

JANUARY .

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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THE CRISIS:

A Semi-Monthly New Church Periodical.

EDITED BY HENRY WELLER,

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

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

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THE NEW CHURCH.

THE CRISIS BEFORE IT.—A SOLEMN APPEAL.

By this time it must be apparent to every deep discerning mind, that the attempt to found a distinctive Church, based upon no other foundation than the writings of Swedenborg, as interpreted through the external rational perception, is a failure. It is a failure in America, where, unable to coalesce, the receivers exhibit the sad spectacle of endless family dissensions. In England, although exhibiting more amiable features, the distinctively Swedenborgian movement as a Church-system lingers rather than lives. During the last eleven years but one ordination has occurred to swell the ranks of its clergy, and its pulpits languish from a lack of material in the denomination out of which, in its present state, to evolve live and stirring ministers of the Word. Not without merits, not without uses worthily performed, of which the principal have been to circulate the illumined pages, coextensive with its length and breadth, the feeling is nevertheless active among its members, that, without the infusion of some other element, its best days are in the past. Formalism is, in too many instances, both its bond of union and source of deadness and sterility. The salvation of souls is obscured in the pursuit of correspondences. Though Swedenborg was, in his age, intellectually the most spiritual of writers, for lack of the lyrical and representative element, the style of his various productions exclusively perused, breeds in the mind unfitness to handle doctrinal subjects in a thoroughly practical way. Even Priestleyanism, the materialized Unitarian faith of the last century, though in its essence pedantic and artificial, has not left a deeper blight on the more transcendent intuitive faculties of the soul, than has followed as the result of the labors of some of Swedenborg's doctrinal expounders. The genius-faculty is locked up, as not fit

to be trusted at large ; and the overtaxed and wearied Brain seeks to turn the treadmill of a vast speculation, ignoring its vital ally, the Heart. The cry is, from one end of the movement to the other, "What shall we do?" Yet while many may divine the disease, not all perhaps may be able to appropriate the remedy.

The New Church is, as a divine ideal, taught in the Word and preëxtant in the Heavens, both Evangelical and Liberal. It includes within itself whatever is vitally good in all the extremes, both of the faith of Channing and the system of Arminius. Its mission obviously will be, as it becomes realized on earth, to build its doctrinal cathedral on such vast foundations, that they shall intellectually exhibit, fitly wrought into the structure, every shaft and carving of truth, whether quarried for its use by Rome or Geneva, whether found among Greek remains or Oriental ruins. It will, in fine, exhibit to mankind the universal form of a complete, harmonious Christianity.

Great as were the uses performed through Swedenborg, he represents but one element in the trine of a threefold and unitary faith, and that element the *philosophically spiritual*. Of the vast and active natural province of the Word he was not a Seer or expositor. Of the stupendous use performed in the Church through Paul, of the miracles of redemption effected in all ages by means of the peculiar elements of the Pauline theology, as interpreted successively through Augustine and Tauler, and incorporated into the religious life of the great Protestant Reformation, he had, in this world, hardly a conception. This distance and dimness of view has descended to his peculiar followers, to many of whom the Epistles are distasteful, and by few made the subject of prayerful and intuitive research. It is from the Epistles eminently, that the vast Evangelical body derives those tenets which it calls the "doctrines of grace," the best of all doctrines when rightly understood, for the initial work of the Gospel ministry upon rude and unsanctified hearts.

As a movement, therefore, it knows comparatively little, either of the life or of the power of prayer. In this it resembles the Unitarian scheme, which also is, or was till recently, on this point inert and skeptical. But prayer, and the life and the power of prayer in the Church, are means through which the Holy Spirit

descends, sharply to convict man of sin ; hence convictions of sin are almost unknown under its peculiar form of ministrations. But, as convictions of sin precede those miraculous conversions to holiness of heart and life, which attest the wonder-working power of the Gospel in every age, so the latter are almost, if not quite, unknown, under the influence of a faultlessly accurate exposition of a mere spiritual sense.

The Church that cannot support a prayer-meeting, knows but little of experimental religion. How sadly and terribly meetings for social worship may be inverted, how cold and formal they become as love languishes and piety declines, we all know. Nevertheless it requires but little perception to discover that, from the prayer-meeting, rightly conducted, the Spirit of Holiness goes forth, mailed and panoplied in all the shining armor of the faith, to slay the sins that make war upon the race. But, deeper than this, it is to be feared that the habit of close and daily communion with the Lord, the joys and uses that attend an habitually prayerful frame, are with many sadly overlooked or fearfully neglected. Here we touch close home upon the real disease in this so intellectual a body.

No man was ever a deeply and thoroughly useful preacher of the Word, who was not filled with a tearful and almost overwhelming sense of the danger of souls ; who, as a consequence, did not esteem it the chief end of his ministry to pluck them as brands out of the fire.

England, so grand to the observer of a mere worldly greatness, is alas ! paved as it were with heart-broken, destitute creatures, whose cry haunts one by nightfall along the thoroughfares. They are perishing for lack of Leadership. There is much well-meaning in the State, and a noble spirit struggling in the Councils of the nation ; but, in a true sense of Spiritual Leadership, in England there is little or none. With the cry of the perishing ringing in our ears day and night, it seems to us that if we had a million of lives, it were an act thrice blessed to lay them at the feet of the poor, aimless, downcast multitude.

It is only as a God's priesthood is found, that shall thus fill up the hideous social chasm with its own substance and energy of life, that a highway will be cast up, over which these unfortunates

will ever march into their Golden Age. A man must literally make himself as a servant, burst the strong fetters of his caste, and preach, not the popular but the great unpopular truths of God's Word, the social truths, all dauntless in the midst of the wickedest and cruelest opposition, if he would reach them and raise them from their woe.

We have not found as yet such a Ministry in these Isles. There are pulpits where Respectability dozes in cushioned pews, while fat Preferment or unctious Dissent discourses on sins of which their hearers are not guilty, and blink the great questions of the day. There are intellectual temples, where Culture exhausts the possibilities of a superb rhetoric in daintily written sermons to the critical ear of taste. There are earnest but narrow Evangelical men, of the stricter sort, who lash the trembling sinners and score the harrowed flesh of Conscience till it bleeds again; vitriol and caustic find large place in the spiritual pharmacopia, while the oil and the wine are sparingly used and with a painful lack of discrimination. Thousands of just-minded priests, each in his cage of creed, like the poor starling in the Sentimental Journey, startle the by-passer with the cry, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" and endeavor to reconcile the breast that flutters for its native freedom, to the uneasy bondage of the cage.

The sins of England are high placed and high plumed; so high indeed, so entrenched about with fortifications of habit, and precedent, and long authority, that he who would be true to the real priestly inspirations of the New Age must find himself a banned and almost isolated protester. He must interpret the dumb and painful cry of inarticulate millions to the mighty and vain-glorious, who alone are able, if regenerate, to grasp them in their hopelessness and raise them to the true level of the man. He must not hope for sympathy from the prosperous classes, for they are bound up in a system which thrives upon the social slavery of the many. To a people in the very meridian of a career of conquest, he must point out the causes which, unless removed, will one day make England a more sorrowful Venice, a more unhappy Tyre. He must be the Reconciler, entering into that molten hell existing within the hearts of the manufacturing classes, like Daniel in the furnace, and oh! with what travail shall his use bring forth, as

the truths of a long-forgotten manhood slowly make their way through systems that reek with the ancestral sins of tainted generations. There must he plead, till, from those emaciated skeletons of his kind, radiant and rosy and hued with the celestial morn, the New Man, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, the Spirit, roused from its long sleep, comes forth to vindicate its own great origin, to claim by deeds its superhuman destiny. The true gentleman, the genial scholar, the stirring speaker, the calm reasoner, with lips all dripping with the honey dew of prayer, with heart all tongued from Heaven's choicest inspirations, clasping the lordly and the lowly with an equal fellowship, the man of God must stand, in his vast office, unmoved in this confusion of all human tongues, as did the Seer of the New Jerusalem, when, surrounded by a brazen column of angels, he trod the dark, dim world of wretchedness beyond the grave.

Now, in the New Church, even as it unfolds in the spiritual sense of the Word, we have a philosophy which demands and justifies all this holy living, and inspired speaking, and dauntless working, and most Godlike burden-bearing for suffering man. The real New Church is not the sect of a caste, whether despised or dominant, but the Religion of Humanity, and, to all Christian bodies, a pioneer and a herald, leading in the very forlorn hope, and breasting the fierce hatred before which the lesser and the weaker "Isms" are but as running waves, driven by the tempest along the sea.

Its temples of worship should be, of all others in the land, the places where, brought out into forms adapted to every mental state, the rich and the poor alike should hear those vital truths, for lack of the knowledge of which this huge Society is rocking and shivering to its foundations. For, surely as Heaven's throne stands, Hell is abroad, and with no skulking tread, but iron handed, and fiercer than the black Norman leaping on his Saxon prey. Leaving, indeed, intact the surface respectability of the land, it murders the very spirit of its life, by means of which it subsists and has a place of worth amidst its compeers. We repeat, Hell is abroad in England. The gory gashes of Society distill a leprous taint upon the air. With the rapidity of a river, gathering its forces and arching up its waters, where the channel narrows to the

fatal fall, it verges to a crisis, which shall be felt, in fiery throes and sharp and penetrative agonies, from the hovel to the throne. As natural effects but follow, in their configuration, the groupings of actors in the world of Cause, so the invincible, inevitable law must decide, according to the *internal states* of this people, their objective and mundane destiny. As in some fiery and tumultuous Apocalypse, the eye of prescience discerns the breaking in of internal respiration ; where Prelates gather in conclaves ; where dainty Luxury revels in voluptuous seclusion ; where Misery lies down by night in its cold dim garret ; where besotted and ferocious Ignorance reels to the gin palace or grovels beast-like in its den. They will not believe ! When did either the splendidly prosperous, or the hopelessly degraded and abject populace, believe in change or crisis, until change and crisis were both reaping their spoil among them ? Yet on this issue will turn eventually the safety or ruin of the land.

The time is coming when the most fiery and exciting message must be borne to England ; the most awful application of God's Word since the wail of the Lord above the city of the chosen race. It is not the water-flood that is to sweep away the guilty, but the *fire-flood* of which old prophecy most authentically foretells. For the Internal Respiratories are to be opened, and the Lord Christ will breathe directly from His Heavens into the Spiritual and inner lungs of man, and part the filmy division-veil which acts at present as a closure. Then man shall breathe, as was the normal order of creation, from internals to externals, and this fiery breath, which the vitally principled in good can alone endure, will suffocate the wicked. Aye ! it is coming. Internal Respiration has begun. To those who possess it the consciousness is given that God's judgments are about to visit the cup of trembling upon the World. England and America, ripest in civilization, most copiously enriched with blessings and advanced in freedom, as is meet, must first drink of this cup ; and this is that great second advent when " the Lord shall be revealed from Heaven in flaming fire."

Now we have one utterance, as in the Word and of the Spirit, to the members and teachers of the visible form representing the New Church. It is this. Here we stand among you, a body of people to whom the Lord has given the knowledge of internal

Respiration, as an integral element in the truths of faith. We breathe, from the Lord, through the celestial respiratories into the natural, as your philosophy and religion teaches was the especial prerogative of the men of the Most Ancient Church, in the old Golden Age. Oh! brethren, if not for your own sakes, for the sakes of those whom your resistance must harden and lay desolate, hearken to us. As surely as that God is in His Word, so surely He will not hold you guiltless in the rejection of this Message. When Internal Respiration comes as a thief in the night, not the Delivering but the Destroying Angel will knock at your heart-doors if these cogent and demonstrable truths are sneered at, or scoffed at, or from timidity, or worldliness placed aside as trivial, puerile and without foundation. For the Messenger, let him pass through the world, bearing the weight of this great concern, a willing, unresisting, uncomplaining sufferer. But, for the Message, he who slights it, in the light of the New Church, does it to the jeopardizing of the soul.

“Come now and let us reason together.” Would the Lord restore internal respiration, as in this case, but for an end? Would He work out so great a thing without an end gigantic and momentous and fraught with use? If through internal respiration all that you have of New Church Theology was given, can you consistently refuse to listen to one, through the opening of whose respiratories a stream of utterance descends so pregnant with God’s Word, so kindling and pulsing with His Spirit? Listen yet again. Can a man open the internal respiratories of himself? You answer “no.” Would not the Hells inflow and destroy him if this were possible? You answer “yes.” Since, then, these respiratories are opened, and the subject lives, must it not be of God? and if of God, is it not time to ask the meaning and the burden of so orderly an intromission? “But,” one answers, “would one sent of God not come among us, and minister after our pattern of church order, and conform to our rules and our especial and distinctive peculiarities?” No! He would come to that greater New Church, which includes all the good of every communion; not in the limitations of an earthly form, into which the New Church had flowed, but in the Spirit, which overflows all forms and seeks to infill all with the large charity of Heaven.

The servant must be content to do as his Lord bids him, to go where his Lord sends him, irrespective of the traditions or the commandments of man.

“But would he come denouncing?” Ah! brethren, we do not denounce. Far from it, as hundreds of your devout and noble men and women in both Continents bear us witness. But shall we flatter? Let the tongue rot before it finds so base an office! The burden is upon us to speak, not as ease desires, and not as self-satisfaction craves, and not as narrowness insists, but as the Spirit and the Word do testify. And that burden, Internal Respiration and its consequences! the stones might cry out if these held their peace.

The New Church, as a visible body, should humble itself in prayer before the Lord, to know, by the sure testimony of the Spirit in the heart, what these things mean. It should repent, on its knees, of every evil which it feelingly experiences, most touchingly laments. It should fast from all its pride, from all its vanities; it should seek to become purged of every drawback and hindrance to a most self-abnegating and humane career; and, from prayer, it will rise to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

CONCEALMENT.

Concealment is the Enemy of Truth,
 The bane of Progress and the Friend of Shame;
 In Golden Ages of man's gentle youth
 Thought shone through matter's veil, and then the frame
 Of man was like a statue of white flame,
 Impulsing thought's divine beatitude
 Of Love and Wisdom: his ideas became
 Visions sublime, felt, known, and understood,
 And shone with God-like forms of perfect Truth and Good.

—*Lyric of the Golden Age.*

DUCAL STABLES.

("Here are stables built by a former Duke of Devonshire, at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds."—*Tourist's Guide*.)

Half a million lavished on a stable,
And the dying multitudes unfed !
Surely it is but a frightful fable,
Or a tale of pagan ages dead,

Told of Caligula or of Nero,
In the dark and evil years of Rome,
When the horse was housed like any hero,
And the exiles torn from hearth and home.

Yet, with fixed and melancholy finger,
Seen through memory's dim dissolving haze,
Time evolves, while lost in thought I linger,
Life-drawn pictures of their palmy days.

Knights and nobles mixed with courtly sharpers,
Oath on lip and betting book in hand ;
Wandering minstrels ; harpers and bag pipers ;
Flaunting jockeys ; judges on the stand ;

Coach and phaeton gay with laughing graces ;
Desperate men, with rigid ashy lips,
Life and fortune staked upon the races
In the speed of Childers or Eclipse ;—

Clink of guineas and the dicer's rattle ;
Veiled and watchful women of the town ;
Soldiers fresh from continental battle,
And the gay expectant of the crown.

These I see, and lo ! with pallid features,
 Once again the multitude pass by :
 Troops of dim and visionary creatures
 Like Mazeppa on his charger fly ;

Sunk below the measureless ecliptic,
 Joyless shades, with love-extinguished breath,
 While, on the white horse apocalyptic,
 Towers above the host the monarch, Death !

Lo ! they pause, the flying apparitions,
 Locks dishevelled, brows for aye uncrowned.
 Oaths, that die away in mute petitions,
 Like the sobbing of the seas resound.

“ Ah ! ” they murmur, in despairing chorus,
 “ Death, the victor, Death, the phantom corse,
 Rides, in swift career, triumphant o'er us,
 Tramples us beneath the spectral horse.”

Melt away, thou pale and tearful vision !
 Close, dread volume, but a sentence read !
 Earth is dark, yet seems a land elysian,
 Felt by contrast with your state, ye dead.

WORD-PICTURES.

III.

A chamber in a Poet's brain,
 With fairy artists painting there
 Pure thoughts, that, in some lyric strain,
 Shall gleam like saints from upper air.

HANS SPRECHTER:

A WONDER TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

I do not think that little Hans Sprechter ever had so much as a florin or a guilder given him in all his life. He could run on errands and drive home the great Flemish cows. He could even say "Our Father" and the Apostles' Creed, and sing more than one sweet verse from the Gospels; though he went barefoot and often almost cried with hunger and with cold. The old gardener, with whom he lived, cross and crabbed as he was, had never caught Hans taking any of his fine fruit, nor telling stories.

The worst thing that ever he had been known to do, was to forget once his task in amazement and wonder at a little girl who came to visit the garden. She wore satin shoes and a broad hat trimmed with lace and sky-blue ribbons; her dress was white as the fleecy evening clouds; her lips were of the color of ripe cherries, and her eyes a heavenly blue. She came in a coach with some grand people. Poor Hans heard her voice; it made a strange tremble upon his ear, as if it were a dream-voice of angel children high in the clouds. He looked up and the little girl was gazing at a flower in the parterre, and singing to herself a low and childish song. This was the first time that Hans ever neglected his task, and the only time. He watched through the wooden palings, following the coach that carried her away, with his eyes, and all in a tremor wherein he knew not which abounded most, sorrow or delight.

One day, it was in the Summer, little Hans fell asleep. His head was shaded by a currant bush, and his body rested on the green grass. The gardener and his wife were gone to church. Softly over the poor tired child fell snow drops that changed to pearls, and roses that became rubies. Then he woke in a beautiful garden. Every object in it seemed to live and whisper with an audible delight. The pansies were talking to the myrtles. The morning glories and the carnations were singing a duet together, in praise of the blessed Sun. The sward beneath his feet was soft as the finest down.

The little boy looked at himself and said, "Is this I, Hans Sprechter? No! how can it be Hans Sprechter? The chil-

blains have left my toes, and the ugly scratches vanished from my hands. My frieze coat with its patches is gone ; my hands are soft as silk and white as milk ; something in my heart goes singing as if it were a crimson bird that told a story of paradise. Surely I cannot be Hans Sprechter. I wear a little robe of white silk, and a nosegay upon my breast ; my shoes are crimson velvet, and there comes a SHINING MAN."

Then a soft music began to warble in the pondering child's very breast ; and he commenced singing in a voice that grew more and more heavenly, until his heart, and his mind, and his lips all seemed responding together, "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

The Shining Man approached, and laid His hand upon the head of the enraptured and wondering boy. That touch melted him with love. It seemed as if his little heart shot up like a fountain of tenderness and mercy. Then he thought he had a living fountain within himself ; and every one of the water-drops held within its crystal sphere a little fairy sister and fairy brother ; and they formed themselves into a glorious and beaming Star ; and the star rose in the atmosphere. There were millions upon millions of them, they enclosed the delighted visitant on every side, and, all as one, began singing "Welcome to the sky ! Welcome to the sky !"

Little Hans woke beneath the currant bush, the church was over and the gardener and his wife were coming home ; but in his breast he still felt the echo of the music and knew that what had occurred to him in slumber was all real, though it seemed only to have been a dream.

One day Hans found a brown morocco pocket-book in the garden walk. It was tied around with red tape, and very heavy. "What shall I do with it?" thought Hans ; "I must find its owner." At this moment he observed a gentleman, with golden epaulets upon his shoulders, and leaning upon a staff, as if still suffering from wounds or injuries. Hans approached him and said, as became a well-instructed child, "High and well-born sir ! will you listen to me?" At first the gentleman supposed that Hans was begging, but Hans cried as he was going by, "I am no beggar,"

and his voice was so importunate that the stranger stopped to listen.

"What are you," said he, "if not a beggar!" "A finder," responded Hans. "Ah!" replied the gentleman, "that alters the case; but beggars are noisy, and finders hold their tongues."

Now little Hans, though a small boy, ever since he had dreamed beneath the currant bush, knew many things beyond his years. For instance he knew about the Shining Man, and that there are other roads to the land He lives in besides that of sleep. It had seemed, indeed, since the dream, to little Hans, as if the Shining Man lived in that very garden; which was, I doubt not, quite near the truth, though He lives in other gardens as well. Hans knew too, that it is the Shining Man that makes the fruits ripen upon the trees, and the flowers to put forth their sweet smelling and lovely blossoms; and that the same Shining Man teaches the birds how to sing and takes care of them. Perhaps, had Hans been interrogated, he might have been found to have known other things besides, and especially this, that the Shining Man drops seeds of good affections into human hearts, which grow and blossom there. Perhaps one of these seeds, called honesty, had become a very thrifty plant in the heart of Hans himself. So he answered the gentleman, "Honest finders are talkers, sir. A good boy should not do like the magpie, who finds a silver spoon and hides it in a hole, that the servant-maid may be accused of theft. If he finds anything valuable, he applies to a high-born gentleman, who will not allow him to be prevented from restoring the object to its owner."

Hans was quite out of breath with his speech, the first he had ever made, and the gentleman leaning on his cane, gravely questioned him, with, "Little boy, what is your prize; I will not allow it to be taken from you." Then Hans brought him the huge pocket-book of brown morocco, tied with the red tape.

"Come, come," said the gentleman, "you are indeed, a finder." But his countenance grew very sedate as he opened. Then striking three times with his cane upon the garden walk, two soldiers, or uniformed men-in-waiting, appeared, and he cried, "Order the coach and drive to the minister of police." Soon Hans found himself riding in a coach for the first time in his life; but what befell him at the end of his ride, must be kept for another time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHURCH LIFE IN ENGLAND.

The present state of the various ecclesiastical bodies, which represent the form of Christianity in England, bespeaks a sunset era. They present the appearance of the grim and battered hulks of war-ships, swinging hither and thither at their moorings, with the turn of the tide, and slowly perishing together. Statistical returns show that no sect is on the increase; and, obviously, the prestige and the power are fast vanishing away. In all of the sects as well, devout men and earnest men are looking about them and asking, with strange forebodings of heart, of what shall be the next great outbirth and visitation of Providence. The power of the clergy as a class steadily is on the wane, and, with it, the interest of the multitude in spiritual ministrations of any sort.

The ecclesiastical body which represents the New Church theology can hardly be said to form an exemption to the general desolateness. Would, indeed, that it were as conspicuous for the earnestness of its practical faith, as it is for its researches into the faintly outlined realm of spiritual correspondences. Would, indeed, that the Lord were the centre of its constant perception and aspiration! Its statistics show, as we believe, about three thousand members in connection with its societies, while perhaps the total of attendants upon its Sabbath ministrations in England, might about equal the combined congregations of Mr. Beecher and Dr. Tyng. Nominally held in cohesion by the reception of the doctrinal truths propounded through the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, a wide latitude of opinion, nevertheless, prevails, both as to the spirit and the system of New Church theology.

It will surprise some of our American readers, to be informed that here are nominal New Churchmen who deny entirely the use and the necessity of prayer; while many others look upon the Revival Spirit as a sheer infatuation, and hold the professions of repentance and conversion, and the turnings of souls to God, through the fervent missionary efforts of Wesleyanism or Moravianism, as all without foundation in reality. We have conversed with both preachers and laymen, of many years standing, and of broad experience, whose prevalent opinion is, that unless some

more vital element is infused into the body, its visible days are numbered. Much of the professed belief in the Swedenborgian system is accompanied with profound ignorance alike of its grounds and principles. In fine it cannot be doubted that, as a movement, it has little if any hold upon the popular heart.

When, however, we turn to the English intellect, we discover a perceptible leavening both of culture and theology with New Church ideas. They impart a more noble and genial essence to poetry, as witness Mr. Coventry Patmore's recent volume, "*The Angel in the House*," which bespeaks a reception upon the part of its author of the doctrine of Conjugal Love. Already the Sun of a New Faith is kindling with a premonitory glow, on the highest hill-tops of Unitarian literature. One of the mightiest thinkers of the great body of Independents, the author of *Mammon* and other popular works of wide circulation, was almost a New Churchman, at least by heart. We have spoken, heretofore, of the large class of thinkers in the Church of England whose minds are broadcasted with the same emancipating knowledges. In fact, while the religious party, called the Swedenborgian, is but a sluice of scant gauge where one may easily determine the quantity of the stream that flows; the New Church itself, as represented in living thoughts and biblical inspirations, is a deep river, whose volume is hidden from the common eye. The name of Swedenborgianism is almost hopelessly unpopular, because identified in the common thought with narrowness and coldness; with lofty claims not demonstrated by burden-bearing in the cause of suffering and down-trodden man. So, too, the mighty and illumined Swedenborg has the reputation of a visionary almost branded in upon his memory, because his followers exhibit the speculative rather than the practical in their measures of life.

Side by side, within the communion itself, are two most opposite classes of receivers. The one lovers of rigid formula, luxuriating in doctrines that may be stated with all the coldness and precision of mathematics, patient students, accurate memorizers, in whom the books of Swedenborg have taken up an intellectual abode, not as the overflowings of the Infinite Genius, through a mortal form, but as exact formulas, which, when received, exalt their possessor immensely above believers in any other system.

It is no doubt true that even with their infallible authority to guide them, they seriously differ in their interpretation of important truths. We cannot think that this class is on the increase. The public mind of England is too seething and volcanic, at present, to afford a sufficient number of conscripts to fill the ranks that death is decimating. These are the "Swedenborgians proper," and they are rapidly passing away.

The hopeful element in the visible body we are considering is numerous and influential; and, were it brought to open issue with its antagonist power, would win the day. So far as we have yet learned, a growing discontent is prevalent in the Churches, and a restlessness which indicates the effort of a nobler life to embody itself in active forms, alike of truth and charity.

The feeling is quite common that Swedenborg, after all, represents but one, though that one a vital and important element, in a true Theology; that the Divine Spirit, affluent of gifts and powers, has thrown out salient lines of truth through every heroic and faithful disciple, in all the epochs of Christendom. That the true minister should be not merely the student of Swedenborg and of the Divine outpourings through him, but of the regenerate Humanity of all times and the Divine forthcomings and acts and words through that. It is keenly felt, too, especially by the young, that however valid may have been the ordinations by the excellent Mr. Hindmarsh, who drew by lot the ticket which represented power to confer a priestly designation on his associates and successors, still, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," rousing up consciences from their sealed depths, and opening Heaven to penitent and contrite eyes and hearts, are after all a better presumptive evidence of the Lord's commission. So the cry goes up, "Give us earnest preaching! Give us practical preaching! Give us words that shall electrify the soul! Teach us, oh, guides and helpers, how to make life rich and worthy; and oh! evince to us besides, the practical heroism of fortitude, and zeal, and resolute trust in the issues of Providence." The feeling, too, is widely prevalent that the theory of preaching in the Church is a mistaken one; that it is scholastic, but not Apostolic.

In England the reins of ecclesiastical authority are not drawn as tightly as in America; and clergymen with more power nomi-

nally, wield less practically. It is not so easy to silence or to expel recusants. The party of authority and restriction here have, therefore, never pushed matters to the length they have abroad. Of late the disposition to make Swedenborg an authority, whose least statement it is impious to question, and to establish a close and select clerical power, is silently preparing itself to suppress the liberties and to sway the forces of the sect. Let it be said, however, to the credit of our English brethren, that this movement was imported from America, and is one of the bitter fruits of the papal system sought to be enforced as well as established there. The scheme against which Brothers Barrett and Weller have so nobly protested, with most Jesuitical artifice and cunning, is seeking to insinuate its poison here. We believe, notwithstanding, that the heart of the body is for freedom; but time will show.

England abounds with a diffused spiritual element, not operative in the Churches, nor capable of being united on any doctrinal platform which embodies or represents the narrowness of any sect. Earnest, illumined, and self-denying preachers of the Word will never fail to find attentive and receptive listeners. A great truth is working its way into the body of English thought, namely, that the Gospel should be preached not by mere expounders of the technology of faith, but by men who have Christianity *in them* as a Divine power. England respects force, and great practical worth embodied in consistent and heroic deeds. It would have its Teachers of Religion exponents of the Christ-spirit. The question most discussed in circles of Religious Thinkers is that of inspiration. Electric, tingling sentences, that leap from heart to heart, and set the soul on fire, are worth far more, as revolutionary agents, than all the correspondential animals who lived in Noah's ark, or pastured in the paradisaical world before the flood. If a man would win these souls to Christ, he must woo them, as the fond lover courts the fair one of his affections. This is true most fully of the young people in the New Church, who dread lest ecclesiastical old age should creep upon them, and chill up the love-fountains in their souls; and who are hungering and thirsting for a great-hearted and sympathetic faith. The majority, as we think, so far as observation warrants us, may be considered,

however aged in person, as youthful and fresh in spirit; the river of New Church life runs deep with many; they nurse a secret hope and cherish ardent longings for a visible outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

When we penetrate the veiled interiors of the English New Church movement, it grows more beautiful in form, more fragrant in essence. It is like a bud unblown, and only waits the genial sunshine of the Divine Love to blossom out, redolent of the charm and sweetness of its Heavenly origin.

CELESTIAL JOURNEYS.

Celestial journeys are by change of state :
 The happy spirit may be tranced away,
 And consciously float o'er the body's bars,
 Into the liberty of earth and sky,
 Regaining its primeval heritage,
 Sight, that through all the spheral universe
 Traces the mazy circuit of the star.
 And, kindling in the heart of things, makes known
 That secret beauty which their forms declare.
 Or swift, or slow, or through the dim obscure
 Of dream-life, or the conscious waking thought,
 And sight which is thoughts' minister, we glide,
 Far as the Morning travels, when she moves,
 A virgin Grace bent on her sweet employ,
 Unfolding universes from the buds
 Of world-germs by the Lord Messiah sown.

—*Regina: A song of many days.*

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

A MELODY OF CONJUGIAL WISDOM FOR THE LORD'S CHURCH ON
EARTH.

(Continued from page 40.)

All truth begins and ends in Him
Whose liquid thoughts in glory swim
And are the spheres of seraphim.

God, in Divine Humanity!
Thou dost, in one bright circle, see
The past, the present and to be.

All nature is a shining tent
Beneath thy heavenly firmament,
And for the use of Angels meant.

He who would find his own true maid,
In bridal beauty unafraid,
Should be himself in truth arrayed.

She dwelleth somewhere, like a rose
That seeks its blossom to uncloze
But waits in shadow and repose.

Go to the Lord, if thou wouldst find
The fit companion of thy mind,
And love her, though in dust enshrined.

She may have fallen, sore oppressed
With evil, in a world unblest:
But take her, clasp her to thy breast.

She may have bled for others' sin,
Till her sad face is worn and thin;
But to thy bosom fold her in.

She may have learned the world to see
Through spectral eyes of misery;
But heaven shall visit her through thee.

She may have famished with the poor,
Or begged her bread from door to door ;
But take her, love her, evermore.

Be thou to her a gentle voice,
Her spirit's light as well as choice,
Singing for aye, Rejoice ! rejoice !

Be thou to her a teacher wise :
She best can view celestial skies
Through radiance of thy tender eyes.

She will thy labors well repay ;
Thy heart shall blossom into May,
Thy mind go forth from night to day.

Thus Singing Sweetness sang and my spirit was moved to re-
spond :—

He who would pluck Love's bridal rose,
Must find it where the lily blows,
In Heaven's conjugal repose.

Lust is Love's Antichrist : its sting,
Though like a Syren it may sing,
Doth to the soul perdition bring.

They are the pure, and they alone,
Who chaste conjugal joys have known,
Or waited, like a rose unblown.

The man who seeks a harlot makes
His bed in Hell, and Heaven forsakes
To herd with swine and coil with snakes.

The man who sees no difference,
Between the satyr's drunken sense,
And Angel's nuptial innocence,—

Who looks upon the marriage tie
As but the State's necessity,
And, in its innermost, a lie,—

Who finds no opposite between
The harlot, decked in gaudy sheen,
And the pure wife, the fire-side queen,

Alas, for him ! despite the boast
Of wealth or intellect, the lost,
Grim spectres of the Stygian coast

Have set their death-mark on his face,
And bound him in their foul embrace,
And wait him in their burial place.

" Come," said my friend, " your heart responds to mine as star
answers to its kindred star. Let us seek the home of the Red
Lily." And then I heard again the mystical refrain of

SUNSET LAND.

Come to the Sunset Land,
The mist is on the hill,
The water-lilies stand
Like Naiads in the rill,
Like golden swans in matron pride
With silver cygnets on the main,
Celestial Heavens above us glide
With blissful Edens in their train.
On beds of mosses, deep and cool,
The water-sprites at eve repose,
And, through the crystal of the pool,
A violet ray the sunset throws.
The mated doves upon the boughs
Have sung their hearts to sleep away ;
And every flower has found his spouse
And woos her in the setting day.
Hail to the land beneath the wave !
Hail to the land that Christna gave !

As we pursued our journey, Singing Sweetness, his countenance

brightened with an auroral dawn of love, gave utterance to his internal affections in this

POEM OF THE RED LILY.

Red Lily ! Red Lily ! thy mild eyes awaken
 When Morn from the sleep-trees their blossom has shaken.
 Red Lily ! Red Lily ! thy gentle caressing
 Awakes me to gaze on my beauty and blessing.
 Red Lily ! Red Lily !

Red Lily ! Red Lily ! since first our hearts plighted
 The vows of their love we are inly united.
 My heart feels thy smile, like an Angel's caressing,
 And wakens to gaze on its beauty and blessing.
 Red Lily ! Red Lily !

Red Lily ! Red Lily ! the fairies are dancing
 Wherever thy smiles in their sunbeams are glancing.
 Their life they have drawn from thy tender caressing,
 Thou Queen of the Fairies, thou beauty and blessing.
 Red Lily ! Red Lily !

Thy heart is a garden where fairies find roses ;
 A fairy in each of thy love-thoughts reposes ;
 They glide to my heart from thy nuptial caressing,
 And wreath it with roses, my beauty, my blessing.
 Red Lily ! Red Lily !

“Yes,” said a young man, emerging from a group of citron trees where also the magnolia was lifting its chalice blossoms as we pursued our pleasant way, “you are always singing of *Odora*, and I respond with *Melodia*.”

THE POEM OF MELODIA.

Bring me a silver lute again,
 Bring me a silver lute.
 Among the deathless Angel-men
 My voice shall not be mute.

My poet-heart has found its wings,
My poet-soul is blest
Where Love, the seraph, smiles and sings
In pure Melodia's breast.
Melodia ! Melodia !

Dance in the morning, all ye stars,
To grand Apollo's lyre.
Oh, daughter of the shining Mars,
Lead on their tuneful choir.
But I in Sunset Land will stray,
Amid the crimson flame,
And wake my heart's most tender lay
To sweet Melodia's name.
Melodia ! Melodia !

She is as pure as morning light,
Her eyes are wells of fire ;
She sits upon the eastern height
Whereto the stars aspire.
I wander in the golden beams
Of Sunset Land above,
And feed my thoughts beside the streams
Of young Melodia's love.
Melodia ! Melodia !

I now saw two sweet maidens emerging from a vine-covered bower and they affectionately greeted us. The taller of the two with dark hair and eyes was called Melodia and the other was Red Lily the bride of my poet friend. Such was their innocence that they might well have been called Chastities, and fitly styled Graces, because of their supereminent beauty. They said "we heard you singing and knew that you were coming to us, but we have friends within." I then perceived that the Angelic Youth who had sung the praises of the sweet Melodia was John Keats.

We found in the bower, to which we were now conducted, the festive company. Here hilarity reigned without disorder. I was made acquainted with the names of a number of the guests. They were visible to me in their angelic forms, and not according to

the appearances which had invested them upon the natural earth. Conspicuous among the number was the pleasant face of Joseph Addison, and, with him, one of the most beautiful young men I ever beheld. Upon enquiring concerning his former name I was told that he was the good Bishop Berkeley. Here also I beheld the mild countenance of William Cowper. Radiant in youthful beauty, I perceived a group of Sister Angels in whom I recognized their conjugal associates. They all ate as at the table of the Lord, and drank from golden goblets crowned with roses.

At last there was brought an ivory lyre with living strings containing music within themselves. It was given to Joseph Addison and after precluding upon it he sang this

HYMN OF CREATION.

God's thoughts of love are golden strings ;
 Creation is the song He sings ;
 And through the quivering lyre is poured
 The three-fold music of the Word.

O'er all terrestrial spaces move
 The stars of truth, the suns of love.
 Through nature pour the burning seas
 Of Heaven's creative melodies.

One God is throned o'er every star :
 The glory gates He flings ajar,
 And peoples Heaven with souls, arrayed
 In truth, and in its spirit made.

The rushing stream of human souls
 From space and time forever rolls.
 Great God ! thou dost its bounds control,
 Thou art the life of every soul.

Give us Thy gracious name to praise,
 Through Sabbaths of eternal days ;
 In Thee to live, with Thee to blend
 In pure affection without end.

I heard him sing with a mingled emotion. I was unable to re-

tain more than the shell or outmost of his melody. His thought was cosmically vast and only to be measured by an intellect of great capacity.

Singing Sweetness now turned to me and remarked, "it was our desire to afford you an agreeable surprise ; you are invited to a celestial wedding." A blithe young matron with yellow hair decked with pansies then arose and sang this

MARRIAGE JOY-SONG.

Merrily, merrily dance the flowers,
When they hear the bride-bells ring,
And the myrtles bloom in the sunset bowers
When the blossoms begin to sing.

Merrily, merrily dance the fays
When they hear the bride-bells ring,
For the bride's young heart is a garden maze,
Where the fays delight to sing.

Honey grows in the butter cups
Where the elfland streamlets flow,
And the golden fairies drink it up
And it makes their babies grow.

Honey grows in the maiden's eyes,
And the young bride's heart above,
And the fairies haste from all their skies
To the nuptial feast of love.

Merrily, merrily haste and twine
A wreath for the bridal brows,
A wreath of love flowers all divine
When she goes to meet her spouse.

At this there was a simultaneous murmur of *Odora! Odora!* from many happy voices blended in one. The song which follows was her response.

WHY COOS THE DOVE?

Why coos the dove, when the red rose is springing ;
When the wild bee to the cowslip is clinging ;

When the red strawberries gleam in the meadow ;
 When the white blossoms the orchard boughs shadow ;
 Why coos the dove ? why coos the dove ?

Why does the nightingale sing from the roses,
 When the sweet Night her bright starflower uncloses ?
 Why do the robin, the wren and the plover
 Call from the thicket, the wheat and the clover ;
 Why coos the dove ? why coos the dove ?

Why is the young man afraid of the maiden,
 Fair as the peach tree with young blossoms laden ?
 Why does she blush, when the young man she meeteth ;
 What says the heart in her breast while it beateth ;
 Why coos the dove ? why coos the dove ?

The repast was now concluded and we were conducted by our smiling host to a new change of scene that awaited us. It was a natural temple, if I may use the word, and here I saw a wonder concerning the architecture of the Heavens. Creations take place in that Heaven with an endless new variety and of such unspeakable magnificence that thought fails to compass them. These creations are a representative world, emblazoning the attributes and typifying the perfections of the One Eternal mind. The saying, attributed to Madame De Stael, that architecture is frozen music, here finds its coronation, for here the very thought of Deity is heard and seen, with awful and yet entrancing music, as it fashions itself into the temples of the angels and the paradisaical cities beautiful with all manner of precious stones, embowered in trees of living foliage which adorn their world. Here spring edifices from the fruitful soil as plants blossom on the fields of lower nature.

We now beheld a temple, which was builded entirely of the crystalized forms of emblematical flowers which all symbolized the marriage of good and truth in the internals of the human spirit. As we entered therein, the flowers all simultaneously sparkled with golden fire, and, in the midst of each of the blossoms, we saw forms of dazzling brilliancy, holding censers of purple flame. The floor of the temple was one emerald, but the roof an hollow diamond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEASURES OF TRUTH:

EXTENT AND VARIETY OF NEW CHURCH INSPIRATIONS.

Catholic and earnest minded persons, throughout both hemispheres, men of the New Age, who look for the absorption of the whole world into Christianity, even as decaying vegetable mold is revived in the beauty and perfection of the flower, have survived and outgrown that mental state which makes the creed a necessary adjunct to the faith. It is only minds of an inferior type, and hearts of a less genial virtue, that look upon Christianity as in danger of perishing with the decline of doctrinal systems. As there is in the universe a system of mathematics, to which, if he would succeed in any practical undertaking, the man of science must apply his mind; and as, under the constant operation of this higher power, though all extant works in exposition of its principles were to perish, mathematicians would constantly reappear and mathematics live; so the disappearance of any peculiar religious organization is not a thing to be looked upon with unhappiness or dread. For Christianity will always, when it has absorbed into itself the individual genius, and reconstructed the intellect, and sublimed the heart, make the man, who is the subject of this all-beauteous miracle, the type and symbol of religious faith and action to his times.

It is interesting to observe through what rude processes the loftiest elements of power are erected into that noblest of all temples, the ideally and the constructively religious man. John Bunyan is a vivid illustration of the rough material employed by the Divine Artist for His immortal works. If in Shakspeare we contemplate a profound original soul, extracting from Nature and the pantomime of life the materials for a subtle philosophy, and so fusing society in his own fervent intellect and reproducing it in the drama, which literally holds the "Mirror up to Nature," we must accredit to Bunyan, if not a vaster scope, at least a higher potency.

The Pilgrim's Progress, when its deep underlying base of truth is considered, is nearer akin to Shakspeare's plays than to any other composition. Swift, Bunyan, and Shakspeare were the

great realists; all, under the disguise of fiction, dealing with solid facts and lasting principles. But Bunyan, except in one immortal instance, wore the trammels of the theologian. It was while in Bedford jail, under dreary penance for non-conformity, that the one aloe-plant and century-flower, which we call the Pilgrim's Progress, shot up a supernal stalk and blossomed to undying excellence. "Christian" is as essentially a dramatic character as any in Shakspeare; he is, in fact, a representation of the dreamer's own spirit. Bunyan and Christian are identical and inseparable.

In treating of the spiritual seership of Bunyan, we verge toward a vast province yet little understood. Could he have shaken aside the narrow prejudices of his party; could, in fine, the spiritual degree of his intellect have descended into and through his natural mind, thoroughly permeating and impregnating it, the gorgeous visions of a new Apocalypse would have been evolved, to take their place in dramatic compositions without precedent or parallel in Christian literature. The Pilgrim's Progress is itself but the torso, the mutilated trunk, of the glorious image of constancy, and magnanimity, and tender love, and world-wide benevolence, which the Christian Faith and Life assumed in Bunyan's inner mind.

The artist, however, lifted by inspiration above his age, is necessarily fettered by its limitations and requirements, while seeking to embody or ultimate his thought. Plato is seen through the dim haze of Greek speculation. Dante must be observed wrapt in the dense obscuration of papal Rome. Even Swedenborg is narrowed, to the superficial observer, by that pedantic eighteenth century, in the midst of whose affectations he lived and wrote. So with Bunyan; his vast conceptions are poorly clad with Calvinistic figments; his merit is to be great in spite of them.

The character of Christian is a splendid psychological study, and altogether above the perception of the formalist of any class. Christian is a genuine New Churchman, who battles with shams and falsities to the very death; who finds, at every step of his regenerative career, obstacles which require, for their removal, Herculean faith and dauntless constancy, who converts these impediments into triumphs, and grows to spiritual vision through

the entire subordination of the human self-hood to divinest ends. We think we never knew a New Churchman, in the actual sphere, so real, so thorough, and so earnest as this dream-brother of ours, who, born in the old prison of Bedford, has since become an immortal guest, rehearsing his deeds by thousands of lowly firesides, and narrating his marvels to the rapt ear of childhood, as well as for the deep experience of age.

When we are asked to account for the fact that New Church preachments, so called, have exerted an influence comparatively so feeble, we must trace it, in part, to the study of speculative theology rather than of vital and real human nature. No man, be his position what it may, who is not a close observing reader of his kind, can ever take deep hold on the public sentiment. It will hold good to all time that "the proper study of mankind is man." The eloquent and fervent author of "Foregleams of Immortality" draws an exquisite illustration for his use from the revelations of the telescope, where, seen through instruments of enormous power, Sirius was observed "to come on like the dawn of morning." But the New Church theology is that more grand and perfect organ, which, when directed to the human stars of time, reveals in each the wondrous movement of a spiritual world. We have polished and repolished the instruments, and built the observatories, but have not yet directed our telescopes toward the stars. To drop the figure, many have seemed unwilling to attribute seership, or vision, or spiritual use, or the ability to grasp heaven-derived conceptions, to any other worker in Time's seed-field, through respect to the huge monopoly of Swedenborg.

We were once accused of plagiarism, upon the part of the good wife of a certain well-known clairvoyant and medium, the ground of the charge being our having "made use of the word psychology, which her husband had invented, without giving him due credit." To match this there are quarters, which we might mention, where it is gravely supposed that any man who enunciates New Church Truth on any subject is necessarily a reader of Swedenborg, and that the seer is robbed of the peculiar glory which attaches to his name, unless due credit is given for the sole discovery. But "other men labored," and Swedenborg, like Bunyan, "entered into their labors." In the whispering gallery of the past he sat

and listened to the musical echoes of all the ages, yet neither of these worthies were originators; they echoed that vast sound, like the harps and voices of an innumerable company, or like the noise of many waters. With both, the spirit far outstripped the tardy letter; and it is as prejudicial to the interests of Truth, to found a creed, to build a sect upon the works of the seer of the Northland, as it would be to erect a doctrinal platform upon the sayings of the fine visionist of Bedford jail.

Truth outstrips her tardy followers, and perpetually greets her children with a more transcendent and beautiful discovery of her charms. "Custom cannot stale," nor age wither "her infinite variety." The merely retrospective intellect, while it may, perhaps, behold more accurately the discoveries which Truth vouchsafed to past generations, loses the charmed freshness, the electric inspiration of her present touch and voice. We cannot afford to be narrow. The mere islanders of Christianity, her hermits and her villagers, lose the broad mainlands. We require the hospitable entertainment of all her countries, the invigorating products of all her zones.

It may be said, by some, that we should only read New Church books, keep New Church company, and nourish ourselves with New Church ministrations. We take a broader view, and, while accepting the statement, would give to it an unbounded latitude of interpretation. In Flavel and Baxter there are New Church truths, though cased in a rind of Calvinism. "Alleyn's Alarm," "Law's Serious Call," the "Imitation of Christ," the "Saint's Rest," are like veins of gold-bearing quartz, with here and there a nugget rich and massive as those of Ballerat. What fine treasure exists, to one who can use the implements of analogy and correspondence, in the Greek and Sanscrit literature. How copious in spiritual life are some of the earnest catholic writers prior to the Reformation. The modern German classics, to one who can use the needful discrimination, flow with copious streams of refreshment and illumination. The recent literature of France is rich and valuable to one who can sift the diamonds from the pebbles. The New Churchman is the true cosmopolite, drawing tribute from every province beneath the canopy of heaven.

It is not so much *what we read as how we read* that determines

the question of use and propriety. The waspish mind will sharpen his sting and replenish his venom from the literature that might make glad a Church of Angels. The catholic and noble spirit will find a value, and absorb rich elements of love and mercy, from writings however valueless. For consider, we say, "valueless," but no book is valueless. The driest metaphysical treatise, if read with the eye of the spirit, becomes more than a volume. The mental state and image of the man is pictured in it; a silent statue of thought, clothed in language, he reveals the authentic likeness of the state, alike of men and spirits in similar postures of inclination from the light of Heaven. As the pound of iron, which costs but a penny, is worth many thousand times its original value wrought into watch-springs, or as the electricity, that utters no voice when contained within a glass of water, yet flashes messages of cheer and words of enlightenment, flying in viewless circuit on the telegraphic wire, so the latent and diffused truth, in any human production, acquires a priceless value when wrought through experience into a better statement; and if, in the one case, it conveys no intelligible greeting, in the other it kindles the Spirit as with a flash of revelation. New Church truths are as diffused in literature as electricity in the air; it requires only the spiritual eye to discern them, and the spiritual touch to make them speak.

So with preaching. Human spirits advanced in regeneration, always, in some degree, are feeling after the same high truths. The spiritual man will dip his beaker in the hidden Pactolus whose waters run with gold. If he can do no better he will wring moisture from the driest theological fleece. The fine Arabian steed, that child and courier of the desert, will discover water to slake his thirst, where even the eye of the rider sees nothing but the sand waves, rolled and curved by the motion of the sirocco. Even thus the generous, humane, celestial-minded enquirer, entrusted with the charge of discoursing to poor and suffering spirits, intent on the great end, the discovery of truth for ends of charity, will find somewhere a buried well, a "diamond in the desert." For, given the highest nobleness in soul, and that veracity and integrity will absorb to itself a corresponding truth. So the great congregational preacher at Hartford finds "God

in Christ," and preaches "Sermons for the New Life" that feed all deeply experienced men and women of every denomination. Does he plagiarize from Swedenborg? Nay, from the standpoint of Catholic liberality and freedom, he interprets Nature and History and the Word of God. These remarks might be extended to great length. We close upon an unexhausted subject with the remark, that, to the narrow intellect, the conception of New Church literature and preaching will narrow down till all that is left is a mere shell and skeleton of nominally Swedenborgian tenets; while, to the broad and loving nature, the same standard will grow until it includes the all in all of the Divine Truth and Charity in mankind's experience. We shall find ourselves, adopting the latter spirit, no sect, but heartily at one with truth and goodness, in every people and in all the world.

THE FAIRY.

The universe is made of tiny men :
 In holy infancy their endless lives
 Round ever to an orb of perfect light :
 And matter, in its varying forms and hues
 And subtle harmonies of airy flame,
 Is their pavilion, where, in choral dance,
 They weave the flying tapestry of space.
 These are the fays of Nature, brethren small
 To Angels and the radiant human kind ;
 And love of good and truth, for their own sakes,
 And the creative blessedness they bring,
 And love of God, who is the Good and True,
 Is the religion of the Fairy world ;
 Nor can they ever fall away from this
 But bloom and ripen with an infant's joy.

—*Regina: A song of many days.*

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

"And when He was demanded of the Pharisees when the kingdom of God should come, He answered them and said: The kingdom of God cometh not with observation (or outward show); neither shall they say, lo! here, or lo! there, for behold the kingdom of God is within you."—LUKE xvii. 20, 21.

Our Lord gave little attention to the externals of life. He did not seek to change any relation that existed; he only sought to breathe into the innermost conditions of existence, that Divine Breath which He knew would transform and clothe everything in proper habiliments. "He came not to destroy, but to fulfill the law." Truth, righteousness, and love, were dearer to Him than all the gilded ceremonial of a corrupt and inverted ecclesiasticism. His kingdom was within. There He reigned, enthroned in the affections of the will, and in the thoughts of the understanding.

Swedenborg says, that "with every angel, and likewise with every man, there is an inmost or supreme degree, or an inmost or supreme something, into which the Divine of the Lord first or proximately flows, and which it disposes the other interior things which succeed, according to the degrees of order with the angel or man. This inmost or supreme may be called the entrance of the Lord to angel and to man, and his veriest dwelling-place with them. By this inmost or supreme, man is man, and is distinguished from brute animals; for these have it not. Hence it is that man, otherwise than animals, can, as to all the interiors which are of his mind, be elevated by the Lord to Himself—can believe in Him, be affected with love to Him, and thus see Him; and that he can receive intelligence and wisdom, and speak from reason, and hence it is that He lives to eternity. But what is disposed and provided by the Lord in that inmost, does not flow in manifestly into the perception of any angel, because it is above his thought, and exceeds his wisdom."—H. & H. 39.

This is the inmost of that soul-germ which never dies, and into which the Divine influx makes its direct inflowing into the human soul. There God dwells. Here is His kingdom, and as He

moves from this inmost centre to outmost circumference, we have the coming of the Lord "without observation." The breaking away of the hindrances—the clearing out of the obstacles which forestall the descent of the Lord into us, often produces sad havoc with the selfishness, the evil-loves of our natures; but the coming of the Lord is noiseless, and without observation. His kingdom is within the regenerate will and understanding of His children.

The material and skeptical mind is constantly asking, when will the kingdom of God come? Instead of looking for God in the human soul, we are looking outside of ourselves, into the externals of things, for His appearance. We are expecting to see His kingdom established, like the Jews of old, with power—with signs and wonders—by great demonstrations of the Spirit. Our Lord declares that His kingdom comes not with show and observation. All those terrible throes which break up human society—which deluge the world with blood—which stir the moral ocean to its very depths, are but signs which precede the coming of that peaceful reign, which brings to the heart of man the true joy—the true happiness. And do we not, who here enjoy the heaven descents of God's love into our hearts, often make the mistake of supposing that God is in the whirlwind and storm which sweep the earth in devastation and death; that He is in those terrific upheavals of the religious thought of the world, which shake for the time, the moral centre of Satan's power; that He is enthroned in the midst of those dread carnivals of sin, where war, pestilence, and famine, hold the sceptre of hell? God is there, but He is there proximately. He is in all things, and is overruling all things for His glory. These are the projections into time of those horrible conditions in the invisible which we see manifested in the wars of the earth; in the great religious revivals which awaken men to their first moral consciousness, and show them their utter sinfulness. When we see these things, we should flee to the mountains, and know that our salvation draweth nigh. We should rest under the tranquilizing influences of God's love, and wait His bidding—wait until we have been indued with power from on high. The sphere of the New Church is the sphere which cometh into the hearts of men without observation. Here God dwells, and without are the liars, and mur-

derers, and whore-mongers who have infested and killed the good of all ages.

But, says one, is not the New Church coming to all men, whether in the New Church or in the Old? Certainly. The Lord is descending into all men, but not into the organic structures which hold together all men in the old forms of thought. And for this simple reason: all truth in the Old Church has become inverted, and has ceased, under this inversion, to respond to the deep heart-wants of the children of God. Hence, as the New Jerusalem descends from God, out of heaven, it will kill and crush out the organic life which the old order of things has erected. The kingdom of God moves from centre to circumference, and whatever hinders its descent, must fall before the presence of the inflowing God.

Our work, then, is not in connection with any movement which has for its object the establishment and propagation of any of the forms of error which unregenerate men and spirits seek to inaugurate. For we must always remember, that whatever connection we hold with bodies of men, the particular form of that body draws from the great societary movements of the spiritual world, corresponding affinities, and of course there descends from those societies corresponding influxes. For instance, those whose love and life are in the enthusiastic demonstrations of what are called the "manifestations of the spirit," find, in unison with them, spirits from the spiritual world, who will minister to the caprices and excitements of this phase of religious life. So, also, of all the forms of religious peculiarity which have their cause, and birth, and sustenance from the spiritual world.

In the establishment of the first Christian Church, the Lord heeded not the hoary and time-honored traditions of Judaism. He brought a new spirit into the world, which fashioned a new order of things—not a new order of truth;—truth is eternal. We are to reject no truth, no true experience which has been developed under the various systems of the world, from the beginning of time to the present, but we are to reject the broken vessels which bring truth to us, for the reason that hell now inhabits where heaven once tried to rest. It is the glory of the New Church, that it holds communion with the good and true, and

with the developments of God, of all ages, whether found under the first gray tints of the rising sun in the Orient, or under its declining shade in the Occident. Truth is truth, wherever lived, spoken, or written.

Whilst we should be thus catholic in our charity, we should at the same time bear in mind that we have duties and responsibilities to perform. Let the dead bury their dead, follow thou me, is the Divine command. We know what trouble the Apostles had in propagating the Christian religion at the beginning of the first dispensation. Bigoted and narrow-minded Jews were constantly endeavoring to crush the rising flame of light and love by bringing into the new faith the perverted forms and traditions of their condemned Church and ritualism. The first trouble of any serious moment in the Church at Jerusalem was from this cause. Even Peter succumbed before it for a time, but the indomitable Paul denounced it, and showed that the Kingdom of Christ was more than meat and drink; more than circumcision and the keeping of new moons, holy days, fasts, and the formalism of the Mosaic dispensation. He showed that it was a kingdom of Righteousness, Truth and Holiness; a kingdom of joy and gladness in the Holy Ghost. And we must do the same now. Whilst we ought to feel grateful to the Lord, that He is adapting His government to all the conditions of human life—is descending into the very bodies of all human beings—meeting with consummate wisdom the transitional phases of all experience, we should always remember that our use is not in these conditions, but in the perfecting of our characters, so that God's Spirit may dwell within us, and outflow from us in undulating waves of harmony to those who are living in the discords and distractions of human life. *Let us draw others to us, as God appoints, and not as we elect.*

If we wish to lead those who desire truth, let us teach them the dangers which environ them from the spiritual world, in the deep and damning subtleties of the inner life; the dangers of disorderly spiritual intercourse; teach them how that other life is organized, mapped and charted under the eye of God; its hell, its heaven, and its world of spirits, and of our connection to it; teach them of the holiness of the Word, in themselves, in Nature, and in the Bible; of the internal senses which exist in each; teach them that

love and charity is the very essence and life of the New Church ; that regeneration is to be accomplished through *use*, and *faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only God, of heaven and of earth ; teach them of His relations to the human soul, and that He is the Universal Father, ministering to the wants of His children ; and above all, teach them, by a true life, that our faith is not a mere form of words, but is a living, breathing existence, warmed by the Divine Love into noble deeds of sympathy and charity. Thus we can show forth the reality of that New Jerusalem which is now descending out of heaven, and cometh without observation ; for the Lord God dwells within it, and He is the light thereof.

The most important theme for the true New Churchman is, to warn his brethren of the old Church of the dangers which surround them, in the opening of the internal respiratories. That destruction of the world by fire, which has been prophesied of by all the prophets, is upon us. That separation of the spiritual lungs from the natural, which many of us have felt, prior to the descent of the divine auras of the heavens into the ultimate planes of our bodies. That breathing of God's breath, which is burning fire to the unregenerate, and life, and inspiration, and love, to the true follower of Christ, has commenced. Men may scoff at it as much as they please, the stern reality is before us, as we verily know. Here is something to warn men to prepare for. It is not God's wrath, but His love, which is descending thus, and it will come as a thief in the night—without observation.

The New Church has assumed no organic shape as yet. It is still within us, seeking to ultimate itself in all the conditions, relations, and customs of human life. So corrupt are men; so moss-grown have the institutions of human society become; so deranged are our relations, that as yet the New Jerusalem has found no lodgment in the ultimate plane. All that falsehood and evil which exists in the invisible, and which is nurtured by accretions from the Natural must be destroyed before the New Jerusalem, which exists in heaven, can be fully established.

The kingdom of God is within us. And it will take time to prepare the material for the reception of the Mighty Structure which is to take the One Humanity into its ample pale. The New Church, as an element, is permeating all the conditions of human existence. *It is God working through the inmosts to the out-*

mosts of man's being. As an inspiring breath it is unfolding forms of thought for the indwelling life, and in God's own time will take on such coloring as He shall wish bodied forth into the sublime creations of Art, Government, Religion, and Social Life. For this we must be content to wait and work. We need not think that because we do not see more of the fruits of our labors, that the world sleeps in unconscious case, and ponders not the weighty truths which come flaming to us from the Eternity of God. Men everywhere are being inspired with the same Life, and as that Life flows into the One Vessel, Humanity, it imparts the same Truth to all. There are men in all parts of the country, who are recognizing the great truths which we are receiving. The New Church as a Spirit, is finding its way into all the conditions of human life. Look at such men as Beecher, Chapin, Bushnell, Kingsly, and the other men of the New Age, whose influence is being exerted to arouse and bring before the people the primary truths of the New Jerusalem. They are unconsciously used for this. In their own struggles after more light, they scatter shattered beams to others. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and if they cannot bear light in its full splendor, it beams in milder radiance to their vision. Thus the world is emerging from darkness into the serener atmosphere of a heavenly state, where it can come into the antechamber of the Church of the New Age.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

Many of our friends have expressed a desire that some of the articles, appearing from time to time in our journal, should be printed in a form more adapted to general circulation, and realizing ourselves that the time has come when such should be done, we purpose issuing a series of "Tracts for the Times," consisting of such articles from our magazine best calculated to meet the wants of inquiring minds; especially of those who recognize the providence and spirit of the Lord in the late Revival, and who are looking for the descent of the "New Jerusalem."

Our first issue will be on the 1st of February, and will comprise three Tracts from 4 to 8 pages each, entitled

1. "THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN REVIVALISM."
2. "THE FOUNTAIN OPENED."
3. "JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH."

These may be had at our office at one dollar per 100; postage 25 cents.

LAST HOURS : A REAL PORTRAIT.

[In this poem we have, from Interior Sources, a delineation of the spiritual state of an unregenerate old man, fast declining to natural death and the fixed condition of the spirit in demoniacal and infernal loves.]

Dark old man with the silver chains,
Brooding forlorn o'er these battle plains,
With thy heart sunk down, as the rivers go
Through sunless caverns of night that flow,
And the light in thine eye like the setting moon
When she dips from sight in a dying swoon.
Whither away o'er these blasted plains,
Dark old man with the silver chains ?

Bound thou art, who once wert free ;
Riderless thy steed should be ;
Death hath stricken the royal tent ;
The bow is broken, the arrow spent ;
Thy silver chains keep time as they go,
Yet the brave music ends in woe.
Thy shadow, beside thee moving on,
Is barred and ribbed like a skeleton :
Bound thou art, who once wert free ;
Riderless thy steed must be.

Thou wert lord of threescore years ;
Dost seek them on these battle biers ?
Some died in a passion-dream supine ;
Others their life pearl lost in wine ;
One, perchance the most forlorn,
Wept that he ever had been born ;
Anger smote one with a brazen fist ;
Another to death by a snake was kissed ;
One in a crucible for gold
Was melted, and proved naught but mold.

Do their shivering ghosts, by night astir,
 Feel after thee from the sepulchre?
 Thou wert Lord of threescore years :
 Do they seek thee from the battle biers ?

Who is she that moves beside ?
 Can a woman-serpent be a bride ?
 Her fiery locks are pillowed
 Deep in thy bosom, and her head,—
 Ah ! 'tis a death's head, crowned with white
 Memories of extinct delight.
 She winds her slimy hands around
 Thy heart, her joy's drear burial mound,
 And sings, alas ! forlornly sings,
 " Fire floweth from the nectar springs,
 Fire of remorse for evil deeds,
 Whereof we two must reap the seeds,
 In shame, and woe, and misery,
 Through cycles of eternity."
 Who is she ? dost know ? dost know ?
 Thy youth's lost paramour will go,
 With an illusive spectral tread,
 Cling beside thee to the dead.
 Who is she so still beside ?
 Can a woman-serpent be a bride ?

Dark old man with the silver chains,
 Death in thy bosom riots and reigns.
 " Ha ! ha ! " he shouts to his Memories,
 " Let us drink the wine cup, to the lees ; "
 But the fiery lees forever brim
 With vintage of despair to him,
 And the madness floweth in thy veins,
 Dark old man with the silver chains !

NEW CHURCH PULPIT, NO. 5.

INCREASE OF FAITH ESSENTIAL TO THE INCREASE OF CHARITY.

BY REV. H. WELLES.

"And the Apostles said unto the Lord, 'Increase our faith.'"—LUKE xvii. 5.

The increase of faith is the great need of the present age. Every age has its prevailing tendencies, and those tendencies are determined by the condition of the Church. And because the present is an age of transition—a universal transition—a passing over from the old to the new in every department of human life, therefore, all things are shaking and tottering to their very foundation. Conservatism is at a discount—branded with the nickname of old fogyism—but without its wholesome restraining influences, we should doubtless become stranded on the reefs and shoals of a universal skepticism.

Faith is taking a quiet departure. Time was when a hurricane of unbelief passed over the most intellectual portion of Europe, and French infidelity became the rage of the day, but this, like the stampede of kings in 1848, and the recent flash in the pan of a European war, was only a bubble thrown up upon the surface of events, prophetic of the deep movements below. What, then, staggered the world with its ominous revelations of the faithlessness of the human heart, brought to light by the upturning of the lower strata of human life individually and socially, has since been marching on in subdued measure and manner, but yet surely undermining all the established institutions of the Church and of society generally. We are losing faith in all things, except the money-god of the world and the self-god of the heart. Self-reliance first, and next reliance upon the pocket, is now the dominant feeling of this gilded, painted, white-washed generation.

It is well, under such circumstances, to recur to first principles, and the simple intuitions of the beginning of church-life. The Apostles, selected and sent forth, were the most intimate companions of the Lord, representing a class of minds in the Church who come nearest to Him, and sit constantly at His feet. They had

been taught the laws of charity. "Take heed to yourselves ; if thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him ; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent ; thou shalt forgive him." What is written, throughout the Word, in relation to forgiveness, although appearing to treat of passing by injuries so as not to retaliate, is, in reality, the precept of untiring uses towards our brother man. To forgive our brother his trespasses against us, in the obvious literal sense, is to forego the infliction of any penalty upon him ; in a more interior sense, it is to banish all thought and feeling of revenge, unkindness, coldness, or neglect towards him ; and because, as we thus shun the evils of hating our brother from any cause, and in any degree, the influent Divine Life, flowing into vessels thus chastened and prepared, rouses up all remains of good affections, infils them with a new love, and directs them to new ends, therefore, the internal spiritual sense involves active life, and relates to the persevering performance of uses, however coldly and ungratefully they may be received. Still, there is a reservation, and this is signified by "if he turn again to thee, saying, I repent ;" for while our brother turns his back upon us, and utterly refuses our good offices, it is no part of wisdom to force them upon him.

The precept is written in the literal sense, throughout, in accommodation to the perceptions of the natural man, who indeed need to be taught the forgiveness of injuries at every turn. We are continually, in social life, subject to receive injury from the contact of others, it may be unintentional, or from mere accident, or from carelessness. But the man whose life lies preëminently in the things of this world, is ready to fire up in anger and revenge at every damage caused upon his earthly goods. To him it is enough that he has been damaged, and all palliatory considerations are to him cold excuses. He demands reparation, and exacts the penalty to the uttermost. And he calls this justice when enforced upon others, and yet, will always seek to evade its being enforced upon himself. And this is because the natural man cannot have any genuine charity—his maxim being self first served, and his neighbor only as it serves himself, or he will give away what he does not want, expecting something as good in return.

To all such, the precept to forgive comes with an appeal to their selfishness even—they hope by passing over trespasses, to merit a place in heaven. But far different is the case with the spiritual man. He is not indeed devoid of a self-hood, but it is no longer the great end of his being. The monition "Take heed to yourselves," implies that all these precepts of life have an intimate bearing upon our own spirits. Sin leaves an ugly stain upon the spiritual body—malice lurking in the heart, writhes and distorts the frame and features; and dark purposes of revenge cloud over the countenance, until man becomes himself a dark form of evil. So, then, we need take good heed to ourselves, for what goes out, comes back to us, a curse or a blessing.

But the spiritual man, while he thus looks to himself, acts from the primary promptings of the Holy Spirit. He shuns all evils, that he may present a spotless body, a temple holy and undefiled to the Lord. He divests himself of all evils in the power of the Lord, not only because they cast up so many obstructions on the way to heaven, but because his arm is fettered and his energies paralyzed in the great work of doing good. Thus, although all good works benefit the doer, and bring to him satisfaction and blessedness of life; yet, it is not for these ends that he labors—his great aim is to do right, and serve his day and generation—the consequences and results he leaves in the hands of the Supreme Disposer of events.

Thus, the spiritual man, acting from unselfish ends, regards all injuries in the light, not of his own so much as his neighbor's welfare. For himself, he realizes the absolute truth involved in the question, "Who can harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" Trusting in the Divine Providence, he feels, at all times, that nothing can befall him—no man can inflict harm upon him, but by the Divine permission, through which some good use may be performed. True doctrine teaches that nothing—not even the hells, would be suffered to exist, but for some use, and thence he looks to the use of all things, and instead of seeking revenge or recompense, he seeks the removal of those evils in himself or others, which have served to perpetrate the trespass.

Thus the understanding of the Holy Word, as the spirit rises from natural thought, drops the rough husk, and comes into the

form of divine truth as contained in the spiritual sense. In this sense the forgiveness of trespasses, or the remission of debts, is really the fulfillment of our obligations towards others, and forms the great law of use that makes man spiritual. But a higher sense still—the celestial—unveils the great law of love; and now, every trespass unseals the fountains of mercy, and putting aside all other considerations, we mourn over a brother's trespass, and smitten on the one cheek, turn to him the other also—not to invite a repetition of the offense, but to disarm his hostility by meek forbearance and readiness to receive insult and injury, when the Lord permits them to be offered to us. And our dear Lord Himself, thus wept over the city of Jerusalem, soon to become the theatre of the great tragedy of the world, regardless of His own prospective sufferings, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Thus, as man ripens towards heaven, the Holy Word comes to him in its inner sense—dropping first the husk of the literal, and then the shell of the spiritual, until the kernel, tender and full of the oil of celestial love feeds his glowing soul. Now, the great law of love absorbs all else as Aaron's rod swallowed up the rest. But this great end can be reached only by successive stages. Hence, the Apostle's petition comes in, showing the means by which, to human consciousness, the laws of charity are to be brought into play. "Lord, increase our faith." Faith is the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven—the everlasting rock beneath, and the strong arm above, that uplifts the human spirit.

Throughout the Word, there is a constant marriage of the good and the true, of charity and faith, of love and wisdom. We, in our present condition, are so much of a widowed Church, that we have no realizing sense of this marriage. Everything has a tendency to go with us by halves—we are one-sided and ever going into extremes. And this danger presses heavily upon all new and incipient movements. Coming out from a faith-alone system of religion, we swing to the other side, and regard faith as of but little importance, and the cry comes up, *not faith, but life carries us to heaven*. True, but a man may as well try to reach the top of a

house by throwing down the stairway or ladder, as to reach a state of love by decrying faith. The truth is, we are in danger of losing our hold upon heaven, the moment we relinquish either faith or charity, for they are so intimately related, that the one cannot exist and subsist without the other.

From a decaying Church we inherit low and false ideas upon all subjects. It is a condition of decay to dragevery thing down to its own level. Hence, faith assumes rather a dogmatic than an affectional character. We regard a man's faith as simply the doctrines he professes to believe. His creed is his faith—which may be a mere matter of the head without touching the heart. And because, notwithstanding all the creeds of christendom, iniquity abounds, we wax cold towards faith as if it were utterly useless. Alas, for such a faith ! Is this the faith that can remove mountains, —a faith which begins and ends with *I believe*? Is this the faith by which the ancient people of God were moved ? In the epistle to the Hebrews, the grand old worthies of the primitive and Jewish Churches are enumerated, concluding with this summary of the exploits of faith: "And what shall I more say ? for the time will fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Sampson, and of Jephtha; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets ; who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong. * * * Others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword ; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented—of whom the world was not worthy." Such was ancient faith—the faith of stern, earnest, life-seeking souls. Faith with them had a life-meaning—it did not signify *I think*, but it led on *to do*. It was the faith of childhood—strong in the Father's promise—strong in His strength—taking hold of a Father's hand—a Father's power, and fearing nothing that man can do. This is the faith that our age needs—it is the great want of the Church, and it must be relumed from the fires of a new heaven-derived altar, ere the Church can be raised from sackcloth, and dirt, and ashes, and, arrayed in her beautiful garments, become the bride and wife of the Lamb—the queen-mother of the nations !

We may not be called upon to give such evidences of faith as stand out boldly on the canvas of the world's pilgrimage ; but that same faith which saved the Hebrew children from the fiery furnace, and Daniel in the lion's den, may become, yea, must become a working element in the affairs of every-day life. The exceptional heroes and heroisms of the past are to become the common stock of the race, as genius and letters are fast becoming the common heritage of the masses. The separated, distant lights of the olden times, with here and there a star blazing through the dark night, are being fast agglomerating into the galaxy of the heavens—spanning the entire circle with a radiance absorbing myriads of suns into one common glory. And such is the grand distinction between the past and the present. Religion is to descend into every house—the Church into every heart. It was a grand announcement of Swedenborg's, that every true man is a Church in himself ; and the individualizing process is going on, by means of which the materials will be ultimately prepared for building the everlasting temple of the Lord ; that Kingdom which shall break in pieces all other kingdoms, and endure forever.

The martyrs of the Church will live again—not in *auto-de-fés*, on scaffolds, or in dungeons, but they will live again in the far more heroic, every-day life of self-denial. Private life will yet become the theatre of the sublimest sacrifices, and the most unwearyed patience. The faith and patience of the saints will be found in the calm walk and daily conversation of all classes—for man will learn that each one has his peculiar work, and he will have faith to do that work, knowing the Lord will prosper him. We look forward to the brotherhood of the race ; but faith in God—unwavering trust in Him as our Father is the only way to fraternize his children.

It is because faith and charity are thus intimately linked together in a marriage union, that when the Apostles heard that precept, wondrous in that age—to forgive even seven times in a day, which is, according to the internal interpretation, to fulfill all our obligations from a holy principle—looking to the Lord in all things—that they uttered the petition, "Increase our faith." No increase of charity can take place without an increase of faith, any more than a tree can grow without a corresponding growth

of the root. True faith is genuine piety—absolute trust and reliance on the Lord rising from a holy fear, as the beginning of wisdom, until this all-absorbing Love takes full possession of all our faculties. The true apostles of the Lord ever feel that no charity can be genuine without faith, and as they are called upon, in the precepts of life, to forgive without end, so must their vessels be filled with unceasing, unflagging faith, for when the one fails the other will fail also.

“Lord, increase our faith,” must then be the prayer of all who seek to lead a life of charity: charity is preëminently the end—it is first in end—but to human consciousness faith comes first—it is first in time; and to be practical men we must speak of faith in relation to human effort.

We have said, that the great need of the age is increase of faith—but the mischief is, that this need is not felt—the want is not realized. It has become one of the starveling maxims of the world, that the fewer a man’s wants the richer he becomes—a maxim false in theory, and destructive in practice. If it were true, then would the Indian, content with his wigwam, be the richest of men, unless we go down to the naked savage, who would surely bear away the palm. On the contrary, we say it is want that gathers riches; as wants multiply so do riches. Railroads, and steamships, and telegraph wires are the product of wants. And so is it preëminently in the spiritual nature of man. “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” Spiritual wants are the demand that brings the supply. “Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.” Want opens the mouth, expands the receptive vessels, and turns them towards the Lord, as flower cups turn and open upwards for the dews and the sunshine of heaven.

But the crying evil of the times is that men don’t want faith; or, at least, only just so much as suits their convenience. It is too troublesome a commodity to deal in largely. They think they can get to heaven in an easier manner, and it is no matter what a man believes, so that his life is right. As if there could be a true life without true faith! Just as well might we dispense with all knowledges, and say no matter what a man knows so that he does right, or as if a man could do right without knowing how. Knowl-

edge, doctrine, faith, are the guides without which no true life can be lived. What! live a true life afar off from God—wanting nothing of Him—seeking no nearer communion! Oh, if we increase not in faith, we must decrease—if we seek not constantly to draw nearer and nearer to God, we shall inevitably get away farther and farther from Him. It is the invariable, inexorable law of human progress to go up or down, forwards or backwards.

Do we not then see that the Apostles' demand, "increase our faith," should be the demand of every Christian heart. And it is a growing demand. As one want is satisfied to-day—to-day again comes with its corresponding wants, and thus, day by day, we crave our daily bread, varied and increasing as the growth of our spirits require. Oh, if men were daily leading the life of heaven, there would be no soul-starving in the world; but full, and rich, and varied, would be the conditions of the spirit—full of the fatness and marrow of all good, and resplendent with the gorgeous hues of all truth.

For myself, I frankly confess, that I have no sympathy with the lean souls, the moral and spiritual starvationists of the Church. I would have a craving appetite always for something better—something higher. Contentment does not mean to quench our aspirations; it simply means to rest quiescent with what the Lord gives, demanding only what His open hand bestows—yet ever open for all that can be given. And His bounty is not stinted, but heaped up, and pressed down, and running over, does He give into every human bosom, that throbs responsive to His love.

And now, in the dawn of a new dispensation, when men are crying for "light, more light," let our cry be for *faith, more faith*—faith increasing, as fold after fold of the human spirit opens, until its amplitude shall reach to the measure of a man—that is of an angel. And as the angel knows no boundary short of the Infinite, so angel-men of the Church will erect no barrier to the advancing footsteps of the age. There is no point given in true human progress, when the soul cries *enough*—there is no satiety in the Divine outpourings, when received in order. The Lord's mercies are new every morning—all we want is the heart to acknowledge Him in all the myriad blessings of daily life. We want a faith like a grain of mustard seed, which nestles in the earth, secure of ger-

mination and growth, because the Lord tends it. So in humble confidence we must have a living faith, that shall enter into the smallest of human affairs—a faith founded upon true doctrine—a faith that shall strengthen the heart by constant waiting upon the Lord—a faith that shall expand all the receptive vessels of the spirit, and point them upwards towards the sun of heaven.

And this faith is coming. The Lord in His Divine-Human holds the destinies of the race in His hand. We receive the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem first in the understanding, and it is indeed well that we become fully grounded in all the science of doctrine—but to stop here is not only folly—it is madness and death. The moment we halt and cry *enough*, the infernals scent an opening through which they may enter, and temptations dire and difficult will throng up our path. There is only one safe path—the hand once put to the plough must go straight forward, looking neither to the right hand, nor the left. Thus be always ready for every appearing of the Son of Man, for he only is a good and faithful servant, who constantly waits for his Lord's coming. Oh, may we be ready to receive every new and true outpouring of His holy Spirit—may our minds never be closed towards heaven; but in waiting and watching, catch every warm gleam of sunshine that breaks through the opening rifts of the darkened skies.

LORD, INCREASE OUR FAITH.

REGINA.

The new poem "Regina" will be issued in a few days, and may be had at our office, 42 Bleecker Street. Price \$1.00. Postage 12 cents.

WORD-PICTURES.

IV.

An Angel, from a dreaming bride
 Who turns, with golden lamp in hand ;
 While her still Spirit floats beside,
 Led by the Star of Morning Land.

FAIRY COMFORT.

" My griefs I cannot smother :
 Within my heart they swell.
I'm leaving thee, my brother,
 In silence where I dwell,
The night is dark and dreary ;
 The grave must be my bed.
Thou wilt no more be cheery
 When I am with the dead."

The maiden whispered soft and low ;
" A voice within me says ' Not so.'
With golden roses in her hand,
A fairy comes from Sunrise land.

 More sweet, more low,
 ' Not so ! not so !'

The fairies say the good ascend
To golden joys without an end.

 ' Not so ! not so !'

 With voice more low,

The good, they say, in Heaven abide :
The bridegroom finds a tender bride,

 ' Not so ! not so !'

 In voice more low ;"

'Till through her bosom ran a thrill
Of joy the mortal pain to kill :

 And then she said,

 " The East is red,

My heart to endless life is wed.

 Farewell ! farewell !

 The numbers swell ;

I'm rising where the angels dwell."

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

ARTICLE IV.

The Anglican Church, as a public form, is guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. The apostle, speaking of those who shall partake unworthily of the visible sacrament of the Supper, declares, of them, that "they eat and drink condemnation; not discerning the Lord's body." Doubtless, many persons, of tender conscience, through fear of sinning against the Spirit, have lost the benefits, which they might have otherwise received, through participation in the rite. The proud imperial Ecclesiasticism to which we refer, has no such scruples. It has made the Lord's Supper a shameless formalism, administering it, on state occasions, to men in the open practice of drunkenness and adultery, corrupters of youth, and stained with almost every possible human crime—nay, allowed notoriously unregenerate officials to administer to others. This grows, inevitably, out of its *morally unlawful* relations to the State.

In thus, with stately pomp and high solemnity, administering the consecrated elements by and to notorious and unrepentant criminals, it has made the sacrament itself a jest and by-word among lost spirits. The prostitution of the highest and holiest service of religion, by its highest functionaries, stamps upon the legal body, as a unitary form, the seal of condemnation. Dead, indeed, must be the moral sense, or fearfully obscured, when a crime, at which the Angels shudder, can excite no sensations of dread, no misgivings of remorse. Well, indeed, might Charles II., in his closing hours, turn from the loose and easy practices of the theocracy of which he was the head, feeling that a system which basked in the sunshine and fattened at the board of the court, of which he was alike the Supreme Vice and the Sovereign Ruler, could serve but as a most blind and treacherous guide through the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. Every clergyman of the establishment may, at any moment, be called upon, and, under pain of ecclesiastical penalty, obliged, to stand by the grave of the most depraved of men; and, provided they were baptized in infancy into the faith, to declare of them that they have "died in the Lord," and to inter them in the "sure hope of a joyful resurrection." No casuistry, however it may

prevail on earth, can justify these deeds at the bar of the All-seeing and the All-pure. These instances of practical compliances with evil, and sins against the Spirit, which good men have forced upon them by the iniquitous workings of the system, exhibited in the clear light of heaven, are but a beginning of the revelations. Alas! for the Custom, that so hoodwinks even well-intentioned eyes, that men justify deeds among themselves, of which, were the heathen guilty, they would find in them an argument for the entire perdition of their souls. To the man of an intuitive mind, quickened by the Spirit, no alternative is presented in England but that of Dissent. Were the Queen to become open, spiritually, to the Heavens, and to the ineffable sacredness of the Divine truths which exist therein; were she to behold the Lord through the opening of spiritual perceptions, owning Him the very King of kings and Lord of lords,—as His servant, the stress would be laid upon her of washing her hands, before the nation, of this huge Iniquity. Upon all the obligation will fall, when illumined, alike, whether in princely place, or in most lowly: for “what fellowship hath Christ with Belial?”

Viewed from the standard of the Heavens, and seen in the light of the innermost sense of the Word, which is the light of ineffable holiness, it is no Church, but an illusion. It is but a stage-player, who personates; a great Secularism wrapt about with sacerdotal garments; a burlesque on the faith. Its destruction is sure, with the incoming of the Divine fires, which shall test the character of all institutions, while they reöpen the respiratories of men.

Between the New Church and the Anglican establishment, are found points of dissimilarity, such as might be supposed to exist between organic structures,—the one seeking, through mechanism apparently similar, to undo the works of the other.

First, the Anglican Church enlists an army of sacerdotal men, classed in series and degrees, epitomizing an apparent order, and treating all out of that order as shorn of the peculiar powers of the priestly function. Its forces are arrayed, with the precision of regiments, into battalions, and all into an army. They are drawn up on the field of battle, at least in theory, in such a manner as, from a common centre, to be moved against a common foe. It is essential to the existence of the system, that the priest, who is pivotal to the congregation, should himself be amenable to the

bishop, who is pivotal to the diocese ; while the unity of the vast structure centres finally in the Chief of the State, who is the head of the Church as the ancient Roman ruler was—at once Imperator and Pontifex Maximus, and in the College of Augurs, and in the Senate, equally supreme.

But the New Jerusalem, as it exists in the Heaven of Spirits—as it exists in the Heaven which is made up of Angels from the British Isles, is itself a composite system, whose members are grouped in series according to use. There are angels who correspond to priests, ministering to beautiful and balanced ecclesiastical families ; in some instances so many as ten thousand worship together, the ministrations being conducted by a brother whose sympathies include them all.

As fixed stars, each of which is pivotal to a planetary system, are gathered up in nuclei around an orb of nobler use, through which influences more potently vivifying continually radiate, so these priestly men, through fitness ministering in the centres of religious families, are themselves grouped in series, around angelic intelligences, who perform for them the higher functions of mediation, and this by an eternal law. So, from the most intense, effulgent foci of angelic life, through intermediate grades and divisions of intelligence and love, the One Spirit, the Lord, gives forth His influence. There is no schism ; no dissent.

It is this ideal of a preëxtant order which the devout Episcopalian desires to see realized below ; and, in the splendid pageant and procession of the Anglican establishment, imagines its mundane form.

But the distinction is obvious. In the Heavenly hierarchy positions are determined by the degree of openness to the Lord, and by the quality of the spiritual faculties of the triune man. The priest, even in the most infantile use—even when he presides in the midst of a family of ten, must love each member of his society with the intensity and self-abnegating fullness bestowed by a parent on a child. The Lord makes use of him as a perpetual medium, through whom to distribute the very essences and energies of a potent heavenly life. Through his hands continual benefactions are conferred. The teaching friend, instructing solely in the Word, as an elder brother received, and solely giving

as the Lord imparts, he serves as the ideal of a perpetually advancing state.

The member of the Church of England might say, "This is our ideal of a priesthood." To such this must be the answer. The Angelic priest is set in his function solely by the Lord. It is as the gifts are manifested through him, that those in the same use perceive his quality; the gifts precede the recognition of the function. He cannot take it up, were the thing possible, at the instance of another, at the command of another. He cannot be bound in its performance by the perceptions of another. All interference from without would be, were it possible, unlawful.

It is thus a priesthood of the Lord, and not of man, wherein the Divine Head inducts, empowers, sustains, and solely rules.

But this order, as it descends to be realized on earth, is fatal to the ecclesiastical system ruling in the Isles. When a good man finds himself called upon, by perception, by gift, to teach and minister, the Lord is the sole ordainer, trying the thoughts and the intents of the heart. He must stand or fall, first, by the accuracy of his perceptions; if he mistake the promptings of self-love for the whispers of the Spirit, sufferings and mortifications inevitably ensue. If faithful to a genuine call, the Spirit of Freedom will rest upon him, and, with it, an utter abhorrence of every ecclesiastical usurpation. He will internally comprehend that priestly authority, conferred by man, is a religious falsehood, abominable in the eyes of God. The door through which he enters into the performance of his use, is therefore the door opened by Messiah. Once in the discharge of his use, it is only by constant looking to the Lord, that the Spirit, under which he labors, and through which his works are blessed, is operant and directively present. He ministers of the ability which the Lord giveth. And here we find the second point in which the systems are at variance. In the Anglican establishment livings are conferred, and incumbents presented to them, sometimes by great nobles, and sometimes by the Crown. One man buys a parish of a broker, as he would purchase the good-will of a tobacco shop, and ministries to souls are transferred and bargained for, as if God were a nonentity.

Diametrically the reverse, in the Jerusalem above, the Angel, whom the Lord places in a priestly function, goes, in the Spirit, to

the family wherein he is to serve. His use is there to give himself away in endless benefactions, breathing a perfume from the Master, serving as a distributive reservoir of light and life.

I saw, through the opening of the perceptions, into a Certain Society in the Natural Hell, a demon, portly in size, and reverent and grave in aspect; his garb was that of a bishop. Before him knelt a human serpent, receiving at his hands priestly consecration. At the close of it, the latter rose, and, involving the serpentine form within himself, assumed a clerical aspect, after which he began to harangue a congregation. Such scenes are frequent in that gloomy abode. Shortly after, I heard the same character chanting a bacchanalian song. He had been a Church of England divine while in the body; and, the plane being formed, sought in his phrensies, to reënact the pageants of terrestrial life.

Soon after, the demon, who had personified a bishop, approached, with an air of extreme sanctimony, and addressed me in these words: "I will undertake to prove three separate theses: first, that ordination, to be valid, must be through the successors of the apostles; second, that the Church of England is a true Church, with an unbroken chain of bishops from the beginning; third, that, on whomsoever we bishops lay our hands, they are legally made priests." He was in his fantasy, and shortly after began to discourse.

"See," said a Voice, which spoke from above through the Heavens, "a bishop, who ordained many to the priesthood while on earth; but his works followed him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWERS.

Flowers are the visible and terrestrial images of sweet and lovely affections, that unfold, and blossom, and bear delicious fruitage, as spiritual organic forms, in the recesses of the regenerate moral consciousness. Their ultimate aromal forms are distributed throughout the organs of respiration; and when, from a full breast of charity, the kind and generous outbreathe merciful words or heavenly aspirations, the little souls of all most beautiful and fragrant blossoms, each in itself a tiny sweetness and loveliness, are wafted out upon the air. This is a celestial truth, which may, after a period, be perceived as well as known.

THE STORMY PETREL.

(WRITTEN DURING A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.)

BY ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

Bird of the fitful, ceaseless wing,
Bird of the stormy sea,
Thou tiny, heedless, restless thing,
A wonder art to me.

Some say thou art a sailor's sprite,
Arisen from the main,
Haunting our track by day and night
To board the ship again.

By higher Wisdom we are taught
That fowl, of every kind,
Are outbirths of the World of Thought
Existing in the mind.

Thy faithless wing, that leaves the sky
O'er angry waves to float,
Thy wandering mode, thy plaintive cry,
No happy thoughts denote.

Doom'd to the ocean's stormy breast,
Companion of the gale,
Like phantom dream of sad unrest,
Or sigh in sorrow's tale,

Or like to those who seek to find
The Heavens by sensuous sight,
To endless wastes of sea consigned
And everlasting flight ;

And most at home when most abroad,
By winds and billows toss'd,
Away from Jesus Christ their God
'Mid shoreless falses lost.

The lark that mounts to meet the day,
In ether bathes his wings,
And bears from angel choirs away
The lyric which he sings.

But thou hast inspiration none,
No sunny resting-spot ;
Those heavenly joys love's lark has won
Alas ! thou knowest not.

Thou hast no home, no dwelling-place,
No shady peaceful bower,
Where, after weary flight through space,
To nestle for an hour,

Like lark from his exalted state,
Returned to earth again,
Who rests enamoured with his mate
On flower-starred, grassy plain.

We never see thee on the shore
Of humble charity,
But ever, ever, flitting o'er
The restless, faithless sea.

Nor canst thou cleave the crystal heaven
To gather joys from thence ;
As fits thy life to thee is given
The ocean's drear extense.

Let not the heart, that rests on naught,
Lord ! ever be my doom,
And never, never let my thought
The Petrel's form assume ;

But, lark-like, let it often rise
To shining paths above,
And when below, as in the skies
Be arked in heavenly love.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN REVIVALISM.

The tide-wave of American spiritual Manifestations was first visible about the year 1850 ; it rose to its height in 1855, but, with an unabated power, remained at the flood till 1857. It is not uncharitable to say, that, while a comparatively small number of earnest minds and devout hearts were trained and educated through it to a clearer perception of Biblical truth, and a more affluent manifestation of the Christian life, the great bulk of its votaries, subject to its predominant influence, relapsed into a modified and intellectual idolatry. If the word idolatry be considered by some unjust in its application, we might substitute for it a Deism, which rejects all that is essential to the Christian scheme ; which degrades the Saviour into a natural person, and for regeneration, through the overcoming of an evil self-hood in the might of the Divine love, substitutes a natural progression.

The year 1857 is memorable as having been marked by the rise of a counter-wave of spiritual influence, marked, like the former, in many instances, by physical phenomena of a mysterious nature ; but unlike it, as having for its central field of operation not the senses but the soul. The effect of the first was, with the exceptions heretofore stated, to level existing Church institutions, and to substitute mediumistic utterances from the spirits for the preaching of the Word. The effect of the latter has been to conquer back to Christianity a large portion of the human territory submerged in the former case.

It is noteworthy to observe the opposite effect of these successive streams of power. The first led men from Christ to the spirits ; the second leads men from self and the spirits, to Christ. The first produced levity and irreverence ; the second induces a deep seriousness and a solemn awe. The first inculcated a selfish and savage Necessity ; the second, with equal force, asserts the freedom of the moral will. The first laid men open to spirits, and instituted agencies by which to make the human organization passive to invisible human intelligences, without respect to character ; the second nerves men up to spiritual resistance, and empowers them with strength to hold at bay the myriad of wandering demons who are perpetually endeavoring to enslave the soul. The first brought a message from the Spiritual World that all is

well—that men in the next life gradually outgrow the seeming evils of the earth—that rankst hearts ripen there to celestial fruitage—that the most corrupt and abandoned rapidly arise to transcendent altitudes. The second comes with a message diametrically opposite, and points men to the judgment-seat of Christ; it affirms the retributions of eternity; it declares that the wicked go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal; it startles the self-loving criminals of the world with appalling pictures of the second death. The first came with a soothing opiate to the natural man; it sought to disarm the grave of its terrors and death of its sting, by denying the reality of moral evil, by tracing all iniquities to an innocent origin in the rudimental condition of the human faculties. The second reinvests life with infinite solemnities, reasserts the eternal distinctions between good and evil, and startles the impenitent with the message, “ye must be born again.” The first came, in the beginning, with an almost delirious joy; men’s hearts heaved as if mountains had been rolled from them, with the seeming discovery that the dread futurity was governed by so easy and so lax a law, that, steeped in every human lust, the spirit might still find there congenial associations, and alluring pleasures. But madness lingered in the dregs of this charmed cup—the final effect of which was to produce melancholy and disgust of life, accompanied with a certain ominous dread of a future world where moral honesty and veracity found little place. The effect of the second is not at first joyful, but rather grievous: it afflicts the Spirit with startling revelations of bosom-sin, yet afterward, cleansing the soul of its iniquities, it works the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby; it unveils a path, that grows brighter to the day of Heaven and the unveiled presence of the Lord.

It is thus that action and reaction characterize all human history. It is thus that men are maintained in equilibrium amidst the ebb and flow of the celestial and infernal powers. Disorderly Spiritualism was marked by great and noble exceptions; the evil was often overruled for good; some came up through it out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. It was made the means for the purification of the will. A fiery but necessary trial, it brought latent insanities of the character to the surface, and purged them

off. It ended, in many hearts, the reign of compromises, and established a kingdom of inflexible virtue. It developed, through resistance, herculean power ; it made the weak strong, the effeminate manly, and the timid heroic. Through experience in dealing with the Spiritual world, men learned to try the spirits, whether they were of God. One of its overruled effects will be a robust and stalwart growth of Christianity, before which the demons shall tremble and are put to flight.

We are now in the era of the counter spiritual tide, which beats from Heaven ; but, as the former was not productive of unmixed falsity and evil, so this will not be of unmixed good and truth. As, in the wildest disorderly era of Spiritual Manifestations, hearts were being, in the very whirl of its vortices, born anew to Christ ; so, no matter how sweet and tender, how copious and powerful, be the Reviving, its effect upon a certain class will be to establish them in the service of the fiend. It will result in confirmed states, both of good and evil.

The advent voice of the spiritualistic wave was, "be developed," and the current hypothesis arose that Spiritual influences were to unfold the august flower of supernal intelligence, as by a miracle, from even the most dwarfed, decrepit mind. Men, in their first eagerness, hoped to become, by an infusion of a spiritual element into the brain, the equals of the highest prophets, poets, and philosophers. It was discovered soon that all this was but a fantasy. Even in cases where spirits had the most complete power over human organs, it led to the suppression and not to the evolution of the personal intellect. It was not by *yielding* to spirits, but by overcoming them, that souls rose to power.

It will be discovered, in Revivalism, that, when the first flush and expectancy is passed, many will sink for a time into sombre disappointment. The man who to-day has the bosom filled with the Holy Ghost—who thrills in every nerve with celestial ecstasy—to whom every prayer is a rapture, and whose being is surcharged with mercy and good-will, he will discover soon, that the blossoms of his state have fallen, and the seemingly supernatural vividness of thought and feeling disappeared.

But the fruits of inter-communication with spirits opposed to Christ are only delayed among mediums, they are not destroyed. That which spirits have sown in the souls and bodies of their

naturalistic subjects is not dead ; it only sleeps ; it is sown in weakness, but it will be raised in power. The germs of thought, deposited in the understanding, will mature. So the plague of locusts passes over the land, until the frost comes and withers up their powers, but their larvæ have been deposited in the soil, whence, after a cycle of years, they emerge, full-fledged, to devour every green thing. So, on the other hand, the seed of Christ, sown in the human breasts among the subjects of this great revival, will be buried deep. The Divine Influences which now cover the ground of human nature will go down into it. You will wonder in sadness, in temptation, in pinings and yearnings of heart, that they ever were so mysteriously blest. But the rain of the Spirit has only gone down to nourish the roots of the good affections in the understanding and the will. It is being absorbed silently and unconsciously into the moral powers. And who shall tell what final harvests of piety and philanthropy shall mark its resurrection ? One thing is certain, that it will unfold both intellect and heart to a more exalted state.

A FRAGMENT.

The Child of Genius, breathing out his joy,
In God creates what fiends would fain destroy.
Not his to plan the vast aerial piles,
Where Truth presides and Love the seraph smiles :
His work, to weave, in words, the lasting line,
While God, the Maker, gives the pure design.
Not as the wild impetuous numbers flow
Where wails and weeps the language of Rousseau ;
Or where sad Byron sighs, forlornly, o'er
The buried hearth-stone of the blighted shore :
Not his to sit, with Shakspeare, and behold
Life's broken song in tragic dreams unfold ;
But higher, nobler, with a truer art,
Caught in his rapture to the Maker's heart,
With magic clue of song to lead mankind
To Heaven revealed, the Heaven in Love enshrined.

OPEN YOUR HEARTS.

Open your hearts to the poor who are weeping—
Open your purses and open your doors—
Rise from the pillows of down where you're sleeping.
Hark to the pitiless rain how it pours!
Think of the *old* when the wind bloweth keenly,
See how they, tottering, shrink from the cold!
Give them warm garments, and do it not meanly;
Weary their lives! Then forget not the old.

Pray the Almighty to help the poor creatures
Hourly and daily to love what is true:
God hath not fitted us all to be teachers,
Still we may always find something to do.
Think of the *young* in a wearisome city,
No one to teach them, surrounded by snares;
Offer them counsel and show them your pity,
Never forgetting to give them your *prayers*.

Near to your mansion way down in a cellar,
Weepeth a woman with children unfed;
Bring her to daylight, and hasten to tell her
God's balmy sunshine *is still* overhead.
Stand not aloof, for her heart beateth purely;
Help her!—a lily half crushed to the earth—
Scorn not to offer thy pity, for surely
God doth not value thy wealth or thy birth!

Open your hearts to the poor who are weeping—
Open your purses and open your doors;
Rise from the pillows of down where you're sleeping,
Hark to the pitiless rain how it pours!
Under your windows (perhaps you don't know it!)
A woman doth crouch from the storm in its ire;
If you have any compassion now show it,
Give her a place near your own by the fire.

Watch now the tears from her eye brimming over,
See how despair from her face peereth wild!
Mark well how vainly she seeketh to cover
That bundle of rags—which containeth *a child*!
Yours is asleep, with the color of roses
Tinging his cheek in his soft little bed;
Still the child of the beggar reposes;
Paler his cheeks, for his spirit hath fled!

—Musical World.

JOHN CHAMPNEY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NETTLEBY TALES."

(CONCLUDED.)

The graves in Nettleby church-yard shone with supernatural lustre, spread by the dainty fingers of the snow with a white veil of Heaven's own design. The storm was over. The fleecy clouds, warring and dispersing, had left but here and there a Gideon's fleece all dripping with dewy light. In the church-yard, secluded as it was by its high and buttressed wall, and fearfully crouching in a shadowy corner, acute eyes could have beheld outlines that might have been men. What constitutes a man? is it bone and body, flesh and muscle? then both might have been entitled to the name. Is it God's image, in a heart and mind overflowing with truth and charity, as a summer day with sunshine or the blue night with moon and stars? then, of a verity, these were not men, but rather human tigers. What was their object there?

At one o'clock the Ditchford coach passes. It is a good eighteen miles before it arrives at its journey's end. Both of the skulking shadows were awaiting that. I overheard one of them, being on the alert—though neither suspected a watcher or a listener—say to the other, "I am sure that I saw the London detective in the parlor, and, though he spoke low, I recognized his voice. I have reconnoitered—hush! what sound was that?" Faintly in the distance the coach wheels were heard, crisping, and crackling and churning over the frozen ground. "You take the coach: there is no reward offered for me."

I inferred that these were the criminals of whom X-30 was in pursuit. They were indeed. My place of retreat was a little crypt in the wall, which none would have noticed, where the sexton kept his spades. The other rejoined, "The girl's a nugget. It will never do to let her slip out of our hands. I'll tell you what. You are right; I must be off." The coach now came thundering down Long Nettleby hill, and no more time was afforded for conversation. Up it drove, four smoking horses all in a foam.

At this moment I thought I heard a peculiar sound, a low bird-call. I knew by it that X-30 was with the horses. Guilt has sharp ears also. The coach was now but a few hundred yards

off. The one who was to stay raised himself by the ivy, and seeing no one stirring in the highway, whispered in a suppressed voice, "Up, man! now or never. I will hail the coach for you as she makes the turn." Both then dropt down lightly over the wall.

At this moment the coach drove by. The driver stopped at the loud "hallo," while the absconding criminal blessed his stars to think that for the present the danger of pursuit was over. Before my old frame could arrive on the scene of action, so quickly did all this pass, both confederate and principal were taken. X-30 was inside accompanied by Mr. Champney. The coach itself, an extra hired for the occasion, and a quarter of an hour before the mail, both guard and driver being stout-handed members of the local constabulary force. It required but a short tussle, and both sat inside, passengers indeed, but decorated with shining hand-cuffs. Bitterly they cursed their fates at finding themselves in custody.

I may as well mention here how it was that I came to be, for a time, in such neighborhood to their harboring place. After X-30 had disappeared from the social gathering at Dr. Gray's, my heart was ill at ease. At last, retiring into a state of quiet as is my custom, I seemed to see two desperate criminals winding by circuitous by-paths from the old mine works on the moor, scheming to hail the night coach for Ditchford, and escape by it from pursuit. I could see them palpably by inner sight, wrapt in their great coats, and hidden away at last in the darkest corner of Nettleby church-yard close to the highway. Then also I perceived internally, that, could our friends procure a coach and horses, these men would hail it, and that their capture might be accomplished without loss of blood.

Hastily dispatching a messenger to Mr. Champney, who was in the neighborhood, himself and X-30 took the necessary means of testing the accuracy of the perception. So, Crime, though it moves invisibly as the night wind, and lightly as the falling snow, is watched from Heaven, till at last, through its own chosen road, it steps into the very grasp which consigns it to the hand of retribution. I think that I shall be obliged to reserve the story of Maud Hastings, of which this is the introduction, to another time. Suffice it to say that thus John Champney found his "little sheep."

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