

FEBRUARY.

THE
HERALD OF LIGHT:
A Monthly Journal



OF THE
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

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

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A Monthly Journal
 OF THE
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THE CRISIS:

A Semi-Monthly New Church Periodical.

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GOD, CHRIST, AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

To those who receive the New Testament Scriptures, including gospels and epistles, in a literal sense, numerous passages are continually pressed home, in which God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit are spoken of as distinct, the one from the other, yet as conspiring and coöperative in the great work of man's redemption. The mind at once reverts to texts like these "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son." "If any man sin he has an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us." How are we to reconcile them with the opposite class of texts, which involve the doctrine of the Divine Humanity? The question is often put, "If these do not teach that Father, Son, and Spirit are distinct, coöperative persons, in one Godhead, what do they teach? What are we to do with them?"

In order to invalidate the force of the argument which they seem to present, some counsel the partial abandonment of the Pauline Epistles. This, however, would not meet the case. If the objector looks closely into the subject, he will discover, that not only the writings of Paul, but the entire New Testament will require copious and frequent expurgations. They form a stumbling block to the receiver of several of the doctrinal tenets included in the theology of the New Jerusalem. They serve as the centres of a vast Evangelical system, with which, although the party of Liberal Christianity has little sympathy, the masses are most deeply influenced.

Persons of a serious religious nature cannot shut out the fact, that those teachers of Religion through whom the potencies of the Spirit have been put forth most effectually, have taught the utter depravity of man by nature; the condemnation of the whole

world under sin ; the incarnation of the Lord Christ, His life, passion, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorification, as all links in one chain of Divine causation, for the restitution of man to moral order. They have also set forth the work of the Holy Spirit, as the means of gathering the inhabitants of a lost world into the Divine harmonies of Heaven.

This was the preaching of the Apostles ; this the ancient faith of the infant churches formed under their influence. When we attempt to eliminate the so-called Evangelical theology from the history of Christendom, it is like taking the heart out of a man. Abandoned by the Socinians and Arians, they waned into theoretical and formal sects. The stream of Christian life has flowed through schools in which these opinions were held to be vital and essential. It remains for us to ask, seriously, Are they, or are they not in consonance with those tenets which we consider the unfoldings of the Spiritual sense of the Word—the Arcana of the New Jerusalem.

The question, with even terrific force, is pressed upon us, owing to the peculiar exigencies of the times in which we live. In a nominal New Church, prayer meetings unknown ; souls seldom, if ever, convicted of sin ; instantaneous conversions ridiculed ; a dull phlegmatic moralism with little vitality the highest state with few exceptions ; a supercilious contempt for the love-labors of bodies of Christians working under another theology ; a preaching of little unction ; a people in many instances exclusive, formal and out of sympathy with the higher heart-beats and pulsations of the Religious World.

Like Gideon's fleece, the Church of God absorbs the dew of the Spirit at His will. It lives in the midst of the breath and the visitation of the Holy One. It is fragrant with piety. It is unceasing in prayer. It works and worships with an equal enthusiasm. It yearns over broken-hearts and blighted lives, as a mother over the wayward prodigal child. Judged by this text, where stands the nominal New Church in England, for which now we write. At least a portion of it stands in a rigidly constrained attitude, braced and nerved to keep out of itself an evangelical religion. This division will not have piety—it abhors life-preaching. It repudiates social prayer. In fact the attempt to intro-

duce social prayer, as a prominent element in religious worship so far as we can learn, could find comparatively but a handful of earnest and devout seekers for the blessing of a Pentecost. It is carnal and not spiritual. It sits at the footstool of the letter, not of the natural sense, but of the spiritual sense, while the Spirit of either is a thing unknown.

The fault is, in our judgment, to be found, first of all, in a withdrawal from the Evangelical side of Christianity ; and a rejection of the objective forms of Christian doctrine, in the attempt at a perception of their subjective and interior basis. The Swedish Seer is sadly misunderstood, but, whether misunderstood or not, the Bible is sadly misunderstood. It is narrowed to a rectilinear view of truth. The marrow and body of Divinity is by some lost, while the mind beholds a spiritual shade. What is needed, is a philosophy which will reconcile the faith of tradition and of experience, that called evangelical, with the faith of reason and of the philosophical consciousness. We believe that the two are needful to their mutual sustenance ; that there is a sense in which the Father, Son and Spirit, are the absolute Infinite, the One ; that there is a sense in which God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost are three, and yet agree in one. That, while it is true, that in Jesus Christ our Lord dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and that He is the Infinite I Am ; yet that there is also a sense in which the Son "ever liveth to make intercession for us ;" a sense in which the "Holy Spirit maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered."

The substantive objectivism of Evangelical Theology teaches that Christ, being God, is yet our advocate with the Father ; that the Holy Spirit, being God, yet pleads for us, and makes intercession at the throne. It points the sinner to the literal statements in the Word ; tells him that Christ died, once for all, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God ; that if any man sin he has an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. It distinctly announces the distinct work of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration of the soul. Its conception of the Holy Spirit is of a mysterious Divine Personage, whose especial work it is to move, in silence and in secrecy, upon the very fountains of existence in the moral will. It is this theology which serves as the peculiar mech-

anism, by means of which the inert and sluggish human mass hitherto has been agitated and purified. Its grand ennobling speciality is an uncompromising denunciation of the very springs and elements of sin.

It is a Theology difficult to be resisted, even by minds compelled to an intellectual rejection of its claims. A Divine, who represents in his person the highest type of modern Unitarian development, Rev. James Martineau, is himself a witness to this. He says :

"I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or production of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavorably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books, and the authors in chief favor with them. In Biblical interpretation, I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Croll and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought, I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley, or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold. I cannot help this. I can only say, I am sure it is no perversity ; and I believe the preference is founded in reason and nature, and is already widely spread amongst us. A man's 'Church' must be the home of whatever he most deeply loves, trusts, admires, and reveres—of whatever most divinely expresses the essential meaning of the Christian faith and life ; and to be torn away from the great company I have named, and transferred to the ranks which command a far fainter allegiance, is an unnatural, and for me an inadmissible fate."

It is impossible for the enlarged and comprehensive thinker, above all for the unsectarian heart, seeking to pulse with all the life-streams which Christianity has poured into the human race,

not to sympathise most intensely with the view presented here. Painful indeed, must it be to the Unitarian, to live, as to his intellect, in a doctrine too cold and narrow for the Divine Spirit that invades the heart. With "New Churchmen," so styled, the same thing fairly presented, must lead to a painful contest between moral emotions and doctrinal convictions ; unless, indeed, we can bridge over the broad gulf between Swedenborg and Paul ; unless we can show that both are fixed stars in that bright host of luminaria who shine forever in the constellation of the cross.

If two ships are at sea, exposed to the same tempests overhead, the same waves and currents below, and the one makes headway while the other falls off, it will not do for those in the vessel astern to prove, that, according to the rules of ship building and ship sailing they ought to be ahead. The fact that they are astern should lead to painful misgivings as to their interpretations of those rules. So when the professed New Church falls off into the trough of the sea, and labors there with the distanced and battered hulks of rejected systems, abandoned as derelict by mariners, it is time to enquire if the bark that we have constructed was built and rigged on the right model, manned and sailed according to nautical law.

We are apt to congratulate ourselves on the well known fact, that converts are made from Evangelical to New Church Theology. It is also true, though of that we say but little, that converts are made from New Church to Evangelical Theology. The young people in the oldest of the New Jerusalem Societies of some of the English cities, can with difficulty be interested in the doctrinal tenets of the New Church, however scientifically and elaborately brought out. They are embarked for the voyage. What wonder that some grow impatient, as the craft in which they travel, not a thing of life moving in the waters, but rather like a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," remains a loiterer upon the deep. Unless the two Theologies are reconciled, the Evangelical movement, absorbing to itself the very spirit of our Churches, may leave us as Quakerism is left, to dwindle out of the land.

On a careful examination, however, of the two theologies, namely, that of Swedenborg and that of Evangelical Dissenters in England and the great Evangelical party throughout the world,

we are satisfied of their vital concurrence, as concerns the Trinity in the Divine Nature, and the work of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the salvation of man. We say *their vital concurrence*, and in it mean their synthesis and union in one celestial and Biblical view. Always, so long as man is man with his present self-hood, the Evangelical Theology will be found in its technology the very best; first, because it is the technology of the New Testament. It is only when man is deeply touched by the Divine Spirit, and led to those Pisgah heights of vision, where the former things have passed away and all things have become new; only, in fine, as he approximates to the opening of the spiritual degree in his own consciousness, that he is prepared to relish and appreciate the subjective side of his heretofore objective faith. When he reaches this, he will discover in that very objectivity, not an unreality appealing to the senses, but see in it the genuine modus of the Divine manifestation to the world.

We ask now, of every candid New Church reader, Were it doctrinally possible, would it not be desirable, in the highest degree, to take our place as a religious house, in the midst of the worshipping temples of a quickened and spiritually growing Christendom; to work side by side with every whole-hearted Christian teacher, who, under the old formulas, is gathering instrumentality, the harvest of spirits for the Lord. Oh! it would be well.

Again. Could we thus act, without the abandonment of principle, would it not be most desirable to coöperate in meetings for social worship, where the Spirit of God seems to delight to manifest His Presence, where souls are girded with angelic powers for this mortal race? In fine, would it not be well to come out of exclusivism into coöperation; to share in the revival which Christendom feels; to aid in the ingathering in which all Heavens rejoice? Are there not vital points on which we are ignorant, which nevertheless are God's most effectual agents in aiding on the restoration of the race?

First.—How do we know that the Holy Spirit is not a divine person, coming out from the Infinite recesses of Deity, descending through that now glorified image called in the Word the Son, and possessing a discreted infinite consciousness in its own degree? We have yet to learn the Comforter. It may be,—we put it thus

problematically as a starting point,—that the Holy Spirit is a Proceeding Person, from the Father through the Son. It may be that, so to speak, when God ceased to affect men directly through the once corporeal but now glorified person called the Word, made flesh, that He evolved through that person another with a spiritually sensational form, affinitively in *rapport* with every remain or dormant germ or moving embryo of holy thought and feeling in the human will and reason. It may be, that there resides in this most Holy Comforter, a state or condition of Divine Intelligence, so acute and yet so tender, wrought out in fact to serve as God's dynamic presence with man, that, through all-powerful, all-loving, all-healing contact, it convinces the human spirit first of sin. It is in fact a bodying forth of the Divine Operation to a spiritual and sensational manhood, and so, using the man objectively, a pleading interceding Presence with the human race; a pleading interceding Presence with the Infinite "I Am." As the God Jehovah of the Old Testament unfolded and discreted the Messiah of the New Testament, so the Jehovah-Jesus, the Father, glorifying in Himself the Son, subsequently discreted a spiritually sensational person, the Comforter, for the immanent presence and outworking force of His own Divine Operation, God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, thus serving as the three representative appearances of the one Infinite. We are, therefore, baptised into the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Second.—And who shall say that, in His glorification in the Father, the Word made flesh is not, by virtue of the whole of the series of the forms of derivative life which He assumed, and in which He was glorified,—who shall say that, objectively considered, He is not still the Son, through whom the form of the Holy Spirit is eternally derivative? If we admit these propositions, we have not rejected any iota of New Church Theology. We behold God in a trine of manifestation, in which there are three appearances to objective view, in which, if we may dare to use the phrase, there are three substrata of Infinity, each definitely and by itself projected to our spiritual thought. We thus retain the philosophical power of New Church tenets, coördinate with the evangelising and redemptive, the searching, awakening, quickening, sanctifying power of the Evangelical faith. Having known the

Holy Ghost theoretically, as an abstract quality, we have had for Him no love. The Comforter has therefore been to us as a mere myth in Divine Revelation. We know that we are treading on awful ground. But what if there be a living, literal, objective, spiritually substantial, all-penetrative and Divinely-Human God the Holy Ghost? Who is another hypostasis, or discrete degree of the Infinite, bodied forth, internally, to us? What if it is this Comforter, who convinces men of sin and righteousness and judgment? What if it is this Comforter who searches even the thoughts and intents of the heart, and pleads and strives and wrestles with us to be reconciled to God? What if, to use a term of New Church Theology, "what if the Divine Procedure, descending through the glorified Divine Human, has assumed its form as the Divine Existence was, objectively in our visible Saviour revealed before?" These questions are pregnant with meaning. They touch us in the most vital seats and centres. It behooves us to ask,

1. As the Jews, in attributing the work of grace, wrought through God in His Divine Humanity, to demoniacal powers, repulsed the Divine from their midst, so, is there not danger lest we, lest all, who attribute the action of the same God now manifest in His Holy Spirit, to human frenzy or to beguiling devils, may not be, literally, beseeching Him to depart out of our coasts?

2. Should not we attach as much importance to the literal statements of the Scriptures concerning the personality and distinct agency of the Holy Spirit, as we do to those which speak of the manifestation and the distinct action of the Son. If we reject the one class of texts, how can we consistently receive the other?

3. If we admit our Lord, as to manifestation, to be the Divine Truth, who necessarily bodying forth His subjective being, was revealed to us in a *personal form*, does not the same argument force upon us the conclusion, that the Divine Procedure, must also, descending through the Divine Human, and operative as the Holy Ghost, from corresponding depths of infinity, evolve itself to a personal image.

4. If, as we admit, the Holy Ghost is thus evolved to person, does not the person of the Holy Ghost serve as the Medium, through which *only* we can approach the more subjective Saviour?

Do we not approach, through the consciousness in the Holy Ghost, to the distinctive consciousness of the Saviour?

5. It only remains, summing up the view, to conclude, as the Father, having life in Himself, gave it unto the Son to have life in Himself, so the Father, through the Son, giveth to the Holy Ghost, in a degree of manifestation perpetually in conjunction with regenerate humanity, to have life in Himself. We are, therefore, to receive God as the Father in His first infinity, as the Son in His second infinity, and as the Holy Ghost in His third infinity, using the word "infinity" as expressive of a separate hypostasis in the infinite. Here then are the points of reconciliation between Swedenborg and Paul.

What then? Shall we reconcile ourselves to church memberships in the existing sects. We answer No! Why? Upon theological grounds: *First*.—Because we represent, not alone the Nicene theology, not alone the primitive interpretations of the Bible, but something more, namely, the Divine Theology, which, while it infills the letter of the Word, and outflows into the Pauline, Petrine, and Johannian formulas of doctrine, contains, within and above them, the universal Divine Ideas, out of which they had their birth.

Our use to the Evangelical bodies will be, therefore, that of Biblical expounders and illustrators, agreeing with them in whatever concerns the conversion of the sinner to God, reconciling their technology with the interior truths of Heaven, leading them up from narrow and limited to interior and celestial conceptions; and through their form, as a matrix, pouring forth the universal truths which underlie all human religious phenomena.

Second.—In a rational and attested psychology, to classify and reduce to order the universal spiritual experiences, out of which the sects have grown to form; to take up the Christian history, from the beginning, as a spiritual movement of God in man; to interpret rightly the spiritual states, which outgrew into the many tinted speculative philosophies, changing from age to age the aspect and the color of the visible Church; to assign to each spiritual integer its proper place and value, and, in so doing, to evolve the latent hidden life, as yet undeveloped from the history of each representative party, no less than from the character of each representative man.

Christianity, as a supernal system, will thus be vindicated out of that very life-growth through the centuries which, to the casual sight, presents so many strange discrepancies. We look on Swedenborg as having begun this work. An host of illumined minds will be required, carrying it on from generation to generation. From the earliest eras we shall behold, through loving insight into the various life-movements of which we speak, the evolution of vast elements of Divine thought and feeling, in widely variant channels of expression. At last, Christianity itself will present the appearance of a human tree, which, springing from the Divine germ of the Incarnation, and unfolding first a feeble shoot above the compact soil of ancient Polytheism, and growing at last to gigantic stature, and overshadowing the continents, and feeding age after age with healing leaves of doctrine, reserves itself to bear fruit of all divine arts, sciences, governments, and societies in the Eden future of the race.

THE REAL CATHOLICISM.

Upon the ground of a trinity of faith, in the Lord, in the Word, and in Regeneration through the uses of a self-denying life, will rise the Church of the future. It will stand, in organic bodies, grouped around pivotal men, representing in their persons the militant heroism against all evil, the general enthusiasm for all good, which characterizes the angel in his war against the fiend. Against the myrmidons of despotism, whether in the state or in society, no less than in ecclesiastical affairs, it will invoke the powers of the Heavens. It will represent, not alone the theological aspects of Truth and Providence, but also their social forms and practical outworkings. It will have no sympathy with oppression in any shape. It will be sternly uncompromising in defense of human liberties. In the pulpit, or out of the pulpit, the life of the true New Churchman will be an eloquent protest against all species of misrule. He will be, in his own person, a revelation, an expression, and an embodiment of true order, a living epistle from the Spirit to mankind.

THE BLIND SEER.

Thy helping arm, thou faithful friend! thy guiding hand once
more.

Thanks! here I rest upon the cliff, above the wave-worn shore;
I hear the merry bathers shout upon the waters free,
And thrill within my heart to feel the motion of the sea.
Now read me, from the holy page, for I, alas! am blind,
Of Him who came the massive gates of darkness to unbind;
Of Him who came, with words of might, to wake the buried will;
Why did He pass away and leave the blind to mourn Him still?

Hush! read no more. What verse is this—"according to thy
faith

Shall be the gift that Heaven bestows;" these are the words He
saith.

Oh! for the spiritual might to ask and to receive.—

Help Thou my unbelief Oh Lord!—Thou dost.—I do believe.

The merry billows dance and play upon the ocean's brim;
The passing rainbows flush the wave or melt in vapors dim;
Upon the pleasant shore the sheep browse o'er the grassy downs;
The forest glades in sunshine laugh, in sunshine laugh the towns;
With altar candles all alit, like beadsmen to a shrine,
In long procession march the stars to make the night divine,
And seven they say together move in beauteous grace with them,
Like Spirits of the seven who sought the Babe of Bethlehem.

I know not what a star is like, or what a flower may be,
The loveliness of maid or child, alas! is not for me.
I never saw the blessed light that brightens with the morn;
In lonely midnight have I dwelt, since sightless I was born.

Yet not for gift of outward sight I ask the touch of grace,
Oh could I see, a moment see, my Master's loving face;

For sure am I that all the rest my eyes would scarce employ,
When Jesus shone to flood my soul with morning beams of joy.
But no ! for eighteen hundred years that radiant Friend has fled,
And pining hearts, that ask for Him, in gloom and shadow tread.

Friend ! friend ! art gone ?—Was it thy hand that touched my
eyes but now ?—

All earth recedes ! what world is this ? What gifts my soul en-
dow ?—

This is not earth, for where I heard, but now, the solemn sea,
Roll rising uplands beautiful as Heaven itself might be.

I sat upon a rugged cliff ; but here a temple stands

Paved with the ruby and the pearl in place of ocean sands :

And who are these ? the blossoms bend beneath them as they glide,

And, where their garments touch the air, the air is glorified :

And I am rising.—Oh ! my heart ! what swift, what sweet desire
Draws me to ONE who shines above clothed in celestial fire.

'Tis He who touched my eyes, 'tis He who wakes my soul to sing.

I kneel and worship and adore my Saviour and my king.

Oh ! miracle of Love Divine ! a moment since I heard

On outer earth, through outer sense, the letter of the Word :

Now all the Angels chant as one, with voices of delight,

The Word's internal sense, as when the thunders wake their
might :—

And it is thunder, and it swells and booms and breaks afar,

As if it were a sea, whose drops were each a vocal star.

I must go back to earth and be—this is the message given—

Blind for a time to outward things, yet lit with sight for Heaven,

That so I may the more declare, that inner eyes and true

Are folded in the outward sense invisible to view,—

That inner eyes may even now, when Jesus with his hand

Removes their darkness, far and wide, behold the Blessed Land.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICHTE.

BY AN ENGLISH CONTRIBUTOR.

Each individual nation of the European family has its own peculiar character, and fills its own place. To Italy we yield the precedence in the higher walks of art, to Spain in a passionate love of the romantic, to France in fertility of decorative invention, and in organizing genius, and to England in practical capacity in the application of scientific knowledge. And we must give to the Germany of modern times the foremost place in mental philosophy. But we often find that, by the operation of the very law which gives to some one nation its peculiar faculty, that nation is prevented availing itself of its own productions until they have been transmitted to some other clime to be wrought out and perfected. Frequently great thoughts are like those raw materials which must be expatriated to be manufactured ;—the land of production not possessing facilities for their adaptation to human wants. Thus, Germany, though intellectually the very cradle of freedom—the land where liberty of philosophizing is almost unrestrained—is far behind some other nations in liberty of a more external kind. Its free thoughts migrate to other lands, where the thought is ultimated in the thing ;—where the outward obstruction is bearded, and falls before the power of truth. From the land of its exile the spirit of freedom returns to its birth-place, embodied in laws and institutions, awakening new desires, assuming new aspects, and making there its latest conquests.

Since the middle of the last century, a new energy has been everywhere more fully developing national as well as individual characters. Before a resistless flood of new thoughts the institutions and formula of a thousand years have been swept away, and by the same tide new deposits have been made, new continents are here and there rising above the surges, and in other places the foundations are slowly, but surely, accumulating beneath the surface. From the disturbed sleep-walking of the dark ages, the world is awakening to a fuller consciousness and a more natural

vision, with the dawning of a new day. And the exaltation and intensifying of mental power is evidently owing to the action of deep internal causes. Not only in a few places have great ideas attracted worshipers, but from a thousand voices have come forth utterances felt to be from the deep heart of humanity. Thus each nation has more thoroughly indicated its true character than ever before, working out from the deep of its own genius that prophecy of the future with which it was charged.

The deeply contemplative life of Germany, its multitudinous theories, speculations, and philosophies, all bearing upon religion either confirmatively or skeptically, indicate the interior nature of the national tendencies, as compared with the other European nations. The thinkers live in an inner dream-land. Here they delightedly revel in abstractions of the intellect or fancies of the imagination, which they are neither able nor desirous to realize in the outer world. It is no stretch of imagination to say that their interior position in the continent represents their mental relation to the other nations. Their influence, socially and politically, is not externally very manifest; but spiritually, it flows in, deeply hidden but potent, from the whole stream of their literature.

We fully admit that some of the influences of Germany are of an injurious tendency in relation to existing institutions and established dogmas in religion and politics; and that her skepticism tends to the loosening and breaking down of many things which have heretofore been considered as established principles. Men look hither and thither in the confusion and darkness for solid footing, but in vain. The ground slides from beneath their feet, and the heavenly luminaries they have hitherto looked up to with undoubting reverence, are falling to the earth, or remain shorn of their splendor. But this proves simply that the things they mistook for solid earth and heavenly orbs were moving quicksands and terrestrial lamps. No human magic can remove the earth or expunge the stars. For a time an *ignis fatuus* may deceive us, but the sooner we discover it to be an *ignis fatuus*, the sooner we shall find the true Star of the East. In the solemn and eloquent words of the Apostle Paul "this shaking of the heavens and the earth signifieth the removing of those things which are shaken, as of *things that are made*, that those things which can-

not be shaken may remain." Truth is eternal, and to fear scrutiny is to have a perception that our cherished dogma is not one of the *eternal things* "which cannot be shaken," but one of the "*things which are made*" by human device. However, the defenders of these things may declaim against German Rationalism, they cannot prevent its progress until all that is false in their dogmas is exploded. The war between reason and religion arises only when one or both have departed from the standard of truth, and can cease only when the standard is regained. All Galileo-persecutions indicate a greater love of sect or self than of truth. And though we may lament the bewildering mazes in which philosophic mysticism, as well as materializing rationalism have led many wanderers during the present century in Germany, we believe that there is no wanderer in these mazes who will have any permanent influence on human thought, but whose speculations and reasonings will ultimately tend to the building up of the great temple of truth. There is an unseen guide little recognized by the wanderers themselves.

Before speaking of Fichte, let us briefly review the systems of philosophy which prevailed during the last century. The philosophy of the middle ages seems to us to have been little else than playing with words. Religious principles were dictated by the Church,—intellectual and secular principles by Aristotle. These principles,—none having the hardihood to question,—served as boundaries within which the disputant engaged in logical combat on perfectly safe ground ;—displaying much ingenuity, but with little benefit, save the conservation of the use of terms, and of the faculty of reasoning, so misapplied, for future better times. But at length came men of a bolder tone ; Copernicus, Galileo, Luther, and a host beside, dared to think different from the Church. In mental philosophy freedom was asserted by Spinoza, Bacon, Cudworth, Leibnitz, Locke, Descartes, and many others. It began to be generally seen that the ancients did not possess the whole truth in any department of knowledge,—and to be felt that by the unshackled reason the attempt to impose science by authority, could not be endured.

In this state of mental science, Locke proposed to himself to begin again from the foundation ;—to look, as though he were the

first observer, with clearness, candor, and diligence ;—unprejudiced by the old doctrines, at the phenomena presented by the human mind. Naturally enough, he commenced with the most external phenomena. It was scarcely to be expected that so acute an observer of external phenomena should be equally acute in investigating the more subtle qualities and nature of the essence of the mind itself. He seems rather to have treated the soul as a known fact ;—in short, as the man himself, distinct from his mental operations. He sets himself merely to note down the mode of operation. He observed, to begin,—that we could form no ideas without first having corresponding sensations received from outward phenomena or objects ; that a man born deaf and dumb could have no idea of a sound, and so forth. From this he deduced that we have no innate ideas. This he states absolutely and without modification. Here then, he made his first and grand mistake. It is true there are no ideas innate in the external consciousness,—but the truth is that an idea, though not existing prior to sensation, is yet a spiritual or mental object. Locke supposes the mind to be like a sheet of blank paper, ready to receive any writing,—if he had lived in our day, he would have found the best simile in the glass or paper prepared to receive a photographic impression. The idea he supposed to exist afterwards as a mere picture in the mind. He supposes it to have come through the organs of sensation, and to be received by the mind passively. In reality, the idea is a living outbirth of the mind itself,—of spiritual substance, developed or born by the instrumentality of the outward world acting through the organs of sensation. Every man's thoughts are filled with his own life. Indeed it is only in them that he does live. In states of excitement, the intense activity and power of these ideas is such as to astonish ourselves. Our ruling passion manifests itself first in our thoughts, and then we are impelled to seek the external realization of them. Thus our ideas become, mediately from our will, the governing powers of our life.

Different men, from the contemplation of the same outward object, form widely different ideas, because the ruling principle of their life differs. An artist, on beholding a beautiful tree, forms an idea very different from that of the wood-cutter or the dealer

in timber, on looking at the same tree. The impression received on the retina of each is the same perhaps, but the affection of the one fills the image with a soul of beauty, and connects it with a world of beauty. It is thenceforth existent in his mind as a typical form, an embodiment of loveliness, an unfading treasure. But the other perhaps fills up that image in his sensorium with a sordid affection of selfish origin, and would make it perhaps an instrument and means only of sensual delight. It does not necessarily follow that the better and the worse feelings shall take these respective forms, but this is our illustration.

In the philosophy of the French school of the last century, the principles of Locke were carried to an ultimatum which would have startled their originator. The French philosophies rationally and consistently enough, deduced from this starting point a well fortified system of materialism, with its concomitant atheism. For in those days all that the metaphysico-theological writers contended for as necessary to prove the existence of the spiritual world, was the power of thinking. Thought was the one faculty of spirit. Locke says that ideas or thoughts are simply pictures or images from without, derived through the medium of sensation. What then, oh! ye theologians, becomes of your spiritual existences? The philosopher laughs them to scorn. And what becomes of the great idea, fundamental to all religion,—of *God*? You say he is the *Great* spirit, from whom all others are derived. The philosopher says that all life and intelligence are merely the results of organization.

But when one side of a truth only is seen by one man or sect, another starts up who sees the other side only. Each has firm hold of his half of the truth, but abhors the other half. The one truth is split into two falsehoods. In the present instance, the material tendency of Locke's philosophy was combated by the advocates of a system of pure idealism. Berkeley is the most prominent English teacher of this ideal philosophy. He begins his inquiry into the human mind from within, as Locke did from without. Berkeley examines into the nature of the consciousness itself, and the evidence it gives of the existence of the outward world, while Locke, first taking the existence of the outward world for granted, draws the conclusion that the ideal world is

dependent on and derivative from the material. The first by his logic, annihilates all evidence that the external world exists,—the other leads to skepticism as to the existence of the spiritual world. It cannot be denied that the process of Berkeley is the more strictly scientific and logical, however his conclusions may conflict with our daily experience. The starting-point of Locke is this,—“I am receptive of certain influences from without,—let me see how these influences effect me?” But Berkeley says “Stop! you have already gone too far,—first see what it is that you call ‘I.’ It is this ‘I’ which has to do with mental phenomena.” In examining into this, he shows that, as all our perceptions and ideas exist in and for the consciousness only, we have absolutely no proof that these perceptions or ideas are derived from without at all. The world within is all we are conscience of, and consciousness is our only witness of any existence;—therefore, the existence of any object out of the mental world cannot be demonstrated. This spiritual or ideal world we are cognizant of, and *know* to exist, and this is the only absolute certainty. There are certain facts of consciousness which we call sensations or perceptions, but we have no demonstrative proof that these originate in external objects. In dreaming we have precisely similar sensations or perceptions, which yet in our waking state we believe to be entirely independent of any outward realities in the natural world. There is, therefore, no proof that a material world exists at all.

In Germany the philosophy of Kant was similar in principle. Its foundation was *the consciousness*. Fichte was a disciple of Kant, and in some respects he is to be considered as the indicator of that want of a religious philosophy which has been felt so deeply in his own and the present age. He had strong religious tendencies from his youth, and strove long and vainly to reconcile the popular religious doctrines with his own rational perceptions. This was the more necessary, as he had intentions of becoming a religious teacher. But as he grew older, he found this reconciliation impossible, and finally gave up the attempt;—at the same time abandoning altogether the study of dogmatic theology. At this juncture it was that Kant’s works attracted his attention, and he soon became enthusiastically attached to his philosophy. At

first he attempted to unite with theology this new ideal philosophy, but later in life he carried out its principles into new regions, and became himself an originator of new doctrines, based on those of Kant.

One of his works best known is entitled "On the Nature of the Scholar." The grand idea in this book is that there is in every thing a divine idea, lying deeper than all appearances of the thing itself. It is not merely that there is a divine intention and end in every thing, but that the idea of each thing is a projection or spiritual creation of the Divine Mind itself, and that on this spiritual essence the thing is founded, and from it built up. "Examine well," says a recent writer, "the individual phenomena of the world, and you will find that each one exists only as a part of some whole; you will find that *the whole is as necessary to the parts as the parts to the whole*; and it is this unity that brings us to the great truth, that a Divine Idea lies at the origin of all things."* By the *Scholar* Fichte means one who has attained more or less completely to a perception of what the Divine Idea is;—by the cultivation of a naturally clear and powerful intellect, his mind is elevated to such a condition that the Divine Idea becomes revealed to him. Such men are the great teachers and leaders of mankind. They are not confused and led astray by the universal error and contradiction, but looking into the heart of things, they draw forth the secret of the world, and declare it to all men. The Divine Idea, thus discovered, is that which the world has been striving vainly to find, and which is necessary for its progress. And all things must be mischievous in their influences, until the Divine Idea of them has been seized, and the things used in accordance therewith.

Doubtless there is here a great truth. A proper value is placed on the ideal world. It is seen to be of higher importance than the material world; in fact, to be the world of causes. But there is one grave fault which mars the book. There stands forth in every chapter, almost offensively, that notion of Academic dignity and all-sufficiency which so exposes the literary man to ridicule with the practical portion of mankind. He considers learned

* "Thorndale, or Conflict of Opinions," by Wm. Smith.

culture all-important. He speaks of the mass as "*hodmen*," and looks upon them with coolness bordering on contempt. He thinks it is by learned culture only that we can obtain any perception of "*the Idea*." This view is pedantic and bigoted. The working man of every condition, has his own opportunities of insight. He sees, if he is attentive to his own work, the Idea of his own region of Nature or of Art. He may not have language to express it as the scholar might, but he can express it in his own way. If Fichte had substituted for "the Scholar,"—"the Inspired man,"—we might have agreed with him. A Cromwell, a Napoleon, a Franklin, a Watt, an Arkwright, or a Fulton, each in his own way, reads the Idea, and expresses it in acts and things. But this pride was the failing of Fichte. He was stern, uncompromising in his integrity; strong and enthusiastic;—but severe and imperious. He was capable of high and noble actions, but he never spared an antagonist, and never flinched from the most unpopular statement of what he deemed the truth.

Another book well known to English readers is "*The Destination of Man*." The style of this book is popular, and it is one of the most remarkable metaphysical books which the age produced. It begins with an examination into the extent of man's knowledge of himself and the universe around him. First of all, setting out from Locke's basis,—the observation of external things, it gradually brings us to the conclusion that man, like a tree, or one of the lower animals, is simply a form in which life is manifested in this world of matter. An acorn sown in the ground, becomes an oak;—if in good soil and under favorable circumstances, a flourishing one,—but if otherwise the oak will be stunted, weakly, and unhealthy. The same is true of all animals, as regards the operation of circumstances. In man however, we find a new faculty,—thought. But on looking further, we find the laws of thought to be precisely those of all other kinds of life;—that is, the thinking faculty is developed in accordance with the original force existing in the germ, modified by the favorable or unfavorable conditions which surround it. So then, the man of intellect is governed by the same law in the development of his thought, as is the oak in the development of its vegetative power. The ultimatum, therefore, at which we arrive is *Necessity*;—*Materialism*.

But now begins another strain of questioning. How have we arrived at this conclusion? We have all along been taking for granted that the outward world is a reality. How do we know that it is so? That which has the power of knowing is the consciousness. Are we then conscious of these things? We cannot be conscious of anything more than our perceptions. We have a belief that certain external things exist which give rise to these perceptions, but it is only belief, or faith that we are not deceived. It is not knowledge. For the truth of our perceptions we have only their own evidence. Here, then, are two classes of things;—the first we are directly conscious of;—the second we believe on the evidence of our perceptions. But we must limit our statement of *absolute knowledge* to those things of which we are directly conscious. We are not thus directly conscious of the outer world, and consequently its existence is less certain.

But we need not attempt to deny the existence of external things. It is only necessary that we should see that internal or spiritual things are *not less certain*, but *more certain*. The facts of consciousness are to us the highest and first realities,—they lie nearest to us. Now, in examining into the origin of our belief in human freedom, we find that it is a fact of consciousness. Every man has, deep in his inmost being, the feeling that he has the power of choice. It is one of the inmost elements of every impulse and thought. Without it there could be no activity whatever. Belief in freedom, therefore, belongs to that class of things of which our knowledge is absolute. If we endeavor to overthrow that belief by an argument from external circumstances, we are reversing the proper order of things,—endeavoring to invert the relations of cause and effect. Both laws are true in their separate spheres,—the law of the physical, and the law of the spiritual world. In the physical world, each man has his limitations; is hemmed in on every hand. But in his motives and thoughts he is free. These belong to the spiritual world,—the world of freedom. A multitude of unseen forces are necessary to the ultimatum of every outward act, and the good or evil of the act depends on the quality of these unseen forces, which belong to the inner man. If the higher qualities of the soul be diligently culti-

vated, they will become developed, and the spiritual man will grow nobler and better, but if the baser impulses have sway, the man becomes spiritually degraded. As the physical system is brought to a high state of perfection by proper food, healthful exercise, and pure air, so with the spiritual man. But the physical man seldom has the privilege of choice, while the spiritual man has always freedom. In every circumstance two courses are open to him,—the highest good he knows, and the opposite state of self-indulgence. Whether he be a cultivated man or a savage, duty and self are ever before him. If the ignorant man exercises the best judgment he is capable of, he becomes nobler and better in doing the same outward action which to a more enlightened man would bring absolute degradation.

This, then, explains the great enigma. Outwardly we are under the stern rule of Necessity, yet inwardly we are free. The mystery of human life begins to be unveiled. This world is given to man as a solid foot-hold from which he builds up his own spiritual being, and the vital force which now first operates in the sensual world, is *the Will*. In the words of Fichte, “the Will alone, lying hid from mortal eyes in the obscurest depths of the soul, is the first link in a chain of consequences that stretches through the invisible realms of spirit; as, in this terrestrial world, the action itself, a certain movement communicated to matter, is the first link in a material chain that encircles the whole system. The will is the effective cause, the living principle of the world of sense. I stand between two opposite worlds; the one visible, in which the act alone avails; the other invisible and incomprehensible, acted on only by the Will. I am an effective force in both these worlds. My will embraces both. This Will is itself a constituent part of the transcendental world. By my free determination I change and set in motion something in this transcendental world, and my energy gives birth to an effect that is new, permanent, and imperishable. Let this will manifest itself in a material deed, and this deed belongs to the world of sense, and produces in it whatever effect it can.”

And as the Will is thus the inmost and essential principle of Man,—so it is of God Himself. The Divine Will is the law of the Universe, and perfect obedience in Man to this Divine Will,

results in his being filled more and more with the Divine Life. He becomes an open medium through which the Infinite Love freely flows. Thus he is united with the Great Fountain of Being, and even while on earth is a citizen of the Eternal World,—an inhabitant of Heaven. "By the renunciation of the earthly," says he, "does faith in the eternal arise in our soul, and stand there alone, as the sole support to which we can cling, as the only animating principle that can warm our hearts or inspire our lives. We must truly, according to the image of a holy doctrine, first die to the world and be born again, before we can enter the kingdom of God."

We have thus briefly reviewed Fichte's philosophy in its relation to the religious life of man,—the most important of its bearings. Although since his time, new philosophies have rapidly succeeded each other, and he has now few avowed followers, we think his views have had a much deeper influence than is apparent. And they clearly represent the metaphysical phase of those great truths which in his time began to descend into the world,—the precursors of a new and brighter day.

Fichte's reasoning is an example of the true method of examining evidence. It has been well remarked that "spiritual things bring their own evidence." We must not expect them to bring sensual or mathematical evidence. If we use for them tests which should be applied only to material things, they become intangible and invisible. They escape from the crucible, leaving the alchemist to declare that he has been deceived ;—that his new elementary substance turns out to be a mere phantasy. It would be as rational to seek the magnetic currents by digging in the earth, or to explore the thunder-cloud in search of the magazine of electric fire. Mathematics must bring mathematical evidence ;—chemistry, chemical ;—dynamics, dynamical ;—and so spiritual things can bring only spiritual evidence ;—and celestial, celestial evidence.

Locke's fundamental error was in attributing the origin of the internal idea to the external world or object. Every idea must have previously a germ within, and must be brought into life by sensation from without. To expect the spiritual germ to develop itself without the influence of sensation would be as unreasonable as to expect an acorn to grow into an oak without first planting it

in the soil,—and to expect an idea to be formed from the operation of sensation only, without the previously existing germ in the mind, would not be wiser than to look for an oak where no acorn had been sown. The union of the internal vital power with the outward circumstance is necessary. If the embryo of the idea were not already in the consciousness, it could never by any possibility exist at all. This is the reason of the insatiable curiosity and thirst for knowledge of the young. They wish to see and hear every new and strange thing. The germs of thought are seeking conditions favorable to development. They are consequently impelled to an untiring activity and unceasing exploration of all things around them.

In the philosophy which developed itself in the latter half of the last century, a new footing was gained for a rational belief in spiritual things. The materialism and skepticism of that age have already waned in their influence. A century ago the philosopher and the religionist agreed in the view that religion and reason were necessarily opposed to each other. Each condemned and despised the other. Now, happily, a new and better, because more interior, philosophy is slowly unfolding itself;—and joining hands with religion, the two are again found in lowly prostration before the throne of the Infinite. A new faith puts forth its tender shoots,—men can again look on life as a solemn reality,—can again in sound reason and clear vision perceive themselves to be in the process of preparation for an eternal existence. The world seems to them no longer to be merely a vast charnel-house. Like the place where they laid the body of Jesus, it becomes at the same time garden and sepulchre. They can see that as the outer man decays, the inner man rises into a higher vitality. The seed sown in the ground dies indeed, but there escapes from its covering the unfettered spirit, springing up into a hundred-fold harvest of eternal life.

LIBRA.

WORD-PICTURES.
V.

A cataract of floral bloom,
 From tinted oceans in the skies,
 Wafting its spray in soft perfume,
 And weaving inborn melodies.

LIFE PICTURES.

No 1.

THE GOLDEN BEDSTEAD AND THE CASHMERE TENT.

(The English Court has recently received, from the MahaRajah of Cashmere, a present of a golden bedstead and a cashmere tent, valued at three and a half millions of dollars. The costly gift serves as an ornament to the guard room of the palace.)

A golden bedstead and a cashmere tent :
A royal gift from Eastern ruler sent !
Three millions in the costly bauble glow.—
Meanwhile 'tis night, and dark, with sullen flow,
Three million human hearts their beating blood
Pour forth, in viewless, everlasting flood.

'Tis night in London ! From the guarded door,
And the state bedstead, rich with massive ore,—
Through halls and chambers, where full many a ghost,
In phantom armor, keeps the challenged post,—
Where, all discrowned, forgotten monarchs tread,
Obscured in pale Republics of the Dead,
Or feed the fiery worm that never dies,—
Come forth ! come forth ! and, 'ere the vision flies,
Behold the wretched, maddened, starved or lost,
And count, with me, the golden bedstead's cost.

The wild wolf feeds her offspring in the den :
Vipers are kinder to their kind than men.
Here little babes, at the emaciate breast,
Suck the lean dugs by famine's hand comprest :
Here infant boys and girls, a quivering heap
Of want and sorrow, ache in very sleep ;

Here women, tender pitiful and kind,
With faith obscured, with reason deaf and blind,
Plod the sad way, in frost or sleet or rain,
With madness mounting to the burning brain ;
Here Famine reaps for aye his blasted sheaves ;
Here the heart's leper, in her frenzy, weaves
The tapestry of doom, with trembling hand,
Swiftly unrolling to the Spirit Land.

Here, girt about with agonies and shames,
"St. Giles" claims kith and kindred with "St. James,"
And England's Genius from the solemn skies,
Lofty and lowly scans with equal eyes ;
In every just one slain an Abel owns ;
From labors' plaint, from misery's hopeless groans,
Makes the sad record, turns the finished page,
And waits the signal of the Judgment Age.

How vain the plea that Pride and Place devise !
What simple truths confound the Courtly-wise !
One golden bedstead might a thousand lost
Save, year by year, with interest of its cost.

A thousand homes, for famished babes, who now
With blighted bloom the sepulchre endow,
Or wail away, through broken-hearted years,
The life whose sacrament is dust and tears ;
A thousand homes, where mind and heart might flower
To holy womanhood's imperial dower,
Or youthful Learning reap the fields of space,
Or early Virtue feel the God's embrace,—
All these might be,—alas ! what shall prevent ?
The golden bedstead and the cashmere tent.

FRAGMENT.

Man is so far fixed in fate, that even though he determines not to look up "through nature, to nature's God," yet still, will the great plans of the Almighty, for the happiness, and the final redemption of his people from that more subtle servitude of the senses, and so of the soul, of which the state and manacle of the slave is the fitting correspondence, go on, and on, and on, until evil shall have worked itself out so visibly, that it shall be known for what it is, and even the very desire of the wicked shall perish ! consumed in the brightness of the second coming of our Lord. Despairing souls on earth, cry aloud, where is God ? they say wickedness stalks so triumphantly abroad, and vice has grown so shameless, and that even children—poor wan victims—are sacrificed upon the altars of this world's Moloch !

Look a little deeper—God is not mocked ! Iniquity is but for a day. Truth and righteousness for all eternity ! This is apparent to any one, who, in the light of the New Church, will take the trouble to read the signs of the times.

That Evil has gained a foot-hold upon our poor fallen orb, is true, but it is also true, and not to be gainsayed, that Evil is ever changeful in its character, full of unrest, there is no permanency whatever about it, here to-day, there to-morrow, while all the noble attributes which man has received from his Maker, remain the same, or only changed from glory unto glory. Virtue is ever virtue ! Truth, nobleness, mercy and tenderness still wear the same aspect, whether they are found in the cottage of the poor man, or the palace of the king.

Evil is protean, but not enduring. It seems to slumber for awhile like the earthquake, or the subterranean fires of volcanoes, but clear vision can perceive that it is driven to make use of every device to prolong its existence.

God permits it, but in that mercy with which He causes His sun to shine alike on the just and the unjust. But if God is a God of mercy, He is also a God of justice. We can reason in the light of our highest perceptions, if we are so far fallen as to reject His Word. We can *feel* that we are not fit for such a place as befits an immortal. We know that we must be changed from our pres-

ent condition, ere we can fitly enjoy constant association with the lovely and pure. Our weary, time stained, earth worn spirits must in *some* way regain their primitive lustre, ere they can enter and dwell in the sphere of innocence.

We must become as little children, says the Word, and in our inmost nature, our heart of hearts as it were, we *know* this to be true!

If then the inmosts need sanctification, truly then do the outmosts, where thoughts have become substantial and have built themselves up as it were in granite to defy the very Heavens.

Keep thy heart, with all diligence, for out of it, are the issues of Life or Death, and those issues must come forth and meet the light of day, and then in His strength,—for God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity—in His strength alone we shall put sin and death beneath our feet forever. We shall be more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. Evils lying quiescent in our mortal natures, inherited or otherwise made our own, can never be overcome by drugging them—they will wake by and by from their illusive slumber,—nor by binding them, they will burst their bands asunder in an *unguarded* moment, they must be *slain absolutely!*

And so, reasoning from inmosts to outmosts, from centres to circumferences, we must see the cause why our sin blighted orb becomes a battle-field. Here on this earth, through the weakness of our first parents, Satan found a gap in the walls of Zion, and therefore, here *through* mortal men, deployed in battle array, for the *Right, or against it*, Satan must be met and conquered.

The old Napoleon animated his army by bidding them remember that forty centuries gazed down upon them from the pyramids of old Egypt. Saints and angels, the whole host of Heaven are spectators of our battle for the right.

God and my right hand, was the motto of the old chivalry—let God in our right hand, be ours. "Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies." We live in glorious times, glorious but terrible, yet God, yea, even our own God shall give us the victory over sin to consume and destroy it unto the end. The end—rapturous thought—for then cometh the "consummation of all things" and the Eden days once more will be ours.

Yet not by earthly weapons, not by force, not by insurrection against the laws of the land, cometh the peaceable kingdom of Righteousness !

Through the influence of prayer, which bringeth us into actual rapport with Deity ; through the life of regeneration through uses, which will so sanctify our hearts that they may become the very fortress and citadel of Jesus even the Lord ; through humbly yet firmly willing, in God's strength to do his most holy will, cost what it may, we shall at last come consciously into that condition, that our blessed Lord can look out from our eyes in gentlest pity upon the wretched ; and uplift through our hand the fallen ; and gather again the outcasts of Israel, and by the warmth of his celestial love incarnated anew in our breasts, revivify the wounded in spirit and the broken hearted ; and by the means of our earnest influence, change the very aspect of affairs in the body politic, so that all men shall become free—free, not in a worldly sense, but in the enlarged and glorious sense of the Christ-like soul. “ Where the spirit of the Lord is, *there is Liberty* ! ”

M. B.

TRUE LIBERTY.

When man is regenerate, then first he comes into a state of liberty, being before in a state of slavery. Slavery consists in the dominion of lusts and falsities : liberty, in the dominion of goodness and truth. That this is the case, man does not at all perceive so long as he is in a state of slavery, but he then begins to perceive it when he comes into a state of liberty. Whilst he is in a state of slavery, that is, while lusts and falsities have the dominion, he supposes that he is in a state of liberty ; but it is a great mistake, for then he is carried away by the delight of his lusts, and of the pleasures thence derived, and in consequence of such delight, it appears to him to be freedom. Every one, whilst he is led by a certain inclination, and whilst he follows wherever it leads him, supposes himself free ; but the truth is, he is at such times in the company, and as it were in the stream of diabolical spirits who hurry him away. True liberty or the life of liberty consists solely in being led by the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PSALMS.

PSALM I.

I.

What marks of blessedness divine,
Redeemer! in Thy pathway shine.
We kneel, where Thou before hast trod,
And own the footsteps of the God.

Thy human nature still could press
The path of all our bitterness;
And, sinless, through temptation, bear
Our mortal anguish and despair.

Through Thy eternal wisdom shone
The uncreated Word alone,
A fairer Earth, of ampler skies,
Unfolding in its harmonies.

The councils of Thy steadfast will
Revolving ages, Lord! fulfill;
While sin and death and hell decay,
Or pass before Thy breath away.

Only the good and true shall stand,
In judgment, with Thine Angel-band.
The false and evil shall depart,
And perish all the base of heart.

II.

Celestial Spirits all obey
The Lord our Saviour's will:
How beautiful and blest are they,
His precepts who fulfill.

Their path is sown by holy deeds,
That spring, beneath the feet,
In fruitful joys for mortal needs,
With love and pity sweet.

Messiah breathes through every breast,
And moves in all their powers :
In robes of mercy they are dressed,
As earth is veiled with flowers.

Through states of blessedness and peace
They change, but never fade ;
Nor can the joys they own decease,
Or sink to evening shade.

But sinful souls, to evil wed,
Were better far unborn :
With storms shall burst upon their head
The awful Judgment Morn.

III.

In paths of peace below
The pure and loving go,
Nor ever in the way of sinners tread.
No godless thought and base
In the chaste mind hath place,
But benedictions on them still are shed.

Far from the scornful seat,
With still delight, they meet,
Breathing the Breath Divine in sweet accord,
While, through the vaulted sky
Of Truth's infinity,
They own the star-like precepts of the Word.

In mercies manifold,
Fruited with Eden-gold,
Their faith ascends to charity divine ;
And, steadfast in the Right,
They build, with lasting might,
Their Spirits house, the Lord Messiah's shrine.

But like the stubble, blown
By the wild wind, and strown
Far o'er the desert or the stormy sea,
The Evil pass away,
Before the judgment day,
Nor share the triumphs of eternity.

SOCIAL BEAUTY.

The highest form of beauty in the Heavens is that of the society of angels, in all its complex bodies, working as with the unitary action of a man. Fourier saw it through the inverted lens of an unregenerate personality, and thought that human apes and tigers could be tamed into it by appeals to self-love. Hence the utter failure of his school, in spite of the self-denying enthusiasm of some of the noblest men whom the nineteenth century has produced, whether in Europe or America. Society, as it exists, is a dramatic spectacle on the World's stage, vividly representing the internal states of men. It is not possible for Divine order to unfold into social form, till the men who are to execute its various functions are, intellectually and morally regenerate, to that high degree in which the whole being becomes a working instrument, as obedient to the Divine Voice, though with a full consciousness of freedom, as the steam engine is to the skillful engineer. Till then, however it may be mirrored upon the eyeballs of the spirit; from afar and from above, it is but a prophecy, impossible of earthly realization.

A Societary Paradise, even were it realized, to a self-loving man would be intolerable, nor would he spare any effort for its destruction. It is the last outbirth in that series of Divine evolutions, of which the first is the descent of the Holy Spirit to the yielding and self-renouncing heart. The Eden harmonies of the Future are only possible through choral societies of men and women, who have realized in themselves the Angelic state. Till then, Society must exist in a state of intestine war, decorously veiled with the protective machinery incidental to a state of universal competition. Nevertheless, all things good and true are its harbingers and pioneers; and the inspired thoughts now germinate in the human mind, which eventually are to blossom in Arcadian institutions.

All may be borne, all may be sanctified, all in life and in the heart may be converted to good, through prayer and labor.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH—REVIVAL MYSTERIES.

According to our definition of terms, and our use of language, the doctrine of justification by faith alone is a Divine reality, or a degrading and treacherous fiction. If by "faith" we mean opinion, the doctrine that we are justified by, it only affords the widest latitude for frivolity and crime. Without doubt this interpretation is a literal fiery serpent, which stings to death the soul.

But the word "Faith" may lawfully be interpreted to signify, the entire action of the believing soul, the entire concurrence of the understanding and the will in loving and lowly homage at the Saviour's feet ; the inspired, believing, self-surrendery of the whole man to the claims and wishes of the Divine Spirit. Of this faith the Apostle declares that it works by love and purifies the heart. He calls it not a dead or seeming faith, but a living. He declares that its results are obedience and purification, and that it follows repentance.

It seems to us that the early Reformers were both scriptural and rational in accepting and advocating the doctrine, with this definition,—of justification by faith alone. The faith-act, in which the man, convicted of sin and full of evil, accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Redeemer, and throws open his whole bosom for the incoming of the Divine fire that infills with a penetrative aura the lungs of the soul, submitting himself that the Infinite Holiness may purge and purify to the very uttermost every organic vessel of feeling or of thought, is the very highest spiritual action then possible to him. It involves, in fine, a whole series of moral emotions, each in itself an inspiration ; hate of sin, hate of sin in every form, and such a loathing, and detestation of the evils indwelling in the breast, as cannot be described in words. It is a longing for the good alike in being and in action, it is an aspiration after the Eternal Holiness. It is a putting forth, as it were, of the spiritual hand, which shall bring us into electrifying contact with that magnet-sceptre held in God Almighty's hand,

through which flow forth, at His will, the life-streams of a cleansing love, or the sharp swift bolts that smite the obdurate guilty. It is the pressing of the soul out of nature, to stand in the presence of its Judge, wholly submissive, content to take whatever the All-merciful may decree. It has love in it as its base and spiritual body or how else could it work by love? It literally turns the soul, standing on the pivot of its freedom, from self and nature to God and everlasting life.

Not a moment is too soon in this turning act, for not a moment is to be lost. Some might attempt to dissuade us from going to Christ "in our sins, just as we are;" but the Lord came to "bring repentance and remission of sins." If any man is prompted to turn to the Lord, and deeply convicted of internal guilt, that conviction is the result of the Divine Operation in his breast; let him *turn then* or the inclination may die out, the visitation pass him by.

In the serene and luminous atmosphere which overshadows those societies and bodies wherein the present Revival Movement is most intensely and powerfully active, all is calm, infinitely pervaded by the Divine Breath. So still is it, that the Angels hardly whisper with an outward tongue. They veil their faces, and only, with an inward adoration, cry "Holy! holy!" to the redeeming God. It is only when the fire-pervaded breath of Deity is wafted into the stupor of some degraded earthly man that we behold the perturbations of conscience, the stirrings up of mighty emotions, which, in their turn, sweeping out through nervous action, strike the man powerless, in an instant, so that he falls like one dead. Then, as the soul, in its own spiritual form, rises,—the poor, diseased, emaciated, wretched soul, bleeding, and festering, and ulcered with moral wounds and iniquities,—inflating its lungs with Infinite charity the Lord iubreathes into the spiritual respiratories. Oh! strange, oh! ravishing delights, that inflow with that thrice holy breath. It is distributed in the respiration-act through all the organs of the moral frame. The man reënters his body, and awakes to outward consciousness, his bosom a sea of enraptured love, his whole conscious soul a billowy ocean of heavenly emotions. And if he brings back a consciousness that Jesus, on the condition of his dwelling in love, has taken him into a condition

of bosom-nearness, literally breathed into his inmost, and to keep on breathing there, who shall blame him if he believes that his dear Lord is able to absolve and save?

One objector may say "Where is the faith-act?" We reply, in these cases, poor persons are unconsciously, as to their bodies, as to mentality even, in so obtuse, confused a state, so whirled about with a chaos of conflicting and bewildering impressions, that the partial liberation of the moral nature is necessary, in order that they may *turn*. Were they fixed in evil, that is, utterly confirmed in it, on awakening to external consciousness the reverse of this would be the case. They would curse God and perhaps die. Instances of this kind may, perchance, yet occur.

Truly it is a wonderful, an awe inspiring sight. The body, locked in rigid sleep by the Divine thrill, which calls the man who inhabits it to internal lucidity, leaving him in freedom still! The demons, who have so stupified the poor outward sense, so injected their poisons into the natural mind, that they had hoped to destroy both soul and body in hell, are smitten down themselves by that Divine thunder-flash, and behold, unable to prevent, their fancied victim thrilled at heart, and pulsing there with quickenings from Deity. The man himself turns, because he wills. In that thrice welcome liberty, a lowly suppliant, he is prostrate at the throne of Heaven's king. Angels make music over a sinner that repenteth. He inhales the breath of the forgiving God; and wakes so full of the merciful condescension of his Saviour, so awed by perceptions of his own unworthiness, that his whole thought is the mystery and glory of redeeming love. Yet his is not a *salvation finished*, but a salvation begun. It is an instantaneous conversion; it is not an instantaneous sanctification. He is empowered with new and wondrous gifts of spiritual grace. If he ultimates those gifts in loving uses, if he walks as a citizen of Heaven, the dawn-light of a new condition brightens to a perfect day. If he relapses, the second state of degradation is worse and far more dangerous than was the first.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

(Continued from page 154.)

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

We omit, as at present unadapted to the general reader, that portion of the poem of Odora in which the Celestial Melodist sings of conjugal mysteries, and resume with the

SPHERE SONG.

Out from the sky-spaces
Shine ever the faces
Of heroes and sages.
Eternity's ages
In music roll o'er us
And beckon before us.

Souls steadfast and golden,
In God-light enfolden,
Cry loud to us, blinded
With earth-dust, be minded
Like Him who ascended,
The cross and grave rended.

But deeper and clearer,
And farther and nearer,
And round us and in us,
He speaks, who, to win us
To God-life immortal
Once shone through birth's portal.

And over Death's river,
The Faith Angel, ever,
In glory uplifted,
Brings heroes, love-gifted,
Whose hearts, to God given,
Were pregnant with Heaven.

So God hath appointed,
Through spirits anointed,
Who tread, in heart-hearing,
O'er Hades unfearing,
To sing, through earth's burning,
To Eden's returning.

But spheres, never hidden
From God-sight, are bidden
To walk, unrepoven
By Love-spirit moven,
Down, past the star-tapers,
Through all the earth's vapors.

Their eyes, in love-clearness,
See God in heart-nearness.
Their lips, to God pressing,
Receive the love-blessing.
That God-kiss, imparted,
Thrills mortals, dead-hearted.

The curse-wave, arrested
Through love-might, full-breasted,
Rolls backward like ocean
Smit down in full motion,
By God-Word, and hideth
Where chaos abideth.

The sin-cycle endeth ;
The new earth descendeth ;
The old earth expireth ;
The God-Will inspireth ;
The east is sun-litten ;
The Grave is death smitten.

The sun-spirit holdeth,
The new orb ; and foldeth
His life-spirit through it,
With heart to endure it.
New world-spirit, hesting,
Unfearing, unresting,

From Christ-heart receiving
 God-might for retrieving,
 Puts darkness and sorrow
 From new earth's to-morrow.

The star-souls rejoicing,
 In thunder loud voicing,
 Crown earth-brow with roses.
 New Eden uncloses :
 All nations ingather
 Around the All Father :

And Eve liveth newly
 In wife-bosom, truly
 To God-life united,
 In heart oneness plighted ;
 Her heart a love-chalice,
 Her womb the sky-palace.

New Adam, love minded,
 By evil unblinded,
 Like Mars, thunder-crested,
 With peace-robe invested,
 Draws down the sky-azure,—
 Spans duty with pleasure.

Life burns into clearness
 Through flame of God-nearness,
 And soars on love-pinions
 Through boundless dominions :
 Through labor wins earth-right
 Then taketh God birth-right.

Being then intromitted into my previous state, I returned to the floral pavilion and to the midst of the marriage festivities.

And now came an angel from the east and said, "Make proclamation that a festival of Apollo is now to be held, and that hymns will be sung and lyrics recited."

There appeared, also, a company of beautiful youths, habited in the Grecian costume, and they represented the hours. Linked

hand in hand they circled around the hall with a gliding motion,
strewing blossoms and scattering fragrance, melodiously singing
at the same time the internals of the following

POEM OF APOLLO'S FESTIVAL.

Lo! the Music-angels meet,
Scatter roses at their feet.
Heart of love begin to beat,
For the bride is pure and sweet.

Lo Pæan! let us sing.
Haste the golden harp to bring.
He who smites its burning string
Shall be crowned the Music-king.

From Beethoven's spirit grand,
From the mighty Mozart's hand,
From young Haydn's childlike band
Scatter music o'er the land.

Demi-gods of song are those
Who in Love Divine repose ;
All their life in music flows ;
Crown them with Apollo's rose.

Haste and bring Apollo's lyre,
Chorded with the heart's desire.
Then, in robes of rainbow fire,
Summon all Apollo's choir.

Then appeared a company of young maidens who personified
the Graces, and they warbled in like manner,

APOLLO'S LOVE SONG.

Love is sweetness in the rose ;
Love within the lily glows ;
And the Angels all repose
Where the Love-land violet blows.

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

Chase the Hours with footsteps true ;
 Bid the Nymphs their dance renew ;
 Crowned with pansies white and blue,
 Soon the Bride shall meet our view.

Crowned with pansies blue and white,
 In a car of crimson light,
 Drawn by white swans up the height,
 She shall glide to her delight.

Joy be theirs, the happy pair !
 They inhale Love's nuptial air,
 And their souls, like odors rare,
 Rise to God and mingle there.

Music Angels, one and all,
 Welcome to Apollo's hall,
 Crowned with love and beauty all
 Grace our lyric festival.

A young poet, with whose name I was not made acquainted,
 now sang a metrical composition entitled

BETTER DAYS.

The melancholy years are done,
 When Love, from earth down-cast,
 With sorrow blinded all the sun
 And wept through every blast.
 The melancholy years of Wrong
 No more shall rule mankind ;
 Let loose the flowing sails of Song
 The waking earth to find.
 The sunbeams gild the mountain slope,
 The blossoms deck the tree,
 The stars are shining in the cope
 And dancing on the sea.
 Lo ! Song, the Heavenly Gondolier,
 In airy pinnace flies,
 With golden strains the world to cheer
 From Angels in the skies.

No heart in heaven but finds its mate,
And wreathes the nuptial flowers.
Rejoice O world ! for thee awake
Loves endless bridal hours.
Break forth, break forth, delivering light
In music from the Word ;
The earth shall from its winter night
Awake to greet the Lord.

Being then present in spirit, I was called upon, as a guest, to join in the celebration, and repeated the following lyric :

A HYMN OF THE BATTLE.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying Night,
Or chain the wings of the Morning Light ?
Can ye seal the springs of the Ocean Deep,
Or bind the Thunders in silent sleep ?
The Sun that rises, the Seas that flow,
The Thunders of Heaven, all answer, " No !"

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth ?
The earthquake still in its awful birth ?
Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee ?
The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the Universe, answer, " No !"

Can ye burn a Truth in the Martyr's fire ?
Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire ?
Or stay the Soul, when it soars away
In glorious life from the moldering clay ?
The Truth that liveth, the Thoughts that go,
The Spirit ascending, all answer, " No !"

Oh, Priest ! Oh, Despot ! *your* doom *they* speak ;
For God is mighty as ye are weak ;
Your Night and your Winter from earth must roll ;
Your chains must melt from the limb and soul ;
Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us wo—
Shall ye triumph longer ? we answer, " No !"

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled,
 On the broken heart of a famished world ;
 Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
 Ye have made its children a race of slaves ;
 O'er the Future Age shall the ruin go ?
 We gather against ye, and answer, " No !"

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
 But weak are ye, for the TRUTH is ours ;
 In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,
 But we are stronger, OUR STRENGTH is LOVE.
 Slay Truth and Love with the Curse and Blow ?
 The beautiful Heavens ! they answer, " No !"

The Winter Night of the world is past ;
 The Day of Humanity dawns at last ;
 The veil is rent from the Soul's calm eyes,
 And Prophets, and Heroes, and Seers arise ;
 Their words and deeds like the thunders go :
 Can ye stifle their voices ? they answer, " No !"

It is God who speaks in their words of might !
 It is God who acts in their deeds of right !
 Lo ! Eden waits, like a radiant bride—
 Humanity springeth elate to her side ;
 Can ye sever the twain who to Oneness flow ?
 The voice of Divinity answers, " No !"

After this there stood up in the assemblage one who might fitly have been entitled the Angel of Reform, and the palace vibrated from the intonations of his voice :

THE WAR SONG.

'Tis Freedom stands within the Sun,
 And holds the Morning in his hand,
 He bids the sunrise-thunders run
 From heart to heart, from land to land,
 They blow their trumpets through the storm,
 Reform ! Reform !

An Angel stands on every star,
And beats the thunder-drum of Heaven,
To rouse the world for Freedom's war,
That sounding reveille is given,
It booms adown the battle storm :
Reform ! Reform !

Blow, trumpets, blow, from steep to steep,
Arm ! arm ! the day of doom is breaking ;
Charge as the fiery lightnings leap ;
The voice of God the World is waking,
It thunders through the battle storm :
Reform ! Reform !

MELODY OF THE MOST ANCIENT PEOPLE.

Throned on imperial mountains, bright with day,
The Sunrise Angels dwell.
There all the Muses reign, their land is gay
With flowering asphodel.

There young imagination courts his bride,
She of the star-bright lyre :
In Hymen's Paradise their hearts abide,
The Graces are their choir.

The snow-white swans amid the lilies feed
When day begins to break,
And the blue lotus yields its perfumed seed
Upon the tranquil lake.

And sportive youths and maidens, innocent
Of earth as drifted snow,
Feed on the honied fruits, with still content,
And hear the waters flow.

The rosy radiance from the heart's desire,
Through their transparent blood,
Flashes like crimson morning through white fire ;
Eating that wondrous food.

They sing sweet songs, in Music's mother tongue,
In every flowering bay ;
Forever blithe, and beautiful, and young,
Yet Eldest Ancients they.

These are the Fathers of the Race of Man.
The Ages, while they pass,
Round their full rapture to a wider span ;
And, in the magic glass,

Of their deep Spirits Past and Future meet,
In visions grand and dim :
God lives in them, as in the mercy-seat
Between the cherubim.

These are the Magi of the Universe,
Oracular and wise ;
The Past and Future from their solemn verse
Forever seem to rise :

And which is Past, and which is Future, none
Can fully know but He
Who in the glory of the spirit Sun
Illumes eternity.

All their grand thoughts are visions ; in the dome
Of their bright world appear
The stars and suns of systems yet to come,
Some, as the noon-day clear,

Some arched like massive rainbows o'er the west,
Some like the billows roll
Of that ethereal sea, in crimson dressed,
That spans the northern pole.

Here there appeared a poet from a very interior Heaven, who
was eminently in the love of the Lord in His Divine Humanity.
His face was glorious to behold, and his raiment shone and glis-
tened as if composed of millions upon millions of aroinal particles

of light. While all the audience arose together with universal assent and faith, he sang the Hymn of the Incarnation, which the reader may find in the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, Sept., 1857, pp. 209, 210.

At the conclusion of this, the Angels all rose and joined in singing an

HYMN OF WORSHIP.

All hail the Great Immanuel's name :
The glorious all in all,
Sing forth His praise with loud acclaim,
And throng his choral hall.

Throned in the spirit Sun sublime,
He bids creation roll.
He meets the bounds of space and time,
And dwells in every soul.

He spans the planets and the suns
With Wisdom's threefold bow,
And Nature, in its pathway, runs
To do His will below.

In Heaven we see His glorious face
And read his inner Word ;
Our hearts within his heart embrace ;
Our life is in the Lord.

All hail the great Immanuel's name !
In Heaven his form we see,
All Angels own Him in the same
Divine Humanity.

Where spirit Suns in splendor shine,
And spirit Planets move,
The truth that Jesus is Divine
Illumes their skies with love.

Enthroned on mountains in the spheres
Celestial Angels bow,
And lift their song, through endless years,
And pay their homage vow.

The Sunrise Land to Sunset calls :
 In crimson light we rise
 And worship, in our lyric halls,
 The Lord of all the skies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT, NO. 8.

FIRST OF THE REVIVAL SERIES.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

A PLAIN SERMON FOR PLAIN MEN.

What doth hinder me to be baptized? If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.—*ACTS*
ix. 36, 37.

At the entrance of the Holy City of the Gospel stands the Angel of Belief. The pilgrim comes, from the sandy desert, from the treacherous morass, from the tempestuous ocean, hungry, faint, weather-beaten, sick at heart, and utterly disconsolate. Before him shines, fairer than ancient Babylon with all her hanging gardens, than Athens with her gleaming marbles, the city that hath foundations, the city of the pure in heart. He gazes upon himself, and lo! from head to foot he is covered with impurities. Water flows clear, cool, mirroring upon its spotless surface the Heaven above. His feet are at the brink, and eagerly he cries, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" The Angel answers, "If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest. No man can partake of the virtues of this miraculous fountain, save through the faith that works by love and purifies the heart." The pilgrim answers, "I do believe with all my heart; believe in Christ, that He has opened a fountain in His dear life, for me to bathe in and be cleansed of all my iniquities. I believe that He is my joy and strength and righteousness and salvation. I accept Him as my Ruler, my Comforter, my Redeemer. I vow myself to Him in spotless purity of life."

They go down into the water. I would that every man here, every woman here, might go down to that stream. Above it floats the dove, the symbol of an everlasting pentecost. They go down into the water; and lo! as the pilgrim's form is immersed within, and rises from the flood, his face is transfigured, his form is lus-

trous, old things have passed away, all things have become new. The pollution is gone; the guilt is washed away; the heavens open; the dove descends; there is a Voice that emanates from the very audience chamber of the Eternal, "This also is my beloved son." And now the golden gates are opened. Songs of triumph welcome in the new-found brother. The city has no need of the sun to lighten it; for the Lord God is the light thereof. There is no night there; their sun doth not go down nor their moon withdraw herself, for the Lord God is their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning are ended." Are they hungry? The Voice cries, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Are they thirsty? There is a fountain springing in them to eternal life. Are there doors of light, through which they would fain enter into more inconceivable beatitudes? Over each is written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Is there raiment which they would wear? are there clusters on which they would feed? are there joys, unearthly joys, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and of whose excellence it is not possible for the heart of man to conceive, or, conceiving, to understand? Still there flows, as if from the still air wherein they glimmer to the sight, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Are there glorious and blessed ones, saints translated from the earth, and angels radiant in the Heaven, with whom they would enjoy the speech of prophecy and the communion of love? Still the ascending wish is but the harbinger of its own delight. They have but to seek and they are sure to find; and faculty chimes to faculty within the mind, and affection responds to affection within the breast, as with the chime of marriage bells; and still the spirit hymns,

" My happy soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

"It is a brave place you are describing," cries one; "would that I could find it." Aye, brother! it is a brave place. It is not far off from any one of us. There is a straight road leading to it, and no toll-bars. There are lights on either side, to show you the way; and, what is more, the **STRONG MAN**, who, in His

might, weighs the world as with a balance, whom death fears, who binds the destroyer, who opens and no man shuts, who shuts and no man opens. This Strong Man, I say, whom the grave itself had not power to contain, who hath the keys of death and hell ; this Strong Man, the guide of all who will to undertake the journey, cries to every one of you, "Follow me!" Listen to what is said of Him : "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. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Again, as another said, journeying on this road, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ. Neither height nor depth, nor things present, nor things to come, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature." He is never weary. He faints not, and there is no searching of His understanding. He never changes, for His affections are immutable ; and, "having loved His own that are in the World, He loves them to the end." This, truly, is a "friend, that sticketh closer than a brother."

I see some before me, who know by experience something of the care with which He watches over pilgrims in the way, that destruction should not overtake them. Here is a man who is out of employment. He laid his case before this Friend, and found Him,—and, truly, why should He not be able to find a needy one work who trusts in Him, since "the earth is His, and the fullness thereof," and "among the inhabitants of the earth, as in the armies of Heaven, He doeth according to His will."

Here is a poor wife, whose husband lay sick. It was cold in the house where the good man tossed and moaned upon his fever bed. In the dark midnight what earnest prayers went up. Claspings her Bible to her breast, and in it clasping the God who made the Bible, how sighed that tender, trusting woman : "Father, if it be possible, let this cup of widowhood pass from me." No one knew how the change was effected ; the parched lips of the fevered man grew moist once more ; the raging fire within his veins had drops of mercy sprinkled on it, and it died away ; and health came, and the husband and the father lived. The wife was not a widow ; her babes not fatherless. She will tell you, now, that this Strong Man came, all glorious, and yet all invisible, and,

from His own breath poured out the spirit of life, and checked the plague.

There are times when we seem to come to our senses. We feel how hollow and beggarly it is to live as if we were no more than wise animals, or accurate calculating machines. We look around us, like the Prodigal Son, when he came to himself, and find that in pampering our appetites, we have been doing just what he did—feeding swine. We realize how utterly swinish a life it is to serve the senses, and that in serving them, we were fast learning to go on all fours, with our faces to the muck heap.

If the love of eating and drinking makes the man, then swine are men, for they have the taste of an epicure. If the desire for comfortable quarters makes us men, then swine are men, for they seek always the best of appointments for shelter and repose. If desiring to be independent, and have our own way, makes us men, then swine are men, for the very ideal of swinish liberty, is to do what one pleases, without respect to a nobler law or principle of action. If a shrewd eye to self-interest, prompting us, as the adage is, "to take care of number one," and to "let charity begin at home," to look at all great thoughts about bearing one another's burdens, and returning evil with good, as idle vagaries; if always striving to be foremost in getting on, and crowding the weaker neighbor to the wall, and gathering the most for the least outlay of pains and trouble; if these things make us men, then swine are men, for these are their very instincts and modes of life. If having no faith in the invisible and the eternal, and believing that the only road to knowledge is through the senses, and that Sundays and week days are all of a piece, and that self-love is the motive power of moral action, and rules the world, and that one human being only differs from the other in the sense of a better conditioned body, or more bulk of brain, or a smoother outside; if these things make us men, then swine are men, for self-love is their instinct, and the senses their reason, while their faith reaches only to those objects which are corporeal, which they see and hear, which they feel, taste and smell, and all beside goes for nothing. Many a daintily dressed and luxurious lady, many a well-born, widely educated gentleman, many a merchant behind his counter, and clergyman in his parish,—aye, and kings upon thrones, no

less than artisans at their daily toil, for their ideal of life, adopt that which belongs to swine, without seeming to imagine that there is a higher ideal made for men.

There are times when every man has these thoughts. To some, whom Nature affects, they seem to rise in the soul with the sun, to glitter upon them with the stars. The smell of a flower, the song of a bird, the sight of lovely valleys, or the mountains, or the sea, calls them back to reason, back to their own souls, back to God.

Others come to these finer and better sentiments when they wander among the wonderful objects created by their fellow-men. They gaze on the calm, white, marble-statue; on the picture where living angels seem to scatter living roses from the sky; they stand in some huge ancient cathedral, which seems like an autumnal forest suddenly changed to stone; they gaze at lofty towers, or arches that span broad streams, or organs that seem to contain melodious thunders pent within their chambers, waiting but the skillful touch to flow in waves of music and fill the air; they visit spectacles like that of the crystal palace, and go on board of ships like the *Great Eastern*. It is the sight of the stupendous and glorious things wrought out by man, for the first time, perhaps, that induces them to consider the vast faculties locked up in mind and soul, that come forth to execute such even awful creations. Then they think that man is fearfully and wonderfully made; that no mere rational animal could thus invent, thus execute.

Others again, and these more abstract, are better moved by books than by the beautiful art which appeals to vision, God's art in Nature, or its reproduction in the results of human skill. Some one little line in poetry or sentence in prose, full of living ideas that make us think and feel, sails in upon the soul, from the open book, as from the ocean. A new world of philosophy, or imagination, of sentiment or action, is made known. Some are moved thus by Plato, others by Shakspeare, Coleridge or Swedenborg. To some Milton comes and breaks the torpor of the faculties, and many a Scottish peasant has been electrified by the Song of Burns; the Word is greater than the Work; it wakes up whole multitudes of thinking, longing, loving faculties within, till, won-

dering and awed, each finds a something kindred to Plato and Swedenborg, to Burns and Milton, within himself.

The greatest of all books is the Bible, as evidenced in this, that it wakens higher thoughts, deeper feelings, mightier trains of sentiment in man, than any other. It is nearer to us in aspiration when we hope all things; in heroism when we dare all things; in ecstasy when we believe all things; in love when we enjoy all things; in sorrow, when we endure all things; and nearer still in death when we leave all things of time to find all things of eternity. Nearest to the sinner when he repents; nearest to the Christian when he adores; nearest even to our basest passions, whom its fiery tongue condemns and silences; eminently nearest to our highest affections, to the love of God and love of the neighbor, whom it arouses, and cherishes, and guides to immortality.

There are some natures, however, whom neither Nature, Art nor the Bible can at first arouse to the things of a better life; yet they are reached as well. Trouble on trouble, sent to some time they seem foundering in a gulf of sorrows, wakes the soul through suffering, until it cries, "Save, Lord! or I perish." To those whom the things of existence fail to move, God sends the awful mysteries of death. It is as if He would say, "Come now! You will not see Me through the gifts I bestow; find Me then in the bereavement, in the desolation of their taking away." Many fathers and mothers turn to Heaven over the fresh grave of a darling child. They feel a something gone from them, to stand and minister in His more visible presence. The tearful eyes look up, if some gleam of the darling's blessed face may not break out to enlighten their darkness. Ah, friends! 'tis when we feel ourselves but wrecks on life's tempestuous ocean, but waifs upon the bleak shore, that we are called to recollect and ponder over the great aims and ends of being.

"And lips say, 'God be pitiful!'
That ne'er said, 'God be praised.'"

Always, when our deeper, our hidden natures are stirred and quickened, by whatever process, the final effect is to produce a feeling of dissatisfaction with ourselves. And well they may. Till we are sweet as the flowers the flowers should pain us. Till we are pure as yon burning stars the stars should sadden us.

The deeper the influences work, our inward sorrow becomes the more acute. The feeling that overcomes us is not that of the half-formed angel, who exclaims, "I am *not what I shall be*;" but of the sinful spirit, diseased in the affections, diseased in the principles, with memories of remorse, with fears of ruin, who groans out, "I am *not what I should be*." It seems as if Nature cries "Be ye reconciled to God." Man's loftier creations echo "Be ye reconciled to God." From the lips of all pure literature, from the awful Bible, it is re-echoed, "Be ye reconciled to God." Sickness lifts his pale hand, and raises the severed brow, and whispers, "Be ye reconciled to God." Then Death,—death and beyond him judgment, death cries, from new-made, flower-covered mounds of little children, from sepulchres where holy age is laid away,—death, as with some solemn music heard by night, he too calls, "Be ye reconciled to God." Time, as he flies, Eternity as he gathers near, respond, "Be ye reconciled to God." The impure to the Pure, the unjust to the Just, the revengeful to the All-forgiving, the trembling, scoffing soul, like weeping Magdalen, reconciled to her Creator and her King.

God, who knows the heart, yea, loves it beyond all my poor skill to utter,—God deals very tenderly with His frail, erring mortals. "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." He makes use of all objects in Nature, all events in life, all words of revelation, to convince mankind of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment—of sin, in that we are all impure and gone astray; of righteousness in that He has erected a moral standard, the ideal of true manhood, to which He calls us to return; of judgment, in that He will by no means clear the guilty, who resist His Spirit, abuse their own natures, trifle with opportunities, and, by disobedience, make thrice corrupt their own hearts.

God sends on all men convictions of sin. There are some convicted before me now. You are convicted!—and you!—and you! There is a wide difference between being convicted here and at the judgment-seat. The conviction in time is the call of grace; the conviction in eternity the declaration of a sentence. To those who are thus convicted of sin, finally, let me speak.

And first as to the signs and perceptions of this conviction. God, who "breaketh not the bruised reed" and "quencheth not

the smoking flax," who smites to bless, who wounds to heal the soul, give me grace so to speak that through poor human lips His blessing may descend.

First, then, the nature of conviction of sin. And to begin, what it is not. It is not a remorse for evils committed by our ancestors. With Adam and Noah, with even our own fathers and mothers before, we have nothing to do. However, we may have interior depravities, from them and through them; though they reek in the blood, and corrupt us in all our nature, yet we are not required to feel a personal remorse, as in ourselves guilty of them. Nor are sins of ignorance, committed with an entire obliviousness of their character, to be estimated in the question. Oh! there are enough without ignorant sins and ancestral taints, to rise up against us. Holy Spirit, deepen Thy work of conviction in this gracious outpouring of Thyself. The Bible standard is an awful one. The cherished desire is the subjective act; the seed, which, has only to grow to bear hell's poisoned fruit upon it, madness, infamy, despair. The hidden man of the heart is judged according to his thoughts and his intentions. As he framed the scheme to equivocate he was a liar. As he hated the brother he was a murderer. As he coveted unjust gains he was a thief. As he cherished the lust of impurity he was an adulterer. As he worshiped self he was an idolater. Deeper, still deeper, Spirit of the Living God! make bare these human breasts. The Conscience that accuseth will have voice; and Conscience cries, "the heart alone knows its own bitterness—the heart alone knoweth my dealings in it. It stands guilty before God." The voice comes from the throne, "Is this man guilty?" the buried years arise and cry "guilty." The buried thoughts and memories and passions arise, and cry "guilty." All that is left for the heart to do is to cry, "guilty! God be merciful to me a sinner."

To you, dear brethren, thus convicted of sin in your own hearts, a word, in the second place, as to the reality of the conviction, light and frivolous neighbors will call it a fit of fright, a freak of fancy and jest you out of it by to-morrow. Hardened transgressors, whom the Spirit of God once convicted, but who did despise to the Spirit of grace, and grieved that Spirit from their hearts, they will blaspheme it. You are now to decide as to whether your convictions are genuine. The decision turns upon

the plainest things of reason. As, when the body is diseased the natural senses are themselves an evidence ; and pain a revelation of its peril,—you take the points,—the groanings of the the spirit, the deep, suppressed, yet piercing agonies that lacerate the spiritual heart, and mount in vivid perceptions of the danger to the top-most faculties of mind, these are witnesses, in testimony unimpeachable. Your spiritual eyes show you that you are impure. You have but to look upon yourselves. Evil thoughts indulged, evil wishes fostered, leave spots upon the conscience not to be washed out by all the waters of the Atlantic, not to be burned out by all the fires of Vesuvius. We know that there are wild beasts in the cage when we hear their growling. We know these are base passions in the heart. Listen ! They cry, almost as if they had human voices, “ Jesus, thou Son of God ! art Thou come to torment us ? ” The fire of the Spirit puts them in torment. But be it far from me, by one word more than the severity of the case demands, to harrow up the soul.

Since, then, you are convicted of sin, of actual sin, and satisfied that you begin to comprehend something of your real state, that God who willeth not the death of the sinner give me words to set forth His object in thus bringing you to yourselves. And here the passing thought Self-cure is impossible. No Indian devotee, no Roman hermit, though for scores of years he was inflicting penance on the poor body, ever becomes though mortifications reconciled to God, not one. Sin cannot be beaten out by scourging the flesh ; not eaten out with vitriol upon the skin ; not starved out by creature famine ; not washed out by ceremonial ablutions ; not exorcised by priestly absolution. How then ? Driven out by the Spirit of God, entering the inmost citadel of the heart,—without sin unto salvation ; coming, in the clouds of the inner firmament, with power and with great glory ; taking up His abode in us mightily to save.

It is the object of our Lord, in revealing to you these sad spiritual states of inner death, to make known, what shall I say ? —His nearness. I can do this best by a figure. A woman has inadvertently opened the door of her house to robbers and murderers. It is given up to pillage. Her husband is about to be slain ; she is at their mercy. She admitted them as friends, and feasted with them as friends, but now discovers that all things

precious are on the verge of loss. She cries for aid, and ONE is heard without. What shall she do? Say, poor trembling brother, poor tearful sister, what shall she do? Cry, from the depths of her being, I cannot help myself. I cannot deliver myself. Oh! enter in, enter in Thou great Deliverer. This act implies, first, faith that He can deliver; second, desire that He should deliver; third the unlimited, unreserved surrendery of the mansion and all its possessions to the sovereign mercy of the Delivering Friend.

But, beloved, I have drawn your own sad case. It is the moral nature, the deep will within you, that has given occasion to sin. The woman of the house has given up the reason to be their prey, and all her better loves, like little babes to feed their fiendish, their unnatural desires. It is, then, the Will that must seek to undo this work; and the Lord calleth on that will when He saith, "Son, give me thine heart." It is for you to decide, whether or no your hearts shall be given to Him this night. Here is the turning point. God holds the balance. In it are pendant the destinies of eternity. Have you turned to God with full purpose of heart? He will abundantly pardon. Can you give up the sin that has been as the apple of the eye? Can you, from the very depths of your nature, renounce, at any cost, every thing evil in you, as far as it shall be brought to light by the Holy Spirit's most searching inquisition. Can you feel yourself utterly helpless and undone without His aid. In a word, can you, with all your might, believe Him, love Him, trust Him and yearning, cast yourself as a child might, amid the impending horrors of a shipwreck, into your Father's arms? If you can hear the promise, "Though your sins were as scarlet they shall be as white as wool. He that believeth, though he were dead yet shall he live." "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "As far as the east is from the west so far will I remove your iniquities from you." The blood of Christ, that is the very life of the Divine Spirit, shed for the remission of sins, shall purge you and purify you.

"There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath the flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

The church of God is the most awful place under the canopy of Heaven,—I speak now of the visible temple,—at times of visitation. When, over the unformed chaos of the contrite heart, one seething vortex of hopes and fears, and longings and yearnings, and prayers and tearful agonies, moveth the Spirit of God, as of old upon the face of the waters. Would you have the sun and moon, and stars to rise within you; and the dry land to appear; and the tender grass to spring, and the herb whose seed is in itself, and the orchards of an endless gathering; and the vines of an eternal vintage; and so in every sort, the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and the waters musical in a thousand valleys, and the cattle feeding upon a thousand hills:—if, finally you would have God rest from all His labors, within the sabbath of the breast and in the New Eden of the soul redeemed, give yourselves to Him. For, as by man came death, so by man, that is by the Saviour, came the resurrection of the dead. As without Him as we have borne the image of the earthly in sins and transgressions, so, with Him, dwelling in us, we may bear the image of the Heavenly, through faith and obedience to eternal life.

What doth hinder me to be baptized? To own the truth in a heart all yielding to the Saviour; to go down bodily into every depth of holiness which flows from Him, till over all my being that sea of love shall flow and flow? What doth hinder? God doth not in Jesus Christ our Lord; for even thus He calls. The Spirit makes intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.

What hinders? The Church in Heaven and on earth doth not. Its hearts are all one heart to welcome; its hands all one hand to lead; its voices all one voice to bless. The Spirit and the Bride say "come!"

Poor pilgrim, were the billows treacherous, here is a foundation that cannot be moved. Were the sands of the desert inhospitable, here are fountains that cease not, and visions that delude not, and homes that perish not, and hearts that betray not, and lights that kindle to eternal morn.

What doth hinder? Nay, resolve you that nothing shall hinder. Press on boldly into these healing waters, and then go, with the baptism of God upon the being; pilgrim of the Celestial City, go rejoicing on thy way.

HANS SPRECHTER:

A WONDER TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUDED.

The chimes of the old cathedral were merrily pealing, as the coach, in which sat little Hans, drove into the court-yard of a great palace. It was built of white marble, and guards, with shining muskets, stood at the door. They presented arms to the stranger gentleman. The little boy thought himself called, "Hans Sprechter! Hans Sprechter!" Then a sudden dimness passed over his eyes. He thought of the many glorious things which he had seen in the Sky-garden during his dream, and the carriage itself, and the palace built of white marble, and the guards who presented arms to the stranger gentleman, all were forgotten, only he found words to say, "Here am I."

Where was he indeed? In the beautiful blooming Sky-garden once again. The doves upon the branches caressed each other. The swans in the silver fountains twined their long necks, oh! so lovingly. Little people so small that a whole family might have lived in the ripe heart of a honey-suckle blossom, and so light that they danced in the atmosphere like sunbeams, were about him on every side. A lady sat reading in a trellised rose bower. Her mouth seemed made of kisses, and every time she smiled, which was often, a golden light gathered itself from off her face, as white mist does from water, and became a floating blossom in the air.

It was this lady who had called Hans Sprechter, and now the little boy began to sing. The words seemed to form themselves upon his lip into live birds, in all the colors of the morning sky, and they flew, singing, "I have come, I have come!"

The lady looked up and called, "Hans Sprechter!" The chimes in the columbino bells began ringing, "Hans Sprechter." The large purple hyacinths rung their open blossoms and echoed, "Hans Sprechter, Hans Sprechter." The crimson love-birds, feeding in the orange trees, repeated "Hans Sprechter." The little boy was moved with a marvelous longing to approach the lovely lady who had called his name, but she anticipated his desire by rising and advancing to meet him, and stooped, and lifted him in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom, while the sun, and the

moon, and the stars together all seemed shining out of the depths of her loving eyes.

When little Hans awoke again, a grave gentleman was holding a finger on his pulse, and had just been administering hartshorn water from a silver spoon. A blooming lady stood beside a splendidly inlaid table in the centre of the room. "Very extraordinary," remarked the Doctor. What else he might have said remains to this day a mystery, for Hans awoke, and seeing it, the physician interrupted himself, with "Here he is." The lady fixed on little Hans a penetrative glance. The door opened, in came the little girl whom he had seen once before, when he was weeding the garden beds, and whom he had followed, with longing eyes, as the coach in which she was carried rolled away.

"Thou honest lad," said the beautiful lady, "thou didst find the packet in the garden. Thine shall be a reward. What wilt thou first have. Shall it be a plum cake frosted with silver? or wouldst thou prefer new clothes?"

But Hans thought it all a part of the vision and only said, as if speaking softly to himself, "The little people came from their blossom-houses, and danced like sunbeams in the blue air. The beautiful lady in the summer-house looked up from her book and called me, 'Hans Sprechter.' Then the bells of the hyacinths and columbines echoed and reechoed 'Hans Sprechter.' Then also the love birds, feeding in the orange trees replied, 'Hans Sprechter.'"

"And I call thee, Hans Sprechter," said the lady at the centre table. "What art thou dreaming about? Dost thou desire first the plum cake frosted with silver, or the nice suit of clothes?"

It was now time for little Hans to open his eyes wider and wider still, as he replied, "Dear lady, *thou* didst sit in the blossom house, but a little while ago reading from a book. The golden smile gathered themselves from thy face, when thou wert pleased, as white mists from the water, and became blossoms in the air."

"Oh! dear Mamma," cried the little girl, "now he speaks and looks as my brother did, before, as thou sayest, he went away to be an angel. Did not he say that he saw the little people in the air, and tell us of the blossoms that rang 'welcome home?'"

Tears rolled down the beautiful lady's cheeks, and she resumed,

"Thou blessed child, what art thou saying? Dost thou possess the twofold life?"

What else little Hans might have said, I do not know, for just now the stranger gentleman entered the apartment, saying, "The boy's honesty has saved us the frontiers. The spy is apprehended. The papers contain the names of the other conspirators. We shall be on our guard against the enemy. Now, little boy, you shall ask a favor of the king. What wouldst thou desire?"

But Hans was in a dream. "Look," said the physician, "he has fainted." "Leave him to me," answered the lady, "and wake him not. What seest thou, little boy?" "I see," softly whispered Hans, "the SHINING MAN. He is standing in the Sky-garden. From every side come multitudes, two and two, with flowing robes and perfumed tresses. They advance to meet the Master. Now He smiles upon them and their faces change with their delight, until they are so bright that I cannot see them. Now they are going in every direction. They wander out into the world, to the sick they carry healing; to the weary they bring rest; on the hopeless they bestow comfort, and they call me 'little Daniel, who stands before the king.'"

"Good Doctor Stilling spoke to us of occurrences like these among our people," said the stranger gentleman. "This is marvelous indeed. Say, little boy, what knowest thou of the last days, and canst thou see ghosts and spirits?"

At this Hans Sprechter gave a groan, and the lady cried, "Your Majesty has asked something of him which causes terror and pain." "Oh!" cried the child, "there are men in golden armor, fighting in the clouds and the Shining Man on a white horse rides before them. He breathes, and from His breath go out thunderings and lightnings, and there is an earthquake, and then great hail-stones begin to fall. But, in the hearts of wicked people on the earth are live serpents, whom the breath excites to fury, and those in whom the serpents live are sharpening swords and forging cannon. The battle begins and there are thunderings and lightnings in the sky, and there is great trouble such as there never was before. As when water is poured into a bottle, the wicked spirits rise to pour their thoughts and feelings into men and women, who serve their passions and despise the poor; and now it is told me that I must not further speak."

How Hans was welcomed in the palace, how the lovely princess took charge of his education, how her daughter became his playmate, and what happened after that, may perhaps be written at another time.

THE REV. T. L. HARRIS' MISSION IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

A Manchester friend greets those brethren across the Atlantic, who long for the fuller manifestation and descent of the New Church. It will doubtless be gratifying to the readers of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, to hear something respecting the ministrations of our dear friend, Rev. T. L. Harris, in this city. It is twelve weeks to-day since he arrived here to commence his labors, and this day he has left us. The change which has taken place within that short time is such that we must attribute it to a higher working than that of man.

On arriving in Manchester, he and his excellent wife were met by two friends who had a slight, because recent, acquaintance with his writings. It had for some weeks been known that he was coming here,—yet curiosity seemed but little awakened, until, in consequence of the handing about of a few numbers of the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, a new perception dawned upon some of the more open-minded. They began to find that there was living truth in its pages. Many were already prepared by a deep feeling of the inefficiency of formalism, and mere head-religion, and by heart-longings for something better,—for these living truths. And when it was announced by advertisement and by the distribution of a small circular that Mr. Harris would preach the Word in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, a small audience came together,—drawn by various motives,—some by curiosity, some to find heresy, and some from a sincere hope of receiving spiritual benefit. Those of the latter class were truly fed with the bread of life, and some of the others were touched in their better natures. With one or two exceptions, the audiences have increased each Sabbath, and at the closing service, there was assembled a breathlessly attentive, and apparently devout congregation of probably four to five hundred persons. No extraordinary means have been used to attract. A short advertisement in one paper on the Saturday in each week, was the only mode adopted to engage public attention.* But many who came without any serious intention in coming, had their minds and hearts awakened to a sense of the reality and awful nearness of the eternal world; and still more, to a perception that though they had hitherto thought they were living correct and satisfactory lives, they had been all the while far from God, heart-hardened, and self-righteous. I have before me a note from one friend,—long a receiver of the doctrines of the New Church, in which he says, "until I heard Mr. Harris, I never felt the utter worthlessness of my own past life." Another, a lady, speaking of another minister, said, "his preaching never made me feel my own sinfulness as that of Mr. Harris' does." Others, whom I know, begin to show in a more ten-

* The week-evening lectures at the Athenæum, however, were announced by placard. The subjects of these three lectures were the "Causes, Forms, and Remedies of Modern Infidelity."

der, humble, and gentle bearing,—in a more reverent and prayerful spirit,—in a love for the Word of God,—and in the subjugation of selfish tendencies,—the operation of the Divine Spirit upon their hearts. There is no demonstrative manifestation, but quietness, peacefulness, and love grow out into the life. Surely these are the "fruits of the Spirit."

Last evening, December 19th, a tea meeting was held, to which were invited "those who had tended and been benefited by these ministrations." About one hundred and seventy tickets were sold. After tea, the chair was taken by a gentleman of Warrington, an influential member of the Cairo Street Church,* who sets forth in a devoted life his real reception of New Church Truths. Our dear friend, Mr. Harris, gave a most affectionate and impressive farewell address, followed by remarks from several other friends. The harmony and deep feeling of the meeting, the silent and yielding regret in parting, of so many friends, knit together so rapidly around this one man, simply because through him flowed the inspiring tones, words, and works of the loving spirit of christianity, could not but deeply impress all present. In this age of hard externalism,—of traffic and competition,—when the natural current of thought, in every one, is towards believing nothing but self-interest,—to see so many hearts silently expanding under the genial influence of the Divine Spirit, like flowers opening to the sun,—is refreshing as the palm-grove in the desert to the parched traveler. It is, indeed, a truly miraculous influence.

During these twelve weeks, Mr. Harris has preached twice on each Sunday, in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, and has delivered, on week evenings a number of lectures in the Manchester Athenæum, in Warrington, and at Middleton, to audiences of several hundred, whose breathless attention showed their deep interest. Everywhere the preaching appears to have reached the heart, as it came from the heart. Sometimes it was terribly searching and rousing to the conscience,—sometimes it exhibited fearfully vivid pictures of the spiritual results of sin,—and sometimes it melted the soul into tenderness and love. The true and almost obliterated idea of the Church, in the individual and in society, was clearly brought out. And above all, Christ,—the one God,—the Divine Man,—was preached and brought to every one's perception as the only Saviour,—the All in all,—the beginning and the end of the Church,—the inmost presence of all His followers,—and the source of all love and all truth in every human soul. A number of the sermons and lectures will be published. Several are already printed or in the press. They are verbatim reports taken by two or three of our friends here, and I believe a number of copies will be sent to America.

As yet, few of our friends here have read any of Mr. Harris' writings, except some of the articles in the *HERALD OF LIGHT*. To most of them the "*Arcana of Christianity*," and the "*Wisdom of Angels*," are *terra incognita*. A number of copies of these books have, however, just been received, and most of them sold.

* This Church, an old Presbyterian Trust, during the last century, held a conspicuous attitude in connection with the development of English Unitarianism.

Generally speaking, there is much less interest felt in these than in simple preaching of heart-truths. In America, spiritual manifestations have caused these books to be looked upon with an entirely different feeling from that which exists here. In Manchester we are much in the same state as regards these spiritual manifestations as existed in America twenty years ago. They have scarcely as yet been recognized as such.

It is not to be supposed that the things we have narrated should have occurred without awakening antagonism. A strong feeling of opposition has been displayed by some of our friends for whom we cannot but entertain the highest regard. Unconsciously to themselves, some have been prejudiced by statements received from America. It is surely not uncharitable to impute prejudice to those who strongly oppose and yet refuse even once to hear or see for themselves. But the opposition was strongest at first, and will probably at length be entirely overcome by the power of truth and love. Many others than those connected with nominally New Church Societies, however, have been attentive hearers have become warmly attached, and drink in eagerly the truths of the New Church. Some of these, I fear, will now be like sheep without a shepherd. At the tea-meeting last evening, one of our friends entered into conversation with a working man, who sat next him, who had attended the whole of the sermons at the Mechanics' Institution. He said he had never before seen the need of religion as he now did. He anxiously asked if there was any place in Manchester, where the teachings of this New Church could be heard. We can but hope and pray that the Good Shepherd may watch over these wanderers, and fold them with His flock. May the good seed sown be nurtured by the Divine Husbandman, and all His Divine purpose in this mission be accomplished.

Our dear brother and sister have this day departed for London. Though the morning was bitterly cold, a little company of warm hearts bade them an affectionate farewell at the railway station, and the prayers and blessings of many accompany them.

MANCHESTER, Dec. 20th, 1859.

E. B.

[The initials of the foregoing will be recognized by many of our readers abroad, as those of a much respected gentleman connected with the English New Church organization.]

TRUTH AND LIFE IN JESUS.

This, as we learn from England, is the title of a volume of sermons by Rev. T. L. Harris, now in course of publication by the brethren in Manchester. They are strictly verbatim reports, and will, as such, possess that living interest which belongs to heart-words from Jesus, surcharged with infinite tenderness of Divine Love. We hope in the ensuing number, to state the day of their issue from our New York office.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION FOR THE YEAR 1859.

The operations of the Association since its inauguration under its present management, dating from April 1st, 1859, have been as follows:

The *HERALD OF LIGHT* has been issued with some slight variations punctually on the first of each month, and, it is believed, to the general satisfaction of its subscribers.

New supplies have been printed of the following works:

The Wisdom of Angels, Vol. 1.....	250 Copies.
The Arcana of Christianity, Part 1, Vol. 1.....	250 "
The Hymns of Spiritual Devotion, Part 1.....	100 "
The Hymns of Spiritual Devotion, Part 1 and 2.....	250 "

The sales have been:

Arcana of Christianity.....	121 Copies.
Songs of Satan.....	91 "
Hymns of Spiritual Devotion.....	280 "
First Book of Christian Religion.....	130 "
Wisdom of Angels.....	105 "

Donations have been made by the Association of Books amounting to \$138.59.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Dr.

To Cash Recvd. for Stock.....	\$1,798 77
" From Manager.....	669 42
" Donations.....	112 00
	\$2,580 19

Cr.

By Cash paid for Stereotype Plates, &c., &c.....	\$1,000 00
" Bills Payable.....	181 62
" Paper, Printing, and Binding.....	903 04
" Miscellaneous Books.....	39 86
" Rent.....	225 00
" Furniture and Fixtures.....	54 90
" Certificate, Transfer and Acct. Books.,.....	39 26
" Freight and Duties.....	22 30
" Fuel and Sunday Expenses.....	79 88
" Cash, Balance in Bank.....	34 33
	\$2,580 19

EDWIN R. KIRK, *Treasurer.*

The Trustees of the New Church Publishing Association, take this occasion of congratulating the friends of the cause on the increasing demand which exists for our Publications. It will be seen by our rates that we have reduced the price on the works published by the Association about twenty-five per cent. It is our wish to make still further reductions. By a little activity among the friends of the cause, this desire can be carried out at an early day.

The labors of our Brother Harris in England, are being crowned with a success more than was anticipated, and a coöperative society has been formed there for the purpose of publishing and disseminating the truths now coming to us. All our publications are read with avidity by some of the wisest and best men of England. The "Arcana of Christianity," especially, is making a profound impression.

It is the purpose of the Board of Trustees to issue from time to time, such tracts as the necessities of the times may require. These tracts will be mainly made up from articles published in the *HERALD OF LIGHT*, and will be issued at bare cost of paper and press work. We feel that it is unnecessary to urge upon our friends the importance of subscribing for and largely circulating these publications, imbued as they are and will be, with the fresh inspirations now descending from the Heavens. We would also bespeak for our Journal a larger subscription list. A thousand subscribers more would justify us in reducing the price to one dollar.

Heretofore the *HERALD OF LIGHT* has been forced into an aggressive position by the demands which have been made upon its pages for stirring articles. This work having been measurably accomplished, its contributions in the future will abound more in the constructive, deeply practical, and living evangelical elements. This year promises to be one of deep interest to earnest minds everywhere, and it will be the effort of its conductors to hold sympathy with the good and true of both hemispheres. We have already engaged as contributors some of the best pens in Europe and America.

In conclusion, brethren, we would again urge upon you the importance of an active coöperation with us in sustaining, by your means and exertions, the glorious cause we have mutually espoused. The world is lying in darkness and is starving for the bread of life. The Lord has made us His stewards for giving to others the rich treasures of truth which have been so bountifully bestowed upon us. Let us not fail to appreciate the advantages which we enjoy; but let us, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, be faithful to our trusts. We hold it to be a high privilege to thus contribute our portion to the great work so nobly begun; shall we not share these privileges with you? If you cannot be with us in the active labors which devolve upon us, you can lend your warm sympathies and aid as the Lord prospers you.

H. J. NEWTON, *President.*

The proceedings of the Annual meeting of the Association are crowded out, and will appear next month.

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