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THE  
**HERALD OF LIGHT:**

*A Monthly Journal*



OF THE  
**LORD'S NEW CHURCH.**

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

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

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

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

Publication Office, 42 Bleeker Street, New York.

Terms, to English Subscribers, Post paid to any part of Great Britain, 10s. 6d. per annum. Remittances may be made in Money Orders to Rev. T. L. HARRIS, care of W. WHITE, 36 Bloomsbury Street, London.

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**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 ninth 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.

1869, Sept. 18.  
AS ABOVE MENTIONED  
THE HERALD OF LIGHT  
CANTON BRIDGE, ILLA.

# THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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VOL. IV.                      NOVEMBER, 1859.                      No. 1.  
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## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH. ARTICLE SECOND.

We purpose to consider, having thus opened the subject of the Anglican Church, as a basis for further statements, its interior and spiritual relation to that great Mother communion, the Romish, of which it is the heir and the successor. It is theoretically as to its external, a truncated Romanism ; a pyramid without its apex ; the segments of an arch deficient of the key stone. When we take up its doctrinal treatises they are cold to the spiritual sense, and leave the impression of hand-fulls of sea salt. It is oftener like the dread sensation which follows when we lay the palm upon the icy features of a corpse. What though the lips and cheek retain the faded carnation ? What though death wears his softest and loveliest aspect in the still repose upon the snowy brow ? What though the bridal roses are twined amidst tresses that once wanted to the balmy evening air, and the little hands look as if they might at any moment rise to turn the key that death has taken from the irrevocable door ? Still the beauty is but the mask of the mortality that riots within the abandoned temple of the soul. And so of this dear Mother Church, this Church of England. We gaze upon it, lying upon the lofty catafalco.

“ Before decays effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

But at the head and at the feet stand the invisible Angels who attend to guard, against infernal sacrilege, the sacred and beloved remains. Alas ! *as a fact in the Spiritual World* the Church of England is no more ; and all that now is left to its mourners are the funeral rites. “ Let the dead bury their dead.”

As the spiritually illumined, with an open perception of the real internal, visit the stately Cathedrals, the humbler Parish

Churches, which survive to attest the architectural splendor of a former age, at every corner and turning are detected the livid and spotted forms of ghastly and wandering demons, dwellers in the night realms and upon the subtle frontiers, where nature itself fluctuates on the pale boundaries of the Land of Spirits. And here they revel, or rehearse their impious profanities, while mortals sleep. So of the sacerdotal-houses which are the domain of this proud, this queenly establishment; they are the "habitation of demons and the abode of every foul and unclean thing."

So corrupt is the sphere exhaling from some of the most fondly venerated of these sanctuaries, as for instance Westminster Abbey and the Chapel of Henry VII. that invisible larva swarm in the subtler spaces of the air, while men and women, pale phantoms of their former selves, laugh and gibber to see the mockeries enacted amidst the sculptured and the gilded tombs. Macauley imagines, in one of his historical essays, the feelings which might agitate the bosom of the traveler in some far future age, seated on a broken arch of London bridge and gazing through the shapeless heaps of a desert upon the ruins of St. Paul's. But when, with spiritual perceptions, one takes the same stand, and, through the roar and tumult of the living city, gazes on the unruined pile, he sees the Ghost of a Dead Faith, who, hovering in mid-air, drops her rosary petrified from prayers that were but are not, to fall like a mill-stone round the necks of the suffering unhappy millions, literally sinking them by its weight into the sensual and unbelieving sea. Unhappy England, with her pivotal Church a corpse.

Here we see the sad spectacle of last things. A benumbed Piety, represented in the Tractarian movement, with its starved lips on the nipple of the dead mother, literally seeking to derive nourishment where the sepulchre has set its seal. With painstaking and long continued effort, a gentleman who represents in his person whatever is scholarly and reverent in the Old Church, as well as humane and humble in the New, whose name for obvious reasons we will not allude to, addressed himself to the Divines of the Tractarian party from the earlier stages of their career. Sympathizing in their deep conviction of the lack of vital truth in the minds of the upholders of the Church; sympathizing with them as well in their noble thirst for something real and actual in religion, he demonstrated that the present theology of the New

Church was the basis of the thought of the earlier Christian Fathers, prior even to the usurpations of Rome. They were noble minds whom he addressed, but the arguments might as well have been stated to the stone effigies on the walls of York Minster. They led off in the return to mediæval form, to the status of the Church in an age when midwinter congealed the most interior affections of the heart. They had imbibed, in the Anglican Church, its silent saturating sphere, that of a sleek and worldly Jesuitism. For the Jesuit, in secret, presides at its stately arts, and imparts the moral madness of Loyola to the subject spirits who reverently kneel to participate in its magnificent ceremonials.

Ignatius Loyola but represents, as a pivotal man, the sorcery which seeks from Pandemonium, to fill the body of a professedly Christian faith and ritual with all that is poisonous and destructive from below. In Loyola, as an historical personage, the hells rose up to beat back the Protestant Reformation. That Reformation typified by Luther, marched on up to that period, "conquering and to conquer." Since that time the Romish Church has held her own, has in some instances reconquered provinces which were wrested from her hand. England spiritually is one vast arena, where, under the banner of a silent Jesuitism, the myrmidons of Antichrist wage their incessant war. Christian life, it is true, lingers in the extremities of the system, but Jesuitism sits enthroned within the centre of the complicated form. The good men and true, who do brave battle for charity and mercy within the establishment, are like private soldiers, fighting and falling in an ambush into which they have been betrayed by their very chief. Were a clergyman of the English Church to have his internal respiratories opened, were his internal perceptions to kindle and his body to grow sensitive to the spheres of his own communion, he could do naught but go forth, and, like the Hebrew of whom Josephus tells, pass from rampart to rampart of this beleaguered city, crying, "Woe to Jerusalem! Woe, woe to Jerusalem."

We arrived in England with favorable feelings toward its Church. We were prepared to find death perhaps on the surfaces but life in the nobler organs. It is just the reverse; the life pales and flickers on the surface, but the interiors are lost.

*(To be continued.)*

### A PARABLE FOR DIVINES.

A priestly epicure, of noble birth,  
Awoke from slumber in the Spirit Earth.  
Of plethoric habit and of lusty size,  
Earth had been one huge cheese-cake in his eyes;  
And he, with Church preferment well endowed,  
Rejoiced content, far from the hungry crowd,  
In soups, ragouts, and gravies deeply wise,  
To eat and drink his way to Paradise.

Soft in the seat which Mother Church prepares  
For deans and vicars, free from worldly cares,  
He idly revelled in the joys of sense,  
And supped for pounds where curates served for pence.  
Not his to stir from sleep the buried heart,  
To awe the shambles and confound the mart,  
Or break Self-love's accursed Lethean spell  
With fiery glimpse and sure of Heaven or hell:  
His motto, " Comfort at the common cost!"  
He never dreamed a vicar could be lost.

" Ah!" quoth he, "'tis a goodly land and fair!  
Elysium has an appetizing air;  
And—let me feel—the stomach keeps her seat.  
Thank fortune! still, in Paradise, they eat.  
Lo, oxen! steaks and sirloins of the best  
Feed, I dare say, the palates of the blest.  
Sheep browse, and fat ones, on this grassy sward.  
For creature comforts let us praise the Lord!  
Doubtless the infidel must hungry dwell  
With starved dissenters, famished in their hell.  
But see! a church-spire. Zion's happy land!  
No doubt the parsonage is close at hand.  
Sweet, beauteous Heaven, that saints foretell on earth,  
With endless lives what must the tithes be worth!"

He paused; an odor softly whispered, "cheer;"  
He looked; the parsonage he sought was near,  
And from within the sound of knives and forks  
Welcomed the Rector of St. Nimrods Yorks,  
Vicar of Wigton, Dean of Studly-shore,  
Perpetual curate of three livings more.

Seated at table, with suppressed grimace  
He eyed the viands, while the host said grace;  
Then, tired of acting still the human part,  
Like a man-monkey ravened from the heart,  
He dined insatiate, for, with cravings new,  
Fast as the viands fled the hunger grew:  
The generous food his keen desire but nursed;  
The limpid water tantalized his thirst;  
Naught satisfied—Great Heaven the sight allowed—  
But, Ixion-like, his taste but clasped a cloud.

Then, wasting, shrinking, hectic, fevered, wan,  
His rotund shape became a skeleton;  
While, sight of sights! the ecclesiastic gains,  
Unlawful won, grew to gigantic trains,  
Loaded with broadcloths, bread-stuffs, pipes of port,  
Upholstery, horses, things of use or sport;  
And upon each a label bright or dim,  
As new or ancient, "bought and charged to him;"  
While the grave Angel the large reckoning cast,  
With, "Friend! thy settlement has come at last."

The parson answered quite infuriate, "Zounds,  
Sir! you insult me. Forty thousand pounds  
I left by will, and not a farthing's debt."  
"Nay," the rejoinder came, "thou dost forget;  
What was thy income?" "seven good thousand clear."  
"And what thy work? what use enriched the year?  
Son of the Church," the awful thunders rolled,  
"Thy lusts were pampered with unlawful gold:  
That which we earn by human use alone  
Is ours, all else, upon the neck a stone

Of giant size, sinks us beneath the sea,  
Whose depths, unfathomed, are eternity."

"Nay!" the reply; "proved mine by canon law:  
My church preferments, mine without a flaw;  
Two held by purchase, one by right of dower,  
One from my friend, the Earl of Studley Tower.  
I paid my curates thirty pounds, and one  
Forty; I was Lord Fonton's younger son:  
We always had a bishop of our blood  
Since Harry Tudor, aye, since Noah's flood."

The stately Angel paused, then answering, read  
Of ONE, who had no place to lay His head;  
Who sent His meek, heroic servants forth  
To lift the pale, down-trodden sons of earth;  
With soul of charity and tongue of flame,  
To rouse the slumbering nations in His name;  
By God-like lives their great commission proved;  
On Christ, the rock, unshaken, unremoved,  
Built up for watch-towers on the mortal coast  
Revolving with the lights of Pentecost.

The parson muttered, "This is sorry stuff;  
The Church on earth esteemed me well enough;  
I should have been a Bishop, but whene'er  
A gap occurred, some Whig was Premier.  
Whom did I ever rob?"—The solemn word  
Thrilled his heart's inmost—"Thou did'st rob the Lord;  
Robbed when first, forgetful of heart-truth,  
His Spirit struggled in thee all thy youth;  
Called thee, with awful voice, to live or die,  
To strive or suffer with humanity;  
To shun the infamy of priestly place,  
Not thine by worth or wisdom, but by race;  
To scorn the sacrilege—luxurious bread  
Wrung from the thousands, haply half unfed,  
Who build, by work of brain, or heart, or hand,  
An honest home, though humble, in the land.



Aye, was it so? thou hast not yet forgot.  
Thy heart's Egeria, in the hallowed grot,  
Thrilled to the presence and the touch divine,—  
Then spurned the messenger and profaned the shrine.

“ Learn now, that all a man below o'rhoards,  
Or takes for other uses than the Lord's,  
Upon the ledger of the Second Life  
Remains a debt. The wasted years are rife  
With the grave record of possessions, given,  
Not for self-use, but for the ends of Heaven.  
Not passed as yet the irrevocable bourne!  
The vision ends! Man to thy dust return!  
Retrieve thy life, before the iron gate  
Jars, with the closing sound; 'too late! too late!' ”

---

AGE IN HEAVEN.

Those who are in Heaven are continually advancing to the spring of life, and this to eternity, with increments according to the progresses and degrees of love, of charity, and of faith. Of the female sex, those who have died old and worn out with age, and have lived in faith in the Lord, in charity toward the neighbor, and in happy conjugal love with the husband, after a succession of years, come more and more into the flower of youth and adolescence, and into a beauty which exceeds every idea of beauty ever perceivable by the sight. Goodness and charity is what forms and makes a semblance of itself, and causes the delightful and beautiful to shine forth from the minutest parts of the face, so that they themselves are forms of charity. In a word, to grow old in Heaven is to grow young: those who have lived in love to the Lord, and in charity towards the neighbor, become such forms or such beauties in the other life.—*Swedenborg*.

## CONJUGIAL OBEDIENCE.

AN article, containing, on one particular point, sentiments entirely at variance with those entertained by the conductors of this journal, appeared in the August number of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*. We refer to the article, "How Shall we Grow?" and the point to which we except is the doctrine of the "voluntary and entire subjection of the will of the wife to the will of the husband." Thus broadly stated, it seems from our point of view to be, as applied to human beings in the self-hood, fraught with ruinous consequences to domestic happiness. We should be content to let the article in question pass without comment, but appearing as it does in these pages, our duty to the Church requires this explicit expression of dissent. Yet we utter this with a deep interior affection for our correspondent, and with the hope that clearer perceptions will visit the seeking spirit, gently guiding into the blessed fullness of true Wisdom.

To us no truth is more self-evident, in the light of Heaven, than this, that regeneration can only be accomplished in moral freedom. However sweet and intimate may be the marital relations, it never can justify the husband in asking aught from the beloved companion except through her entire and voluntary acquiescence. Nor is it the duty of a wife to comply with any injunction of the partner, so long as she has, in her spirit, a moral conviction of its impropriety in the Divine sight. Submission, then, is only the wife's duty, so far as she recognizes in and through the husband, a wisdom superior to her own. And now to a few illustrations that will more clearly set forth the principle.

Case first—and it is one that the experienced know to be of a class often occurring in the inverted society of the age—is that of a tender and devoted wife in the Lord, whose husband insists on introducing into the family a female companion, who shall be a secret paramour. Or perhaps the husband, infatuated by the magnetic arts of some captivating person of the other sex, falls a victim to a direful fantasy injected through her sphere; and all the while in comparative or real innocence.

Now the Lord opens the perceptions of the wife, for the purpose of revealing the danger impending over both. What shall the wife do in this case? Say firmly to her bosom friend, "I am deeply persuaded that duty requires me, so far as my voice can have weight, to enter a protest and a denial." Now, if with the warning, the wife acts on the principle of "voluntary and entire subjection to the will of the husband," she is not only an agent in bringing agony upon herself, but ruin upon him. It may be objected, that were the wife to show the spirit of entire acquiescence, the fantasy of the husband would be dispelled, his heart restored to its rightful occupant. Alas! do historical instances, do the records of crime, bear out this position? To the contrary, they do show that, where the wife yields the ground to the invasions of the anti-conjugal principle, God's holy laws are often foully and fatally broken. A compliance in many cases would lead, indeed has led, to undisguised polygamy.

But case second—and here we have only to draw instances from the records of a disorderly Spiritualism. The husband becomes a "Free Lover," and under that fearful delusion, desires the wife to consent that he shall have her permission to carry his theory into practice. If the wife says "Yes," when illumined from even the letter of the Word, she connives at the offense of adultery. In this case, the doctrine of voluntary and entire submission carries ruin with it.

But third, and again with instances from the same melancholy record. The husband receives the "Harmonial Philosophy," which inculcates the idea, that, if the legal husband finds his female affinity in some person other than his wife, it is not only his privilege but also his duty to desert the one and take the other. The sorely deluded man comes home and breaks the news that his affinity is discovered. He insists that the wife shall aid him in obtaining a legal release; perhaps by removing to a State where a bill of divorce may be procured on certified evidence of a year's separation. Voluntary and entire subjection of the will of the wife to that of the husband would here involve her in a moral sacrifice, to say nothing of a legal fraud.

But still again, the husband becomes a Romanist or a Mormon, and insists that his children shall be plunged into the frozen

depths of a convent, or withered by the passion-blasts that sweep over the morally desolate plains of Utah. Shall the wife consent? If so, the wail of lost childhood shall plead against her before the bar of God.

We might multiply instances from every phase of social life. These, however, for the present must suffice. We proceed to consider the doctrine of "voluntary and entire subjection" as to its spiritual consequences; first upon the wife, and second, upon the husband.

First, upon the wife. In the degree in which she accustoms herself, blindly, and without the exercise of conscience and reason, to obey the husband's fiat, making him to stand to her as Almighty God, her perceptions of right are first obscured and then suppressed. Only by accustoming herself, in the light of the Divine Word and of a regenerating nature, to weigh his states, and firmly, in the strength of the Lord, to resist compliance to him in any falsity or evil in which he may be enveloped, can she either grow in grace herself, or aid him in overcoming the adversary.

As the wife advances in regeneration she will gradually become more and more sensitive to her husband's condition; and will aid him, not by a Chinese or Savage slavery, but by a Christian woman's beautiful example, first, of loyalty to God, and then of submission to her husband, so far as he reflects and repeats the Divine truth and righteousness; she will minister, it is true, in an exquisite sense to every holy affection and intrinsically pure delight; but this only by maintaining and asserting her responsibility to our Heavenly Father. For in an infinite sense the Maker is the husband, to whom the first allegiance belongs.

Should the wife adopt the opposite principle, that of voluntary and entire subjection, she will be closed to the Heavens, and made—and oh! that this could be pondered over—a Subject Spirit to whatever infatuated Society of Evil Spirits domineer over the husband, to whom she becomes the slave. As his states inflow she will return them upon himself in numberless illusions. They both are liable to become mere automata in the hands of the Destroyer.

So the voluntary and entire subjection of the wife reacts with dis-

astrous consequences upon the husband who exacts it. The wife, ceasing to be an organ for the chaste descent of the conjugal Heavens, becomes instead, a link of communication, through whom his own and her Familiar Spirits tempt, beguile, and if possible, through every channel, contaminate and corrupt. She loses by degrees every wifely charm to his oppressed and wearied vision, and sits, like a spectre, at his board. The passive obedience, which was at first so delightful to the man in the self-hood, which was so flattering to his vanity, renders him imperious, arbitrary, and exacting. He insults her womanhood, in the despotism of will, becoming more and more unjust. The developed habit of irresponsible, unquestioned rule, calls out a pride which exults to domineer in its unquestioned supremacy, and regeneration becomes at last almost impossible. We have been thus particular in stating the errors which grow out of the tenet in review, as tender wives may otherwise be led to adopt it; and, writing as a husband, feel doubly called upon to maintain unimpaired and intact, those sacred and chartered liberties which are the defense and security of the bosom friend.

But we trust that our correspondent grasped interiorly at a large truth, and only veiled it in an incorrect method of expression and transmission. We will therefore endeavor, by God's blessing, to define the obedience, which, in conjugal order, is incumbent upon the wife.

In a state of clear internal perception I beheld, standing beneath a palm tree, in a Heaven, to the extreme south of east, the wife of an angel, who beckoned me to her side. Smilingly she spoke, as I approached, "We saw you meditating concerning conjugal obedience, and are permitted to show you that which is within our breasts, where obedience has its home." Saying this she extended a roll of scarlet thread, which, while I beheld it, unwound as from a reel, with incredible rapidity. The strands were all the colors of the rainbow, while the filaments of which they were composed were each an endless spiral. "Observe," she continued, "whence come the threads; they issue from the breast wherein the principle of conjugal obedience has its home. But follow with your eyes, for they are chaste, and see the spinners at work in the bosom house.

I was then permitted to behold myriads of little fay angels, seated within their minute palaces in this dear lady's bosom, and with a low melody they were singing a hymn of conjugal love, and at the same time engaged in spinning from soft wool which lay in baskets at their sides. I then felt a tender fluttering in my own breast, as of innumerable doves gaily carolling in unison. The blessed wife then bade me notice that the threads, as they issued from her breast, invisibly wound themselves into the form of a caduceus or wand with wings, such as Mercury is represented as bearing, in Classic fable; while from the wand, which was in ceaseless motion, the innumerable filaments were wound off as rapidly as they were involved about it. The matron then said, "These are threads of love between my husband and myself; observe him in the distance."

I then beheld, like some glittering warrior, a man in shining armor, mounted upon a snow-white steed, and bearing in his right hand a truncheon of command. "This," continued the matron with a tender smile, "is my beloved one. The filaments which you see unwinding from the rod which I hold, are all, and with equal rapidity, wound again upon the baton in his right hand. Were the faries to stop spinning, my rod would cease to revolve, as the last of the threads were wound from it; and his baton would then become in his hand but a bauble. For the power of the man, in conjugal order, is spun for him by the active and happy affections in the bosom of the mate."

At this, more attentively observing the knight in armor, I perceived that he was a Guardian Angel in a pivotal use, and that the threads from his truncheon descended, and diverged toward different individuals as they approached our earth, weaving garments around their minds for the purpose of protecting them against demoniacal invasion.

The wife then continued in this manner, "It is absolutely needful for me to remain in true conjugal liberty; and were it possible for my husband to impose on me direction, in such a sense as is understood on your earth, the little spinners would be paralyzed and their pleasant labor cease. They would be paralyzed because they receive their influx from the Lord, and can only ultimate these wonderful threads as the wife maintains her celestial liberty.

He is fed through me, in the conjugal, by a constant influx ; but this also descends from the Lord through the fays within, and they can only gather the liquid sweetness of delight, which he afterward absorbs, so long as I am in heart unison with the Lord, and truly conjugal with my husband, that is truly free. That he lives in me and I in him is true, but I am in a state of constant perception, and the influx descends through me which regulates his conditions ; and I am obliged to maintain—for this is order—a wise perception of all that is stored up within and distributed through his various faculties. I can tell you even the minutiae of the forms and qualities of the affections, which, like unborn infants, are latent within his breast.”

Seeing that I gave assent to her words, the lady resumed, “How shall a young girl who is married on your earth exalt her husband into power in the Lord? I will tell you, and you may compare all with that which may be uttered by other wives, also in the Heavens. The true wife is conscious, as she comes into conjugal perception, of things in her husband of which he himself is not aware ; as, for instance, when he returns from the day’s labors or pursuits, loaded with the magnetism absorbed from various sources, she feels it as a changing garment about him, sometimes offensive to the very senses, and as well odious to the soul. She begins to be conscious, and discriminates between the requirements which he lays upon her in the self-hood, and those which are duties in the Lord. She complies as far as possible, but is held back, if she is faithful to the Divine guidance, and so with a gentle will curbs his disorders. She becomes thus the Angel of the Household and a ministrant of Providence in his behalf. As he becomes more regenerate she finds it possible and orderly more fully to obey, because his desires are less prompted from below, and more the expressions of the Divine Truth and Charity descending from above ; but she never loses herself in a blind submission.”

Seeing that she paused I interposed the remark, “Can a wife will herself into a state of voluntary and entire subjection to the will of the husband, and remain open to the Divine influx?” “No,” was the answer; “a wife can will herself to obey the Lord in all things. Her delight will be to receive the Lord’s Wisdom through the understanding of the husband. So far as she is cor-

scious that the Divine Good and Truth instruct through him she will obey, but not without."

I rejoined, "Can a wife will herself to entire submission without becoming herself enslaved?" The reply was, "In this case she but voluntarily throws herself into the meshes of a net."

Soon after this, being also as to the spirit in a state of perception, the Lord led me to a remote region in the hells, far to the west of north, and there I perceived enveloped, in a blue, lurid smoke, a female sorceress. "Ah!" she exclaimed, beholding me, while at the same time her malignant eyes shot venom and emitted a red glare; "You belong to a society who teach that the wife should not submit to the husband?" I replied, "No; but to a society which believes that submission is due to the Lord, and to the husband so far as he accurately transmits the Lord's will." At this she cried, "The wife should obey the husband in all things that he may absorb her spirit, and become wise by the inflowing of the feminine through the masculine."

I replied, "Not so. I perceive your object. You would make the woman a Subject Spirit, by inculcating upon her part a passive unreserved obedience, and so magnetize her from the hells, and return to earth, through her, to biologize and enslave the husband, and ruin thereby both their souls." She was then withdrawn and, the purposes of this intromission being accomplished, I returned to the natural earth.

---

## THE ROSARY.

### XII.

The humble line that ends the page  
 The fairest gem may oft conceal;  
 As morning dew-drops yet reveal  
 The rising sun from age to age.



## REGINA: THE NEW POEM.

It will rejoice our readers to learn that the summer retirement of Brother HARRIS at Bolton Abbey, England, has been productive of rich results. Far from being exhausted, spiritually, by the incessant works in which, while with us, he was engaged, the treasures of the Lord are, with a constant affluence, distributed through his ministry.

We take pleasure in announcing from his pen a new Lyrical Volume, bearing the felicitous title, "REGINA: A SONG OF MANY DAYS." The work, in the best style of English typography, will speedily and simultaneously be issued in London and New York.

An esteemed contributor, Prof. S. E. Brownell, having been favored with the proof-sheets from England, will doubtless introduce the Poem with a critique from his scholarly pen. We will at present simply remark that it will prove by far the most finished and artistic in construction of any of the series of which, in number, it is the fifth; more brilliant than "Odora," of superior finish to the "Golden Age," and invested with the supernal charm and lucid depth and transparency which characterizes the "Morning Land."

The Poem of Regina was finished at Bolton Abbey in August, and after its close, our brother was directed to the sea-side, for the purpose of preparing the system for the arduous labors of preaching and lecturing, in which he is without doubt, now engaged. There he received a charming conclusion to the volume, in the form of a series of minor poems, redolent of the sweetness of the Celestial Muse. From these we are permitted to transfer the lyrics which follow, as foretastes of the repast at hand:—

### SURPRISES.

The midnight of a good man's life  
With sudden light from Heaven is rife:  
An Angel comes to stand  
With guiding lamp in hand.

*Regina: The New Poem.*

There, while in darkness he adores,  
 Break up beneath the brazen floors:  
 The graves of battles fled  
 Yield all their stately dead.

Nothing within us from the sky  
 May, even in its ashes, die.  
 From their sepulchral urn  
 Our deeds of worth return;

Changed, as the seed, that from the mold  
 Lifts its refulgent form, to fold,  
 With kisses close imprest,  
 The summer to its breast.

Oh hero hearts! where'er ye keep  
 Your sacred vigils, in the deep  
 Death slumber of mankind,  
 To faith and mercy blind,

Whate'er the perils of the night,  
 The fitful, unremittent fight,  
 O'er the enduring will  
 A light is shining still:

'Tis that which once, through Zion's gloom,  
 Smote the stern warders of the tomb,  
 And made the burial stone  
 Some great Archangel's throne.

## DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The clouds are cloistered arches;  
 The winds pace to and fro  
 Charting their mournful Aves;  
 From hands of ice and snow  
 They drop their beads, and hail-stones  
 Fall to the earth below.

Death to the Flowers of Autumn!  
The midnight mass is said:  
Now Frost, the withered abbot,  
With jewels on his head,  
Puts forth his sparkling crosier,  
And lo! the flowers are dead.

Their tender hearts are broken;  
They drop their lives in seed,  
Till Spring, the promised angel,  
Shall, with his golden reed,  
Wake the imprisoned martyrs  
The city of God to heed.

Four-square its vast foundations  
Shall glad the waking eyes;  
Then all their buried nations  
Shall, thousand-fold arise,  
And wreath, in earth's fair temple,  
An altar for the skies.

ROSALIE.

The Year upon her bridal-bed  
Of chaste December snow,  
Of white December snow,  
Unto Eternity is wed:  
In blissful trance her countenance  
Fades from our sight below.

A youthful queen in summer green,  
She taught the rose to blow,  
The tender rose to blow,  
But stole from me my Rosalie,  
Nor soothed a mother's woe.

She stole away my golden girl,—  
The sun began to glow,—  
She wrought a pinnace all of pearl,  
A pinnace for my golden girl,  
The sails were white as snow.

*Regina : The New Poem.*

She stole her to the Summer Isles,  
 A little bridesmaid dressed in smiles,  
 Before her face to go.

The Year is on her bridal bed,  
 Her couch of silver snow,  
 Of luminescent snow,  
 But Rosalie she must resign,  
 My Rosalie, forever mine!  
 My golden girl will come again,  
 Will come again I know.

## FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

As I muse, in dusky twilight,  
 On this far but friendly strand,  
 All the faithful, the beloved  
 Come, in shining robes to stand,  
 Like celestial apparitions  
 From the heart's diviner land.

There the pure-affectioned maidens  
 With the glory on their brows,  
 Breathing silent benedictions  
 With their consecration vows,  
 To the Infinite Beloved  
 Each a saintly, child-like spouse.

There the young men sunward moving,  
 Building virtues in the day,  
 Led by Charity and Mercy  
 Through the fearful spirit fray,  
 With beatitudes encompassed,  
 Clothed in virginal array.

Blissful wives and blooming mothers,  
 Watchful fathers of the fold;  
 Some with locks that time has whitened,  
 All with hearts of love untold,  
 By the Angel of the Churches  
 On his fairest page enrolled.

Oh! they come, they come, divested  
Of the forms that perish here :  
They reflect a light refulgent  
From the Master they revere;  
While He flows through all their bosoms  
With a message full of cheer.

These my Ministering Angels,  
Knit by loving ties, that thrill,  
As the waves of Eden flowing,  
In the silent realms of Will;  
Let me clasp them, let me bless them  
With a brother's blessing still.

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**DEATH IN FULL REGENERATION**

When Holy Age, with heart benign,  
Beholds the lingering sunset shine,  
An Angel, veiled from earthly sight,  
Waits the soft morn that ends the night.

Regeneration's work is done ;  
The battle fought, the victory won ;  
The soul, from sensuous thralldom free,  
Waits the seraphic jubilee.

The winged seeds of hope and trust  
Bloom in the gardens of the just,  
Where loving deeds, on earth unknown,  
Exhale perfumes from roses blown.

By night the mystic door unbars  
That leads to empires o'er the stars ;  
By day the Guardian Angels press  
With greeting smile and fond caress.

Messiah breathes the quickening breath !  
Recedes the shade, expires the death ;  
While glorious Use, that triumphed here,  
Leads on, more bright, the new career.

## THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT.

### DISCOURSE IV.

"I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."—JOHN xvii. 23.

Prior to the ascension of our Lord, the human nature which He assumed in the incarnation was not glorified into the Divine; the human consciousness was separated from the Divine consciousness. Hence it is, and speaking from this human consciousness, that our Lord called himself the Son. After His ascension, and after the full union of the human with the Divine, He called Himself no more the Son, but styled Himself the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last, the Almighty. It is, therefore, through the humanity of our Lord that we are made one with Him in His Divine nature; and His object in taking upon Himself our human nature, and manifesting Himself in a visible form, in the midst of the desolations, disorders and ruin of this planet, was that the human body might become a medium in which He, the Lord, might dwell, to manifest His glory, and attract by the strong tie of His Infinite love and sympathy, all those who, in their deep interior nature, open themselves, in the abnegation of the self-hood to receive His Divine Spirit; to love Him with all the heart supremely and the neighbor as himself, and to keep all the commandments.

The *unity* of the regenerate in the Lord—the fact that they are absolutely and intrinsically the members of one vital organization—is a truth which, though plainly taught in the Word, is only perceived as we advance in regeneration. It is very difficult, from the sensuous stand-point, to recognize the truth that a simple negro can receive the Lord by influx, and by keeping His commandments in the Book of Life, and so knowing Him, and becoming regenerate by the absorption of new elements and essences from the Lord, may be absolutely *one* with the cultured Anglo-Saxon, who has had the truth before him, both in its spirit and its letter, and to whom the transcendent facts of the incarnation have been familiar almost from his birth.

It is very difficult to perceive that within all ties of nationality, all ties of familism, all ties even of friendship in the natural man, there is a subtle, a pervading bond of the preternatural which God has made, and that this absolutely knits together as one, not metaphorically and historically, but absolutely and corporately, all in whom the Lord Christ appears.

We can all understand, that the spirit of a man can live within his body; we can all understand that the thoughts and affections, which are themselves substantive and organic, may live within the spirit; and through our easy perception of this truth we can grasp at the idea beyond it; that if those organic formations of thought and feeling in the spirit are good and true, the Lord God Himself, by His Divine Spirit, has descended into them and influenced them, and unfolds them, and works through them, and corporately through them, reveals Himself to the community in a more perfect revelation. As we advance into that condition all our evils will pass away forever.

The world is now looking objectively, as we know, for the literal coming of the Lord in the visible clouds of heaven; but we must not look for His appearing thus. We must look for His coming in the opening of the internals of our own natures, through which, corporately and universally, He descends in His second advent in an advanced manifestation that shall in its fullness boundlessly transcend His first coming "as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

We know the great truth that there is a three-fold sense in the Divine Word; a spirit in the Bible as well as in the body, and that that spirit is a divine spirit. We also know with a degree of clearness and fullness in accordance with our advance in the regenerated state—and we know it not as theorists but as experimentalists—that by the opening of the interiors the Lord Christ can come down and take up His abode with us, and manifest Himself unto us as He doth not unto the world. He promised that He would thus manifest Himself to all those who, as little children, would receive Him; and as in the New Church we pass into the conditions of little children by giving up our evil thoughts and our bad lives, He will come down and dwell in us. This is a peculiarity of the New Jerusalem, that we need not the sun, the moon,

or the stars to light our splendid dwelling-place ; we need no candle there, for the Lord God is our life, our king, our glory. We have been translated, those of us who have been led into the faith, combined with the charity of the New Jerusalem ; we have been led into a new and glorious condition that is utterly incomprehensible to the mere natural, corporeal and unregenerate man. Christ the Lord has come down to dwell in us.

There is so much rhetoric about the second coming of the Lord in all preaching and all lecturing, that it has become very difficult to explain it, to the mind that is moved mainly upon the external plane of thought, so that it shall be comprehended. What we know, and what to our interiors is self-evident, of how tender, how consoling, how comforting and how enlightening is this descent of the Lord into the interiors of those who own Him in His New Church, is a stumbling-block and rock of offense to many. It is sneered at by some as folly ; it is characterized by others as an unwarrantable presumption, and by those whose faith teaches it, in almost all instances it is looked upon as an idle tale.

Yet look for a moment at the *rationale* of it. If He could descend and take upon Himself a visible human form, and through flesh and blood reveal Himself unto the world ; if He could afterwards pour down His spirit at the day of Pentecost in tongues of fire and open the internal perceptions of His people, and put upon them superhuman eloquence to preach His Word ; if He, as has been admitted in all ages of the Church, in the mysterious process of conversion, could come down by His Divine Spirit and cast out the germs of evil, and fire the cold natural man with a flame of superhuman and of pure affection—I say if He can come down, as all admit in Christendom, and by the Divine touch awaken man's interiors and fill his heart with new affections, the whole ground is conceded.

We stand, then, on a position of the most ancient orthodoxy. Before schisms and heresies occurred in the first Christian Church, it stood in the simplicity of childhood in the recognition of this great fact of the descent of the Divine Spirit. The Lord Christ did quicken the interiors of those who loved Him and gave to them a dynamic power over evil spirits ; and, whenever He willed it, over the diseases to which flesh is heir. And so this immortal



gift has come, traversing the great circle of eighteen centuries, to all those who will sit as little children at God's feet, opening themselves to receive His Holy Spirit. Much as the New Church seems a novelty, it is not a novelty, it is not a hearsay, it is not an innovation. And what is our faith? The Lord Christ painted in divine symbols and images in the Word—the eternal faith of Heaven—the eternal faith of Christendom, of which not one jot or one tittle is to pass away until all is fulfilled.

During the dark ages, in consequence of the decline and almost dearth of charity, that picture, painted by the Divine artist, became all blackened over with the dust and damp of sin; and, in its attempted reparation by injudicious hands, it was daubed over with mere material pigments, that effaced with seeming caricatures the Divine symbols and images. But, in the restoration of truth from the interiors of the Word, our Lord has passed a sponge over that canvas to remove the extrinsic stains which overlaid the original picture, and has let the truth of the Word shine in upon it, by the child-like hearts of the early ages of the New Church, that we can gaze upon the lineaments, which are so brought back by the Divine artist, that we see what He meant, and so we come at once to the boundless spirit and to the sacred and awful letter of the Word. We take the sacred statements, the perfect directions, and promises of our Lord just as He stated them; and we understand them precisely as the Apostles understood them; and, God helping us, even the Lord, we mean to practice upon them as did those who sat at the feet of the great Lord and Shepherd of us all.

He said, "if any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me," and we must come to this. The current philosophy of our century deifies self-love; but we must deny the love of self and the love of the world, as we advance in the regenerated state; we must wrestle and combat with these loves which desire dominion over our spirits.

We love our children as extensions of ourselves; it is self-love in the child. A man loves his wife and a wife loves her husband; it is purely a natural tie. Friend meets friend; there is a sympathy of thought between them; if the congeniality is the result of the culture of charity, it is a tie growing out of benefactions given and received; but if that tie is in the self-hood, it grows o u

of love of self, and soon becomes patronage on the one part, and tends to sycophancy on the other, because it does not rest on a sure basis, but only on convenience. The love of country, in the selfhood, is merely the extension of the natural family tie, which grows out from it, and in the philosophy of our time it is thought all right. But when we come to the root of all this evil in the world, we shall find that it is in the cultivation of the selfhood ; in endeavoring from this aboriginal and primitive stock—the tree of sin and death—to gather good and beautiful fruit ; the effort and mistake is to endeavor to graft upon it the opposite signs ; we lop off the branches, and cut down the trunk, but the root is left and the tree again grows and bears a plentiful and terrible fruitage of crimes and vices. We are ashamed of the fruit the tree bears, and we discolor the blossoms and tamper with the leaves to make them look like something else. We stain, and paint, and color, and call by false and pleasing names the fruit of this wicked tree, but nevertheless we leave the trunk, and are content that our lives should be unfolded by the broken light which passes through its branches. Hence it is that civilization presents such a hideous anomaly. Hence it is that society is masked with vice. And when you take away this mask of vice you find within it fraud, hypocrisy and dissimulation ; dishonesty in thought and speech, in profession and in action ; in art, in trade, in politics and in government ; in the family circle, at the marriage altar ; in the midst of the most sacred oaths and professions is this seminal fluid of corruption and deceit.

But we, in the New Church, must say to the world that it is *self* which must be crucified ; that the cardinal loves of the world and of the earth must be annihilated. Then turning to the Word again we find that our Lord teaches the love of self is to be supplanted by the love of *Himself*, and the love of the world by the love of use, and the love of ruling over others by the love of serving others. Having gone thus far, we find, according to the plainest and simplest teachers of the Word, that no man can make himself over again, while the germs of evil, inherited from his ancestors, exist within him. We must open ourselves to the Divine Spirit that the Lord Christ may come down into us, and dwell in the dormant affections of love and truth, and, raising those latent ele-

ments from the dead, quicken and vitalize them. The Lord does thus come down; at once time and space are completely gone. We have come to the Lord and found that He not only has heard, but has made His triumphal entrance in to the New Jerusalem within the breast.

The problem of this age—of all ages is—How shall a man find God and come into harmony with Him? How shall the days ripen into virtues, and the years stand translated into everlasting charities, and at last the whole man become a likeness and image of the truth, the love, and all the attributes of Deity? Here is the problem where a material philosophy stumbled and fell; here is the point where a sensuous philosophy stumbled and fell; here is the rock upon which those who call themselves absolutists and realists stumble and fall. This has been the problem of all ages to find out Deity. And until we have found out God, we can know nothing whatever of ourselves. We can understand nothing of the wondrous universe in which we live, until we have absolutely attained to communion with the mind of the great Designer.

Then, again, God can only be known through *love*. Here is another great mistake of the present time. The opinion is that God can be known through the intellect, and no matter what a man's heart is, he may attain to a knowledge of the Infinite Divine Spirit; no matter how corrupt, depraved and licentious a man may be, provided he has the organs of the brain in any degree of development, and is cultivating the intellect, he is in a condition to attain transcendent knowledge of God. But in the New Church we see the fallacy of this theory. It is true, most absolutely, that the pure in heart see God; that through a purification and quickening of the affections the Lord comes down to us, and talks with us and directs us. We find Him through love. We discover that He talks in us—I am trying to bring this truth down to such simplicity that no intellect can have excuse—He talks in us through love; that is, first of all inspiring in us desires to perform good actions, He leads us and shows us how to ultimate those good affections which emanate from His nature. And as the thought, and motion which communicates thought, is propelled in and through the electricity in the telegraph, so in and

through these little streams of affection which come through the Lord Christ's heart into our hearts, He, telegraphically, throws down from His Infinite Intelligence into our finite intelligence and comprehension messages of duty for every day. *And when we talk in the New Church of being led and guided by the Lord, it is with this distinct thought in view, that only as we are in charity—only as we are in the love of good and truth, and only as these little cords and nerves of affection are filled with the Divine life that comes through Deity, can we receive, or do we receive the Divine direction.* Let us see then that we cultivate charity—that charity which is wide in its heart and essence, and philanthropic in its form and manifestation ; and as we cultivate that charity through a life in strict obedience to the commandments, what ensues ? The little vessels in our interiors which the Lord fills are opened to Him, and by His Divine Essence He descends into them and fills them with His love and makes us fruitful. Thus interiorly we come to the Lord, thus we see the Lord, and thus we know the Lord.

If any man or woman wishes to know the Lord, and to serve Him absolutely ; to find Him as Peter or John, as Mary or Martha found Him ; it is the easiest thing in the world to accomplish, provided they are really in earnest. First of all let them commence by looking at themselves in this life, and lopping off every evil action, or trying to lop them off. And when you stand still for the first time and see yourselves what you are, you will all find some terrible evil to overcome ; you will all find that at some point there is a darling sin. Having found that sin the first thing is to grapple with it and conquer it. The sin, seemingly, is as weak as a little child, but you soon discover that it requires an Herculean effort to break from it ; and notwithstanding all you may do it comes back to you with a double force, with renewed energies, with all the strength of habit and association, and you cannot overcome it. And after you discover that you cannot conquer that special sin, you should go to the Lord and, throwing yourself before Him, say : "I cannot conquer this evil ; I give myself up to you, dear Lord, enter into the stronghold, take command, and lead me on to victory." This is the beginning of the second coming of Christ into the individual soul. Hence it is that you will find His Divine spirit leading you

to see and to contend against the more superficial and outward sins of which you are guilty, and after these outward sins shall have been conquered, you will be conscious of interior sins, more powerful and more difficult to vanquish—more hellish in their nature. The next thing of which you are conscious will be your need of a more perfect regeneration, a more full, interior and absolute descent of the Divine Spirit ; and hence you will have to come into a state of new openness to the Lord ; a new giving up of idols for the descent of that Spirit more mightily and powerfully to the interiors, and thus becoming dead to the natural, the most secret recesses of our breasts are made bare to be permeated and ramified by that Divine Spirit. And the Lord descendeth in answer to prayer. If you seek to ultimate an affection the Divine Spirit comes down into the breast until you are conscious that it is working there ; as conscious as you are that the Divine Breath is in and comes out of those green leaves in the Park, and that it breathes fragrance into the flowers of the garden.

Thus you attain, through practical righteousness, to a new perception in which you absolutely feel that there is a foreign intelligence within the breast, and that this intelligence has descended into your interiors ; and that that gracious mind, the mind of the Spirit, is forcing Himself down,—not against your freedom—but forcing Himself down while all the remaining evils, whether natural, or spiritual, or moral, are in possession of us and are endeavoring to retain their hold. Yes! this is the true reason and philosophy of the combats that those being regenerated are compelled to undergo, that He, by His Divine Spirit, comes down to take possession of us, and seeks to flow into every one of our affections, and if there is anything that resists Him, of course we feel the resistance to the pressure—the Divine pressure—of the descent and the coming of our God.

Many persons are content with receiving a little of this first baptism—a little of the coming of the Lord in the will only—without fully receiving Him into the heart, and when they feel His pressure, and when they are called upon to combat, that they may receive more of His Holy Spirit, they content themselves with flowing down the stream of mere external, superficial ceremonial observances. After the Divine Spirit has begun to work

in us, it will keep stirring up evils within the breast and rack the bosom until they shall all be conquered. There will be periods of repose, that fresh strength for the combat may be gathered, but the fight will go on as long as the enemy holds dominion, until man standeth upon the earth with every false and evil thing put down for ever beneath his feet, with only one desire: the desire to love the Lord God with all the heart, soul, mind and strength, and to ultimate that beautiful life in performing kind actions and in his sphere of use ultimating all God's commandments in every character and complexion, in every variety of genius and condition in the life to which he may be sent. Now this—and this in the full sense only—is the second coming of our Lord.

It is true, that in the Dark Ages, or during the incipient stages and struggle of Protestantism, the Church has slumbered and slept. But now, in the waking up of the spiritual world, in the opening of the internal senses of the Word, in the descent of the New Jerusalem, the great era of a Christianity which is something more than an embryo has dawned upon the earth; a man child has been born into the world who shall rule the nations with a rod of iron, and that man-child is to be born in us, and through Him our intellect is to be cultivated and our faith made strong.

And, brethren, mark this. It is just as easy, if a man will only dare the hazard and brave the difficulties of the attempt—it is just as easy for a man to advance to the more transcendent and crowning stages of regeneration in *this* world, as for a man to advance in the other world, and easier. Just as it is easier to instruct a child with a plastic nature in those uses and knowledges which are necessary to life, and which pertain to his calling and genius; just as it is easier to instruct the child *then*, than to wait until he has formed habits, and with inverted faculties sits in the petrification of his spiritual nature, as stubbornly as water in the rock; just so is it easier for a man to attain to regeneration and to complete it more rapidly in this world, than in the world of spirits.

If you pause, dear brethren and sisters, you will retrograde. As was said in an illustration given previously you can take the dry grains of corn which for centuries have lain encased in the swathings of an Egyptian mummy's breast and preserve them for centuries longer without destroying their vitality; plant them

at the end of that time and you will find that after you have caused that grain to germinate that it must do one of two things—either it must grow and flourish and bear its fruit thirty, sixty and one-hundred fold, or else it must rot on the dead earth and perish. And so we see we have either to press onward with all the powers of our nature, and, drinking in more and more of the spirit of charity, let that spirit flow out through us, or we will fall out of the ranks and perish by the way.

The New Church, in its visible form, is simply, then, designed, in all its ministries, in all its rites and all its ceremonies, and in its ritual, to accomplish the use ends of regeneration. Its baptism is different from the baptism of the Old Church. The baptism of the Old Church is by the priest. He in a form pronounces a formula over the head of the one baptized. But the baptism in the New Church is something different; it is real. The priest is open to the Lord, with the Lord dwelling in him. He cannot, in his self-hood, lay his hand on the person's head; he cannot pronounce that Divine formula. Why? because having come to the Lord *for* his use, the Lord *uses* him, and it is the Lord Himself that directs that life and who speaketh through him. There are no baptisms if the man is in the self-hood, and only when the Lord God descends by His Spirit is there efficacy in the form or ceremony.

And in the administration of the Supper. In the Old Church, as we know, the bread and wine are to a great degree at least represented as symbols of the body of the Lord; but in the New Church it is different. There is an absolute descent of the Lord Jesus, by His Divine Spirit, into the bread and wine, which is the medium; and when in faith and charity we receive the spiritual body of our Lord, He draws us *into* Himself, and inspheres us with the Divine truth and charity which is *from* Himself, and it remains in the system, working from atom to atom until all is fulfilled.

And in presenting our children to be consecrated in the form of the New Church the Lord Himself descends and performs the consecration; and as more and more we give ourselves up to the Lord, so more and more we shall find the Divine Saviour descends to comfort us; and if we are faithful we shall see, in this

world wrought out that splendid miracle of the Gospel, that full unfolding of the transcendent mystery, a perfect man and woman in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Press on, then, boldly ; bear your burdens humbly ; endure censure and misrepresentation, and live charitably, avoiding the very appearance of evil. Omit no opportunity when the Divine Spirit openeth your internals and directeth you, to preach the Gospel. Train up your children to know that they are sitting at the Lord Christ's feet and that He has called them for His own. Under all circumstances of life remember that, to the faithful, the Lord fulfills His promises. In sickness accept all pain in meekness as being but an agent for your purification. In the loss of property, in the disappointment of external expectations, trust all to that God who knoweth when to make the leaves fall from the trees, and only maketh them fall for the purpose of bringing them out again in fresh verdure. When friends are taken away—I mean now in the self-hood—and your hearts are bereft of the dearest objects in life, recollect that all the angels are your friends, that the Lord of the angels is your friend, and that all in the Lord on earth in their interiors are bound to you by the same great and blessed tie. When the Lord, working by His Spirit, calls upon you to give up a friend and teacher, simply say "the Lord's will be done," and, throwing all your energies into your sphere of duty, you will be enabled to rejoice at the bereavement, as opening the way for your performance of higher uses and sweeter ministries for the Lord.

When you hear a word spoken by any brother or sister out of charity, I charge you, in the sight of the Lord Jesus Christ, never, under any provocation, repeat that word. When in the self-hood any brother or sister has criticised you—and this, my brethren, must occur in the earlier stages of regeneration, when the power of resistance is trifling and weak—when the word of criticism is spoken, there is but one reply. Let it be buried in your hearts, never to return again, never to be called up ; let the deep waters of oblivion cover it. If two should by chance disagree, let them come together first of all, on their knees and read the Word and pray ; then let them open together the subject of controversy. If still they cannot agree, and feelings of bitterness spring up, let



them both say we will go home and pray and look to the Lord and seek His guidance and His Spirit, and they will be brought into right conditions. Then, at the right time, let them come together again, and they will flow together and blend as two drops of water, no more to be separated. You cannot tell where one drop of water ends to divide it from another ; so will they afterwards be inseparable.

Finally, never forget the Sabbath. Meet together and worship God on the day He has appointed ; never omit a single Sabbath day ; under all circumstances meet together and keep the temple consecrated to God ; consecrate yourselves before you go up to worship, and then worship. *Even if there are no words of exhortation or instruction given you, meet and worship.*

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LOVE.

O mystery of being, mighty Love !  
 Thou ocean that dost flow through many streams ;  
 Thou soul that flowest through unnumbered lives ;  
 Thou day that fillest all things with thy light ;  
     How beautiful art thou !  
 How wondrous in thy interblending force,  
     Merging the all in one,  
     Merging the one in all :  
 The self-forgetting energy that fires  
 The Lover, Hero, Saint or Martyr, flows  
     From thee and is thine own.  
 Love is the blood within the veins of life ;  
 Love is the flame that lights the lamps of mind ;  
 Love is the life of lives within the soul ;  
 Love is a tree whose fruits are golden suns,  
 Whose branches fill immensities of space,  
 Whose essences are spiritual spheres,  
 Whose most ethereal substance lives from God.  
     In loving we grow wise  
     Beyond all finite thought.

THE BOTTLE IMP.

Said my friend to me one day, deploring,  
 " You have seen an Imp within a bottle,  
 Filled with air and made of India rubber.  
 Press the top ; he sinks and finds the bottom :  
 Lift your finger ; lo ! he seeks the surface,  
 Dancing like a Dervish through the water.

" So in days of fatuous worldly blindness ;  
 Then my base and sinful inclinations  
 Were an imp, within my heart, the bottle.  
 When the hand of Providence was on me,  
 When I felt the pressure of disaster  
 And my breast was burdened with affliction,—  
 Then my Sin, the bottle imp within me,  
 Sank in quiet to the depths of being,  
 'Till I quite forgot his face and presence.  
 But, when sudden gleams of outward sunshine,  
 Prosperous days, or praise, or better fortune,  
 Indicated the uplifted finger,  
 Then the Sin, the imp within the bottle,  
 Rose to toy and riot on the surface,  
 Dancing like a Dervish through the water."

So with all of us ; the sin we cherish  
 In the heart's vase, in its liquid crystal,  
 Rises—falls—as we rejoice or suffer.  
 So prosperity but calls the demon,  
 From his hidden depths of secret darkness,  
 To his throne upon the gleaming surface.  
 Therefore we are tried with long affliction,  
 'Till the bosom-sin is pierced and vanquished,  
 'Till we draw him breathless from his castle,  
 And the limpid life that flows within us  
 Gleams in sunshine, colorless, to Heaven.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

A POEM OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

(Continued from page 345, Vol. 3.)

POEM OF THE HEAVENLY PEACE.

Dissolved in odorous rain of honey dew  
Melts o'er the inland pools the misty blue,  
There is no life but peace and its repose ;  
The fading yellow leaf to emerald glows,  
The green leaf slowly ripens into gold,  
Here all things from the soul their life unfold,  
    Here is no winter cold.  
Hail to the land beneath the wave !  
Hail to the land that Christna gave !

With honey-dew their bowls the lilies fill,  
    Then bow their heads like poppies in a swoon,  
The crimson sunset sleeps on vale and hill,  
    Blushing through all her endless bridal moon.  
From eyes of sleep, enveiled in golden calms,  
    The flowers of Christna's Heaven upon us gaze ;  
Sleep smooths our foreheads with her drowsy palms,  
    Through endless autumn days.  
Mild languor breathes from ever-setting suns.  
Surely the end of action is repose.  
The storm into a peaceful quiet runs,  
The babbling stream to restful ocean flows.  
Hail to the land beneath the wave !  
Hail to the land that Christna gave !

The noisy brain should feel the quiet heart,  
 As the quick bridegroom yieldeth to the bride ;  
 Rest and Contention dwell too far apart  
 To melt their being in one common tide.  
 See how the yellow bees, for nectar glide  
 Into the honeyed clover. Hush ! be still !  
 Of calmness take thy fill.

The butterfly, impaled upon a thorn,  
 Flutters away its life in agony.  
 There is no balm for hearts by sorrow torn,  
 Save sweet tranquility.

Scorn not from liliated chalices to drink  
 Nectareous dew of slumber, and desire  
 No more to vex thy brain, and cease to think  
 Save as the gods inspire.

I was a poet in my stormy youth,  
 It ended in a cloud of black despair.  
 Vain is the strife of mortals after truth,  
 Till Love the heart prepare.

Gaze not into the dark and stagnant fen,  
 Or serpents meet thy sight.  
 When heaven is bare of clouds, and only then,  
 The mild stars yield their light.

Love is the sole oasis in the waste,  
 Fly from the barren sand :  
 Cool is the pleasant water to thy taste,  
 And, like Rebecca by her Lord embraced,  
 With golden girdle round her dainty waist,  
 Peace beckons with her hand.  
 Hasten to the sunset land !

Fire burns through all the fevered veins of Noon,  
 But pure and quiet Night  
 Pours dewy calm from out the silver moon,  
 And gives to man her medicinal boon,  
 Rest, coolness and delight.

Day is made up of troubles. Night is deep.

Come to the Sunset Land !

Here eyes grow bright, forgetting how to weep,

And, as a shepherd sings unto his sheep,

Peace doth his tuneful watch forever keep,

With roses in his hand.

Come to the land that Christna gave !

Come to the land beneath the wave !

In trance Columbus saw the clime afar,

Veiled in the setting day,

Where Freedom slumbered in her new born star,

O'er the dim waves away.

A trance descended from the Angel-world

On Dante's visioned eyes,

Then Purgatory all its realms unfurled,

And Hell and Paradise.

In trances deep great Milton heard the hymn

Chanted around the throne,

And through his shadowed orbs the cherubim,

Veiled in their glory shone.

Windless and waveless are the purple seas

Of Aethra's yellow clime :

There poets dwell, even as Apollo's bees,

Invisible by time.

There Wordsworth sings his infinite sweet lay,

Enthralled by sense no more :

Fear not, but fly from scorn and strife away,

Come to the Sunset Shore.

Toil not to find celestial wisdom's ore

In coarse, material dust.

Thy Better Genius trust.

Ere sorrow's worm has eaten to the core,

Or age begins thine elements to rust,

From Comus and his rabble sons of lust,

Oh follow, while thy heart flies on before.

Come to the Sunset Land,  
 The land that Christna gave.  
 The water-lilies stand  
 Beside the silver wave.  
 Faith with her slender, jeweled hand  
 Shall guide thy soul to Sunset Land.

I turned a little more to the right and saw a youth of slender, graceful form, whom I had never consciously beheld before, but I felt drawn to him as to a brother. The very spirit of rest seemed to have built its bower within his heart; but I was unable to learn the name which he had borne while in the natural body. After he had concluded this Melody of Peace, he drew still nearer and took my hand in both palms, and sang

THE ORIGIN OF THE ODORA POEM.

Before the Morning Land was wrought  
 In the internals of thy thought,  
 The Sunset Song we now unfold,  
 Was fashioned in its primal gold :  
 It now descends, and Earth shall feel,  
 From age to age its music steal  
 Through poets in their budding time,  
 And lovers in their marriage prime.

'Tis but one blossom from a tree,  
 Whose annual buds of melody,  
 Unclose through all celestial spheres  
 And ripen with immortal years.  
 Take to thy heart no thought of ill ;  
 Like a ripe grape thy soul shall fill  
 Her purple vase with Angel-wine,  
 Whose life is drawn from CHRIST the vine.

The spirit whom I had called Singing Sweetness now drew near and said, "Such are some of the mysteries of the vestibule, which greet those minds who in the Divine Providence, are permitted to enter the Third, or Ultimate Heaven. You are now in a Paradise of that Heaven." His voice then changed to a flute-like music, and he began singing this

BRIDAL MELODY OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

Odora! Odora! I hear the doves calling,  
Odora! Odora! the heart-dews are falling.  
Odora! Odora! the red lilies part ;  
Thy soul through thine eyes gazes into my heart.  
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! the south wind uncloses  
The lips of the myrtles, the leaves of the roses.  
Odora! Odora! I feel thy soft kiss ;  
Thy lips through my spirit send music and bliss.  
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! thy spirit is praying ;  
I hear in my soul the sweet words thou art saying.  
Red Lily! Red Lily! thy bosom's desires  
Thrill warm through my heart, like the sunset's soft fires.  
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! thy heart, in its motion,  
Expands, like a blossom upon my soul's ocean.  
Odora! Odora! my blessing, my bride,  
Thy thoughts through my heart like red water-fays glide.  
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

"I am now going," he said, "to tell you of my nuptials with the Red Lily," and resumed his song :—

Odora! Odora! the south wind is bringing  
The voice of thy love in sweet melody singing.  
Odora! Odora! the joys of thy thought  
Are bracelets of pearls round thy white arms inwrought.  
Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! thy dainty white bosom  
 Is fragrant as tuberoses and lily in blossom.  
 Odora! Odora! thy love-thoughts are sweet,  
 Like a necklace of pearls with a star where they meet.  
 Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
 I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! the beams of the morning  
 Have tinted thy cheeks with their crimson adorning.  
 Odora! Odora! the thoughts of thy mind  
 Are a zone for thy bosom with white pearls entwined.  
 Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
 I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! the blossoms find voices  
 To greet thee; thy coming the garden rejoices.  
 Thy artless affections have robbed thee in white,  
 And in sandals of pearl peep thy feet to my sight.  
 Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
 I live in the sense of thy being divine.

Odora! Odora! the Father's perfections  
 Thou shrinest in all of thy bosom's affections.  
 Odora! Odora! thou child of the skies,  
 The truths of the Word thrill my heart through thine eyes.  
 Odora! Odora! since first thou wert mine  
 I live in the sense of thy being divine.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S SONG.

We are married, we are married,  
 Like the myrtle and the vine;  
 By our love our souls are carried  
 To the joys of the Divine.  
 When the Night with stars was laden,  
 Like a flowering orange tree,  
 Came my heart's betrothed maiden  
 From her virgin rose to me.

She was born within the waters  
 Of a planet pure and mild;



She was fed by Love's fair daughters  
On their bosoms undefiled.  
As the Night with stars is laden,  
Came that lovely one to me,  
And my soul embraced the maiden  
As the margent clasps the sea.

She was fed by *all* the Graces,  
In a paradise of Mars ;  
And upon her, from their spaces,  
Showered blossoms all the stars.  
We are married, we are married !  
Oh my blessing and my pride,  
By its love my soul was carried  
To thy bosom, Oh my bride.

Where the fairy nymphs are singing  
In the music of their glee,  
And the fairy bells are ringing  
In the valleys of their sea ;  
Where the twilight fairies listen,  
From the shells upon the shore,  
To the waves that chime and glisten  
Round the sunset's bridal door ;

We were married, we were married.  
By the fairies of the wave  
To the Love-land we were carried,—  
To the land that Christna gave.  
In thy bosom's hidden valleys  
All thy thoughts, in music, tell  
Of the heart's enchanted palace,  
Where thou biddest me to dwell.

We are married ! Oh the sweetness  
Of the blessed Eden years !  
And our loves dance in their fleetness  
To the bride-song of the Spheres.  
Like a vesture to my spirit  
Is the sunrise of thy smile,

And thy beauty I inherit  
Like a beaming Summer isle.

We are married! we are married!  
And the sound of nuptial bells  
From our Paradise is carried  
Through the vale of asphodels.  
We are married, and the morning  
Of our being is begun,  
And my bride, in her adorning,  
Is an Angel in the sun.

#### BROTHER HARRIS.

We take the following extract from a private letter addressed to a gentleman of this city, in regard to the movements of Brother HARRIS. It was written from London under date of 27th September, 1859, and is from one who occupies a prominent position in the English New Church :—

“ Mr. HARRIS has gone this week to Manchester, where he will continue to preach for three months. He has already made many friends, and is certain of a very warm reception. I think he will have quite a success in England. Here in London we had only a very little taste of him, but what we had makes us long for him more and more. I hope he may again be with us at the New Year.”

“ I have seen the *critiques* in the *New Jerusalem Messenger*. The English people are quite able to *and will* make up their minds about Mr. HARRIS, without the assistance of the *Messenger*.”

## MEANS FOR THE PROMOTION OF BROTHERLY LOVE AND CHARITY.

A SERMON BY REV. WOODBURY M. FERNALD.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. \* \* \* And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."—JOHN xvii. 20, 21, 26.

We frequently have occasion to speak of the importance of love and charity; it is the one great practical theme. We can do nothing without it—cannot even live without it. But the means whereby that love is to be promoted are not perhaps so frequently dwelt upon, and are not so well understood as they should be. And, unless we thoroughly understand these *means* and *causes* to a true affection, and are willing to employ them, it avails comparatively little to keep up a perpetual enforcement of the great claims of a brotherly love and a more expansive charity. To be sure, the heart intuitively assents to the justice and rationality of the claim, as soon as it is presented, for there is that in man which cannot but respond to the very word of love, and is affected with it by a magic belonging only to the great All-Father. Therefore it is profitable even to talk about it, in the most incoherent manner. But man has an understanding as well as a heart; and it is true that even the deepest subjects—those which are hidden in the secret recesses of the will, and pertain to the profoundest principles of the Great Jehovah and the devotional affections of His creatures—may be increased and quickened by a rational understanding of them. Nay, there *are* no feelings, not even the most fitting emotions and intuitions of the heart, but are closely allied to their own truth, and are capable of being apprehended. We do not always want to be dissecting our feelings, and turning up the roots of the tender plants to see how they are growing; we may injure them by such a process. But we ought at least to know *once*; we ought to have an occasional flash into the understanding, of the metaphysics and system even of our prayers, and our holiest and most indefinable loves. And just in proportion as we become angelic and spiritual we shall have that understand-

ing—a truth united to good so closely as to both feel and see at once how it is and whence it is, with our most intimate and inward experiences.

It is in the spirit and truth of these remarks that I wish now to call attention to this great practical matter of love towards the brethren. "Let brotherly love continue." "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love." "These things I command you, that ye love one another." But these are exhortations and commandments that are not only founded on some reason, but are most surely promoted by some specific means. And it is not enough that we have the exhortation and commandment, even from divinest sources ; we want to know why it is and how it is, and the whole psychology and philosophy of the operation. Then we may more successfully practice the commandment, realizing our connection in the great system of creation, and may more thoroughly comprehend the folly also of anything opposed to this movement ; in short, may better understand

"—How everything was made to love,  
And how they err, who in a world like this,  
Find anything to hate but human pride."

What we want, in brief, is a *systematic culture* of the good affections, just the same as we cultivate the intellect in the household and in the common schools. This is the *great* want of the Church and the family. We do not attend to it ; we don't know *how* to attend to it, frequently, just because we do not realize the importance of this thing as we do the necessity of a good education to fit and prepare man for a successful experience in this world. The culture of the intellect is something that everybody understands. We know what it is to teach grammar, and arithmetic, and geography, and even the higher sciences taught in the schools of learning ; and we teach them with a wonderful success and accomplishment. Hence we have young ladies and gentlemen who can discourse intelligently upon the starry firmament, can give us the chemistry of matter and its beautiful laws, can speak to us charmingly of the whole floral kingdom, and the forces and mechanism which play everywhere in Nature ; but who, at the same time, do not manifest that proficiency in the more amiable and human acquirements of a modest and affectionate heart, a mind well taught and trained to

the christian virtues ; and whose lustre of intellect only serves frequently to set forth in more painful contrast the expressions of an unsubdued temper, a haughty and offensive pride, a disagreeable vanity, and a heart full of all uncharitableness.

Now, *how to cultivate* the good affections of mankind as we cultivate the intellect. *How to attain* to that christian charity which is the subject of so much exhortation and appeal. *How to learn* to love another, and to be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another. This surely is a subject of the most vitally practical moment, and it is one which, I fear, we shall need many lessons in, before we can attain to anything like thoroughness of practice.

How sublime are the words of the text ! “ Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word ; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.” Here is an ascent at once into universal principles. The Saviour mounts at one effort, and almost without effort, to the great Fatherly Principle of Divine Good, which he recognized in His own soul, and by means of which He also was in the Father, and the spirit of which could also pass into the souls of the disciples everywhere, and also into those who were not disciples, but who should become so by belief in their word, connecting them all together into one unitary and organic life. I say one unitary and *organic* life, for although there are different personalities, yet they are all organized into one grand, societary body, by means of a common principle and essence. Man is man only by virtue of the Divine Spirit dwelling within him ; and although the *very* divine never comes into consciousness with him so as to constitute a part of his self-hood, yet it is the only thing that vivifies that self-hood, and calls forth all the human into activity and life. Reason, imagination, memory, judgment, fine intuitions and instincts, sympathies, affections, friendships, all-brilliant intellect and all-beautiful love,—the man entire and the woman entire, is only such by virtue of the Divine impulses operating deeply within, and spreading all through that wonderful humanity the glowing heat of the Divine Love, and the glowing radiations of the Divine Wisdom. And although man’s proprium or self-hood, in itself considered, is nothing but evil, or a mere dead nothing, without the Divine flowing

into it and quickening it, yet the Lord in regeneration gives unto man a *new* proprium from His own Divine nature; and hence it is said that all men may be one, as Christ and the Father are one, they in God and God in them. It could not be said so unless the regenerated self-hood was of the Father only. Hence, as one man is all alive and glowing with beauty from the Divine Life, so a multitude of men, and so all heaven, connected with the Church on earth, and this is that great mystical body of Christ, so often spoken of, and so little realized by men. It is indeed a body—an organic, societary Man. It is not perfect on the earth, but it is perfect in the heavens, just in proportion as regenerated men and angels flow into it from the different earths. It has a heart, which beats with the living pulsations of the Divine Love, humanized in that great organism. It has a head, wonderful and brilliant with the glow and coruscations of the Divine Intellect. It has hands and feet, swift and executive in all their individual members, with the humanized essence of the Divine Power. It is busy and industrious, with a diffused, productive happiness through all its offices and functions, with the angelic ultimations of the Divine Use. It is the great corporate man of the Heavens. The problem is there solved, and in it, of true self-love and social being the same. We shall never have a perfect Church on earth, never a perfect state of human society, till these angelic societies and associations become ultimated into a new civilization, and the kingdom of God has come on earth as it is in Heaven.

It is something to know of Divine Truth in principle, and in the abstract. It is still more to see it concretely in the heavens. It is for man on earth to love his fellow-man from such a consideration. He is to have *prayer* for that love: as the Great Saviour Himself, who could pierce through all disguises, all merely external appearances of union, to the great unbroken unity of the heavens; and so could lift an understanding heart in strong, earnest aspiration, that His scattered flock on earth might be all one, "as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Such is the truly "divine union." But before we proceed any further in the subject, let us inquire more specifically what it is that *obstructs* our union, and that prevents that love and charity

from operating with us, which ever ought to characterize the true Church of Christ. And *of course* the answer must be, it is our own evils ; but these again are something that have no part nor lot in the union. It is good only that unites ; it is truth without good, and the evils of the heart, that are continually creating divisions. Thus, every man has, before regeneration, a predominant evil self-hood. He has a will which is *his* will, regardless of everybody's else. This is the source of the whole mischief ;—this little will, contemptible in itself, stirring and bustling about in the creation, so full of importance, as though it *could* live of itself, or make anybody else live with it ! Now, there is only one remedy for this, and one means of peace. It is to have that will regenerated, or else ejected from any society into which it may intrude. This is the way the Lord governs with the children of men. He cannot make a heaven where such a will comes in ; there must, therefore, be a hell, into which finally to cast all such resolutely determined spirits. Poor souls ! We will not undertake to say how much the Great Everlasting Mercy may do for them in the unknown ages of eternity ; but one thing is very evident, they cannot enter into Heaven ; they have no peace, no elements of peace, for any united society on earth or in Heaven. Therefore there is a peculiarity in this chapter from which we have taken our text. The Lord says, "I pray for *them* [that is, for those who have received the Word and kept it] ; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me, for they are thine." (ver. 9). The purport of which I understand to be, not that there are any human beings whom we are not to pray for, or whom the Lord could not pray for, but that, foreseeing that certain ones *would* not be saved, they could not, *as to their evils*, be made the subject of any hope or faith.

So it is with self-will in all its forms of inversion and opposition to universal interests. It must either be regenerated or rejected. It cannot enter into any divine union nor any heavenly union, nor any union with the Church on earth. It is ever an element of strife and discord.

It is this which obstructs our love and charity. We may have a great deal of truth, but if it is not conjoined with good, it only operates as a cold, heartless knife, to criticise the conduct of others,

and to cut asunder the bonds of charity. It is the legitimate and natural work of truth without good, to separate its possessor in solitary coldness and lofty conceit from his fellow-men around him. The more of it he has, the worse it is with him. For it only supplies the materials of thinking, of meditation and abstract revery; and there is so much gratification in this, and so large supplies of spiritual thought, and so self-entertaining, that the man shrinks into himself to enjoy it, becomes non-communicative, and to a spiritual being who can look in upon him, dwells in a high, sublime, mountainous region of snow and ice. The prospect is grand, but the climate unproductive.

Again, the manifest and active evils of the heart are continually interfering with this bond of charity. Every man's self-hood has some one or more evils that are prominent. These are as so many little personalities, each conspicuously marked with the pronoun I, setting themselves forward with their own particular interests, not sufficiently respectful of the opinions or the good of others, and so concurring in a general confusion. One man has an *ambition* to gratify, and therefore *he* is a trouble. Another has an amount of *pecuniary interest* to secure, and therefore *he* cannot work harmoniously. Another has a sect or a great name to honor and build up, and therefore *he* is an obstruction. He will go so far, but not one whit further, for the life of him. Another thinks he knows better than all the rest, and therefore he is more trouble than all the rest. Follow it out however you will, and it all comes round to this—a predominating self-will, not universal, not catholic, narrow and contracted both from ignorance and from evil, hardly able to ascend in prayer with the Great Saviour of men, "that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Oh! if there is *anything* for which I have *no patience*, and which provokes the evils of my own heart to intolerance, it is this little, ungodly contraction into spheres of bigotry and exclusiveness. Men who think that because *they* cannot see any further, no others can; who wish to measure everything by their own line and plummet. And yet I see that such are frequently honest in their prejudices, and therefore we must not complain too bitterly.

The object is to cast down all this self-hood, and to promote a



true universality. How shall we do it? And I answer, first make men to realize that God is trying to do this very thing *for* them; that this is the great object of all His providence, to organize out of all these discordant elements, one grand, regenerate, and unitary MAN—a society in the order and form of Heaven.

Second, that our own evils, our own little selfish personalities must be sacrificed, one after another, to this great end. Here, upon the altar of universal interest, must every private wish be offered in solemn sacrifice to the Lord of all. Here must be slain and burnt every evil and impure thing, so far as it is possible for us to do it. When we feel the spirit of intolerance or of uncharitableness arising in us, of which every man may be more or less conscious, we should stop to inquire how very possible it is for us to be mistaken, and how our own evils may delude and cheat us into a fancied superiority. In common life, in the family or the social circle, much may be done by simply setting out to diffuse as much goodness and joy as is possible, by making one's self as entertaining and instructive as possible, by overlooking all artificial distinctions, and the vain and foolish pride of birth, wealth, or place, and trying to discern and appreciate the *good* in others. Thus, by removing the sphere of hell, which is based on human pride, and inviting the sphere of Heaven, where the only aristocracy is that of goodness and truth.

Again, if a man or a woman cannot at all times *feel* good, much may be done by forcing up the sluggish nature to imitate it. It is worse than folly to give way to these feelings of depression and sloth, and not make any effort to goodness because we must affect it or not have any appearance of it. There is an affectation, I would have it understood, which is a virtue, which is *not* an affectation, which is at least a good morality, and which is nothing more nor less than a striving to imitate on the outside what the interiors say ought to be there from a true heart and life. In all such cases, it is the heart that prompts; and although we have to whip and spur the sluggish nature into smiles and graciousness, it is a *mighty deal* better than a stolid, selfish stupidity, and may cause the genuine love to break forth and smile. Sometimes, by supplying the ultimates, the interiors flow into them with a wonderful readiness. Love tries a thousand ways to make its way, for

it is the only thing under heaven that has any real life in it ; all the rest is dead and motionless, and is only animated by the all-pervading fire.

Again, we should do well to remember that we all have a thousand hereditary evils and personal peculiarities that are not at all ours ; that are entailed upon us by birth ; that, had we been consulted, we should have been perhaps unwilling to accept, and which are to pass off in the regeneration. These are felt as terrible obstructions to association by the virtuous and sensitive parts of the mind. We have also sharp prominences and jagged peaks of peculiarity, which are very annoying sometimes. Now, the only way to triumph over these obstructions is to associate frequently, whether we will or no. It is only by coming together and making the best of it, that we are able to wear off these sharp points, and pierce through these disagreeable peculiarities, reaching thereby to the inner good, and getting rounded into somewhat of harmony. The pebble-stones upon the sea-shore are only made smooth and round by rubbing against one another. Human beings need a similar treatment. That is precisely the secret of a certain sociality and good nature which is discernible in great cities and crowded marts. And the difference, for instance, between New York and Boston. You have no more *internal* good here than we have at the north and east ; but your jostling together here in the crowd of all sorts of humanity from all the world, tends wonderfully to bring it out. And it *does* come out, both good and bad, upon the surface. You are *compelled* to be more associative; and this brings to mind what Swedenborg says of the spiritual world, and of new-comers there from the earth. One of the first things to do with many novitiate spirits is to "*inaugurate them into gyres,*" or circulatory motions of many together, in order to make them associate ; that they may be accommodated together, and that their thoughts, and speech, and affections, may mutually agree. (A. C. 5182). There are also choirs and choruses for this purpose ; and while many of the heathen, on account of their greater simplicity, " can be initiated into these choirs, thus into harmony and agreement, in the space of a single night, very many Christians can scarcely be in thirty years." (A. C. 2595.)

Now, it would be well for us to imitate somewhat of this disci-

pline here in the world. It is not indeed required that all should associate, and there is much to absolutely forbid intimacy among many ; and the congenialities and distinctions of nature must be consulted to a great degree. There are indeed some minds of such exquisite tenderness, that, like a sensitive plant, they close themselves up, and their finer powers refuse to expand or to act except in a congenial and loving atmosphere. Yet, after all, there is such a thing as the devil's solitude, separations of civil and of selfish seclusion, which need precisely the treatment of the pebble-stones upon the sea-shore—more friction, more purely external propinquity—that the associative elements in the interiors may have a chance to mingle and flow together. I conclude this part of my subject with the exhortation of an apostle : “ To do good and to communicate, forget not : for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

Again, we should remember, as of *prime, essential* importance, that in trying to love others, it is only our own evils that suggest anything else than that it is essentially the same as loving ourselves. I say, *essentially* the same, not personally. For, what is it that we are required to love ? Not their evils, but their goodness. And now, what is *our* goodness, that we should think so much of it ? Did we make it ? Did we originate a single particle of it ? Does it not all flow in from the Great Divinity, and is it not the same as flows into others ? “ Who maketh thee to differ from another ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive ? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it ? ” ( 1 Cor. iv. 7. ) This is an *evil* which suggests that in loving others, we are loving anything but what is in ourselves. When once it is seen, and thoroughly appreciated, that it is only the Lord's infinite Divine Essence, parted and distributed into a myriad human personalities, here a little and there a little ; here a casket of beautiful things of the intellect, glowing and sparkling with the tints of goodness, of varied hue, and form, and character ;—there a predominant charity organized into beauty, and sweet with affection ;—here a philosopher and there an artist ;—here a mechanic and there an author ;—here a merchant and there a workman at some other craft ;—a varied humanity so full of interest, and each an incarnation in the human nature from the

great Divine Fountain of all art and intellect and love ;—what a reflection it is, to rebuke this little monopoly of godless pride and hatred and contraction, and pour a flood of feeling and of Holy Spirit abroad upon the world ! I had almost said the Church. One day it will come more naturally ; we shall not have to hesitate in the speech so much ; it will be such a Church as knows no limits, as has no walls but the walls of the great Jerusalem, from which nothing is excluded but that which defileth, that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

Here we see, then, that loving one another is but loving the same qualities that are in ourselves—from the same great Divinity—only infinitely varied ; and with a little first exertion to break through the hard crust of the natural man, it is the easiest and most delightful thing imaginable. Cultivate, then, that love. See to it, that charity from thence abounds. For herein is illustrated the concluding words of the text : “ And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it ; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them.” That is, the *quality* of the Lord of heaven and earth. To declare the *name* of the Father is to make known the *quality* of the Lord Jehovah, that it may be felt in all hearts, that as Christ was united to the Father, so may we become united by the same spirit.

We have seen what the quality—what the essence of this Divine Nature is, and now there is one last means to be named for the procuring of the income of that quality in the hearts and minds of men. That is, *Prayer*. This is a point which must not be overlooked. Our Lord, it must be observed, *prayed* for this great consummation. This whole chapter, almost, is a chapter of prayer. The Saviour begins with lifting up His eyes to heaven in contemplation of the consummating glory of His humanity, which He prays for most earnestly ; then He prays for all who are given to Him out of the world, and who have kept the Word faithfully ; He prays for their sanctification ; and lastly, “ not for these alone,” but for all who shall “ believe in Him through their word ; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.” And was not this same Jesus *always* a man of prayer ? Did He not “ rise a great while before day,” and go into

a solitary place for prayer, and pass whole nights in prayer to God?

And now, can we expect to obtain the divine blessing in this way without similar practice? And not by one act, but constantly. Here, perhaps, is where we fail most of all. We do not understand the *power* of prayer, and from the abuses of the old Church in this matter, from the extravagances and absurdities into which many have run, not knowing the philosophy or the propriety of prayer, we have lapsed into an opposite extreme. But there is a wondrous efficacy and power in prayer, and it is not only subjective, it is objective also. That is to say, the effects of prayer are not merely natural consequences in the heart of the person who prays, but positive, external effects, having no visible connection with the prayer. By the act of prayer, we do not indeed change the laws or the disposition of the unchangeable God, but we do change the currents of influx, and cause that to flow in which could not have flowed in before. We do this by changing our own states, and opening upward the spiritual vessels of the mind.

And more than this. It is not only a present, immediate effect, which we derive from prayer, which is felt in the joy and satisfaction of the occasion; but a future effect, when we are not thinking of it. I do not mean, altogether, a future effect derived from forms and habits which prayer has established in the mind, though these perhaps are inseparable *from* the effect; but I mean, that long after we have forgotten the prayer, and even forgotten what we have prayed for, God has not forgotten it, the angels have not forgotten it, and they conspire and work together to answer that prayer at a time most favorable. I am as sure of this as I am of my life. Nay, I feel sure that many times when we have really forgotten that we prayed for this or that particular blessing, we are only brought to remembrance of the prayer by the unexpected bestowment of the blessing; and this not only for spiritual but for material things. Thus, that we are really taken better care of than we take of ourselves.

To say that all this implies any power on our part to change the unchangeable God, is the merest superficial folly. This is the way the unchangeable God operates—this is a *part* of the un-

changeableness,—the system established ;—and it is God Himself who gives the prayer, when it is true, and such as we ought to indulge in ; and as He flows in with the desire, which we in practical freedom adopt as our own, so when the answer comes, He only answers to His own desire, and of course without any change. But we are left in freedom to adopt that desire or not, just as we are to act wisely or foolishly, righteously or wickedly.

And now, be it observed, that it is this act and habit of prayer which, more than anything else, brings us into the quality of the infinite Father, and so casts down this very selfhood which is the great obstruction to universal unity, love, and charity. Man here comes into humiliation before God, abnegates his little self in the presence of the Father of all, does that very thing in private, which he ought to do in public, and in all his daily intercourse with his fellow-men. If the prayer is true and sincere, or in so far as it is a prayer, for there is no prayer in anything *but* sincerity, then there is, flowing into his heart, the Spirit that unites the universe !—that *shames* all domination and conceit,—that crushes under foot all private interests,—that says to all hatred, pride, vanity, and ill-will, “Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offense unto me,”—and that causes happiness, and love, and joy, to overspread all faces, and to rule in all hearts.

Here, then, I must lift the exhortation to prayer. We must pray daily and earnestly. We must pray simply and in faith. We must carry *all* our affairs, little and great, spiritual and material, to the Lord our Father, and this till the *habit* is not only fixed, but till it becomes an indispensable joy and satisfaction. Until we do this, we do not truly live, and we cannot.

Again, the Lord's prayer is not enough. That may do on often occasions, but what we need is *specific* prayer, as well as general. There is no impropriety in it, if we are careful to submit it all to the Lord, asking that His will only be done. Our Lord Himself made various petitions, according to His needs and wants. The Lord designs to bless us in particular as well as in general, and if a general prayer was sufficient, the simple phrase “Thy will be done,” would be enough. But this is not enough. We of the New Church have generalized and intellectualized this subject into coldness and inefficiency. What we want very greatly, is the piety of

the old Church. I know there is such a thing as New Church good, but I am not inclined here to speak particularly of it. Credit to whom credit is due. We are suffering daily from the want of an old-fashioned piety which is *always* new. We have the truth, and we cannot think too much of it; but we may think too disproportionately of it, and that is just the thing we do. O Lord, revive thy work in our midst, break up the hard shells of mere intellect and pride, save us from all vain conceit, and cause thy Church to live with us more fully from the great invisible communion of the heavens. We pray for all and with all:—That we all may be one, as thou, Father, art in Christ, and Christ in thee, that we also may be one in Him. “And the spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth, say, come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

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**HYMN OF THE INDIAN RACES.**

Our Forest Kinsmen pass away,  
 And other homes the woodlands fill;  
 Yet o'er us in the crimson day  
 The Indian Heaven is beaming still:  
 Their mild, fraternal voices call  
 Through sunset vistas far and dim;  
 Their hearts are pulsing through us all  
 In tender prayer and melting hymn.

And still they smile, from golden skies  
 Where Morning fills her lucid urn;  
 Or gaze delighted through the eyes  
 With faith and charity that burn.  
 Their thoughts are in the balmy air  
 That fans the brow when day declines;  
 Their loves diffuse a fragrance rare,  
 Where breathe the dark and solemn pines.

The maidens of the dusky race,  
 In the rich maize their life pour down,  
 And gleam in glad ærial grace  
 Through skies that wear the arctic crown;  
 Still, in our Camp of Life, await  
 The braves of helping heart and hand;  
 Or light the peace-pipe at the gate  
 That opens to the Spirit Land.

## PIVOTAL MEN.

The world is governed, in every department of life, by pivotal men. But here, as everywhere else, self comes in to take the place of true humility, and, instead of recognizing the truth as unfolded in Nature; in Providence, as outworked through the common All of humanity: that he that would be greatest must be servant of all, it is too often the case that the servant is the master. In true order, whether in the Church or in the State, there must be men who will serve as the radiative centres for the outflowing life of God. This law is recognized everywhere in all the relations of life. The mistake men make is in supposing that these radiative centres are to be recognized as a distinct class, separate and apart from the great body which they serve.

Human life manifests an infinite variety in unity. Each human being is created for a special *use* in the great economy of things, and this use determines the relations which he sustains to the whole. In a collective capacity the universal human race is aggregated together, in functional relation, as a **GRAND MAN**, and each member of this human race occupies, or will occupy, his proper place—his proper *use* in this great organic whole. When men learn this important fact—learn where their use is—they will cease to strive for this position or that, but following the lead of the Lord in all things will know that there is no high nor low in the Church, but all are united as one in God. The head will not say to the body, I can do without you, nor will the warring members of the body say to the head, we can do without you; but all, recognizing the use—the function—which each sustains to the other, will move on harmoniously together; all performing their several offices *interpenetrant*, and the great life currents circulating freely through each member, uniting all in one body in healthful action. The great trouble in the present disordered state of human society is that we are too apt to be discontented with the work that the Lord gives us to do. Instead of performing our own duties we are constantly impinging upon the duties of others; or else failing to do anything we impose upon others a work which we ought to do ourselves. Thus deranging the great



*use-life* which should dwell in the body of the Lord, disease is produced, and all the members decay and die for want of proper equilibrium throughout the whole. It is the province of the Church of the New Age to state the truth here as everywhere else, and to restore, as far as possible, a healthy state in the working order of the Incoming Dispensation.

As it is our object in this article to speak more particularly of the priesthood, we shall confine ourselves to this phase of pivotal life. "In the New Church all are priests and kings, who, in manly freedom and in abnegation of self, are doing battle against the false and evil, under the direction of the Lord, who is the Infinite Truth and Righteousness. All are priests in whom, by reason of the predominance of the affectional element in its restoration to its primal order, the love of good becomes the ruling potency of life. In like manner all are kings in whom the intellectual nature predominates, and in whom the love of truth for ends of use become the mightier manifestation. There is a conjoined priesthood and kingship in those with whom the two, in achromatic perfection, are fused together. They reign by a double right, enthroned in dual empires of the transfigured understanding and the beatified will.

All true rule begins in self-rule. When the man has conquered himself for the sake of Divine ends, he begins to be in a condition to bear rule over others. The best, the worthiest, and the wisest are the Divine nobility, and they exercise dominion by right of perfect love to God and man. The loftiest heroism is to conquer self-love. Through overcoming self-love, the devils, who have sought to invert the affections of man, sink, themselves, into subserviency. To live for others is the true life, but we can only live for others in reality as the Lord lives in us.

The pivotal men of the New Church will be divided into six great types, classified as follows: the Industrial, the Artistic, the Scientific, the Philosophical, the Poetical, and the Ecclesiastical. The priesthood and the kingship of each of these degrees will be represented by its pivotal men."—(*Arcana of Christianity, Nos. 742, 743, 744.*)

This statement is entirely in accordance with the external letter of the Word, by the usages of the earlier Christians and by Sweden-

borg, the illumined seer and first illustrator of the Word. The Church is the body of Christ, and as His Divine Life, which is Love and Wisdom, flows through it, of course every member of this body receives these co-related elements according to the use he fills in this body. He is a pivotal man, a priest, a king, and a minister to all the other members of this body. But whilst he is one or all of these he is not separated distinctly in caste or class relation only in so far as his use or function may separate him. He is one—connected with the whole of an innumerable number of unities. There is no such thing as absolute independence anywhere; nor is there any absolute unity of integrant parts anywhere. But everywhere are both displayed in perfect working order. Paul, in writing to the Romans, has stated the whole thing in a few words: "We, having many, are one body in Christ, and every one members of one another, for we have different gifts—and there are amongst us prophets, ministers, teachers, exhorters, rulers, shewers of mercy, and others" (chap. 12). Here is what we mean in the New Church by pivotal men; and as this Church is endeavoring to institute a new order of things, where the *same principle* is recognized:—the principle of the immanence of the Spirit of Christ throughout His body,—which is His Church,—in communicating spiritual gifts to its members to the edification of all, we hold to the same privileges: "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord; there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal; for to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another the discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the self-same spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." Here then is the true idea of a priesthood and of a Church. A body of men animated with *one* spirit, and this spirit manifesting itself in divers gifts for the edification of the common body. According to the wants of that body, so will be the gifts of the spirit. The necessities of this

age may not require the diversity which was given in the Apostolic Era ; nor may it require the same *kind*, but whatever the requirement may be, there will be a supply to meet it. The gifts come, too, not only in adaptation to the wants of the Church, but in perfect unison with the genius of the recipients. God imposes no arbitrary power upon any man, but preserves his freedom by unfolding his faculties into the ripeness of perfect fruitage. The energizing of these powers by His own Spirit is the gift which He imparts to each and to all.

We are very distinctly informed in the New Testament Scriptures, by the practices and usages of the Church in the first days of its existence, and by the *true Church* from that day until this, that the Holy Spirit imparts His influence to all those who seek to be guided and directed by Him in all the uses of a new life. That this impartation cannot, therefore, be confined to a privileged few—to a class who hold a distinct grade in the Church of God. All such distinctions are man-made contrivances to ride into power, and to hold the weak in vassalage. The erection of this *class-distinction* is what has contributed more than anything else to establish that vast hierarchy of hell—the Papacy—and the Episcopacy of the Church of England. It is this, too, which has deadened the Church, and starved out its life, for the last fifteen centuries.

Of course we would not be understood as making war upon the present order of things. We only seek to state the truth. Underneath all this falsehood there is its opposite, and we are glad to know that there is a Movement begun which is to bring into Divine Order all these inversions. There is a true idea in the universality conception of the Romish Church, but it is an universality made up of an innumerable number of smaller Churches—each Church like each member of the Church, and like each member of that member interdependent one to the other. There is also a true idea in Episcopacy—the hierarchy—but it is not in the class distinctions which are made between the clergy and the laity, between the official and the non-official parts of the Church, but it is a distinction which grows out of the *uses* which each is called upon to perform in our brotherly relations with each other. And this wide and palpable distinction should always be kept in view ; if we do not, the same curse will be entailed upon the New

Church as is stamped out upon the old ; to wit: the merging of the whole body of Christ into *one member*—the *ministry*. We must preserve this body in true working order, and to do this the Spirit of the Lord must be immanent in all its parts ; must thrill the least fibre as well as energize into the active and important uses,—the hardest muscle. The Lord Himself must be its living, thinking head and we willing and obedient members of His Triune Church.

This personal accountability of each organ in the body of Christ does away of course with all this salaried class, officialism of the Old Church, and we stand related to each other as one in Christ Jesus, the Lord of Heaven and earth. That abuses have and will arise in this system we know. Where the sons of God meet together, Satan is always present to invert every truth into falsehood, and every good into evil. Men partially regenerated and acting from the impulses of a natural self-hood are too prone to imagine and feel that the Lord calls them to positions where humility would better serve the purposes of the Church. But notwithstanding all this it is better to bear with all these frailties of our brethren than to stifle and crush out the life which the Lord intends to impart to us all. Anything is better than inertia. It is better to stammer and stagger and make failures than not to call into active exercise the faculties and gifts which the Lord has given us to be cultivated in the uses which He is unfolding in His Church. It is better to do something now than to quietly wait for the opening of the fitting opportunity to-morrow. Action, action belongs to the Christian's life—let us act with the Lord directing us.

We, as a Church, must come to the point where we can do without man-made hierarchies, and being baptized with the Spirit of the Lord, each of us, when He calls, must be ready to labor in His vineyard in any department. Each member of the Church of Christ is a priest, and his office is sacred. We hold no distinctive relationships here. The Lord is the All-in-all of the Church, and it is He at last who does the work ; it is He who should have the glory ; it is He who is head over all, and on feeling this, our puny prerogatives will sink into insignificance. We will learn the fact that he who would be greatest among us, must be servant of all.

In the past ages of the Church the individual has been depressed, but now is dawning the era when its angularities are to be rounded out into beautiful Christian culture. Instead of the Divine inspiration being confined to the few, it is to flow to the many, until the One Universal Life shall circulate through the whole. As every man is a Church in the least form, and as he corresponds to the Church in its greatest form, he must embody within himself the priesthood and kingship of a vast and populous empire of goods and truths. Freedom and rationality are the sacred heirlooms which are being bequeathed to him, and he will be held strictly responsible for their exercise. Each member of the Church of Christ must perceive truth as unfolded from the pages of the Word—from the records of human history, and in the great volume of nature, everywhere displayed as the reflex of the Eternal Logos. Whilst this truth is to be sought after and enjoyed by all—all are in states of regeneration requiring more or less of external aid and external culture; and, of course, whilst this is the case, there must be a corresponding office for instruction, and men to fill it who will answer to the demands of the novitiates. We are commanded to give to the poor and needy, and he gives to the poor and needy, in the spiritual sense, who dispenses love and truth to his less fortunate neighbor. And he who can stand up in the Lord's Church and give most of these, is entitled, for the time at least, to this function. It requires no man—no Church, therefore, to qualify us for the office. The gift we possess is our best indicator, and he who can edify in Divine order needs no badge of succession to stamp the superiority of clerical caste over his neighbor. The Lord's priesthood are divinely clad.

In the New Church we have various simple rites and ceremonies, symbolic of the work which is indicated by the Lord for us to do. The novitiate is inducted into them or not, as he chooses. We attach no factitious value to them. They are not binding—nor do they convey any special rights or privileges over others. They represent the *use*—nothing more.

### BROTHER CHRISTY AT GRIFFIN.

We are pleased to learn, from the following letter, that Brother CHRISTY has made so favorable an impression upon the friends at Griffin. It will be a matter of congratulation that another distributive centre has been formed to radiate the influences of the Lord's Church. Our Brother Buckner, to whom has been committed the care of the little flock in Griffin, is a good man and true. He will now feel more strength in the performance of his arduous and responsible duties, and we hope that he will have influx to declare the whole council of God. We have received another very interesting account of the proceedings at Griffin, but it came too late for this issue. It will appear in our next:—

GRIFFIN, GA., October 13th, 1859.

We have been greatly edified and strengthened by Brother CHRISTY's visit. He remained with us about two weeks, laboring in public and private for our good. His discourses did not excite in the public mind the opposition that we had supposed. On the contrary, favorable expressions were made of the doctrines he advocated by many of the orthodox who came out to hear him, often asserting that they were the doctrines of their own Church. He maintained his positions by the Bible, which had a very happy effect. A small Church was organized by him before he left. That and the baptism, etc., were the most solemn and impressive scenes that we ever witnessed. We were much pleased also with his lady. We found her very friendly and affable, and possessor of a loving heart. We feel now more fully identified with you, and hope that we shall share more fully in your sympathies and prayers than we have ever before done.

Please write us whenever it is convenient, for your letters do us much good. Give our love to the brethren, and be assured that we remain yours in the strongest bonds of love and friendship.

---

FAIRY GERMANIA.

O'er the blue Rhine,  
In a trance divine,  
I glide in a pinnacle of air-beams fine :

And I sink, in a shell,  
Where the lovelies dwell,  
In their sunless caverns of asphodel :

And I bask in the beams,  
Where the vintage gleams,  
Ere the golden cup with its madness teems.

I dance to the lyre,  
That with chords of fire,  
Are swept by the bards of the northern choir :

And I thrill in the breast,  
With a sweet, sweet rest,  
That Schiller is crowned with the Angels blest :

And my joys, in the night,  
Like the star-flakes, light  
On maidens who sleep in their bride-ropes white :

Then with lamp in hand,  
I move in the band  
Who light their steps to the Fatherland.

## THE CRISIS.

It will delight our friends to learn that this sterling New Church periodical is to be sustained, and that it will make its usual visits in the future. *The Crisis* has become one of the spiritual necessities of the Church. Few men write with more force and power, than its editor. The sentences of truth which flow from his pen, are fired by the Divine Love. We are glad to see that our dear brother's soul soars heavenward, and catches the inspirations which are now coming to one humanity. No creed confines him, but mingling in the great heart-throbbings of the Universal Movement of the age, his comprehensive mind grasps at a Catholicity in unison with the Advanced Mind of the times. We wish him a heart-welcome to many thirsty natures. The following extracts from his prospectus will indicate somewhat the purpose of the present volume :

" *The Crisis* claims to have its own peculiar use ; aiming upon all questions to take the golden mean by the marriage of truth and good ; avoiding all extremes, and seeking to render strict justice to all others. We believe that the true man of the new dispensation will unite in himself all the elements that go to make up a perfect humanity ; he will attain to the full measure of a man—that is, of an angel. And that this measure will combine all things in a perfect marriage union, giving prominence and precedence to the higher, to which all of the lower are subordinated. Thus he will be both internal and external ; drawing inspiration from above and ultimating the lessons of heaven in works upon earth. He will be a Church in himself both invisible and visible ; invisible in his communions with the Lord and His holy angels, and visible as a light shining before men, who seeing his *good works* will glorify *our Father* in the heavens. He will be both scientific and intuitional ; well grounded in genuine doctrine from the literal Word, illustrated by the eternal senses ; having sound, well prepared vessels into which illustration from the Lord will perpetually flow—a healthy mind in a healthy body. In short, he will no longer be a broken, fractional man, but will stand forth a man in full pro-



portion, and in full integrity,—filling out the natural, the spiritual, and the celestial planes of his being. Such is the humanity of the coming age that looms up to our vision, and for its realization we watch, and pray, and labor.

“Of the peculiar features of the volume we are entering upon we give no definite promise, for the world is now so full of stirring events—Churches are exhibiting new phases, and all things betokening change, so that we can hardly say, from one day to another, what may be our most prominent theme. Apart, however, from the current subjects of the day, we propose to devote a large share of our pages to the elucidation of the internal sense of the Word, and to answer all inquiries that come to us as far as we are able. We hope also to relieve our pages by occasional efforts at the portrayal of human life in some of its lighter features. Also we shall continue to give from the English N. C. periodicals some of their choicest articles.

“Terms \$1 per annum, *always in advance*. All current bills received at par, and all remittances by mail at our risk.”

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#### THE HIGHER LAW.

There is a Higher Law, from Heaven descending ;  
It hath no stain, no flaw—all men befriending,  
It lifts the lowly, and abases none.  
All families of earth shall yet become  
Like flowers in one garden, beautified  
From One Pure Source. The vain, the impious pride  
Of color, caste, and fashion, now adored,  
Then perish, by no Angel-heart deplored :  
And North, and South, like twin-born children, rest,  
Drinking sweet life from one pure Mother's breast.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have found it necessary, owing to the additional matter furnished in the **HERALD OF LIGHT**, to divide the present year into two volumes. This makes no difference in the price, but is only done for the convenience of binding. Two dollars pay for the entire twelve numbers or for one year, commencing with last May. The second volume of this year commences with this number, and as Brother **HARRIS** has commenced his labors in Manchester, England, we may expect contributions from his pen of a startling and interesting character. This volume will, we believe, prove more acceptable than any which has preceded it; and will be furnished for the next six months for one dollar. Our friends will bear this in mind.

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### BOOK NOTICE.

#### GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

By **WOODBURY M. FERNALD**. *Otis Clapp, Boston, 1859; pp. 437.*

We have just received this work, and have only space for a bare mention of it in this number of the **HERALD OF LIGHT**. From a hasty glance at its contents we are led to believe that it more than sustains the writer's well-earned reputation as an author. It is a profound work, and is an able contribution to the religious literature of the New Age. Mr. Fernald is deeply imbued with the inspirational element, and his well-turned periods are full of thought and feeling. We can see in them the author's own mental throes and agonies as he has been born into the New Life. His book is not sectarian in its character, but is written, as he says, for the Universal Church—the "wide, wide world." We hope to give this work a more extended notice in our next. It is on sale at our book room. Price \$1.00.

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