

DECEMBER.

THE
HERALD OF LIGHT:

A Monthly Journal



OF THE
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

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

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A Monthly Journal
 OF THE
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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AIMS AND ISSUES OF THE NEW CHURCH.

It is predicted, in the Prophet Daniel, that the God of Heaven shall set up a kingdom at the era of the consummation of the subversive civilization of the race—"This kingdom shall never be destroyed; it shall not be left to other people; it shall break in pieces and consume all these other kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." The text itself may serve as an apt prelude to that which we now have to say, concerning the aims and issues of the New Jerusalem.

The only lasting government, is that of Ideas. Principles clothe themselves with institutions; which, in their turn, according to their character, establish men in their divinely-given rights, or doom them to hopeless vassalage. The truth from Heaven, that works regeneration in the soul, developes moral order in the State, and reconstructs, in the long run, the body politic. Equally so, the secret crime, that domineers over the heart, embodying itself in falsities within the intellect, comes forth to preside in cabinets and to sit on thrones, to marshal armies and lay waste mankind. Sooner or later the silent, secret principles, that first lay claim to human hearts, display their banners to the light of outer day, and make wide earth a theatre of action.

It is in the light of a doctrine so tenable, that we claim for the New Church, not merely an ecclesiastical and individual, but also a vast natural and social mission. It contains within itself, not alone the *faith*, but also the *order* of the universal future. And if to-day it busies itself with text-books, in the vast to-morrow of the race, it is to govern empires and preside in all the secular domains. It will indeed "render unto Cæsar the things of Cæsar," by meteing out the most exact justice to all classes of mankind, by reclaiming to Christ all usurped and stolen power, and by substituting the reign of equity for the tyranny of force.

It will do this by providing men competent to carry out the infinite decisions of Divine Providence in every walk of life. It is the misfortune of Republics that men of desperate character, through dishonest practices upon the nation, ride into power, and corrupt in their execution the most benignant and righteous laws. It is the fault of Monarchies that the succession to authority depends, not on virtue, but on blood. The kingly office, that should be resplendent in the sight of man in the express light of purity and self-abnegation, serves too often rather as the golden frame-work for a picture of gross intemperance and excess. In patrician government, as in democratic, the man of vast executive power, climbs to greatness, be his heart however corrupt, his deeds however wicked. Providentially permitted during ages of transition, we may well ask, "Are they permanent?" In the light of the New Church, we answer, No. They are only suffered for a season.

The New Church has before it a social and political, no less than a merely spiritual mission. It is the man-child born to rule the nations. Through it the Divine Order descends to be realized upon the orb. It contains the only possible salvation for the collective and social man, as we shall proceed to demonstrate.

All government, in the Divine Ideal, is simply *service*; that is, all true government; and all appointments, however, with the full concurrence, or by the spontaneous desire of the people, are at once elections with man and ordinances from God. Uses are invariably fulfilled through individuals qualified for their administration. Every place awaits the man, every man is trained and fitted for the place. With this premise, we advance the proposition:

1. That our Lord designs to establish on this orb an exact and righteous administration of affairs. Society, that human flower, is destined eventually to unfold its petals like the rose, and individuals to live in the consummate flower as living aromas in the fragrant sphere. But order grows and life proceeds from centres to circumferences, and not the reverse. Order, therefore, will unfold and proceed from *individual to societary types*; from the individuals to the species. Not all England can develop a Cromwell; but, given Cromwell as a centre, and he holds firm the highest possible form of government for England. No thirteen

Colonies can develop a Washington ; but, given a Washington as the centre, he serves as the soul-germ of a Confederated America. But, given a series of Cromwells, and England rises perpetually in the moral scale of Empire ; or a series of Washingtons, and the Republican throne becomes the perpetual seat and fountain of justice for a continent. This may serve as a partial illustration. But, given a Cromwell with internal respiration, so that his express breath shall be from Messiah God, with his mind illumined for every exigency of government by a radiation of truth in the spirit and by the speaking Voice of Deity through the breast, no less than by the guidance of the understanding through the Word, and we have, at once, a realization of Divine Leadership in the natural sphere. The Mediatorial man is the throne, but on that living throne, which moves in poised supremacy of place as if upborne by cherubim and seraphim, sits the King of kings and Lord of lords. The humble, patient, burden-bearing man acts, in his mind, as a self-registering index of the decrees of Deity. Through total self-abnegation, and in the death of every personal ambition, his glorious function is made perfect, and he reigns representatively, the true sovereign by Divine grace.

Men are moved to great deeds but seldom, in the mass, through a mere intellectual statement of abstract principles. The bare philosopher, or sketcher of ideas, sways the public but remotely. It is when the idea is represented in some human exponent, whose internal being is a sea of light from its peculiar life, a sea of fervency from its especial heat, that men are moved, enrolled and rallied to its advocacy. We may see to read by moonlight, but our fruits ripen only as the sunshine beams upon them. Great captains are needed in order to a successful war. There can be no Austerlitz without a Napoleon, no Blenheim till the forces find a Marlborough.

We are told that in Heaven, even the angels are classed in series ; not scattered or aggregated indiscriminately, but grouped in ranks and hierarchies, spiritual or secular, according to quality. So exact are the laws of order with them, that, as Swedenborg informs us, a priest who was to address a congregation, could not be inspired till each had found his place. Ranged in their fine octaves, like the chords of some grand instrument, they fitly respond to the pressures of the Chief Musician. To place men in

order, each to his own use, therefore, is the preliminary work of the New Christian Dispensation ; and for this purpose the laws of order must be defined and understood.

Men grow into order by keeping the commandments, from an inspiration of duty and disinterestedness ; by resistance to all oppressions, whether from sects or individuals, from pernicious customs or from vices. The path to order is through the most profound humility. We must abdicate every false sovereignty, if we would enter into a true rule. This requires, first, the mental renunciation of aristocracy. Patrician blood must humble its heady stream. Lordly birth must respect with equal reverence the equal humanity that sings from the rude home where perhaps some Ayreshire mother rocks the infant Burns, or the yeoman's cottage where haply the baby Shakspeare dreams upon the loving breast. This is a hard thing ; for the horrible exactions of caste are not confined to Brahminical Hindoostan ; they chill the glowing stream of sympathies all over Christendom. Matthew, if he would be an apostle, must forget the official station that exalts him in rank above the sons of Zebedee, and both take service under One who is called the Son of a Carpenter. Lordly Dives, who shuts out Lazarus, shuts Christ out also, and will find it no alleviation, hereafter, to recollect that once he was " clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day." It is hard, in lands where pride of birth and place are ingrained in the very constitution, and taught as thoroughly as the Apostle's Creed, to remember and practice this ; yet, nevertheless, until it is practiced and remembered, the Angel with the flaming sword forbids all ingress to the Holy City. We repeat, pride never shall enter, never can enter the New Jerusalem ; or, if it enters, it will be but to bare its breast to the thunderbolts, and dare the lightnings in their dwelling place. Were a queenly lady to come to us and say, " How can I become a consistent New Church woman ? " we should answer, Madam, examine yourself. Placed where the example of immemorial centuries powerfully calls out the sin of pride, can you, in gracious act, no less than silent loving thought, embrace the poor needle-woman, call her sister, and esteem yourself of but on equal level ? If so, well !

In the second place, and as an absolute prerequisite, pride of intellect must be renounced also. And here we touch the ruling

evil of the aristocracy of letters. "What!" the popular author, poet, historian, dramatist, statesman, orator, or philosopher, may ask, "do these rare faculties confer on me no eminent distinction? Am I no better than the mill-hand, whose reeling brain is stunned amidst the clatter of machinery, or the debauched child of fortune, who exhibits his effeminate manhood in the 'soft crush' and amidst the compliments of Rotten Row." We answer, You may be, friend, far worse than either the dandy or the operative; the one the rank plant spoiled by superfluous sunshine; the other the poor struggling germ, doomed unwholesomely to vegetate in endless shade. The intellect is but the house of the soul. You can simply boast the splendidly furnished palace. What though all the muses surround thee at the board. Art thou, in all respects, a just, God-fearing, and self-sacrificing man. This is the only criterion, all others false weights and inconclusive balances. Though you come with Macaulay's brilliancy of style, or Bulwer's opulence of diction, or Thackeray's keen wit, or Ruskin's magic power to make the very stones speak, or with Humboldt, rich with the spoils of every habitable zone, or with gift of language like Mezzofanti, still, lacking the regenerate heart, you had better come from the dark kraal of the Hottentot; happy in this at least, that stupidity is better far than splendid crime. For the pride and boast of intellect is crime, at war with regeneration, inimical to use, altogether foreign to the requirements of the Word, and the spirit and constitution of the skies. Come then, oh! brother of the forum or the schools, and, if thou wouldst be saved, sit lowly and humble at the Master's feet, though thy right hand neighbor come from the tumult of the factory, and thy elder and thy superior in the rapt circle bear upon his mortal arm the badge or fetter of the slave. It needs must be so.

Having thus emptied ourselves of pride, and taken up the cross of lowliness; next and in the third place, comes the public profession of such at once wholesome and hated doctrines. Our Master comes in a form of infinite humility, nor must the disciple shrink from following in the path He trod. But some will say, "May I not be a New Churchman at heart and call myself by whatever ecclesiastical name best befits my station, birth, or purpose. For instance, may not I consistently avow myself, if in England, an adherent of the prevailing Church." No! a thou-

sand times, no! "But why? good people are in it. The precedent has been set by illustrious names." We answer, good people are in it, and thousands of them; but the times are coming on to a sharp issue. For the reason that it is bound up in abuses that the New Church is commissioned to destroy; for that, organically and constitutionally, it is bound in alliance with hoary sins, for which God has sent the New Church as a remedy, therefore, it is impossible at once to favor the system, and to be armed with that high truth which involves, as to its present form, a dissolution. We urge this home.

"But, may I not remain a Wesleyan, as to my ecclesiastical relations and sympathies. We answer as before. If Wesleyanism receives and works upon the system of the New Church, yes; but no, if it is committed, by the very terms of its legal incorporation, to pursue an opposite policy. For Wesleyanism we have a deep and ardent love, and would not willingly wound the spirit of any good man connected with it, nor are our sympathies less with ancient and fundamental truths contained within the Anglican system, but no man can serve two masters. No man can at once be a citizen of despotic Russia, or autocratic France, and constitutional England, or Republican America.

Did we believe that, as a whole, the Church of England was in the right, we would cling to it to the death. Did we conceive that New Church principles could be wrought out in their breadth, and length, and height, and fullness, through the creed and discipline of the Methodist body, our hearts would leap for joy to claim a place, ever so obscure, in its assemblies. But men do not put new wine in old bottles. When a new soul-germ descends to assume its place, as a human entity among the sons of men, it does not take possession of the body of its father, or its grandfather, just deserted by the passing spirit.

Of course, a large class of minds *in transitu*, may lawfully and profitably take advantage of these wayside turns upon the high road of centuries. Doubtless, too, the weaklings will find it convenient to rest there till the buildings themselves show signs that they are about to fall; for fall they must and will as they cease to represent the life-movements of the living age. But the men who are bent on realizing, in freedom and through the truths of the New Church, Christ's kingdom on earth, will journey on, and rep-

resenting distinct principles, will assume that position in which their distinctness can be made most obvious. If the times were not ripe in the beginning of the century, they are now ; if not now, then may we well despair that they ever will be.

We advocate this position on another ground. Every man finds himself, by stress of circumstances, the apologist of the system to which his hand is committed. Any silent protest is overpowered by that public ratification which his act involves. We have no right to be insincere accepters, from motives of policy, of any system or of any faith. We have no right to eat the bread or wear the surplice of a Church, whose slightest tenet we silently deny. For instance, the Church of England teaches in her doctrine the Athanasian creed, prefaced with the damnatory clause of eternal punishment to all who reject it. Whole-souled, full-bodied honesty, from our stand-point, would exclude from her altar, any person not a thorough believer of this creed, damnatory clause and all. The professor of religion, above all the public teacher, should never stoop from the majesty and verity of truth, to the paltriness of an equivocation. We would have no man with us in the New Church, unless, with the whole force and burning fervor of a spirit convinced of its sublime realities, he casts himself upon a venture. So we think that the very principle which requires the man whom Rome fits to avow his Romanism, should induce the receiver of the doctrines of the New Church to avow himself a thorough, uncompromising New Churchman.

But it is said again, " We can work best for the New Church secretly, and keep our present ecclesiastical connections." This savors to us not of Christ. If a man is either a lay or a clerical member of any sect and can, without let or hindrance, advocate to the full the truths of the New Church therein, and find that enlarged liberty which only is extant in the New Jerusalem ; if the body to which he belongs is so dead to its antecedents, and so ripe for change, that its dogmas are obsolete, though extant still in name, the case is different. No one would think of having, for instance, the teacher of a Methodist congregation divorce himself from his people and change his connections because, in the progress of religious ideas, having advanced from the natural to the Spiritual degree of truth, he found himself ready more abundantly to instruct, as they more eagerly to listen. Where, obviously, a body

is evolving a new spirit, and preparing to shed its old form, we may therefore, as once in it, labor for the Divine end to which the members of the form, with one consent, conspire. But in Religion we must exercise a lofty honor, and abuse no position of trust which we could not keep were our true sentiments evident.

To realize Christ's Kingdom below being the aim and end of the New Church, it must, therefore, be the end and the aim of the avowed New Churchman. Avoiding all loose generalities, and facing with directness the issues, we aver that the essence of that Kingdom consists in this, as opposed to all other kingdoms, namely, in exalting the Divine law as supreme, and in carrying that law into action in every department of life. Here, then, we reach the great question of reform. Christendom is full of a splendid reformatory sentiment, which cannot, for lack of fitting forms, take to itself a working place in society. To localize and condense this sentiment, to bring it from a state of nebulous disorder into coherency and practice, is our end ; to take every reformatory enterprise out of the hands of charlatans and mere agitators ; to eliminate the wheat from the tares, the true from the false, the good from the evil, and, with these quick germs of wholesome doctrine, to plant the world.

The ministry of the New Church will be a composite one. While it claims the pulpit for the illumined priest, it will no less occupy the platform with the equally illumined lecturer. While it casts its truth in abstract forms for the scientist, and evolves its doctrines in principia for the philosopher, its aims include as well the universal field of Belles Lettres and of polite culture. Availing itself of every implement, which fancy or imagination can furnish for illustrations of the True and defences of the Right, while it enriches and makes masterly the sermon, it will permeate, with its own Celestial spirit, the romance and the song. For this purpose it requires service in every department ; it literally designs to overflow the world with deluges of glowing and fluent inspiration.

To convert Humanity to the Divine Faith, we must avail ourselves of every orderly form through which influx inflows from Heaven. But while, with every varied resource, we aim to arouse and educate the intellect, our chief work is with the heart ; for out of the heart are the issues of life ; and, from the stand-point

of the heart, all objects are visible in their true aspect and in their right relations. While other doctrinal movements have had for a chief end to convert men to the faith, the contradistinguishing New Church mission is to win them to the *life* of Christ. While it was the especial object of the Lord in the mission of Swedenborg to announce His descent to mental perception through the opening of the spiritual sense of the Word, His object, through us, is first to announce His second advent, not merely through a more interior sense of the Word, but also His own prospective in-coming, through the reöpening of man's internal respiratories, into the very outposts of our breathing frame. As, in the typical deluge, when this internal respiration closed, all who were not organically able to change the process of aerial inspiration from internals to externals perished; so, in the solemn crisis which awaits mankind, all who are not organically conditioned to return to this prior or normal mode of breathing, must be destroyed, and this organical fitness depends upon the moral state.

This, then, is the reason why, with solemn and reiterated emphasis, we adjure our fellow-men, as in God's majestic presence, to withdraw from every inverted and non-receptive ecclesiastical organization, committed, through creeds, systems and discipline, to philosophies and practices utterly at variance with the New Jerusalem. They will go on, memorizing from the traditions of the fathers, without making any preparation, and so, as we have too much reason for apprehension, will lull the multitudes to their doom. This, too, is the reason why, with ceaseless importunity, we cry to avowed receivers of the truths of the New Church, through the spiritual sense of the Word, that they are in a dangerous position, in fact most dangerous; having as yet rather committed themselves to doctrines than become the subjects of a vast and searching regeneration. Where much is given much is also required. All our labors look on to this majestic issue, *the inbreathing of our God through the lungs of the vast humanity*, till men thrill in body from the Divine fires, and rise to glow with seven-fold ardors of wedded truth and charity, or sink in suffocation. For the Gospel, in this cleansing crisis, will be life unto life, or death unto death. When the Destroying Angel passed over Egypt to smite the first-born, those alone survived who had kept the sacrifice, and taken of the blood, and made the sacred sign upon the very door-posts of their

houses ; but the sign of this passover shall be the inmost application of the Divine Spirit to the heart of hearts, the union of the soul to Deity by the intense affections of the regenerate man. It shall come, this crisis, "as a very thief in the night." It shall come to prelates in convocation, to rulers in senate or parliament, to operatives in factories, to husbandmen a-field, and to sailors on the high seas. It shall end the oration in its delivery, and cause the half-drained wine cup to fall from the dead man's hand. There will be no more obvious sign to precede than such flutterings as the heart makes, and such spasms as the bosom may thrill with, and such strange tinglings as the nerves may feel. Hades will open and swallow her victims, even as Korah and his company were drawn down into the pit.

All Christendom believes, at least by theory, in the second coming of the Lord. But he has left the demonstration and declaration of His advent concealed in the arcana of the Word till now, and it behooveth that He should thus come and fulfill all righteousness.

We seek, then, in the light of the Divine Word unfolded to us, to urge on men the message, with solemn evidence, to the reason, as well as with appeals to the conscience and consolations for the heart. To Gluttony we cry, Cease to gorge at the oft-repeated banquet, relieve the senses and the reason from riotous excess. To Intemperance we cry, Pause from the delirium of the daily debauch or nightly revel ; let the brain gather back the appliances of well-ordered thought. To the Libertine we cry, Seek exorcism, oh, man, from the foul fiends of sensuality. To the Extortioner we cry, Undo the wrong already done ; learn even-handed justice with thy fellows. To the Oppressor we cry, Loose the manacle, and let the bound go free. So, from class to class, with adjurations most tender, yet most profound, we pass and sound the message ; looking through and beyond the ominous disasters that gather round the death-bed of the subversive Civilization, to a new era of truth and righteousness.

THE PARTING YEAR.—AN AMERICAN
PICTURE.

Solemnly murmur the pines on the cliffs of the blue Adirondacks,
Heard through the gathering mist like the desolate wail of the
ocean.

Crisped are the lilies with frost on the brink of the silver Au Sa-
ble.

Autumn is stript by the winds of his garment of radiant colors,
Stript as was Joseph of old by the hands of his blustering kins-
men.

Like an implacable warrior, advancing by night on the war-path,
Piercing the hearts of the foe with a cloud of invisible arrows,
Striking his hatchet of steel in the bosoms of maidens beloved,
Robbing the beauteous heads of the slain of their soft flowing
tresses,

Comes the pale foe from the North, from the home of the Rein-
deer and Ermine.

Gurgle the sorrowful streams with a sigh of lament through the
meadows :

Fled are the swift summer days, like the deer from the shafts of
the hunter :

Cold grows the lap of the earth, as the breast of a desolate wo-
man,

Prostrate, an outcast forlorn, at the snow-covered graves of her
household.

Now, like the Prodigal Son, stands the Year, shaking mast from
the beaches,

Feeding the swine, while his tears fall in ice-drops congealed on
his bosom :

Foolish, improvident Year ! he has squandered his manifold treas-
ures :

Dead are the hopes of his youth ; they return but in pale appari-
tions.

Flora the beautiful once crowned him with spice-dripping blossoms :

Laughing Pomona rejoiced as she fed him with fruits in her orchards :

Ceres the bounteous poured at his feet the full horn of her plenty.
Gone are the midsummer eves when the fairies kept time at their revels,

Time with his heart, that was glad in a dream of delight and of beauty.

See him ! he stands with his eyes uplifted, repentant, to Heaven.

Prodigal Year ! he will rise from afar and return to his Father !
Home to the Glorious Land, that he pines for in sadness and exile ;
Welcomed with blessings and smiles at the feast where they eat
and are merry ;

Welcomed with garments of peace, and eternity's ring on his finger.

HYMN FOR AFRICA.

Above the Lybian sands
She lifts her jeweled hands,
Wielding the sceptre where she feared the rod ;
While through her tropic blood
Pulses the mighty flood
Of love, and truth, and energy from God.

Through her imperial eyes
Gleam the effulgent skies :
Celestial Angels guard her teeming plains :
Her blissful sons rejoice
At God Messiah's voice,
While innocence and peace attune their strains.

So Africa shines forth,
In renovated birth,
Intense in joy as in her old despair ;
While thrilled with seven-fold life,
Her breasts, with rapture rife,
Transfigured nations to Messiah bear.

LIFE.

“Life is the loftiest subject of human thought. There is no place where life is not present, and there never was a time when life was not.” The innumerable orbs of the universe are simply the arenas of life.

Wherever we see matter, whether at our feet or in the planet, or in the remotest star, we may be sure that life is there;—life physical, to enjoy its beauties; life moral, to worship its Maker; life intellectual, to proclaim His wisdom and His power. Under the term life is included far more than we commonly intend. We err when we connect it only with ourselves, animals, and plants. Life, rightly regarded, is the name of the sustaining principle by which everything out of the Creator subsists, whether worlds, metals, minerals, trees, animals, mankind, angels, or devils, together with all thought and feeling. Nothing is absolutely lifeless, though many things are relatively so. The principle is uniform and omnipresent; while its expressions and presentation are manifold and variable.

When we say, then, that one thing is animate, and another inanimate; that life is present *here*, but absent *there*; all the truth we express is simply that a particular *manifestation* of life is absent or present.

We contemplate some special phase or impersonation of life, and then pronounce everything to be lifeless which does not conform to this peculiar presentation. Just as we so continually confound religion with the forms of faith and attitudes of worship by which religion is locally manifested and expressed. It is mere assumption to say that life is present only where there are physical growth, feeling, motion, sensation, &c. Life confines itself to no such scanty costume; and, as if to rebuke the penuriousness of such a doctrine, it often expresses itself so slenderly, and with so attenuated a presentation, that science needs all its eyes to discern it.

The child allows life only to the animals. To him, eating, drinking, and movement from place to place, alone indicate life. The dull witted rustic has advanced a single step beyond the

child ; he will admit, perhaps, that the beautiful tree swaying its branches in the air is alive ; but tell him that the grey, leather-like fungus upon the old paling lives as truly as he himself does, and he will laugh at you. You have quenched all his belief in your sincerity, if not in your sanity. While the scholar and the philosopher have progressed to the perception of a sustaining life even in inorganic things ; for they have found those lively actions and reactions—that incessant change and interchange which we call vital phenomena, not only in animals and plants, but in the *mineral* kingdom likewise, and even in this *great globe itself*, considered as a live planetary world.

The stone seems the very impersonation of the lifeless ; yet there is life in the stone. It is only the force of life which causes these particles to consolidate into a mass, and gives that tenacious and vital cohesion to its parts which differentiates the stone from mere dust ; and the cessation of that life involves the dissolution of the stone. Nay, there is life even in the dust of the stone—even in the first, simple, impalpable atoms of which the particles of the dust are composed. Let a piece of marble be ground into the finest possible powder, and each infinitesimal speck will still be vital with the life which holds together its lime and carbonic acid ; which, in their turn, are sustained by that life which underlies the fervent amities of the elementary oxygen, carbon, and calcium.

And so the globe, though it has not the *same* life with the mineral, or the plant, or the animal, or the soul of man, has also a real life of its own. Has it not, in the words of Guyot, motion in the water which streams and murmurs on the surface of the continents, and which tosses in the waves of the sea ? Has it not loves and hatreds in those mysterious affinities of matter which chemistry discloses ? Does it not throb with those powerful attractions which govern the motions of the sentinel stars, and keep them in eternal harmony ? Do we not see, and always with secret astonishment, the magnetic needle trembling at the approach of a particle of iron, and leaping under the fire of the northern light ?

Place any material body by the side of another, and do they not, at once, enter into relations of interchange, of attraction, of electricity, of magnetism ? Do not the thousand voices of nature

proclaim incessant and prodigious activity—action, transformation, and change? And thus the life of the globe—the physiology of the planet—though not the life of the tree, the bird, or the soul, is also and most assuredly a life. For wherever, in the spiritual, or the physical, the organic or the inorganic realms, we find *action*, there we find life. But, though science has thus cleared our conception of life, showing that it is life which gives to the universe all its reality, as well as splendor, yet all its innumerable attempts at a *definition* of life have failed, for either they have been mere substitutions of many words for one, adding nothing to our previous knowledge, or they have alluded only to some special phase of life.

Secular philosophy has toiled to translate it, and toiled in vain. Science has spectaclled even its microscopic eyes to detect it when lurking in the living organism. Induction and theory have been strained well nigh to paralysis in the attempt to solve the mighty problem. Hypotheses without end have arisen from the laboratories and learned schools; imagined at different periods to be heat, light, oxygen, electricity, and galvanism, still the enigma has baffled all solution,—the heart of nature's mystery has not been plucked out, even by the wisest of her sons.

And in disappointment must all endeavors terminate, as regards the *essence* of life. Life does not admit of definition; because to comprehend life in its essence, will be to comprehend the Infinite. To man, life can never be anything *but* life.

The nearest *approach* that can be made to an insight into life is to view it as the Divine Wisdom and the Divine Goodness in *operation*.

Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Goodness are the all-comprehending essentials of the Divine; omnipotence, omniscience, justice, mercy, and every other attribute necessarily inhering in these two. Together these two principles constitute the *love* of God—the very nature of which is to be ever playing itself forth as life. All life comes, primarily, of the play of Divine Wisdom and Divine Goodness—the Infinite Duality from which all things proceed; and, proximately, of physical action and reaction.

Life is One and Omnipresent, and whether animate or inanimate, material or spiritual, it depends on the personal support of God; all phenomena are the displays of his Divine life in action:

life, which flowing continually into His creation, never begins or ends, but always is.

We must never attempt to think of life, in any of its manifestations, apart from, or independently of God. Life is uncreated, and wherever life is, GOD IS. The same principle which we find in the soul of man, and which we acknowledge to be the influx of the Divine Life, is embodied in every kingdom *below* man—animals, plants, and minerals in turn presenting it in lower degrees, in an humbler manner. What is intelligence in the soul, reappears, as we descend, in the shape of instinct in the animal, vitality in the plant, and attractive force in the mineral. With every step in descent, there is a decline in power; some energy ceases, some faculty disappears; yet the same Divine Life runs the entire length, and is found at the end as perfect as at the beginning.

It is, doubtless, hard to connect together the Life of the mineral and the life of the soul; yet it is the same Divine Life playing through both, according to the laws of each plane. Its manifestations are infinitely various, its origin the same. That Divine Force, which, on the lowest plane of matter, draws together the atoms into fixed geometrical solids, constructing crystals as with the finger of vitality, turning the opaque and grimy charcoal into chaste and lucid diamond; which, on the higher plane, constructs sap and blood, and tissues, and builds them up into organs; that same life reappears on the human, or highest plane, as moral, intellectual, and spiritual force, enabling its possessor to become the mathematician, the poet, the painter, the devout and worshiping child of the Infinite God. All life, whether inorganic, animal, or spiritual, flows from God alike, and is the same in *essence*—the difference being simply one of expression. In metals and minerals we term it chemical affinity, in plants vitality, functions in the body, faculties in the soul. The terms alter as the theatre changes.

The lowest expression of life we call physics, or the life of God in the outer world of matter; the next plane we call physiology, or the life of God in man's body; the highest plane of all psychology, or the life of God in man's soul—three varying expressions of the one Divine omnipresent life—the life of the Living God above, and in, and through all things.

Spiritual life is thus a perfectly distinct thing from the soul

itself. The one is the vessel, the other the sustaining life which flows into the vessel. The soul has no more separate or inherent life in itself than has the body which encloses it. It is simply a substantial spiritual organism, as the body is a substantial material organism; and the inner man drops into spiritual dust as the outer man into physical, unless the parts are held in place by some sustaining life; and that is no other than the life of the Living God. In itself the soul is neither indestructible nor immortal. However common such phrases may be in sermons, the Bible never uses them, and knows nothing of them. It is the doctrine of the New Testament that the soul is one thing, and its life another. The soul the receptacle, its life the Divine inspiration of righteousness and of love. He who freely receives, and passes on to others, this Divine inflowing, has "Eternal life," and he alone; for in the universe of God, *Goodness only is immortal*, while the evil soul lies always under sentence of death.

This recognition of the momentary influx of the Divine life into every object and atom of the creation, is the key to the whole kingdom of religious truth. Genuine philosophy knows of no independent life in the universe, other than with Him who "alone hath life in Himself." Would you have its picture? Look at the flowing streams and rivers, whose shining waters move only as they are fed from eternal springs and fountains welling up where no eye can reach.

Now, this doctrine of life is not, for the most part, an acceptable doctrine. Men do not like to acknowledge themselves as mere receptacles of life. They judge of spiritual truth through the senses, and not through the soul; and the witness of the senses is almost always in favor of *apparent* rather than *genuine* truth. To the senses the sun rises and sets, while the earth stands still. A stick immersed in water appears to be broken; the banks of a river seem to move as we sail past; the coast seems to recede from the departing ship; a burning coal swung quickly round seems a ring of fire. All these are *apparent* truths certainly, yet in direct antagonism to fact.

Similar is the apparent and the genuine truth concerning where life is. It *seems* that man acts and lives from an independent life within himself, while the truth is that he is only a vessel filled

with God's inbreathed and inflowing life. Not that the creature is a mere cup into which life is poured with despotic benevolence. Man has one power—*and but one*—purely in himself. He has the power of *choice*. He elects, by his free will, the things that he will love and seek to possess; but all the vitality which he brings to bear upon his freely chosen aims, all the efforts which he makes towards his desires, have their tide and wave, and momentary well-spring in God. Into every soul, whether it is a pure vessel or a foul, God pours His sustaining life, leaving that soul to deal with it how he will. The quality is preserved or marred according to the purity of the receptacle.

This, however, is not the popular notion of life, which sees an image of it in the reservoir of water, filled in the first place, from the spring, and afterwards cut off from its source, and holding an independent life; while that of a lake, perpetually fed from a fountain, illustrates the true idea.

Few men are willing to regard their lives as a perpetual and momentary influx from God. They will admit, indeed, in a general way, that life is from God and in the hands of God. Each will allow that he derives his life originally from the Almighty, just as a man at eighty will allow that he derived his existence, at first, from his earthly father, though that father may have been eighty years under the sod. He can afford to make such an acknowledgement, for he now feels himself to be so very remote from the paternal source of his being, that his pride no longer feels, as a palpable and unwelcome conviction, his derived and dependent origin. But it is wounding to self-love, and the pride of human nature, to think of ourselves as so wholly and minutely dependent as we are, moment by moment, day and night; and all the while the senses, which, to the mass of mankind, are the universe, and all its truths, teaching the reverse. There is also, with many, a strong aversion against every thing which involves a spiritual element, which takes us out of the region of the senses, and lifts us above the grosser understanding; an aversion so deep that argument is of no avail, and which can only give way under the influence of higher moral feelings. Such a man will complacently call himself a "matter of fact man," or a "man of sense," while he is, in truth, a mere creature of the senses, imprisoning and killing

the better half of his nature, not knowing that there is a *spirit* of fact as well as "matter of fact," and that, apart from the former, the latter is only dead.

Such a man needs *proof* less than he needs *willingness*. He has sight, but no insight. Until he has lifted himself into the requisite *soul*, he cannot be expected to see with similar eyes. Spiritual truth, like the soul which is a dweller in it, must be thought of purely *from* the soul. As we ourselves become more truly *human*, faithful to creation, and faithful to God, we come to see more clearly that nature is momentarily sustained by the Divine, and that whatever is done is but the putting forth of that strength which God has previously given. It seems, at first blush, ineffably strange, that this Divine life, while one in itself, should as really constitute the essential life of a mineral, or of a tree, as that of an angel or a man ; yet we cannot avoid the issue.

It is, doubtless, a great mystery that one and the same vital element should manifest itself under such differing aspects. Yet there are many striking illustrations in material nature, where the same substance is seen putting on extremely differing forms ; as in the case of charcoal and the diamond, which are known to be each of them differing forms of carbon. And we may see this law exemplified by the operation of *water*, which is always the same in substance, yet becomes so changed in *manifestation* that we scarcely recognize it as the same principle.

In the form of steam you see it acting on the machinery of an engine, making a thousand wheels whirl in concert, and driving the boat or the car. Descended a degree lower you find this power in the form of water. Now it may turn the wheel of a mill, or float onward the boat that may be launched upon it, but it can no longer propel the steam engine. On a still lower plane we find the same element lying among the unpeopled and silent hills in the form of snow and ice, and with all its astounding power deadened to inertia. The same principle which you saw on the higher plane as a subtle vapor of immense activity, intensity, and force, on the lower is a cold, sluggish, powerless mass. It is the same element, existing under different manifestations. So with the Divine life in the universe. The material world, with its objects sublimely great, or meanly little, as we judge them ; its atoms of dust, its orbs of fire ; the rock that stands by the sea-

shore, the water that wears it away ; the worm, a birth of yesterday, which we trample under foot ; the streets of constellations that gleam perennial overhead ; the aspiring palm trees fixed to one spot ; and the lions that are sent out free,—these incarnate and manifest all of God's life that their natures are competent to receive and play forth.

There is, in each man, three kinds of life, corresponding to the three great degrees of mineral, plant, and animal life in the world of nature. The lowest life is man in the natural or the sensual, which allies him to the animals, and serves as a basis for the rest ; useful as a servant, it covers the man with brutishness if he yield to it the ascendancy. The next is the rational, to which belong the thoughts and emotions of daily life ; amiable and intelligent, useful and beautiful this life may be, but still only secular and temporal. The third consummate and crowning life in man is the life of religion, which lifts us into the sphere of the heavenly and immortal, and brings us into intimate and blessed relations with God.

Now these lives in man are as separate and distinct as the mineral from the plant, or the plant from the animal life. The man who lives in his sensuous life only, can never become rational, nor he who lives in his intelligence merely, become religious. It is no more possible than to procure flowers by sowing crystals, or birds by planting acorns.

What introduces the soul to heaven is not the power of the intellect, but the *power of God*,—power distinct from us, and coming down into us. This is the "Eternal Life," and the soul opens to receive it when we strive ceaselessly and prayerfully to become all that the Divine Image and Likeness can become ; letting our knowledge of what is right, color and ensoul whatever we do. Then, through our spiritual faculties, we learn to know and love God ; we exercise the life which conducts to heaven, and the idea of death departs from us, because we are living with the "Fountain of life," even the Lord. But, lacking this true high life of conjunction with God, there is no blissful immortality possible for us. The soul slowly suffers the bitterest of deaths. *It is its own dissolution* of which the soul, in its secret chambers, is afraid ; and that sense of dislocation from God, which gives the real sting and agony to the expectation of death here, will constitute

an infinitely deeper wretchedness hereafter. For as in the soul is the highest of all life, in the soul is the deepest—the only absolute death.

May the Divine Life, given with so much love,—the inflowing life of the personal God who has declared Himself to man in Revelation, and in flesh and blood, save us from the eternal death of disunion from Himself, and lead us to the life beyond life, to the home of many mansions, where the Father dwells.

E. M. W.

HEART-EDEN.

A fairer world than Adam trod
Regenerate nature bears to God ;
A purer light, an ampler sky,
And fruits and flowers that never die.

No serpent in the peaceful breast
Invades the sweet, Sabbath rest ;
Renewed affections make the ground
A holy place, where God is found.

The mind and heart in rapture blend,
For aye at once with Christ the Friend ;
His loving breath their bosom joy,
His holy will their sweet employ.

Messiah God ! Thyself impart ;
Renew the Eden of the Heart ;
And, o'er the selfhood's vanquished hell,
With our transformed affections dwell.

FAIRY KISS.

I wish that every earthly lass
Might have a fairy looking-glass ;
It shines with truth-light for the eyes,
And shows the world within that lies ;
 The world within,
 Where thoughts begin ;
And what the form the feelings win.

The fairies seek the humble cot,
And love to share the lowly lot ;
Around the forehead of Content
A rainbow crown is always bent ;
 And kings they spy,
 Where human eye
Sees but the servant passing by.

In hearts that thrill with love sincere,
The bright Joy-angels oft appear,
And, when the soul to faith inclines,
The fairy star-world o'er it shines.
 Grow bright, grow bright,
 Ye orbs of light,
The fairies in your beams delight.

In Autumn, when the roses fail,
The fairies seek the Southern pale,
But all will bide the winter, when
The heart is oped for fairy men.
 Then, all the year,
 With festive cheer,
The fairy nations will appear.

JOHN CHAMPNEY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NETTLEBY TALES."

We are famous about Nettleby for keeping up the good old customs. At midsummer is the Nettleby feast, and a brave feast it is, with dances, and gifts, and junketings. The dale is all alive with lads and lasses happy in their midsummer and romance of courtship. We celebrate Christmas too, as becomes the day, and keep fresh in our hearts the memory of Him whose glorious and blessed Advent to save our lost world the season commemorates.

But Mr. Champney—it was the first Christmas after his accession to the estate—kept his in a manner so remarkable that it seems to me deserving of being written for the benefit of all Christian men. It fell out in this way. The night was clear and cold, tingling frost was in the air, so keen that it might have made the tulip bulbs quiver under ground, and the roots of the snow-drops ache. The river was frozen over. About one o'clock in the morning—for age makes me but an indifferent sleeper—I heard the gate at the Lodge open, and, rising for a hasty look, had just time to hear the clattering of horse hoofs down the avenue. At breakfast in the morning it was observed that Mr. Champney himself was absent, nor did he return until just before the hour of service. "Matthew," said he afterward, when I was alone with him in the library, "Matthew, I had last night a dream: a Christmas dream.

"First of all there was a sheep. I could see it as plainly as I see you, the poor starveling of an ewe, almost dumb with pain and hunger, lying in a sort of broken hollow about seven miles off on old Helmsford Common, close to the gravel pits. This vision passed before my eyes like the moving scene in a diorama, and was gone. I then heard a voice, crying, 'John Champney has seen his little sheep;' it was the voice of the Angel of whom I dreamed on the eventful night when Mr. Grudge departed to the world of spirits. Another voice, more soft and feminine answered, 'Let John Champney make haste, or a wolf will take her.' At this I woke.

"I am sure, Matthew, you will be surprised at what follows. I do not think that I ever dreamed of a lass in my life, but there, palpably before me, all rosy as with the first light of morning, stood a slender maiden, clothed in purest white and wearing a mantle as of the most brilliant sunshine; a coronet glistened upon her brow, and, inscribed in it, I saw the word 'purity.' For her countenance I will not attempt to describe it; our eyes met, and the tender penetrative look which she darted on me threw a flood of warm soft sensation to my heart. Then she spoke and said 'Maud Hastings.' A moment after I found myself alone, my whole being filled with the glory and sweetness of the vision; the name being indelibly imprinted in the memory.

"As is my custom when anything spiritual befalls me, I arose, lit the lamp and opened the Word for instruction, when, suddenly, an inner eye seemed to open within the natural, and I saw a form like that of a human being, lying in that desolate spot, where I had, in the vision, beheld the ewe. Almost at the same moment I rather felt than heard a Voice, speaking within the interiors of my breast, and saying, 'seek and find.' At this I instantly determined to set off for the Common, and having a horse saddled as soon as possible, was in a few minutes on the way.

"You recollect the deserted clump of hovels beyond Upper Nettleby, where they once, though unprofitably, worked a mine. As I passed the first of these I heard men in loud conversation, and so earnestly engaged that apparently my passing was unnoticed. This, to be sure, may have been accounted for, as the road being up hill, I was obliged to walk the horse through the soft sand.

"The Common is bare enough of shelter, as you recollect. The wind sweeps over it as if it were made of lancets. Besides the furze, nothing grows. I dismounted when within a hundred yards or so of the gravel pit which I had beheld in the vision, and, in its immediate proximity, saw a something, resembling at first a corpse. This, then, thought I, is the object of my search. I stooped over it and found a young girl, not much more than a child, who seemed to have fainted, perhaps from hunger. Her bonnet which had fallen back disclosed a singularly feminine, unearthly face, on which the moonlight shone making it seem like pellucid and living marble. I spoke, but there was no answer; then, for I began to

think that this was death, and with something of a creeping awe, I gently raised her in my arms. The moment I did so a sudden light proceeding as from internals to externals, seemed to inundate my whole frame. I determined, by a sudden impulse, which seemed to urge me on as with a celestial music and motion in the will, to gallop with her as rapidly as possible to the nearest farm house, and there to make an effort at reviving the child to life. Just as I had arranged her before me two savage looking fellows, running and almost out of breath, accosted me with, 'He has her, blast him!' and then the cry, 'Stay a bit, friend! we have a word with you.' I answered, being by this time in the saddle and they hastily coming up, 'Stand off, and speak where you are.' They paying no heed and flourishing bludgeons, I rode on.

"Look you, Matthew, I had a narrow escape. Hearing a pistol I felt something whiz past me, and came off with a bullet hole in my coat sleeve. Under these circumstances I thought it best to make my way to the village, bearing my burden to Dr. Gray's cottage. There I saw lights, and sparks issuing from a chimney, as if a fire had been just lighted. Mrs. Gray hastily, but neatly attired, met me at the door with, 'Oh! Mr. Champney, is that you? I was roused from sleep with a feeling that some one was coming from the pursuit of robbers, bearing a young lady in his arms. The impulse was so strong, and the perception of a coming use so vivid, that I rose at once; and here you are.' This she said while I was dismounting and laying down the still unconscious form upon a sofa in the room. The Doctor had now arisen, and in about half an hour's time, he announced that our charge might be considered out of danger; though, as he remarked, her nervous system seemed to have received some terrible shock. Detailing to these kind friends the circumstances, they readily undertook her care and protection, until something further should be known. What think you, Matthew, of my Christmas dream?"

I rode over, during the afternoon, to Lower Nettleby, and, calling at the cottage found that I had entered the charmed circle of a New Church festival. In an inner room I saw the young lady whom the angels had called "John Champney's little sheep;" and never before, except in some dimly remembered glimpse of Heaven, vouchsafed in slumber, do I remember to have beheld a creature

of such rare and exquisite loveliness. Yet while a native beauty and dignity seemed to dwell, like viewless angels, breathing their constant influence over her, and while a something winning and fascinating spoke almost audibly in her innocent presence, it was evident that she had been doomed to scanty fare and rude society. I put to myself this question. Is not this young person an inheritor of the spiritual life, the peculiar gifts and attributes of the New Christian Age? As if by some swift telegraph, the mental response was given, you are correct; this is indeed an unfolding blossom of the New Christian Year. Perhaps my white hairs reassured her; perchance there was something fatherly and sympathetic in my voice. At any rate, on my approach, she put out her hand as if unconscious of the act, then hastily withdrawing it, blushed in a pretty and innocent confusion, while Carrie Gray whispered in my ear, "I do think we have here some blessed childish spirit but half veiled with the cumbersome body, and almost consciously living in the Heavens. She is a little Seeress, and even now seems relapsing into perception of her beautiful inner home."

At this moment, one of the guests in the adjoining drawing-room, began to sing a plaintive and tender air to the accompaniment of the piano.

I CANNOT FIND MY WAY.

I cannot find my way, Mother!

I cannot find my way.

The night is long; the winds have blown

A misty cloud and gray.

The storm is drear; in woe and fear

I wander and I pray:

I cannot find my way, Mother!

I cannot find my way.

Thou liest cold, beneath the mold,

For many a bitter day.—

Our pale Winter guest till now had seemed like one who listens with the ear of the Spirit, yet some interruption causing the ballad suddenly to cease, she breathed more deeply, heaved a sigh,

and then, in a strain of song that seemed the very music of the heart, continued

I bid farewell to hopes, that dwell
In fancy's fading ray,
For, shining, oft, in Heaven aloft
Thy airy winglets play,
To guide me on my way, Mother!
To guide me on my way.

Thou art an Angel now, Mother!
In smiling youth and gay.
Thou dost abide, all glorified,
Beyond the World's decay.
With tuneful note, thy whispers float,
Where, in the night I stray,
To guide me on my way, Mother!
To guide me on my way.

Happening to lift my eyes,—without doubt a providence was in it,—I saw a face peering through the shrubbery. I may say two of them, though of the second I caught but a momentary glimpse. I had no doubt, the instant I looked, that these were the ruffians who had sought to take Mr. Champney's life. Without seeming to notice them, or hinting my discovery, I determined that they should not give me the slip. My purposes were however, forestalled for there came, in a few moments a thundering double knock, and a roughly attired man, perhaps about forty years of age, demanded to see Dr. Gray. Some men carry character upon their faces, and this one did in every feature. One might have imagined that once, perhaps he had been outwardly a gentleman; that loose morals had scattered his fortune and thrown him as a waif upon Society; that habits of indulgence, craving incessant gratification, had in their disappointment, turned to bitterness upon his heart, that Evil acquiring mastery, had slowly but surely driven out the better tenants of the breast, and become despotic ruler of a mob of fierce, insatiable passions. He seemed reckless, as if disappointment, and the lack of means to carry out inordinate desires, had made him willing to resort to any course.

Now it so happened, that, keeping his brief holiday in our neighborhood, Mr. Lovegood's friend X-30, of whom the reader has before heard, was among the Christmas guests. Perhaps the charms of pretty Susan Lovegood, our parson's charming sister, whose soft eyed and smiling beauty seemed ever to win his reverent and earnest glance, may not have been the least of the attractions, though of this neither here nor there. But not even Susan Lovegood's most bewitching smile could have held the attention of X-30 at the moment when he heard the sharp, yet gruff voice at the outer door, inquiring for Dr. Gray.

I think I never saw so rapid and singular a change come over a man in my life. His ears seemed to rise, and the glance in his eye shot at once from the gentle inquiry of the dove to the swift and piercing intelligence of the eagle. Yet then, as if in the involuntary exercise of the peculiar gifts of his vocation, over this came a veil of seeming utter unconcern.

A moment after he beckoned me to his side and whispered, "For that man there is offered a prize of five hundred pounds. He has been missing for months from London, and all efforts at his discovery have been ineffectual. Excuse my absence to our friends as you best may." Slipping quietly out of the room, X-30 vanished.

The address of the visitant seemed sufficiently straightforward, and his story, on the surface, quite plausible. He was according to his account, a gentleman's servant out of employ, and house-keeping for sometime past at Old Mine Cottage. His purpose was to reclaim his daughter, who, being a wild, strange girl, had wandered at night-fall upon the Common, and who had not been missed until after midnight. On Dr. Gray's refusal to resign her except with the consent of Mr. Champney, the angry claimant retired with threats of an immediate appeal to the law; but the events which followed, deserve a chapter for themselves.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW CHURCH IN GRIFFIN, GA.

The chord of sympathy and interior communion, that binds as in one heart the widely scattered members of the New Church, can but vibrate with a deeper thrill of joy at each fresh manifestation of its life and power. But when in the course of the divine Providence it becomes in order for the Heavenly Jerusalem to descend in conjunction with any terrestrial locality, it may well be an occasion of rejoicing both to the hearts so united in the Lord, and to the great body, visible and invisible, to whom they are conjoined. For if there is joy, great joy, in heaven over one sinner that becometh a recipient of the divine mercy, how much more when many, gathered into one living Church, become in a larger and more perfect degree the receptive and diffusive agencies of those influences that are to make all things new.

The friends of progress and seekers for a higher life in this place have been peculiarly favored. Receptive of the spiritual phenomena from the very beginning, they have been preserved from the grosser and perverted forms of the manifestations. The Rev. T. L. Harris in several courses of his eloquent and powerful lectures thrilled the whole mind of the community, and excited an interest which his published works have kept alive and deepened into an earnest conviction of the essential verity of the doctrines and disclosures made known through him. The writings of Swedenborg also have contributed to the establishment of these doctrines in the rational degree of the mind. For the past year, we have maintained New Church worship, in some form, and a sabbath-school that has brought home these truths to the earnest attention of many inquiring minds. For the success of this branch of christian instruction we are specially indebted to the little "First Book." It has been to us a treasure of treasures, and we can but recommend its general adoption.

On his return from New York, our brother, Geo. W. Christy of New Orleans, made us a visit, and delivered ten public discourses, besides conducting our social meetings and conversing privately with many who feel themselves under renewed obliga-

tions to our Heavenly Father for the good thus effected through this instrumentality. His discourses were drawn entirely from the Word, and seemed to work conviction in many earnest and inquiring minds. The doctrines of the New Church were shown to be the *essential verities* of life, illustrated by all the phenomena of the age, and founded upon a true, rational and spiritual interpretation of the Bible. The advanced state and orderly mediatorial condition of our brother were evidenced by this, that his discourses and private conversations were so perfectly adapted to the varied states of those addressed. Many beautiful tests of spiritual perception were given; and many will long remember the relief afforded by the heavenly influences that descended through our brother and his companion, who is truly one with him in all his uses. Like Mr. Harris, he passes, at times, into deep interior conditions, imparting the wisdom of the higher life; and we believe that his inspirations descend, according to the highest conditions of order in the New Church, through the conjugal sphere.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 8, according to previous announcement, those wishing to form themselves into a visible body of the New Church met at the house of the Rev. A. Buckner. The services, which were conducted throughout according to interior impression, were of the most solemn and beautiful character. The prayer seemed poured from the very depths of a heart moved and responsive to interior influences. After the entrance of the names in the Church Book—thereby signifying our full assent to the simplest of all forms of faith and government, acknowledging the Lord in his Divine Humanity, the holiness of the Word and the obligations of a good life—all, gathered in a group, kneeling, united, were solemnly consecrated as a vessel for the reception of the New Church descending from the heavens—a consciousness of which was not wholly withheld from the quickened perceptions.

After this, baptism was administered and received, not as into the Christian Church, of which indeed we were already members, but as a sign of entrance into the outer courts of the Temple of the New Jerusalem, now descending from God out of heaven. The baptismal formula was slightly varied from that in common

use in the Old Church, and, as it seems to us, enriched by expressing the peculiar faith of the New. It was the following: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; which is the name of our Lord in His Divine Humanity and hereby seal thee with the sign of His cross, in token, etc."—the remaining words were varied in the case of each individual, and were most beautifully and specially applicable to the state of each. All was done with the greatest solemnity, order and fitness; and all who witnessed were impressed that the New Church, though outwardly feeble, is, and is ever more to be, a presence and power in the earth; being the outer manifestation and receptacle of resistless potencies descending from the heavens; that it is from the Lord and leads ever onward and upward to Him; a vine planted by His own right hand, to flourish without end and gladden many hearts.

On the Sunday evening following, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered in the same beautiful and impressive manner; after which followed the ordination of Rev. Alfred Buckner, as a New Church minister, servant and priest of the Lord in this new manifestation of his presence and power. This was done after an order of beauty and fitness, such as we had never before conceived; and was wholly according to the present interior impression of the agent through whom the very life and power of the heavens seemed to descend.

Thus the New Church has been outwardly established in this place; and henceforth, the worship of the Lord in his Divine Humanity will, we trust, be performed according to the order of the New Heavens, with all the appropriate rites and ordinances; the Rev. A. Buckner, a long-tried and faithful friend of the Unfolding, well-versed in the doctrines and knowledges of the New Church, officiating as undershepherd, to the full acceptance of all. Ours is eminently a heart-church; at least such was perceived to be the character of the heavenly society appointed in the order of the Divine Providence to preside over it from the Interior, which was seen to descend in the very form of Messiah God. We feel, therefore, that the Church of the Good Shepherd in New York, the Church of the Messiah in Griffin, and that of the Divine Humanity over which our dear brother Christy presides in New-

Orleans, form a three-fold vessel for the reception and diffusion of the choicest heavenly influences, like the brain, heart and lungs of the human system. And when we all shall have passed away and other years shall come, the men of those times, with nobler endowments and hearts enlarged and glowing with a warmer and wider charity than ours, shall cherish, with grateful remembrance, these infant days of the New Celestial Church in America.

“A New Religion shakes the Earth ;
 Christ, unbeknown to outward Sage,
 Descends, in forms of Love, to birth,
 And leads from Heaven the Golden Age.

“A New Religion—new, yet old,
 The Ancient Faith, the Eden theme,
 Descends, the weary Earth to fold
 In joy transcending Angel’s dream.

“The hard moralities of Law
 Reveal but Life’s exterior shape ;
 Could we but *feel* what JESUS saw,
 Our souls all outward bonds would break,

“And Life become the grandest fact,
 Grander than theories or creeds,
 Of stately virtues built compact,
 And blossomed o’er with fairest deeds.”

S. E. B.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

ARTICLE THIRD.

In this article we purpose to consider the process by means of which the invisible myrmidons of the lower world, represented especially by demons who were while in the body Jesuits, make the Church of England as to its interiors an unconscious agent in debauching the higher and inner conscience of the nation.

Man possesses, first and outwardly, a conscience in the natural mind, and second and inwardly a conscience in the spiritual mind. Until the interior and spiritual conscience is quickened, there may be in the external a certain *quasi conscience*, in a great degree the result of artificial education. So one may pass his days in the observance of whatever customs society declares to be orthodox and right, and even esteem himself a sound christian; or, for that matter, be invested with the dignities of the most exalted clerical office, and yet remain, as to the interior and real conscience, unquickened, and so dead.

And here copious illustrations may be drawn from among Spanish Jesuits and Monks of the Order of St. Dominic, proverbial in history as among the most relentless and sanguinary of persecutors. The merely natural conscience they possessed, made the subject of thorough culture and educated up to the highest standards of the Romish doctrine. They believed themselves godly, Christian men; they were so esteemed by millions of cotemporaries of the same persuasion. Yet the most odious and detestable crimes, especially crimes against charity, were committed by them, and esteemed meritorious acts. The rigid Dominican, had he stolen an apple could hardly have forgiven himself, yet he had no scruple in condemning a pious and tender woman to the fires of the Auto-da-fe. Had he, in his morning walk, trodden carelessly upon a worm, he would have esteemed it a sin; yet the end of that walk might have been to the Inquisition, in whose torture chambers he was to preside, directing the application of the rack,

the boot, the gag, or the thumb-screw to the body of the obstinate heretic, until the blood spurted from the eyelids and the fingernails ; and all this without compunction.

The inner and real conscience may be lulled into a lethargic sleep, while its merely external and natural representative may exhibit sufficient vitality, in seeming, to enable its possessor to live, as the times go and according to the standard of his community, a creditable life. So long as the individual is left undisturbed in the worship of his darling idols, self-love, love of the world and love of rule, he may pass for a very worthy and estimable gentleman, a devout communicant, a rigid observer of fast and festival. Alas ! his righteousness is a seeming, his depravity a hideous fact. In this world he is classed with the Saints of God : in the next too often he gravitates, by the stress of impure affections, to the perdition of a lost spirit.

Now the Church of England, in its higher functions, and by its hierarchal example, is engaged, and has been for centuries, in stupefying the loftier and nobler inner conscience of the English people. Inculcating upon the external conscience a decent moralism, it has been dandled in the lap of government after government, composed, as history proves, in a great degree, of statesmen in whom self-love was the prevailing animus. It has been a creature of the State, and subject to the higher powers, not of heaven but of earth. It has winked at abuses within its bosom, which, in the estimation of all just men, are frauds and crimes. Its practical motto has been, in a sense very different from that intended by the Apostle, "Be not righteous over much ; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?"

So far from having a vigorous life of its own, nourished and maintained as to its external form by the contributions of a grateful people, to whom it imparts the Divine Spirit while it ministers in the Divine Word, it has not scrupled to wring from the poor man his hard-earned pittance ; to maintain itself, in defiance of the moral opposition to the better public sentiment, by the coercion of a legal force. Now a man individually cannot rob the neighbor, even although he does it with the sanction of the law, without impoverishing himself spiritually in the precise ratio in which he misappropriates the goods of another. But the Church

of England has been for centuries pursuing this systematic course, until, with unlawful spoils, gathered into its granaries, and crying to itself, "Soul, soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink, and be merry," the lightning-bolt of the Divine Justice falls, and its Lord cries from Heaven, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee."

It had two warnings. God sent two Witnesses—one with a true philosophy of Christian faith, the other with an heroic and saving demonstration of the Christian spirit. To its clergy, luxuriating in the gathered culture of seventeen centuries, and rich with all the means and implements of learning, came first, illumined from the Lord, Emanuel Swedenborg. He brought the Bible opened in its spiritual sense; brought it but to meet from the Church, as a body, with stupid indifference, and satire, and hatred, and contempt. Let earth esteem the act however slight, in the Chancery of Heaven it stands recorded as a gigantic crime. A ship is sinking; one on board discovers the leak, and by an inspiration grasps the method of stopping it! He rushes with his discovery to the officers of the vessel; they close their ears against him, the ship goes down with all her lives and cargo; but the responsibility rests upon the infatuated men who refused to investigate, refused to apply the saving remedy. So a century since, in the hey-day of the sensual philosophy, when the Christian faith of the cultured and scholastic multitude, like some goodly vessel, was slowly foundering in that sea of fables, the Seer of Stockholm came with an absolute demonstration of the cause, and with as absolute a remedy for the intellectual form of the world's unbelief. Here in England the Lord caused him to remain for years, writing and publishing for a witness to the Church. Ah! had he come with an improved method for the collection of tithes, or even a cargo of wines from Oporto, his reception would have been far different. He stood first as a Witnessing Spirit in the midst of the ecclesiastics of the land; and now, at God's high throne in Heaven, as an Accusing Angel, he is the first witness.

The second Messenger sent to the Church of England was reared within her own communion. From the seclusion of Oxford, where his austere piety won for him the derisive appellation, "Methodist," he emerged, at once devoted to her ritual and steep-

ed in her traditions. But Wesley took orders and commenced his career an unconverted man. It was not at the feet of her teachers, or in the precincts of her sanctuaries, that he learned the force and meaning of the solemn declaration of the Master, "Ye must be born again," nor was it, till led in the Divine Providence, into communion with the affectionate and devout Moravians that he felt consciously delivered from the bondage and the condemnation of sin. Henceforth he was a free man of the Spirit. Let his works bear testimony; they break upon the shores of heaven in hallelujahs from ransomed souls, to this day.

But Wesley, from the moment he became an experimental Christian, was an outcast from the bosom of that great sect which held the spiritual sceptre of the land. Like the Just One of old, he came to his own and his own received him not. He fought the battle of experimental religion in England in the midst of the scorn and ridicule, and opposition of the establishment; for his works, louder than any form of words, bore testimony of it, that, as a social form, it was in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. Had the Church of England been alive when Wesley came, there had been no need of Methodism. Had it given heed to his testimony, it would as a body have become itself a Methodism in spirit. It virtually repudiated both the messenger and the message, and only as Society has been leavened with this new spirit, has it yielded to the pressure from without, so far as to be stormed in some of its strongholds by the evangelizing power. Yet even here, its clergymen, who adopt in part the principles of that great reform, maintain an unnatural compromise between irreconcilable opposites.

Having rejected these solemn warnings, the Lord, in the year 1857, when the Last Judgment was ultimated in the Lower Earth of Spirits, pronounced against it the solemn sentence, and condemned it as an unfruitful tree. The Angels who, until that hour, had sought to infuse into it the New Life of the New Church, took their departure. It was abandoned spiritually, as Judaism and the stately sanctuaries of the Mosaic faith after the presiding dignitaries of Palestine had rejected Christ, and its woes are coming on it thick and fast. As, when the Spirit leaves its earthly tabernacle, the larvæ of the tomb make haste to claim it for their prey,

so, into this gigantic body, divested of its soul, flow in those Demoniactal Spirits who luxuriate in the ruined and inverted form of an extinct godliness. As into the earlier Christian Church at Rome, separated from the Spirit of the Lord, the pagan deities, rallying from below, rushed with hideous force to war against the faith, so into the body of this huge establishment, judicially condemned by Heaven, precipitate themselves the malign Spirits who plan their sorceries against freedom and humanity from the seething vortex where Jesuitism finds its final dwelling-place.

Henceforth England has this thing to encounter, a fixed Jesuitism in her Church. Working by means of possessions and obsessions, and coalescing and conspiring with the despotic and reactionary party on the continent, its central aim will be to debauch the conscience while it destroys the liberties of man. Grown wise in state-craft, an adept in every species of artifice, it will endeavor to dramatize religion for the senses, that it may the more fatally beguile and enervate the soul. To overcome this influence all mere human forces are powerless. The alliance of wealth and power, the service of the beautiful arts, must secure for it the allegiance of that great public which asks to go to Heaven by some mode which shall not conflict with the prosperous vices. A Mechanical Age demands mechanical substitutes for the religion of the self-renouncing heart.

WORD-PICTURES.

I.

A cameo of Prayer,
Carved in pellucid stone,
Floating through silver air
To kneel before the throne.

A LIVING FOR SALE.

Squire Gooseby, perusing the *Times* o'er his ale,
Found there a desirable "Living for Sale,"
"A capital message and parsonage house ;
Fine shooting close by, both for pheasants and grouse ;
The air quite salubrious ; scenery grand ;
Society good, and a Fox-hunt at hand."
"Look, Cicely !" he cried, and the dutiful wife
Responded, "Our Peter 'twill suit to the life :
Just post down to London—the roads are not bad—
And see if the Rectory cannot be had."

Squire Gooseby at Inns the Solicitor found
The living was rich ; the incumbent unsound,
Past eighty, and in a bad way, it was said,
With gout and a conflux of blood to the head.
The living was worth, with the parsonage, clear
Six hundred and fifty odd pounds to the year ;
The patron a nobleman, sadly in debt,
His hobby a racer, his weakness a bet ;
And for five thousand pounds—the incumbent so old,—
The next presentation obliged to be sold.

The bargain concluded, Squire Gooseby sat down
And penned this epistle to Peter from town :
"Son Jack in the Navy is rising quite fast ;
Our interest will make him Post Captain at last.
Dear Bobby, in spite of his passion for cards,
Conducts himself bravely and shines in the Guards.
Your brother Godolphin—he ne'er was a dunce—
At the Treasury office is pensioned at once.
Now, Peter, your turn ! 'tis a living of ease,—
And the church being empty, you can't fail to please,—
In the village of Mulford-cum-Ousley, close by
To the Marquis of Botts and Sir Benedict Sly,
Whose unmarried niece has a million or more ;—
Who knows, you sad rogue, what the Fates have in store !"

In the night the Squire woke from a terrible dream ;
The sky seemed lit up in the east with a gleam
Like a sword-arm, that carved, at the point of its blade,
On his heart, "Thou hast Jesus, thy Master, betrayed ;"
And solemn and slow, with the waving of wings,
And the toll of a death-bell in darkness that rings,
Came an Angel and whispered, "Thou Spirit, arise !
Thy sin, a swift witness, accusing thee cries :
The curse of the traitor, his Master who sold,
From invisible Hades is fearfully rolled."

"I grind not my tenants," Squire Gooseby replied,
"Like a Christian, for all of my blood I provide ;
I am true to my faith as a hawk to her perch,
And Peter, my son, has just entered the Church :
I have bought him a living. Sir Angel! you must
Have waked the wrong man." From his body of dust
The Angel, unheeding, the dreamer led forth,
And he stood with the dead who were judged from the earth.

The poor and the halt and the blind and the lame,
The oppressed, the enslaved and the perishing came,
Pale weaklings grown haggard and hungry for bread,
Young children who wailed on the bosom unfed.
"Behold!" cried the Angel, "and you would provide
These destitute creatures their helper, their guide?
Send Peter your son from his cricket and ball,
Flirtations, and stage plays, and games at the hall,
From long whist, and short whist, and sports about town,
From beauties who blandish, and bailiffs who frown,
To show them the way, from the thunders that peal,
And the bolts that destroy, to the Land of the Leal!"

Squire Gooseby was awed for a moment, but then
Made shift to reply : "All respectable men
In my station of life buy a living or two,
If they need them and can, for a son who won't do
At the Bar or the Treasury ; all of the old
And dignified gentry the practice uphold :

I purchased but one and some hold eight or nine."——
 "Aye! aye!" was the answer, "with hunger divine
 The Soul of the People, in perishing case,
 Has uttered its moan from the temples of grace,
 And seen a 'son Peter,' in priestly attire,
 Where apostles should preach with the Pentecost Fire;
 And lifted to Heaven inaudible sounds
 Of lament while 'son Peter' was after the hounds;
 And perished in darkness, forlorn and supine,
 While 'Son Peter' was dozing or tipping his wine.
 Learn now that the cup, for three centuries poured,
 Overflows:—'tis the cup of the wrath of the Lord."

THE PAST.

FROM THE NEW POEM, REGINA.

Into the Past, into the Past,
 Where the Kings of the ancients their gems have cast;
 Where Time, the great fisher, has thrown his nets,
 And gathered the spoil that the world forgets;
 Where all that hath been in its glory still
 Is a palace of gold on a sapphire hill.

Into the Past, into the Past,
 Where the year drops fall and dissolve at last;
 Where Life, like a rainbow with silver rim,
 Is set o'er Eternity's ocean dim;
 Where the prime in the present conceals its charms
 As the old moon fails in the young moon's arms;
 Where the dreams return that on earth were fed
 By the lips long ago to the Angels wed;
 Where the clouds all shine that have wept to rain;
 Where the trees all bloom that are dust again;
 Where all that hath been is a bridal night
 Of whispers and kisses and soft delight,
 That, wrapt in the sound of its last low tune,
 Floats in the shadow beneath God's throne!

REGINA: A SONG OF MANY DAYS.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

LONDON: William White, Bloomsbury Street.—NEW YORK: New Church Publishing Association, 42 Bleecker Street.

Only "Part First," embracing ninety-six pages of the new poem, has reached us; we can, therefore, give our readers only what the London publishers have given us—a foretaste of the good things in store. The poem *Regina* begins where the *Morning Land* ends. We are lifted at once by it not only into the region of purest lyric inspiration, but into Fairy Land as well:

"Where the rose-tree buds unbar,
Where the purple pansies are,
Where the crimson wildings play
With the last-blown mountain May,
Fairies all are glad and gay."

"The happy fairies from the fox-glove bells
Waft to mild eve their delicate farewells;
Ah, mel how sweet yon budding rose-tree smells;
Not rarer are immortal asphodels."

To us there is no more wonderful sign, in this age of wonders, than the reopening of "Fairy Land." Tell a grave divine, wrapt up in the intricacies of theologic lore, that the world is to be redeemed in part, under the direction of the Lord, by the ministries and influence of these infinitesimal races, and he will probably regard you as the mildest and most harmless of lunatics. Even the intellectual Swedenborgian controversialist smiles as he sways his herculean club over the heads of these tiny creatures. The introduction of the first Christian age was signalized by King Herod's slaughter of the innocents; but happily these infantile beings cannot thus be destroyed. Our hearts may, indeed, be closed against them, and baleful passions brood and nestle in their stead, till—

"As Herod on his throne by God was smitten,
Eaten by worms in his own entrails bred,"

the swarming evils of our nature, as in delirium tremens, present, by inversion, the correspondential opposites of these forms—a picture of loathsomeness and horror, which none wish to see a second time. That the atomic particles of man are in the human form is the perception of the most illuminated minds of the present day, and is clearly deducible from the essential principles of New Church philosophy.* But whatever may be the conclusion of philosophers upon this subject, the human mind is so constituted as to lend, at least, a seeming faith to the beautiful descriptions of Fairy Land ; and Poesy has assumed the privilege of making them the vehicle of her purest effusions. The Muse does not disdain such humble ministrants, and the brightest pages of English literature are adorned with fairy lore.

We have elsewhere expressed our estimate of the utility of poetic studies and culture. Poetry is the noblest and most perfect form of art, because the most unlimited and universal. It not only enables the poet to communicate what would else be incommunicable, but touches with the same potent wand the faculties of the happy recipient ; gently quickening the affections and elevating the perceptions, it sings its way to the heart. Could our words or experience avail, we would say to every youth in the New Church, study the best poets. Without such culture, the best things in the new-unfolding cannot be fully appreciated. As no one without art-culture can appreciate the world's treasures of art, so without poetic culture no one can fully enjoy those developments from the interior which come through the poetic faculties ; and it will be remembered that as the philosopher is the true expounder of the Spiritual, the poet sustains the same relation to the Celestial.

The poem *Regina*, so far as we have read, is to the *Morning Land*, as a celestial matron to a youthful heavenly bride. There is a richness and grace, a mellowness of thought and expression that come only from rarest culture, and to the ripened faculties of manhood. From the pen of Tennyson or of Longfellow this new poem would be the delight of thousands both in England and America ; and time, the true tester of all things ultimated into time and space, must inevitably bear it onward till it find fit audi-

* See "First Book," page 96, seq.

ence. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," it can never die till the love of the beautiful ceases to be part of our sentient nature.

Like the Morning Land, *Regina* has "Preface" and "Introduction," "Prelude" and even an "Overture," all in verse; in which the reader of that poem will recall some of the sweetest and most touching things in literature. That these portions of the new poem are not inferior, will at once be felt by every appreciative reader.

Our space will permit us to quote only a few passages from these introductory portions of the book :

"In ancient ages, glorious and golden,
The Muse inspired; the Poet saw and sung;
But now, in sensuous thrall the spirit holden,
Forgets the music of its native tongue.

"Yet smiling May replaces chill December :
Again the vocal roses bud and bloom,
While hearts, with inner consciousness, remember
The Lyric Heaven sublime above the tomb.

"Strike the heart's rock, ye thirsting sons and daughters !
Strike it with Faith's unseen, immortal rod :
Anew will flow the sweet Castalian waters,—
The true Nepenthe from the wells of God.

"Great Heaven o'erflows with brilliant inspirations,
Vast as bright morning o'er the hill-tops gray ;
And with us walk the beatific nations
For guardian Angels of our pilgrim way."

Or take these lines from the introduction, where the poet continues speaking in his own person, as a specimen of delicate word-painting of the *quiet* scenes of nature :

"Deep in this verdant hollow let me rest :
Tho evening sky in lovely red is drest,
As if 'twere crimsoned from a young bride's face ;
Twilight trips by with her most quiet pace :

The butterfly and bee have gone to bed,
 And the bold night-moth sips where flowers have shed
 Their last perfection : Placid Wharfe afar
 Breathes her pale mist in love toward the star."
 " It is the sweetest night that ever fell ;
 And, as a young bird that forsakes its shell,
 Thrilled by the odors of the mother dove,
 Who bosoms it with unextinguished love,
 A Spirit Poem, Earth's delightful guest,
 Leaps to its life of music through my breast."

The Overture gives the history of the progress of a Poet from the first quickening of the outer perceptions, to the opening of the inner degrees of the mind.

" In a city of the Earth-world, lived a poet in his prime ;
 He had won by ceaseless labors, many praises of the time ;
 Striving ever, in the self-hood, through the wild world's battle
 storm,
 To arouse the trampled nations to the combats of Reform.

* * * * *

Like a dying gladiator, who must battle to the last,
 Words of hope and faith he uttered, though the life was ebbing
 fast,
 Till a mighty Angel shivered, with his strong right hand, the
 glass.

* * * * *

Visions of Messiah's glory passed before him as he lay,
 Till within the awful morning lit the poor down-trodden clay,
 And it felt the breath eternal, while a second life began
 To unfold a shrine within it for the coming Son of Man.
 Then the form rose, slowly moving, all its mind and heart a-glow,
 With the anthem sung by Angels eighteen centuries ago :
 In their mystic tongue he chanted songs, that inly understood,
 Made the demons blanch and tremble, in their war against the
 good,

While the sweet celestial music, as it echoed from afar,
Seemed the birth-note of the day-spring, or the bride song of a
star.

* * * * *

Then the Book of Life was opened, and the poet heard therein
Truths to awe the drunken nations in their carnival of sin ;
And he bore to earth the censer from the temple of the Word,
All whose living coals were burning with the Spirit of the Lord."

We cannot, of course, enter into any analysis of the poem, until
the remaining portions are received. Passing over, therefore, in
general, the "lots" drawn by the planets of our solar system, of
which earth's is a *pall*, we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing
a few lines descriptive of the destiny of unborn infants.

" I was, on Mother Earth, an infant small,
And, mutely as the feathered frost-flakes fall,
Slid from its sorrows ere I left the womb :
Thy little daughterling began to bloom
Beyond the narrow threshold of the tomb :
They call me Oriona where I dwell ;
In a small islet, where the white waves tell
Their endless joy in Music's faintest tongue,
Is my abiding-place ; Time is so young !
He plays with us like Cupid with his doves :
We drink the honey-dew that morning loves,
And in great golden flowers, where merry elves
Delight their babes to nurse, we hide ourselves,
And deck the ringlets of our gleaming hair
With aromatic blossoms floating there,
Born from the South wind's delicate embrace ;
But, when dim night holds you in lower space,
Our Angels bring us viewless to behold
The shapes you cherish in the dusty mould :
Then we are glad that we are not contained
In bodies rudely made and coarsely grained,
But free to rove at will through Heaven Divine :
Like flambeaus in the hand of God we shine,

Blazing with such sweet fragrance, that we cast
 No shadow : when our heavenly youth is past,
 We grow to lordly shape and essence rare :
 Our souls are pearls that Heaven delights to wear,
 Set in her argent splendors : in our eyes,
 That never wept, shine the unfallen skies."

" We are of genius opposite to those
 Who wither on the planet's blighted rose,
 In threescore years of lingering heart distress.
 Our little spirits, winged and pilotless,
 Rise o'er death's dying flame triumphantly :
 For us blind Sorrow gropes in vain, but we
 Laugh in his wrinkled face, and borne aloft
 On dewy clouds of incense warm and soft,
 Are floated to Elysium, o'er the still
 Sweet air that feeds us : like young grapes we thrill
 Amid the vine leaves of our happy lot,
 While on the earth men think that we are not.
 And there are babies of a six-month's size .
 The light of many stars is in their eyes :
 The joys of many Heavens east, west and south,
 Lurk in the kisses of the dimpling mouth :
 Their festive souls are vocal all day long,
 And in their minds, like fruit-trees of rich song,
 Whose leaves are melodies, the ages old
 Their deep translucent music-thoughts remould."

There are many profound suggestions in this portion of the poem, but we prefer at present to present the lighter offerings of the Celestial Muse :

SONG OF THE FESTAL FAY.

Then in my heart a festal fay,
 By angel-gift made inly nigh,
 On pipe and tabor 'gan to play
 " The Golden Age shall never die.

" Let sorrow melt from every soul
And sunshine kindle in the eye,
For Love regains its first control,
The Golden Age shall never die.

" Come praise the Lord with festive mirth,
As Angels praise Him in the sky :
His gladness blooms for all the earth ;
The Golden Age shall never die."

Not less graceful is the HYMN OF THE NEW GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age returns again,
Through troops of inly breathing men,
Who ope, with mild and glad surprise,
The thousand-gated harmonies.

In still delight their pulses chime
To the Æolian harp of Time,
Upon the sands of space they tread,
With God's effulgence inly shed.

They ask no thought from outward lore,
But brim the world with wisdom o'er ;
And find, through Nature's dim disguise,
Celestial voices and replicas.

But we must conclude our extracts with

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the fairies unfold
Tints in the summer time purple and gold :
Daisy and king cup, and hyacinth bold,
Little by little are born from the mould :
Little by little the poem is told.

Little by little earth's delicate things
Shape in the darkness the butterfly's wings :
Little by little the queens and the kings
Weave the great lyric that History sings.

Little by little the elf and the fay
 Gather the cloud from the spirit away ;
 Build in the bosom their bowers of play ;
 Build the mind's palace that sparkles with day ;
 Build the new heart in the old one's decay.

Little by little the honey-bee takes
 Bread from the flower the south-wind awakes :
 Little by little the spirit forsakes
 Time, when the dawn of eternity breaks :
 Little by little eternity shakes
 From the white time-cloud the years that are flakes.
 Little by little the centuries shed
 Snows of forgetfulness over the dead :
 Little by little the volume is read
 Which the All-Father has traced overhead :
 Little by little the soul-wings outspread,
 Till we are borne where the Seraphim tread.

We trust we have quoted sufficient to convince our readers that a rich repast awaits them, and with the new year, we hope both to present them with a further analysis of this beautiful Lyric, and also to announce that the volume is ready for delivery ; for we know that many are thirsting for it, as for new wine of celestial vintage.

We will conclude this hasty notice with a few words from an appreciative mind, in which the reader will recognize the delicate perceptions of an intuitive and quickened spirit.

"And on the marge of Fairy Land
 I feel that all that Poets sing
 Is *briefly* told us here."

In glancing over the pages of this new work from the interior, given through Mr. Harris, I feel that he brought it indeed, from those sunnier climes, where deathless Love has made its everlasting abiding place in heart homes of whose beauty we may conceive, though our earthly vision perceives them not.

I have no words to give full expression to the delight which

fills my heart on perusing these exquisite inspirations. They must be read by tender conjugal ones, to be truly appreciated. Sweet and glowing are they, having nothing in common with this mundane sphere of ours ; and yet,—although they are laden, as it were, with the very fragrance of “airs from Paradise,”—it seems to me their influence will be to arm many a suffering child of earth, with a power to withstand the potent spell of Hades.

Very dear and precious will these sweet lyrical expressions of the harmonies of the skies be to all receivers of the unfoldings which are now descending from Heaven ; precious to young and tender ones, in the first flush and glory of Love’s summer hours ;—precious to those of maturer years, in whose hearts still linger the memories which blest them in Life’s early day, ere yet the dew was gone from the blossom of the soul, or the glow faded from their sky into the light of common day ;—precious to the aged, who, looking forward to another life, will receive from them a “breath of holy hope,” to cheer them on their painful way ;—dear will they be to those lonely ones, who, having left behind them this world’s unsatisfying pleasures, will find in such thoughts as are scattered through this heavenly poem, a hand pointing them to joys, whose glory fadeth never !—but *dearest* and *most precious* of all, will they be to the Mother’s heart, appealing so directly,—as they do,—to all that is deep, tender, and yearning in the maternal bosom. In the very love-light of the skies, to those sorrowing parents, who, desolate and without hope, for their little ones who are not, Regina comes, bearing balm, and striving to infuse the warmth of Love Celestial, which would fain melt with its ardent glow, even the icy chill of Death !

I find in these poems, jewels, whose brilliancy throws a new and *living* light over old tradition. Childhood’s sweet belief—“half memory, half a dream,”—in the darling “little people” here receives most welcome confirmation.

These supernal gleams from the better land, I commend to all lovers of good, and true, and beautiful things, assuring them they will find in this song of many days

“A beauty so strangely sweet, they cannot know,
But only *feel* the charm that binds them so !”

THE LIVING RUIN.

Pale one, with the baby at thy breast,
Through the murky streets I see thee wander,
Vainly seeking place of Christian rest :
O'er the ruin mournfully I ponder :
Light unblest,
Pale one, with the baby at thy breast !

Every ivied arch and sculptured wall,
Consecrated by antique devotion,
Reverent hands preserve against the fall,
Pious hearts behold with fond emotion :
Ruins all,
Ruins of the ivied branch and wall.

Thou too art a ruin standing there :
Once, Madonna-like, thy vestal spirit
In the body's chancel lifted prayer ;
Saw, perchance, the Heaven that saints inherit.
Now Despair
Sobs her story in the ruins there.

Thousands more, this miserable night,
Lift their desecrated shrines to Heaven,
While, in gay pavilions of delight,
Feast the ruiners with hearts unshriven.
Crazed with blight
Thousands wail this miserable night.

Christ, our God ! and didst Thou come to save ?
Shall the iron wheels grind on forever ?
Mournfully the sighing night-winds rave
With a human wail that ceases never.
Still we crave,
Christ, Beloved ! didst Thou come to save ?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MANCHESTER, England, Oct. 26, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER:—As I sit down, through you to address a circle of so many receivers of the Great Faith, my heart warms to the consciousness of that spiritual unity which links the heart-followers of the Lord into one communion. The ties of that celestial relationship, more real and lasting than any telegraph that traverses the deep chasm of the Atlantic, are electric with constant circulations, wherein kindred souls commune together. My outward days are spent in labors, which, though burdensome, are blessed, amidst these new and unfamiliar scenes; but the affluent sympathies of hundreds of earnest and noble natures in America inflows through preëstablished relations, and I am strong in the unitary force of the body of Christ.

England, so far as concerns her present state, is rapidly and surely coming to an end. Her ecclesiastical bodies feebly imitate and réecho the voices of revivalism, borne to them from the New World, and that vast movement throbs beneath the superficial crust of Society, which, however, except in Ireland, affords but few indications of the pressure. Society, in its more artificial forms, resembles a sumptuous mahogany coffin, in which, in all the habiliments of wealth and beauty, reclines a corpse. But the death is seeming; the life a reality. Within the superficial and artificial England, lost to inspiration in the worship of "Respectability," exists an unsuspected radiant and youthful form, gigantic and terrible, the Inner Man of the Isles, destined to wake one day.

Thought in America is electric, but runs here like a slow river through the marshes. Climate, association, habit, all tend to strengthen and unfold the corporeal element. Men walk in a half dream, oppressed with the nightmare of dead or dying institutions. The public conscience is deadened or corrupted by the impieties of the State religion. Ecclesiastical stipendiaries, who for three centuries have sat in the place of confessors and Apostles, have biologized the land into the strangest of stupidities. England is now at the ebb of the tide in spiritual things. Her splendid universities represent the dead past, which returns no

more, and produce, by their spiritual sphere, a profound torpor of all the nobler faculties.

It is no less evident that the form of religion most congenial to the dominant public sentiment, is not Christianity, but Judaism, deprived only of its name. Judaism, theoretically, kept the commandments in their letter, but broke them in their spirit; worshiped God, observed the Sabbath and avoided polygamy, but, within the shell of observance, nursed a skeptical incredulity. So here, the Church insists on a superficial commandment-keeping, but the duty of loving the neighbor as another self, the duty of living for ends beyond the self-hood, the possibility of a great true life, such as men wrought out in the old Golden Age—alas! we hear little of these higher views, except perchance in ridicule and denial.

Yet a hundred men, with their internal respiratories opened, inhaling and outbreathing the Divine breath, lost to self-love, and streaming with the radiations of charity, endowed with gifts of influx to preach and publish the New Church in its spirit, ere many years would find the land melting before them. The harvest truly is plenteous. The worldliness of England is a state superimposed upon the people. No nation is so liable to mislead the superficial observer. Theirs is the repose of the deep sea, which shall roll mountains high when God's breath goes over it. Habituated from infancy to repress emotion, to quiet the aspirations, and to mistrust the intuitive faculties, life becomes, in the absence of heroic sentiments, a routine of secular or ecclesiastical functions, often well performed but fruitless of the spirit. Men trust the natural reason and the suggestions of the senses, with little or no conception of the inflowing presence of the Lord. The millions of operatives are lost in a gross carnality, and drunkenness assumes the proportions of a national crime. Comparatively very few believe that Christianity was ever designed to be put in practice, either of the rich or of the poor. I am appalled at the deadness of the land. The sects which typify the more opulent phases of dissent, follow in the wake of the prevalent worldliness, and with a few noble exceptions, are lost in the worship of wealth. A highly artificial and diseased society has communicated its poison to Religion, whose whole head is sick and whose whole heart is faint.

When the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, they found before them an unbroken waste of wilderness, where painted barbarians waged continually a ruthless warfare upon each other. This is England's condition, from the stand-point of the Celestial Church and of the Heavens. She needs to be colonized, conquered, and reduced to order; colonized by the Divine Spirit, unfolding her sons and daughters, who pine for this thrice blessed consummation, to a condition of mental and moral positiveness to the customs and usages of self-worshippers. Self-worship is the idolatry of the land.

The people, in the mass, only require to see Heroism, feel it, and listen to it, and they will gladly believe in it. Where are the Christ-like men, who in the uses of a real priesthood, shall discourse of freedom and deliverance? But patience! they will come.

England requires truth stripped bare—requires God's Word unfolded, not alone in its mere moralism, but in its spiritual sciences and social truths. England requires to be convinced that no legal precedent, though of a thousand years standing, can convert a wrong into a right; that if God makes some men wiser, stronger, and richer than others, it is that they may cooperate with His Providence in protecting, and educating, and aiding the neighbor. Were a new decalogue to be written by inspiration now, it would have more commandments than the old; as for instance, "Though shalt not eat pine-apples at a guinea, while thy brother starves for pence." "Thou shalt not expend a thousand pounds for a lacc dress, while thy sister, the needle-woman, sews at a shilling a day." "Thou shalt not keep hounds, when men require bread." I saw a Dives,—not the old one, but the new one—he could have bought and sold a thousand like those who feasted in Jerusalem. I was told that he had thousands of acres in the heart of the land as game preserves. His income could not be less than five or six millions of dollars a year. I saw his dogs boarded, with due respect to nutritious food and comfortable shelter, at so much *per diem*. I was told of his thrift and of his purchases. I passed his park gates. I saw Mrs. Lazarus sitting there,—Lazarus we were informed having died,—her face wore a lean and wolfish aspect, as if she had looked starvation, beggary, and dis-

ease in the face, until her human nature was changed into something akin to the brutes that perish. So Mrs. Lazarus implored alms at the park gate of Dives, and hushed the while a starveling of an infant. Poor Dives! some day he shall, perchance, be startled with the cry, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these the least of my brethren ye did it not unto me." Yet, Dives is punctual at church; as well he may be, for, having authority to give to whole parishes their spiritual guides, it is but seemly that he should see how they interpret the Great Book, wherefrom both quick and dead shall be judged at last.

I love England. Such noble manhood, such beautiful womanhood, as one sees occasionally, may fill the heart with hope. But a people never rises above its Religion, and the pretenses of religion in England are a mill-stone around its neck. Preaching must go before practicing; the Voice, as of one crying in the wilderness, repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, awakes the multitude to receive the Messiah of the Heart. But the preaching is at fault; shallow, pedantic and empirical; it is just what the Pharisees doled out to the perishing classes in Jerusalem, when Judea was in her darkest days.

I need not say that I am trying, with God's help, to discharge the great uses of my mission. Placed, by His appointment, in this great mart of commerce and of manufactures for a season, and, like Paul, preaching in "my own hired house," I find heart and hands, mind and voice employed to the full limit of power. Perhaps three-fourths of my congregations, increasing and now numerous, are readers of New Church truths. They come to the Sunday services, some from the city and near vicinity, but others from various points within a radius of a hundred miles. They are a dear and noble people, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. With preaching twice on the Sabbath, and two lectures besides during the week, I find every moment occupied. Manchester is to me a very sacred field of labor. Within a short distance stands St. Mary's church, in which, perhaps, the tenets of the New Church were first publicly preached in England. No such golden messages now make glad the Angels within its time-stained walls; but not far away is a temple, built before the close of the last century, where many of the first receivers of the New Jerusalem

in doctrine, worship the one God. It was a source of joy to me, coming as a stranger, to find so many, both young and old, waiting for the heart life of the New Church. It is seldom, of late, that a new inquirer into New Church truths presents himself in this scene of its first triumphs. The young, the hopeful, the ardent, and the generous, chilled by the cold splendor of a merely doctrinal faith, were wandering elsewhere in search of the religious life; and,—inevitable precursor of decline and spiritual death,—the superstition that makes of a mere man a binding authority, and that submits to an artificial ministry, not of God's appointment, but of man's ordination, was fastening its grasp upon it. I am glad that I am here to vindicate the New Church, as a religion that satisfies the most ardent and generous nature; that justifies the enthusiasm of youth, no less than triumphs over the lassitude and decay of age.

I have found the preachers of the New Church in England, with whom I have become acquainted, men of hopeful and kindly spirit, and have enjoyed in their society, hours, I trust, of mutual profit and delight. With hardly an exception, they unite in deploring the palsied state of the body; nor are those wanting who declare that it must share the fate of the declining sects around, without the infusion of some more ardent and penetrative life.

But I am admonished that other uses require me,
And remain, yours in the Spirit,

T. L. H.

WORD-PICTURES.

II.

An Angel's blissful night
Zoned by the laughing hours;—
A Teneriffe of light,
Set in a sea of flowers.

THE BIRD AND THE ROSE.

A CHILD'S STORY.

Alfred and Ella Paget were more than happy with their Christmas treat. Their father had brought home a friend, who was to preach in the New Church temple on the coming Sunday. Like many other good children they had wished to know if there were not somewhere a real fairy land; and now Mr. Lovegood assured them that there was, and that he had been there: so he told them a story.

Once upon a time—for this is the way to begin all fairy stories—once upon a time a good little boy fell asleep and had a dream. A golden egg went “pop” in the middle of his breast, and, out of it, flew such a bird! It could talk in twelve languages and sing in more. It perched upon the little boy's finger and began, “I have been! I have been!”

“Where have you been?” said the little boy. Then the bird sang a melodious and wonderful lay, “I have been where the sunshine is made of love. I have been where good thoughts are changed into sky-larks and nightingales. I have been where the Words of Wisdom that one speaks drop from the mouth in pearls and diamonds.”

How much more the good bird might have told it is impossible to say, for the little boy stopped him just herewith, “Seeing is believing.”

“Seeing is believing,” sang the bird, “so it is; but believing is sometimes the cause of seeing also. I have seen roses, that were white before, redden all at once upon their stalks; they were fed from the love in the heart of a good little girl. She made a great sacrifice to help a poor servant who was out of employment, then all the white roses, that grew upon the rose bush that sprang from her heart, crimsoned with sudden joy, and became as beautiful as morning. I knew a little boy, too, who might have been about your size; his eyes were blue like yours, and his hair was glossy brown. Well, as I said, this little boy had in his breast a golden egg. He conquered the bad habit of loving himself, and began

to live and think and plan that others might be happy. I was a heaven-bird before that time, but then came flying down and made that very egg my own house ; and now see me ; here I am. You are the little boy. I know ! I know ! I know !”

“ What do you know ?” said the little boy again. “ I know where the Angels bury the crocus bulbs and the roots of the sweet hyacinths. Listen ! there are flowers, where I have been, so glorious that one might think that the stars bathed themselves every night in their deep corollas. When good little boys are sleeping at night—this is true of little girls also—an Angel comes with a handful of their precious seed, and it is called the seed of good affections. There is a little garden, for all the world like a small paradise, in the middle of the heart. It has an earth of its own, an air of its own, springs and streams and rivers of water of its own, and a sky of its own, with sun, and moon, and stars. First the Angel plants one seed, and then another, and then another, till every *parterre* is full. Did you ever hear of this before, dear little boy ?”

“ Well, I never !” said the little boy, responding to the bird ; “ well I never ! I have often felt as if I had something growing there.”

How exquisite was the strain the bird now warbled ; the notes were altogether too melodious to be like anything of earth. “ I know ! I know ! I know !” sang the glorious creature, “ I know of a little man named Wisdom. He has a sunshine horse which obeys his will, and carries him, as he desires, over the earth or the air or the water ; all are alike to him. There is a house full of windows ; the panes of glass in the windows are all made of eyes ; and all the eyes look into one sumptuous library ; and there sits Mr. Wisdom and looks out ; and the eyes are like the eyes of living creatures ; and he sees through them all wherever he desires to. So he becomes wise, and very wise. I know ! I know ! I know !”

Now the bird changed into a brown thrush and flew away, but returned in a short time bearing in its bill a rose branch. “ This,” sang the bird, “ grew out of the heart of the little girl I was telling you about. When the blossoms have vanished their sweetness will remain ; but be careful that you do not prick your finger with the thorns.”

"Why should this beautiful rose have thorns?" answered the little boy. "I know! I know!" sang the bird; "but ask the rose and it will tell you."

Still the rose made no answer, but only nodded and courtesied; yet this might have been done by the west wind; but out of the heart of the petals dropt a little tear.

"Ah!" sang the bird, "the rose does not like to tell. The thorns are there because the little girl is willful sometimes. Her words are prickly; she has not learned to conquer temper completely. Were you to see this little girl she might wound you with an unkind word."

"Why," said Ella to her brother, as Mr. Lovegood finished. "I do feel, Alfred, as if my words sometimes had prickles on them. I am sure they have hurt you very much; but I trust that my heart's rose tree will bear only flowers for you in future."

The Contributions and Articles for this month have been specially rich and abundant. We have been obliged, therefore, to defer "Odora," a sermon from Bro. Weller, and some deeply interesting articles from the pen of Bro. Harris, etc., all of which will appear in the January number. In fact, matter now crowds upon us, and our readers may expect to find each issue of the journal increase in value and interest.

The following numbers of the **HERALD OF LIGHT** are wanted:

Nos. 7 and 8 of Vol. 1, No. 1 of Vol. 2, and Nos. 4 and 5 of Vol. 3. Such of our friends as may have these numbers, or any part thereof, to spare, will confer a special favor by sending them to us, for which we will allow them full price.

FAIRY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.

I.

"Snow-white dove, snow-white dove ;"—
Hark! I hear a merry Fairy strain :—
 "Snow-white dove,
Fly along the airy Fairy plain."
 "Snow-white wings :"—
Hark! I hear. A merry Fairy sings ;
 And he brings
Dewy pearls of sympathy divine,
 To entwine
Round about the merry fairy brows
 Of the spouse
Of the dancing, glancing Fairy King.
 Form a ring,
Merry, airy Fairies, on the green
 Round your Queen."

II.

"Hasten, merry Fairies,
Hasten, merry Fairies,
 From the sky-land prairies ;
Earthly Guest to Fairy land hath come.
He shall see us where the red rose bloweth,
 Where the white rose snoweth
Its pale leaves to strew the Fairy home."

III.

"Silver carpets on the green,
 Woven of the moonbeams white,—
Strew them for the Fairy Queen.
 Hark! 'tis noon of night.
Tinkle, tinkle, airy bells ;
Ev'ry flower its sweet tale tells ;
Tinkle, tinkle, airy bells ;
Shaken by the breezy swells ;

Tinkle, tinkle, airy bells,
 O'er the Fairy knolls and dells ;
 Bells, bells, bells, bells.
 Green-cap Fairies from the grass,
 Meadow grass,
 Each within its dewy glass
 Watch the happy stars that pass.
 Airy, merry, Fairy lass,
 Clothe thyself in moonbeams white :
 Hark ! 'tis noon of night.
 Bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Tolling not with mournful knells,
 Chiming o'er the Fairy dells,
 Every care your sound dispels."

IV.

"Night-moth, in your gray cocoon,
 Drowsy laggard, burst your cell ;
 See the fire-flies hail the moon—
 'Summer's short but winter's long ;'—
 Night-moth, hear the Fairy song,
 Night-moth, burst your shell.
 Cricket, cricket, sipping dew,
 Cricket, cricket, in the weeds,
 Cricket, cricket, what say you ?
 Crickets all are Fairy steeds.
 Fairies ride the humble bees,
 Fairies drive the dragon-fly,
 Fairies in the Summer breeze,
 Viewless, wander by."

V.

"Little thinks the lover true,
 When his loved one meets his view,
 That a Fairy in her ear
 Singeth, 'Love is near, is near'—
 Singeth, 'Love thy Lover, Dear !'"

VI.

When the drowsy parson drones
In the Summer afternoon,
While his flock, with weary bones,
Drowse and sweat and almost swoon,
Little thinks the parson then,
That the merry fairy men
Dance their antics on his head,
Round and round with nimble tread.
But the happy Fairies bow
With the worshiper sincere,
Breathing forth the loving vow :—
Fairies, Heaven must hear.”

VII.

“ Ring out, ring out, ye Fairy chimes !
Peal with a solemn strain,
For glory from seraphic climes,
Shines o'er your happy plain ;
And Angels, glistening from afar,
Gaze from their shining, golden haze ;
Akin to us the Angels are,
They bring us good always.”

VIII.

“ Fairy lovers ! Fairy lovers !
When the happy night uncovers
The bright circle of the skies,
In your merry sports, remember
That a desolate December
On earth's suffering children lies.
In your glad festivity
Think how earthly mourners pine
For the Spirit's liberty,
For the angel clime.”

IX.

“ A little Fairy may a gift bestow
As sweet as Summer roses when they blow.

As balmy as the Summer airs that flow,
 As brilliant as the Summer stars that glow,
 And better than a monarch's crown below.
 Who would not, as a Fairy, seek to go
 Where mortals pine, benumbed with weary wo,
 With sorrows drifted on the soul like snow?"

X.

"Dance all night, dance all night,
 On the maiden's pillow when her heart is light.
 Whisper sweet, whisper sweet,
 Till her happy heart shall the fairy song repeat.
 Sing a Fairy tune,
 While the full-orbed moon
 Lights the fairy noon."

XI.

"Dream, dream, wee birdlings in your nest ;
 Soft is your mother's breast,
 Whose downy feathers lovingly are prest
 On you, bird-babies, callow and undrest.
 Fairies, golden, blue and green,
 Hover round you, unbeseen ;
 Teach the mother-bird its airs,
 Cheer it in its mother's cares.
 Whip-poor-will ! whip-poor-will !
 Singing through the twilight when the stars are still,
 And the sunset Fairies are dancing on the hill.
 Whip-poor-will !
 Fairies rise to see you from the bubbling Summer rill ;
 Sweeter are their songs than the merry notes you trill ;
 Cease to catch the insects with your sharp and shining bill ;
 Of the merry Fairy song drink, merry bird, your fill ;
 Fairies are your playfellows, O merry whip-poor-will !"

XII.

"Earthly guest ! earthly guest !
 Fairies will your heart invest,
 Fairies dwell within your breast,
 Fairies sing you into rest."

THE SNOW-DROP.

AN APOLOGUE.

"And so I will!" said the snow-drop, "and so I will!"

"I am sure that I would do nothing of the kind," whistled Mr. Boreas, through the branches of the great Elm overhead; "this is no time for bears to be about, let alone such puny, pale creatures as your kind."

"Dear Mr. Snow-drop, let me entreat you. Do not be so fool-hardy. Consider the frost will not like it. King Snow, who walks in a robe of ermine, and maintains an excellent police in his dominions, will set you in the stocks. Wait till July, when he will have retired to his country seat in Spitzbergen, if you will play any antics above ground." So suggested an aged and experienced Pebble, who had accumulated much moss upon himself by staying in one place, minding his own business, and never interfering in public affairs.

"It is a strange thing," soliloquized the Snow-drop, "that no one here talks of growing but me, who am, as one might say, the very smallest and weakest of all. The Hollyhocks and the Pansies, and the great Lilies are sound asleep. The Flag-roots beneath the water do nothing but dream and dream. I do not think the tall bushes yonder have begun to look forward to the time of Lilacs. The Sage and the Pennyroyal are still as still can be. I am a poor, foolish little thing, to think of growing in this inclement season of the year. Heigh ho! if wishes could make a Jacob's ladder into Heaven, I am sure I should climb there soon. What an unreasonable seed I am, to be sure."

"That you are, indeed," growled a dry Hop-vine in the neighborhood. "I remember when things grew; but they will never grow again. All we have to do is to remember what they used to do and say. How the scarlet Runner and the Convolvulus reached to the very eaves of the cottages; how the lawns were starred with daisies that grew amidst the green grass; how the roses filled the garden, and the white water lilies floated upon the stream! The age of miracles is past; it will never come again;

never! never! Poor, foolish root, how can you be so presumptuous as to wish to grow?"

"Presumptuous fellow that, indeed," cried the withered Pea-stick. "I was set in this very socket in the earth, in the wonderful days you tell of, by the Gardener himself, who told me to stand here until he should come again. Talk of growing indeed! The best thing to do is to stand still. Besides, if he tried to grow he might come up a weed. 'Let well enough alone' is the maxim for sensible people. See how nicely the compost has been raked over the garden-beds. Nothing could possibly be arranged better than it was."

"I shall grow," cried the little Snow-drop, "I shall grow. Let me alone, good people. My heart is throbbing with its love. I am not what I shall be, nor do I know as yet in what form I shall appear; but my Lord will give to every seed his own body."

"Hear! hear!" cried the Pea-stick, ironically, to the withered Hop-vine. "What does he know, poor, foolish fellow."

"But I shall grow," exclaimed the little seed, "I must grow." As he spoke a great agony seized him, and he trembled from his very heart. Oh, such mysterious flutterings! He seemed to waken within himself, and there, deep in his own buried shell, as in a mirror, saw a radiant vision of the flower that was to be. Oh, true heart, true and faithful, he could not contain the rapture. Up shot the green leaf; then arose the slender stalk; then the lovely, pearl-white blossoms, cased in delicate and living green.

"So you did grow after all," said the wise old Pebble. "Well, I told you so!" The Hop-vine and the Pea-stick made no comments, finding themselves about that time gathered in a bundle to be burned; for the Gardener now came, and lovingly stooped to caress the Snow-drop, inhaling with delight its perfume, but crying at the same moment to his servant, "Remove these remains of the old season, for I perceive that they cumber the ground."

ERRATA.—Page 49, HERALD OF LIGHT, eighth line, for "separation of civil and selfish seclusion," read "*evil* and selfish."

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