borrowing the treasures of others. 'Tis the poverty-stricken in soul that are obliged to purloin. In nature, the peaceful producers are not robbers of the industry of others. We think, therefore, that Mr. Harris has plucked no leaflet from the glorious wreath that encircles Milton's lofty brow; much less would he seek illumination from so uncertain a light as the genius of Charles Fourier.

The remarks respecting "the ceaseless torture of human spirits in the hells," seems to us a dispute about words. Swedenborg does teach that there is neither regeneration nor spiritual dissolution after death, consequently "the miserable state" of the wicked, as Swedenborg himself calls it, must, as to essentials, continue to eternity. Therefore, there must be to all eternity, sin and suffering in the universe. Moreover, this is not confined, according to Swedenborg, to our orb; but each has its own hell; and as the worlds are innumerable by any finite mind, sin comes near to being an infinite evil, and its curse taints all the universe of God. We will not here discuss the grand denouement of the problem of

---

\* Vide Carlyle, *Passim*.

evil as unfolded in the Arcana of Christianity ; only we may say it seems to us to reconcile differences and settle questions that seemed interminable ; for the wicked, as respects their own consciousness, are visited with an everlasting destruction, and yet there is the "restitution of all things," spoken of by all God's holy prophets since the world begun.

Respecting the "little folks" we have little to say, save that we most potently believe in their existence. Whence came these conceptions ? How could a thought of such beings have entered the human mind, unless something corresponding to them had an objective reality. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," because it is a welling up from the fount of infinite beauty. Thoughts are things. In the spiritual they have an objective reality. All distinct conceptions of the mind, all living creations of the imagination, must be out-births of the heavens or hells. But would the hells, through any "sphere of phantasy," infuse such ideas of infantile innocence and grace ? Do the infernals take delight in such things ? Would not the very thought of such beings be torture to them ? But as this subject is resumed in the Arcana of Matthew, we will leave it, merely suggesting that as man is in himself a microcosm, why may not the infinitesimal elements of his being, be fay-forms or leasts of the human.

Our position, then, in regard to those things in the writings of Mr. Harris, which transcend our own experience, is simply this : we study the spirit and connection of that which is unfolded. If it seem to have in itself a soul of goodness, innocence, sweetness, purity, we infer its heavenly origin ; and if it take hold of other truths, binding them like precious gems into some ornament of grace, we trust it is to be part of the bridal adornment of the New Church, when she shall array herself in her most glorious apparel. And we submit that those things in Mr. Harris, which seem most strange and wonderful, bear the impress of realms where all is peace, joy, and innocence, rather than of that other sphere where thought and imagination people the chambers of the brain with phantoms shaped from their own evil loves and torturing lusts.

But if, as is suggested, the conceptions of the Arcana of Mr. Harris are reproduced from some sphere of the memory, how comes it that there is such consistency in the details of all his writings ? for, as we have said, the Arcana itself is, to a certain

extent, but the amplification of earlier disclosures. There is a method in this "phantasy" or madness of his, which will yet sorely puzzle the profoundest thinkers of the world. For the end is not yet, and the things published are to those that are to follow, as the first star of eve to the constellated orbs that are to rise and shine in the firmament forever.

The published works of Mr. Harris, including his volume of Hymns, the Epic, the two Lyrics, the "Wisdom of Angels," "Arcana," and "First Book," contain the best possible refutation of any charge of want of originality; the best commentary upon his past and present states. If there is in them harmony and beauty, wisdom and philosophy, profound thought and a practical exposition of christian doctrine, then he must himself have been introduced into the very sphere and life of such things; for they were each evolved from his own interiors. He must, therefore, have lived in, and perhaps through the states which those experiences imply. Even when he communicates from spirits, he "feels the soul of every truth whereof he sings."

And now, since writing with such frankness, we may have expressed more than many who read these words can fully receive, perhaps we may be permitted to close with those in which all can fully unite. They are a noble description of the true Church, in language chaste and beautiful, such as in these days rarely falls from poet-lips.

## THE CHURCH.

FROM THE "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE."

The Minster is a marble psalm,  
Where Druid oak and Syrian palm  
Lift the groined roof, and seem to wave  
O'er aisle and chancel, crypt and grave.  
The CHURCH of God in man below  
Methinks should like the Minster grow;  
All truths His three-fold voice inspires  
Should build its buttresses and spires;  
Each holy deed that memory sings  
Should gleam with cherub face and wings  
O'er the high altar's mystic shrine,  
And Love make all the place divine.

The ashes of the sacred Past  
Should rest beneath its spaces vast ;  
There fervid Art inspired should paint  
The Bard, the Prophet, and the Saint.  
All Hero-forms should grace the pile ;  
There the triumphant martyr smile,  
And God in Christ shine down to see  
Art symbolize Divinity ;  
And there the organ throb with might,  
Telling how God created light,  
While from His Being's music rolled  
The Planetarium's rings of gold.

But let the human voice declare  
How God made man, the primal pair,  
Shining in Love through Adam's eyes  
On Angel Eve in Paradise.  
Let stately choirs of old and young  
Praise God therein with tuneful tongue.  
The perfect CHURCH fills all the state,  
Love, Wisdom, Use, its laws create ;  
As chant melodious angel choirs,  
Harmonic States whom God inspires,  
In life's great sacrament agree ;  
Order unfolds through Liberty.

---

We had designed to offer the above article directly to the Swedenborgian, but on reviewing what we have written, it seems perhaps too much to request its insertion in that journal ; it is therefore published here without any design or wish to excite controversy, but merely to express our sentiments upon a theme which is very near our hearts. Hoping that our Divine Lord may lead us into all truth, needful for our present state, and that each may specially find and fill that sphere of use in which he can best subserve the interests of His kingdom, we remain ever yours in Him.

S. E. B.

Griffin, Ga., July, 1859.



## THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN.

### AN ADDITIONAL CHAPTER.

#### THE AWAKENING OF ANNUNCIATA.

Shortly after the events previously narrated, I was invited a second time to the house of Odorus and Odoretta. The object of this visit was that I might behold the ceremony of the reception of a young girl, to whom both Amoleta and Odoretta had been Guardian Angels of a subordinate degree, into the mysteries subsequent to the dissolution of the natural form.

Each one of those invited, was clothed with garments corresponding, in their vivid sparkling lustre, to those truths of the Word which pertain to the celestial degree of sight. The atmosphere was more transparent than I had observed it at any former period, while the fairies were gliding from the blossoms in their most enchanting beauties, until, in some places, the undulating and sparkling ether seemed made up of sporting infants. Entering the house of Odorus, a modest mansion in the midst of a large and beautifully decorated garden, I was first led into the apartment in which I had before been present on the occasion of the nuptial reception of its lovely mistress. Here I found tender friends conversing in a subdued tone.

Resplendent in the enhanced beauty of her new state, Hymetta approached and said, "Come with me, and I will show you our sleeping treasure." Silently as steps the early Dawn, when she closes up the petals of the last blown star, and drops her scarf of silver tissue upon the bosom of the reposing streams, yet harbingers the footsteps of the rosy Day, sweet Hymetta led the way into a chamber which might well have been formed to receive a gentle Spirit, coy and tender as the ring-dove, fluttering to paradisaal gardens from the secluded shades of her native wood.

"Observe," said my conductress, "the room is like the Word : its natural appearance conceals, yet contains the spiritual and the celestial. Outwardly, and to the eyes of the sleeper when she awakens, it will suggest a reminiscence of the apartment in which she met and welcomed the Angel of Immortality ; but inwardly



and by an invisible process mirrored upon the mind, it will unfold to her a composite vision-thought of the wonders and delights of Heaven. Here every object is fashioned with such infinite art as to illuminate the understanding and refresh and invigorate the will, while at the same time it sustains some especial use to the person of the blessed one for whom it is designed."

While Hymetta was thus speaking in a low and musical voice, we drew near a couch, where stood Amodeo and Amoleta, singing in unison :

'Tis over, 'tis over,  
 The sorrow and strife :  
 Thy Infinite Lover  
 Reclaims thee to life :  
 Thy soul thou has ventured  
 On Jesus the Lord :  
 The world thou hast entered  
 Is Eden restored.

Strew roses, fresh roses ;  
 In melody shed  
 The balm leaf that closes  
 When death-prayers are said ;  
 And light the soft tapers  
 Of mystical bloom,  
 That thrill through the vapors  
 With morning perfume.

Our treasure ! our treasure !  
 How calmly she lies,  
 Infolded in pleasure,—  
 A rose of the skies :  
 A rose that will blossom  
 Again from the heat,  
 Of Messiah's soft bosom  
 And blush at His feet.

It was now permitted me in spirit to advance and lay my hand upon the brow of the dreaming girl, while the little atoms of her

spiritual frame thrilled in a low responsive music to the touch. Then Amodeo and Amoleta to an air of inexpressible sweetness began again :

Our darling is here, and is blissfully plighted  
To glory and joy in an Eden begun ;  
The heart of her heart, to the Saviour united,  
Is woven in veils of beatitude spun.

She died in the faith of the High and the Holy :  
’Twas Jesus who lightened the path that she trod ;  
Unroll the death-slumber, that, calmly and slowly,  
Her spirit may wake to the mercies of God.

I was now led, by the Divine Guidance, to take the place beside her pillow, and also to clasp her hand. I then noticed that the flowing robe, which is my spiritual garment in the Heavens, externally assumed the appearance of the attire to which I had been accustomed in the natural world. Very solemn were my meditations, as I sat and gazed upon the countenance, now slowly brightening to that peculiar beauty which characterizes the blessed immortals. Thus had I sat on a previous night, hour after hour, clasping the hand or smoothing the brow of a youthful member of the congregation of disciples, to whom I was a priest and minister in the terrestrial earth. Weeping friends, and relatives by the ties of nature, or the indissoluble sympathies of the Spirit, had been gathered round ; and if agonized earthly affection there found its place, the mightier current, swaying as if it were an eddy from the clear river of life issuing from the Throne, had been one of high and solemn triumph in the felt presence of Messiah, and in the strong, clear, unequivocal testimony borne by that young receiver of the truths of the New Church, to her Redeemer’s nearness, and His all-sustaining love.

She had been one of the first fruits of a painful and laborious ministry. In her heart the Divine Word had taken deep root, and sprung up in sweet and tender charities, in patience, and experience, and knowledge, to eternal life. In that room she had received the holy Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper ; and now, uplifted in spirit, almost to a transfiguration, she smiled

at death, conscious that with her "to die was gain," and that to be "absent from the body was to be present with the Lord."

In the early morning of her maidenhood the seal of the solemn Angel had very vividly been impressed upon that fair young brow, and she had frequently expressed the conviction that her uses were to be found not in the natural, but in the spiritual life. A few months before her decease, the first chapters of the *Children of Hymen* had been placed in her hands, and, from that time, drinking in the tender essence of the book, a sweet celestial affection seemed to have been joined, uniting her to the lady Amoleta, of whom she was never weary of conversing in a strain of elevated thought, and pure interior feeling, which indicated how deeply the latent emotions of the soul had been quickened by that unknown, yet exquisite presence.

During the painful months previous to the final scene, Amoleta had frequently spoken of her gentle charge; and, but a few days before, making herself spiritually present, had uttered a poetical prophecy of the approaching translation of the beloved one—which the reader may find at page 423, of the second volume of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*.

She died, as she had lived, breathing away her sensitive and gentle soul in pure impassioned longings for the triumph of the good and right and lovely, in the descent of the New Jerusalem, and the unfolding harmonies of the New Christian Age. In one of our last conversations, the dear girl,—whom I recall by her Heaven-name, *Annunciata*,—had said, "I know that Amoleta will be with me when I awaken in my new home; but I must claim from you a promise, that, if it is permitted by our Lord, you will also be present both when I leave the body, and when I first awaken to consciousness in a Spirit-life." This I had promised. Softly, too, and with a distant echo, the words of the funereal anthem, which had been given by the Angels to be used upon the occasion of her body's burial, were floating through my mind. These may also be found at page 421 of the previous volume of this magazine.

At this moment a crown of living flowers, in which scintillated the transfigured essences of the rose, the lily and the blue violet, floated down, and rested on the brow of the reposeful maiden.

In the same instant I heard these words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." While simultaneously appeared a wondrous vision, in which our Lord was manifested as the Good Shepherd, surrounded by effulgent haloes, and bearing a little lamb upon His breast.

Then Hymetta, who during her own earth-life had known and loved this sweet one, drew from her face a soft white veil, which hitherto I had not perceived, so transparent was it, and Annunciata woke. Turning to me with the first motion of that joy-inspiring air proceeding from her lips, she said, "It is all true! I had such a vision! I thought I saw my aunt—and my uncle—there were other persons, relatives, but I observed them less distinctly. As one by one the faces faded out I beheld my mother with a crown of twelve stars upon her brow, and holding a lighted candle by the bedside. After this there was a priest with a flaming crimson robe seated at the foot and reading from the Word the declaration of our Lord, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

"Then it seemed as if I heard a fountain playing, and, as the waters fell upon me, they melted with a soft drowsiness into the brain. But Oh! the music! First one little bird carolled and awoke the rest, and millions were then all singing together; but so tenderly! so tenderly!

"Soon after I felt myself, still in sleep, to be mounting above the clouds, borne by Angels, who were lulling me all the while with a joyous melody, that thrilled through their breasts, but which came without the sound of words. Then, in a little while, it was as if I was borne across a river, and then laid on a soft bed. Beyond this I recollect nothing; but I know I am in Heaven! I know it! Let me feel your hand and see if it is real."

At this moment a bouquet of blossoms appeared upon the smiling maiden's breast, and in the blossoms were fairies, while the sweets of the flowers, as they ascended, were made the mediums of their tiny song; and still the burden was "Welcome, Annunciata! welcome, Annunciata!" Amoleta now motioned to me gently to remove, which I did, and the two blended together in a long and still embrace.

## HOW TO MAKE CHRISTIANS.

LET us first hear Thomas Carlyle upon the subject. In his *Life of Frederick the Great*, we find the following very significant passage :

"And there is another deeper thing to be remarked : the notion of teaching religion in the way of drill exercise, which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to the instructors of Frederick. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a humble soul to struggle heavenward, cannot be taught by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No, alas ! no. Only by far other methods ; chiefly by silent continual example, silently waiting for the favorable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named 'the Grace of God'—can that sacred contagion pass from soul to soul. How much beyond whole libraries of orthodox theology is sometimes the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who had in them devoutness, pious nobleness ! in whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observant, came at length to recognize it, to read it in this irrefragable manner, a seed planted henceforth in the centre of his holiest affections forevermore !"

The redeeming, reconciling spirit of the Gospel works through much holy living, rather than through much speech of holiness. The multiplication of mere ordinances, the most elaborate intellectual processes, the most learned appeals to history or arguments about miracles by those who take up the Gospel from the outside, and seek to commend it to the unbeliever as venerable, true, and useful, nay, even the rehearsing of the words of Christ, which are spirit and life, may not greatly advance the work of "making Christians." We may multiply churches and church services ; we may open houses of worship on week days as well as on Lord's days ; through relays of priests, we may maintain solemn litanies and chantings, from the beginning to the end of the year ; we may organize a second-rate opera at one end of the sanctuary, and a second-rate stage at the other ; we may print pages of tracts, North-side or South-side, as numerous as the leaves of our forests, and cover them all over with the soundest lessons

of Christian morality, and even piety ; we may place a Bible in every dwelling, and so educate every man, woman, and child, that they shall be able to read it ; and yet the number of even nominal believers may not be greatly increased. It is the Spirit of the Lord that converts men to the fellowship of the Gospel, with its works and joys, and the Spirit acts not through dead books, or dead forms, or elaborate processes of argument, but only through living, loving men, and living, loving communities.

When our Saviour passed into the invisible world, it was found that his life had been retained, and was embodied in a company of men and women, whom the new Spirit raised, refined, and comforted even unto gladness ; changing those who had been vile and degraded into moral heroes, purifying the home, emphasizing the Christian nurture of childhood as a solemn trust, translating all who shared it from a kingdom of darkness into a kingdom of light, arresting the fearful action of the leaven of spiritual and moral death which was at work in the heart of heathen society, restoring the faded-image of God, and bringing back the long-lost paradise. The story of those old communities, those kingdoms within kingdoms, can be read even now by the traveler, in the Catacombs, which, like a vast subterranean city, stretch under papal as under imperial Rome. That realm, underground, but not of darkness, opens to the traveler street and chapel, dwellings for the living, tombs for the dead, refuges for the hunted Christians, where they might worship, and be safe for a while from the officers of Roman injustice, or lay away the consecrated dust of the poor victims of persecution.

Men and women mean something very vital and very practical, and which it infinitely concerns their brethren and friends to know, when they leave the light of day to dwell in catacombs, and even there cannot be safe. They may, or they may not have eloquence or learning to commend what they would say to others ; they may understand one tongue or a hundred ; they may be peers of philosophers and poets, or untaught Jewish fishermen ; but in any case, what the Holy Spirit shall give them to utter will be heard ; its power, worth, beauty, will be acknowledged ; its adaptation to the deepest needs of humanity, to the necessities of the wisest as well as of the simplest, will be recognized ; the sal-

vation of God will be hailed by the children of God, and, as has well been recorded, within forty years after the fiercest persecution of Diocletian, a Christian shall reign over the empire. For let men relate what to them is a chapter of momentous life-experience, let them tell of the power by which they love and labor and suffer, and they will be heard and heeded ; and though they may be slain, their truth will live, and get victories proportioned always to the obstinacy and cruelty of the opposition which it at first called forth.

Let us see your Gospel, saith the world. Let us see how it works. Truth is a hundred times truth when it comes out as experience, when it is seen to be a peculiar power accomplishing its own appointed work of redemption, a vital force in the mind and heart and outward life of man. If we could make Christians simply by singing, or praying, or talking Christianity, by rehearsing its inspired Scriptures,—they were read in the Jewish synagogues every Sabbath day,—or by citing the experiences and examples of believers of former times, the task would be an easy one ; the world would be soon converted. But God has wisely ordered, that only the living shall communicate life ; that only they who have reproduced Christianity in their own being and conversation, and have authenticated it for their own souls by living and walking in its spirit, shall be able to make it real to the world about them. Those who saw it in Jesus, and heard it from his lips of inspiration, and gave themselves up to that mighty and gracious influence were persuaded ; they in their turn were able to persuade others ; and so the divine life of faith and love is transmitted from age to age, and according to the poverty or the abundance of the Church in this spiritual wealth, its work languishes or is speeded.

Christianity grows only so far forth as it lives. Let it become a tradition or a form, and the world will turn away from its preaching and its worship, and all its institutions, to the realities of this life, the strong and beautiful of earth. When men who think upon other subjects fail to think upon the subject of religion, only throw dust in each other's eyes, and repeat the thoughts of men which they have never verified, or even have learned to distrust, they will cease to understand and will fail to meet the intellectual scepticism of the times. If they write books of evidences,



they will convert no infidels; it is well if they do not make infidels of believers. When the Gospel becomes, to those who profess to believe it, a mere sanctuary and Sunday thing,—only a refuge to which in great straits they betake themselves,—or one of the respectabilities of life,—when it ceases to be the deliverance, the inspiration, the strength, the joy of the soul, the pearl of great price,—they will not show it forth in its power and beauty, whether by word or work; they will not speak as the oracles of God, or live as the children of God. Their lips may talk religion, but their actions will plead for worldliness. Others will contrive to live without the Gospel, just as they contrive to live without it.

Only Christians can make Christians. Christ first, then they who are Christ's at His coming. For this reason the Christian who cannot make Christians, should suspect his Christianity. It can hardly be the real thing. For this reason the Christian holds himself accountable for those who are not Christians. If we really believe in the Gospel with the whole force of our being, as men of the world believe in trade and manufactures, we shall make others believe in it. If men and women felt that Christianity was indispensable to their peace, it would not matter whether they heard it from wise or simple, in elegant churches or in upper rooms, in houses of worship within a stone's throw or at a distance of a few squares. We are dying of traditions and forms. As George Fox once said to Cromwell, we have the scriptures, but have lost the spirit that wrote them. We are trying to convert others, and are only half converted ourselves. We are forever telling men what Christianity once was, instead of showing them what it is now. And so, whilst the believing or the conforming walk soberly to church, and indulge in the luxury of choir and pulpit, the cities and villages swarm with multitudes to whom Christianity is nothing but an old fable, or at best, an entertainment for the better sort. If a true and beautiful life before God and man is just as impossible without Christ in the nineteenth century as the Apostles and early Christians believed it to be in the first, then the Christian's work is before him, and "*as much as in him is,*" he will preach the Gospel, not only from the pulpit and in stated ways, but everywhere and in all ways. If it be indeed so, it cannot be so hard to show it. What our world needs

just now, is not so much eloquent preachers as men and women who believe in the Gospel and live the Gospel. Without these, we may build houses of worship, but the people will not go to them ; we may set up preachers, but the people will not listen to them ; we may scatter Bibles, but the people will neglect or scoff at them ; we may print tracts, but the people will throw them aside, as so much dreary shot rubbish, which indeed they largely are. Give them the light of life, the eloquence of deep conviction, the speech of burning hearts,—let the Holy Ghost dwell in you and speak by your lips, and make your life a hymn of praise and masterpiece of beauty,—and you shall no more need to commend the Gospel to men, than you shall need to stand by the Falls of Niagara and tell the beholder it is a marvel of sublimity and beauty. *As much as in us is*, not one whit more than that, can we preach the Gospel. When its fullness is the heart's abundance, it lives and sings and works, not by the will or wit of man, but by the grace of God.—*Religious Magazine*.

---

#### NOTICE.

*New Work by* REV. WOODBURY M. FERNALD.

We understand that a new work, by this popular writer, is to appear soon on the subject of the *Divine Providence*. It is to be a very full treatise, taking up the subject in all its great branches, and presenting both the Philosophy and the Practical application of the subject. It is not to be a technical, much less sectarian, work, but adapted for all classes of readers. The well known character of Mr. Fernald for profound scholarly attainments and a deep intuitive insight into the vast unfoldings of God's Providences will command for this work the attention of not only the popular reader, for whom it is more especially designed to interest, but for the profound searcher after the hidden things of life and truth. It is to be published in Boston, will contain about 450 pages, and be out in October.

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

*Just Issued—Second Edition.*

**THE WISDOM OF ANGELS.**

PART I.

T. L. HARRIS.

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

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

*Just Issued—Second Edition.*

**HYMNS OF SPIRITUAL DEVOTION.**

T. L. HARRIS.

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

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

---

JUST ISSUED—SECOND EDITION.

**ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY:**

**AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE WORD.**

T. L. HARRIS.

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

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

---

JUST PUBLISHED.

***First Book of the Christian Religion.***

T. L. HARRIS.

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

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

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

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

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

# New Church Publications.

## HARRIS' WORKS.

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

**Arcana of Christianity.** Rev. T. L. HARRIS. Part 1, vol. 1; 8vo., 581 pages. An unfolding of the celestial sense of the Divine Word, commencing with Genesis; containing also illustrations of its truths from the Heavens, from the Earth of Spirits, and from the Solar, Terrestrial, and Aromal Worlds. Price, \$1 25; postage, 30 cents.

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

**The Wisdom of Angels.** By Rev. T. L. HARRIS. Just published. A startling volume of 220 pages. Price, plain muslin, 50 cts.; gilt, .75; postage, 12 cts.

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

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

**Lyrical of the Morning Land.** By Rev. T. L. HARRIS. A beautiful poem of 5,000 lines, 253 pages, 12mo. Dictated in 30 hours. Price, plain muslin, 75 cents; gilt, \$1; postage, 12 cents.

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

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Improvisations from the Spirit.**—A volume of 100 pages. By J. J. G. WILKINSON, M.D. 416 pages, 32mo. Price, plain cloth, 75 cts.; gilt, \$1; postage, 9 cents.

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

**The Healing of the Nations.** Through CHARLES LINTON, Medium, with an elaborate introduction and appendix, by Gov. TALLMADGE. 560 pp. Price, \$1 50; postage, 30 cents.

**Stillings' Pneumatology.** By Prof. G. BURN. Price, 75 cents; postage, 16 cents.

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

**Regeneration.** By EDWARD H. SMITH. 248 pages. Price, 38 cents; postage, 12 cents.

**Athanasia; or, Fore-gleams of Immortality.** By EDWARD H. SMITH. Price, 63 cents; postage, 15 cents.

**The Conflict of Ages Ended.** A Succedaneum to Beecher's Conflict of Ages. By Rev. HENRY WELLES. Price, 83 cents; postage, 17 cents.

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

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

**Guardian Spirits.** Translated from the German. By A. E. FORD. 216 pages. Paper, price, 50 cents; postage, 10 cents.

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

## SWEDENBORG'S WORKS.

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

**The Apocalypse Explained.** According to the Spiritual Sense; in which are revealed the Arcana which are there predicted, and have been hitherto deeply concealed. In 5 vols. octavo, including an Index. Price, \$6 50; postage, 31 cents per volume.

**Heaven and Hell.** Concerning Heaven and its Wonders, and concerning Hell; from things heard and seen. 1 vol., 8vo., 350 pages. Price, 50 cents; postage, 14 cents.

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

**Divine Providence.** Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence. 1 vol., 12mo., 88 cents; postage, 15 cents.

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

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

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

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

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

**Intercourse between Soul and Body.** On the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body, which is supposed to take place either by Physical Influx, or by Spiritual Influx, or by Pre-established Harmony. 12mo., pp. 35; paper, price, 6 cents; postage, 2 cents. —In this work the real nature of that influx is briefly explained.

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

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

**The Golden Reed, or the True Measure of a True Church.** By Rev. BENJ. F. HARRIET. Price, \$1; postage, 15 cents.

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

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

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