

MARCH.

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

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NEW CHURCH FREEDOM:

A PAST USE AND A FUTURE MISSION.

THE New Church clergyman must stand above all sects, and, with equal sympathy, consider himself related to every society of believers in the universal body of the Lord. If, heretofore, we have spoken of the religious societies formed upon formulas contained in Swedenborgian authorities, as the New Church visible, it has been in no case our intention to recognize it as the New Church universal, but rather as an attempt to concentrate into a distinct organization, the independent minds receptive of New Church tenets. Were we to ally ourselves, externally, to any body of people, we should select those in whom the most love existed for perishing souls, the most broken-hearted humility before the Lord. We do recognize, as Christian churches, all bodies of believers, who possess the Spirit and do the works of Christ.

Our Lord said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." Beloved of the Lord are all those who possess His Spirit, which is peace, who dwell in love, who avoid contentions, and who, so far from calling themselves "the Church," because of doctrine, perceive more of the church in other bodies than their own, where piety is more deep and charity more perfect.

A solemn conviction rests upon us, that the Lord has forever removed us from any special relation to the Swedenborgian sect. For three years, incessantly, we have labored to promote, by personal appeals to its members, evangelical holiness. Our special work in this direction is done. Henceforth we turn to the Gentiles. Upon those who have imputed our Works and Words to Satan, upon those who, with the rationale of a true philosophy in their hands, have refused to discriminate in our case between or-

derly intromission into Divine Truth for ends of use, and the fantasies and frenzies of possession—upon them must rest whatever responsibility attaches to the wilful rejection of a message from the Lord. We shall never, in thought, word, or deed, retaliate, but appeal, in all matters between those of whom we speak and ourselves, to the judgment-seat of Christ.

We have received such hearty sympathy, such earnest heartfelt moral aid, from many in the body, who, possibly, have still important uses connected with it, that we cannot but yearn toward them with an overflowing tenderness, and grasp them with spirit hands, not to bid them adieu, but to cement a more intimate, a more interior alliance. Yet we feel that the New Churchman must fearlessly embrace, in his wide sympathies, the true and good of every communion. So hopelessly entangled in partisan efforts, so wrapt about with antiquated phrases, so immeshed in formalism is the Swedenborgian sect, that we consider it hopeless to expect its liberation, except by decease. It will die, and, from its ashes, spring a something glorious, and without precedent in human history.

Already the bulk of the receivers of the truths of the New Church, as enunciated through the writings of Swedenborg, are without the limits of the Swedenborgian sect. They stand aloof till they behold a Bride City descending from the heavens, the New Jerusalem, with light like unto a jasper stone, clear and precious. It is a fact, to which we pledge ourself, that, so far as personal acquaintance has gone in Europe, those whom we consider the most illustrious receivers of New Church philosophy, have outgrown the ism, if they ever were involved in it, and look upon it as a mass of dry remains. The tendency is *from it* not *to it*, and many, who remain, only wait a something better, in order to take a bold and uncompromising position beyond its pale. When we first arrived in England, and were informed on unimpeachable authority, of its lifeless chaotic state, the tale seemed incredible. There are good men laboring in its pulpits, some even who reject as impious the hierarchal system developed in its midst. We would do them all honor. There are others, well meaning, but so timid that their noblest convictions are stifled from politic considerations. Here we might bring to light startling facts, but

from motives of kindness forbear. The true New Church will arise, but not from the concrete form supposed by some to be its germ. That is malformed, and its outgrowths must partake of its organic evils. It is not in true freedom, and therefore not in order. It is not in spiritual perception, and therefore it sits under a great cloud of darkness. We believe that the majority of doctrinal New Churchmen in England are convinced of this. They feel that the New Jerusalem has not yet descended. Nor can it descend, until the strongholds of Satan in the self-hood are overthrown. The most apparent obstacles to its descent in England, into a visible Christian church, are the *pride of intellect* and the *pride of place*. A limited circle of intellectualists, whose bond of union is, that they are readers of Swedenborg, however important may be their place grouped in the series of the schools of philosophy, can never serve as the nucleus of a Divinely ordered Religious Society. The annual dinner party may have its use, and its proceedings serve to keep the name of Swedenborg before the public, but Pentecosts do not originate after the cloth is removed, and where good fellowship waxes genial over the wine. Yet, perhaps, the best thing which England has yet done for the New Church, has been through fraternity and the zeal of reason. For books have been multiplied, and often distributed, with a noble charity. Yet, to counterbalance advantages, from this very form of association a *Spirit* has been diffused, which savors rather of a cold rationality than of a broken-hearted penitence before the Lord. Its states are reproduced wherever a Swedenborgian coterie is knit together. This influence, in turn, inevitably is distributed through the religious associations into which these readers of Swedenborg form themselves. As the reader of Swedenborg becomes a doctrinal Swedenborgian, he naturally seeks, from the pulpit, a learned exposition of his favorite author. Swedenborg becomes the final appeal, whom to doubt, on any point, is heresy. So the right of private judgment practically dies. The main force of the preacher, in such a position, must be, of course, expended in the declaration of what Swedenborg said, of what he wrote and what he saw; and he outranks all others who is the best expounder of the abstruse dogma, in its thousand-fold ramifications. All things are conducted with the cool gravity of a

scientific congress. Each step in the progress is of course, with those interested, to a more abstract intellectual condition. A plain person, entering the assembly, is translated into an unknown region, where, if his own familiar ideas are taught, they are expressed in phrases, and couched in formulas, as of an unknown tongue. Of course a movement like this can have no hold upon the popular sympathy. Will it be believed that in Manchester proper, as we are informed, the two Sabbath services in the church of the sect may perhaps be attended by three or four hundred in the morning, and in the evening by perhaps about one-fourth of the former number? Yet the Manchester clergyman is a man of high scholarly attainments, of no mean pulpit power and of unblemished life. This paucity is the more singular, when it is borne in mind that here, for many years, the doctrines of the New Church were expounded with eminent ability, in one of the churches of the Establishment, by a most able divine, who was also a voluminous writer in their exposition and defense. As the fresh novelty is over, a second generation of Swedenborgians spring up, who become birth-right receivers, and often with but little conception of New Church theology, and with an absolute distaste for the writings of the illumined scribe. Here, where the dogma has perhaps its most ancient seat, time has certainly tested, if not its truth at least its popular power. How signally has it failed! on every side we hear the complaint, "Our churches are languishing for lack of piety: our hearts are starved out." Often the hearer, after listening to the preacher, who points to Christ as the Divine Friend, able by His Spirit to be felt as a sensible presence in the heart, cries, "We do not want any more than we have. Swedenborg is enough for us." And Swedenborg is enough—to die under.

It is appalling to contemplate the spiritual pride which this technical presentation of Swedenborg has developed, the apathy of soul, the lack of interest in the spiritual condition of the masses, the dull contentment in a formalism at which the heart recoils, the disbelief in the more obvious and positive workings of the Spirit of the living God. It is more than probable, that the attempt to introduce free social prayer-meetings into the body, would be followed by a rupture, looked upon by some with abhor-

rence, as disorderly by others, and by another class with disdain as contemptible. Here we draw our sources of information from numerous authorities, recognized and respected, and some of them familiar with the workings of the system from an experience of many years. So too, when devout and earnest members feel moved to attempt the introduction of more liberal and vital ideas, they are informed, that "if they do not like the system they may leave it."

We are told of centres, wherein a more desirable condition exists. One of these deserving of notice here, is ministered to by a gentleman who has maintained consistently an attitude of firm resistance to the hierarchal system, and steadfastly refused to be recognized as a minister by human ordination. Other and most estimable parties are laboring heartily to introduce piety, prayer and freedom, together with a spirit of broader sympathy with suffering man; but the pride of intellect most fearfully prevails.

The true New Church has no sympathy whatever with this intellectual state. It is more like primitive Wesleyanism. In fact, we recognize, in the more fervent and socially obscure bodies of this tender-hearted people, far more of the genuine power, far more of the Divine endowments of the New Jerusalem. A very shallow and superficial idea of regeneration is the stinging, numbing and destroying serpent, in the Swedenborgian body. In fact, with some, the idea of regeneration, in the Biblical sense, is buried under a mass of scholastic refinements. It is remarkable that a theology, which contains the most fearfully true of all regenerative doctrines, should be the very one where self-crucifixion seems practically lost from sight. Were the Lord to send another Peter to Manchester, with not even two coats and no money in his scrip, the proceeding would be characterized as disorderly in a most eminent degree. Some would be fearfully alarmed lest Peter should run in debt, and perhaps abscond without paying for his lodgings; but lungs would breathe easier at the announcement that Peter, on entering the city, placed money in the bank. That the Lord is able to raise up men *now*, as he did of old, and send them out to preach a free Gospel, and put words in their mouths and matter in their hearts, and sustain them in it by His Providence, many would think it madness to believe. So the theory of

the New Church is nominally received, but coupled with a rejection of the entire preaching system under which the first Christian Church grew into place. The practical, literal teaching of the Holy Spirit is ignored, and to believe that the Lord guides, by any interior process of communication with the soul that a disciple can be conscious of, is esteemed the veriest freak of imagination. If a man comes in his own name, with self-derived intelligence, applied to a scholastic presentation of correspondences, he will meet with a cordial pulpit welcome. But if he comes with the self-hood abased before the feet of the Master, and in the demonstration of the Spirit, speaking not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but in those which the Holy Ghost supplieth, his very advertisement of a design to preach the Word will be expunged, by editorial hands, from even the notices on the wrapper of a New Jerusalem Magazine. Let this stand also, as a testimonial, in the last day.

It is, we repeat again, pride of intellect, growing out of a reception of the letter of New Church tenets, not wrought into a Divine Life, which makes the Swedenborgian sect in England what it is. The foundation of Christian character is laid in a lively repentance before God and in a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is accompanied with a sweet consciousness of sins forgiven. It works by love and purifies the heart. The Christian's very name is "lowly, and a follower of the Lowly One," who yet, as to his Divine Person, inhabiteth eternity. The Christian is one of broken heart and contrite spirit, who trembles at the Word. He serves the brethren out of an unfeigned love. But what are we writing about? The very first and most incipient form of a New Church Society, has, so far as we know, never yet been realized in England. We might as well preach to the dead; our words are to many as those of one who hath a devil. The lowly mind, the self-renouncing heart, they must be felt to be understood. We think, as we behold the Sect, perusing Swedenborg on a Sabbath, of what Paul said concerning the Israelites of old, that, when they read Moses, "the veil is on their hearts," and what shall remove this veil? We are in great sorrow and heaviness of spirit for their sakes. It clings to their faces like the cold shroud, that hides the confined features of the dead. Here is another lament-

able illustration of the truth, that the loftiest formulas of doctrine may be woven into subtle veils of self-delusion, when taken into the understanding of the mere natural man.

The basis of this sect was laid in the reception of doctrine. It was not laid in repentance toward God. Its corner stone was not the inward Christ, who liveth and abideth for ever ; but the system of correspondences, heaped into a mass in the perceptions of the natural mind. Its members were not built together, on the corner stone, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, as living stones, to a holy temple for the Lord. They were daubed outwardly with the untempered mortar of speculative opinion, and, in that inert condition, grouped together, to stand as the earthly pedestal for the mere image of a man. So, in the light of the Divine Sun, and with open vision toward the Lord, we are constrained to add. Be the final appeal, as we said before, to the judgment-seat of Christ. Stones are not bread ; truths, destitute of life, but mock the senses, while they betray the heart. There are Swedenborgian temples where the heart is betrayed. Men walk into churches where, for many years, the "ism" has had its very throne of doctrine, with a sensation as if they were going into graves. What shall be the remedy ? Could this people, for one year, meet together and read the Bible, in its literal sense ; could they ponder over the direct unqualified teachings of our Lord, could they cease to dream over Arcana and Principia ; could they apply to themselves the burning, piercing, tender Scriptures ; could they meet together to interchange their own deep personal experiences ; could they pray with one another earnestly, tenderly, humbly, in the Lord's presence ; could they abandon the idea that they are the New Church, and feel themselves a poor company of sinners, lost without the inmost regeneration of the will, it requires but a gift of very common prescience to foretell the consequence. Soon the conviction would overtake them, " We have known Swedenborg, but we have not known the Lord Jesus Christ." From the grave of buried pride would come forth the new man, created in Christ Jesus unto good works.

It is thus that we give utterance to our most deep convictions, knowing that they are shared, in the body, by numbers of catholic and earnest spirits. For us there remains no church visible, as

represented by any organism grouped about special dogmas of whatever sort. We must look for it, out of the pale of our own doctrinal preferences, wherever two or three are gathered together, in such sweet and holy unities of piety and love that in their midst we recognize the Master's presence. We feel our heart expanding as we write, as if the Church Universal claimed us for its own. Our use to Swedenborgians, as such, providentially terminates. Our use to the great and true Church, of whom Swedenborg was an out-birth, and to whose brighter era an har-binger, is now more fully begun.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

Brother mine, let Wisdom teach thee,
 Lest thou too be found in slumber,
 When the Good Man of the household
 Calls His faithful ones before Him ;
 For the night is passed already,
 And the Mighty One of Ages
 Hath His hand against the portals :
 We are living in the newness
 Of the age wherein the nations,
 In the balances of judgment,
 Shall be tried by Him who cometh.
 They are wise who wait His coming
 With their hearts from sin uplifted,
 With their lips who teach the blinded,
 With their hands who raise the fallen,
 With their hearts who bless the lowly,
 Giving bread to those who need it,
 And a cup of pure cold water
 To the thirsty ones who perish.

Regina.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

(Continued from page 228.)

There was then silence, and an interval devoted to various festivities, after which we listened to a lyric from an East Indian youth, named Tudra, whom in spirit I had known before.* It was entitled

LOVE-BIRDS IN A JASMINE-TREE.

Like love-birds in a jasmine-tree,
In Æthra's jeweled isle,
The Indian maiden sings to me,
When sleep-flowers ope and smile.
Tranced in the sunset-land I dream,
While balmily they sing,
Their thoughts within my slumber gleam
Like love-birds on the wing.

Like love-birds on the wing, my Love,
Thy thoughts are borne to me ;
I change into a crimson dove,
And seek the jasmine-tree.
There, nested in the fragrant boughs,
A dovelet, dwells my bride.
I whisper all my faithful vows,
And nestle to her side.

'Tis always day, 'tis always night,
In Æthra's jeweled sphere :
For aye the crimson stars are bright,
'Tis sunset all the year.
Thy soul is full of rest, my bride,
And, in thy liquid eyes,
The Sunset fairies seem to glide,
And the mild stars arise.

* See Lyric of the *Golden Age*, pages 49 to 53 ; also, pages 303 to 305.

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

Not so the earthy matron sings ;
 Her heart, in widowed woe,
 Like a caged bird, must beat its wings,
 And feel the blood-drops flow.
 She pineth for the spirit flown,
 Whose rest is in the skies ;
 Within her bower she sits alone,
 And sings through all her sighs.

Like love-birds in a jasmine-tree,
 In some far Indian isle,
 Thy thoughts, Beloved, come to me,
 When thou from Heaven dost smile.
 I wait thee in my lonely bower,
 From all the world apart,
 And feel thee in that sacred hour,
 Beloved of my heart !

I pluck for thee my fairest rose.
 And sing my sweetest song,
 For well I know thy spirit goes
 Beside me all day long ;
 And, when the tranquil night comes down,
 And stars their beauty shed,
 I see thy radiant Angel-crown
 In starlight o'er my bed.

Draw near, Beloved—nearer still,
 And speak as well as shine,
 And hallow, by thy better will,
 This feeble heart of mine.
 I would not pine that thou art gone—
 Thy Angel-crown I see,
 But help me still to journey on
 Till thou canst come for me.

After this I was again invited to utter my thoughts in melody,
 and replied by producing from the internals of my mind a poem

which, previous to the opening of my spiritual sight, descended to me as by an inspiration.

PETER AND THE ANGEL.

Sleep, cradling in its arms the wearied world,
Hushed to sweet rest a poor, unfriended man :
To prison gyves and dungeon misery hurled,
Beneath the Church's ban.

He had gone forth, with bold, unselfish zeal,
And, through the Hierarchal City's mart,
Flung burning Truths, like sparks from flaming steel,
Upon the People's Heart.

Some Power there was, about his strong, plain words,
That shook the very base of Church and State ;
Or pierced, as with invisible, bright swords,
The armed and mitred Great.

He taught the very Slave that he possessed
A Manhood mightier than imperial Rome,
A strength, that roused, should Wrong's fierce cohorts breast,
And scatter like the foam.

He rose in might beneath the Temple's dome,
Rending the tabernacle's veils apart,
Showing that God dwelt not in gold or stone,
But in the loving Heart.

'Neath his true spirit moved the kindling throng
As the obedient sea beneath the stars :
The mountain waves of Popular Thought ran strong
Against Oppression's bars.

So, his free speech and freer thought to crush,
The Priesthood flung him to the dungeon stone,
And, through the Midnight's cold, sepulchral hush,
Peter slept calmly on :

Slept calmly, fearing not to-morrow's load,
 The scourge of suffering and the crown of thorns ;
 For the true Soul sails safely home to God,
 Alike through calm and storms.

A glory kindles round his brow : he wakes :
 Tinged with the Morn his Soul transfigured stands :
 Upon his eye th' eternal radiance breaks,—
 Spread the Elysian Lands.

And lo! the Angel! the delivering Friend!
 With form divine in soft resplendence 'rayed:
 His accents with the captive's heart-beats blend,
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

Before his touch the brazen portals ope!
 Beneath his glance the welded gyves give way!
 They, hand in hand, go forth, and heaven's blue cope
 Above is tinged with Day.

So Peter, strong in supersensual might,
 Rode forth triumphant o'er Wrong's gathering storm,
 The first CRUSADER, marshaling to the fight
 The ARMIES of REFORM.

Oh, Brother Man, fear not! Though Hate and Wrong
 And want and Death hem round thy perilous path,
 Cease not to warble forth thine angel-song,
 Fear not old Falsehood's wrath.

Whether we face the Lions in the den,
 Or sail o'er martyrdom's red fiery seas,
 Around us camp, invisible to men,
 "The Cloud of Witnesses."

No chains can bind, no flames consume the soul:
 God's breath dissolves the avalanche of Ill:
 When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,
 Heaven sends its Angels still.

A little maiden, a very Mignon or Fenella as to appearance, now arose. She was called the Blue Tris, and I was told that she came from the orb Hesperia ; but I knew not where this was. In a voice, containing within itself, as it seemed the warbling of nightingales, and the cooing of doves, she breathed forth this little melody :

SONG OF THE BLUE TRIS.

The fairies, in a maiden's eyes,
Build marriage bowers of bliss divine ;
They lurk within her perfumed sighs,
And in her sparkling glances shine.

Sing, Maiden, sing ! glad heart rejoice !
The fairies in thy bosom dwell.
They make thee sweet for Lover's choice,
And golden years of bliss foretell.

When lilac blossoms yield their sweets,
And honeyed meads invite the bee,
The fairies thrill with nuptial heats,
And dance by night on flowery lea.

Hark, Maiden, hark ! the fairy chimes !
The silver moonbeams fleck thy bed.
Thy tender heart the song divines,
They tell thee when 'tis time to wed.

Many loving voices were then heard calling, "Melodia ! Melodia !" and then the beloved one of John Keats arose, with a silver cithern in her hand. Softly precluding upon the instrument, she thus began

THE ANGEL WIFE TO HER BRIDEGROOM.

Count the roses in the Heavens, my Beloved ;
Count the gems of Æthra's isle ;
Count the Seraphim, who worship all approved,
High in Faith's cathedral aisle.
Count the million fairy nations
In a garden of the skies ;

Count the wing'd adorations,
 From believing Hearts that rise ;
 Count the dew-drops when they glisten
 In the mystic morning light ;
 Count the Zephyrs when they listen
 To the singing stars of Night ;

Tell them o'er, but still unnumbered
 Will the fond affections be,
 In my virgin life that slumbered
 'Till they woke to sing of thee.
 Melodia ! Melodia !

Oh, the young wife's heart is like a crystal fountain
 Fed by nuptial fires of Love ;
 'Tis a palace of the Angels, on a mountain
 In the Sunrise Land above.
 But the youth her virgin auguries prefigured,
 Like a sun of seraph kings,
 Shines within the rainbow fountain all transfigured,
 And his pure espousal sings.
 From the milk of her affections doth she feed him,
 Till his lips, like roses blown,
 Breathe their fragrance where delighted she doth lead him
 Through the bridal summer zone.
 Then within her pure affection he reposes,
 Till her sweetness through him flows ;
 And his poet-soul in melody uncloses,
 Drawing life through her repose.
 Melodia ! Melodia !

'Tis the Lord, who, in her wedded heart's affections,
 Dwells like Morning in a gem ;
 And he crowns her with his Beautiful Perfections
 For a bridal diadem.
 'Tis the Lord, who, in the heart of angels loving,
 Makes the bride-world pure and sweet.
 And the two in one arise, through raptures moving,

Till they mingle at his feet.
Heart to heart, close pressed in loving union,
In their wedded bliss they dwell ;
And the Lord sings through their innocent communion,
As the sea sings through a shell.

Melodia ! Melodia !

“ Dance all night ! dance all night ! ”
Sing the bridal fairies in her heart's delight.
“ Dance all day ! dance all day ! ”
Sing the bridal fairies in her eyes bright ray.
“ Love is sweet ! love is sweet ! ”
Sing the crimson fairies on her lips that meet.
“ Love is blest ! love is blest ! ”
Sing the bridal fairies in her heart caressed.
Melodia ! Melodia !

The Tulip in the garden green,
On earth is spring's ephemeral queen.
She withers in her painted pride,
And leaves no fragrance where she died.

The modest Cowslip, at her feet,
Who keeps the house where fairies meet,
She too exhales her life away,
And fades before the summer day.

But the gay Tulip lives no more,
And choosing not her heart to pour
In ceaseless tides of fragrant breath,
Dissolves into perpetual death.

Not so the Cowslip's balmy sighs—
The fairies lift them to the skies :
In fairy gardens there they bloom,
And feed the fairies with perfume.

This is a lesson lovers heed,
Though in the Heavens there is no need.

Affection, in her cowslip-house,
Is summer's deathless angel spouse.

She draws from Morning's lurid urns
The light in her immortal eyes.
Her beauty's flame unwasting burns,
Fed by the fires of Paradise.

Melodia! Melodia!

And now again the beautiful Odora, advanced in the midst of manifestations of great joy while she sang this

HYMN OF THE FAIRY FESTIVAL.

Crown with joy Apollo's hall.
This is fairy festival.
Here Perfection groweth small ;
Crown the bride with roses all.

Where the Sunset Land is gay
Sleep and dreams the youthful day ;
Not a flower but hath its fay ;
In the wedded heart they play.

Where the Bride-land myrtle blows
Dwell the fairies of repose ;
And the young bride's eyes they close
While she sleeps in Hymen's rose.

Fairies in the Sunset dells
Dance among the asphodels ;
Every heart its rapture, tells ;
Fairy hearts are bridal bells.

While sweet Odora sang this nuptial melody a silver radiance diffused its love-light through her eyes, and in the beams of light, as in an ethereal atmosphere, were seen infantile fay-forms, almost infinitesimal in size, dancing in merry circles. She took a golden viol and began this

FAIRY INVOCATION.

Fairies, in the sunbeams dancing ;
Fairies in the moonbeams glancing ;
Fairies that in love-light glisten ;
Listen !

Fairies, gold and white and azure,
Born within the bosom's pleasure,
With the Spirit's truth that glisten,
Listen !

Come from every bosom's portals ;
Form a crown for the immortals,
Like the stars in Heaven that glisten.
Listen !

Hasten every fairy nation,
Hear the loving invocation,
While your eyes with rapture glisten.
Listen !

THE CROWN SONG.

Come form a wreath of diamond beams,
Soft as the zephyr's down,
And hasten through the sunset gleams,
The new-made Bride to crown ;—
And hasten through the crimson gleams,
The new-made Bride to crown.

And bid the sacred pansy grow,
And myrtles pure and sweet,
No thoughts her happy heart must know
In fragrance less complete.
And wreahe it all with golden light,
Soft as the zephyrs down ;
Then bear it, in your sweet delight,
The new-made Bride to crown,—

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

And bid it glimmer all the night,
 The new-made Bride to crown.
 For she is fresh and fair as Morn,
 Who, on the Sunrise hills,
 Wakes like a maiden newly born
 Amid the liliated rills.

Awake ye fairies of the air,
 Light as the zephyrs' down,
 Your fragrant wreath the Bride must wear,
 It is her nuptial crown ;
 Your fragrant wreath the Bride must wear,
 It is her nuptial crown.

SONG OF THE BRIDAL FAIRIES.

Here Lovers' thoughts have eyes and wings,
 And hearts that thrill with bliss sincere,
 And fairy queens and fairy kings
 Are born within the nuptial sphere.

The heart is all a fairy sea ;
 Its jeweled skies are all serene ;
 And fairies trip in bridal glee,
 Around the blessed Marriage Queen.

Within the heart are fairy isles :
 They gem its ocean bright and large ;
 And fairies, robed in maiden smiles,
 Dance in the lilies round the marge.

The Indian Heaven is always bright
 In wedded hearts and wedded minds.
 No maid but hath her faithful knight,
 Each bridegroom here his true love finds.

While Odora was delighting us all with her music the air became full of dancing fairies, and now, in a voice of sweetness more exquisite she sang

THE FAIRIES OF MELODIA.

The fairies of the morning dwell
In young Melodia's breast ;
Her heart is all a tuberose dell
By fairy folks possest.

The fairies of the morning shine
Within her glorious eyes ;
And all her happy thoughts divine,
Ere to her lips they rise.

Within her heart are crystal springs,
The water fairies glide
Where'er her song its music flings,
And in its fragrance hide.

They move through Heavenly space afar,
Attired in crimson flame,
And form at last a singing star
That bears Melodia's name.

In a voice of plaintive tenderness Odora now sang to us

THE DEATH OF SINGING SWEETNESS.

Ere the wild witch hazel blossomed,
In the desolate December,
O'er the landscapes, snow-embosomed,
I remember ! I remember !
From the Sea of Starry Islands,
Like a red, expiring ember,
Shone my planet through the silence
Of a dying Poet's chamber.
He was fair and he was young.

In a trance, with eyes that glistened,
All that desolate December
Sat a Spirit-Girl and listened,
I remember ! I remember !

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

Hope within her heart was burning,
 Like a flame of crimson amber,
 And her thoughts from Heaven were turning,
 To the Poet's dying chamber.
 He was fair and he was young.

Slowly, slowly, slowly dying,
 Through the terrible December,
 With the death frost on him lying,
 I remember ! I remember !
 How he saw the red Mars, shining
 Like a fitful glowing ember,
 On his lonely couch reclining,
 With the darkness in his chamber.
 He was fair and he was young.

Ere the wild witch hazel blossomed,
 In the terrible December,
 Died the poet, vestal-bosomed,
 I remember ! I remember !
 And his true Mars-maiden glimmered
 Through the star-light in his chamber,
 While his life-lamp, dying, shimmered
 Like a red, expiring ember.
 He was fair and he was young.

Oh, my Poet, Oh, my lover !
 I remember ! I remember !
 How thy couch I hovered over
 All that terrible December.
 Hope within thy breast was burning
 Like a red, expiring ember ;
 But thy soul to God was turning,
 And his Angels filled thy chamber.
 He was fair and he was young.

Death is brief and life is endless.
 I remember ! I remember !
 How the lonely one and friendless,
 In that desolate December,

By an Angel-bride beholden,
Issued from his dying chamber,
Shining in the love-light golden.
I remember ! I remember !
He was fair and he was young.

She then continued, turning to me ; there is with us a blue-eyed maiden whom we call The Pearl, and she will sing one of your own songs. There then advanced three spirits whose names I will not here give and one of them sang

SHE SLEEPS.

Her sufferings end ; she sleeps, she sleeps :
Along the floor the moonlight creeps ;
That silver sea that laves the shore
Of outer slumber evermore ;
That silent sea that ebbs and flows
Round the dim islands of repose,
And wafts from out ethereal deeps
Their tranquil rest. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her pulse beats calm and low. She sleeps.
From sense to soul the dream-light creeps ;
That silver sea that laves the shore
Of inner waking evermore ;
That silent sea that ebbs and flows
Round the veiled Edens of repose,
And wafts from pure, immortal deeps
Their visioned forms. She sleeps, she sleeps.

Her face grows beautiful. She sleeps.
From angel worlds the love-light creeps ;
That silver sea that laves the shore
Of inner life for evermore ;
That silent sea that ebbs and flows
Round hearts that in God's love repose,
And wafts from Heaven's untroubled deeps
Their endless joy. She sleeps, she sleeps.

SHAKSPEARE AND SWEDENBORG.

If we accord to Swedenborg the most miraculous power as the anatomist of the spiritual man, the delineator of the interior faculties of the understanding and the will, we must accredit to Shakspeare an equal mastery in the moving scene, where man's thought and passion, clothing themselves with the drapery of a substantial form, live and speak in action. While Swedenborg, as to his genius, was a philosopher, Shakspeare, as to his original quality of being, combined the trine of human power, and was at once the poet and priest and sage.

We see Swedenborg under the most favorable conditions. Upon him fell the warm rich sunlight of the New Heaven. His intellect flowered as the first plant in the garden of the Lord's New Earth. But Shakspeare put forth the rare buds of his matchless genius with no such genial surroundings. The touch that thrilled the opening faculties was not from the celestial rod, but rather from the magic and the sorcery of the lower world.

Swedenborg, had he lived in Shakspeare's time, and before the inauguration of the new era in the World of Cause, would have been the dry thinker, the rival of Bacon in the exploration of nature and the human frame; while had Shakspeare, *regenerate*, been contemporaneous with the Swedish sage, and receptive of the heavenly influx, the world had been aroused ere now beneath the Divine Voice descending through him, into a delighted and perhaps far extended knowledge of the verities of the New Jerusalem.

The mere philosophical intellect—and Swedenborg, though illuminated, was after all of the philosophic cast—is deficient in the inspiring power. It rather imposes on the intellect the burden of a vast accession of knowledge, than inundates the heart and plumes the soul's wings with morning. However vast may be the realm of new thought which it opens, it laboriously constructs for us a reading chamber, and bids us master the heavenly Canaan as if its milk and honey were to flow as the result of deductions, and to trickle at the pen-point. But Genius sensationally communicates that which it sensationally receives. Shak-

speare, so far as he went, pursued this latter method. We love with *Romeo and Juliet*; we sorrow with poor, crownless and forsaken *Lear*; we are wonder-workers with *Prospero*, and revel with the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Swedenborg drew real characters of Angels with whom he conversed, as if they were mere projections and myths of his own consciousness; but Shakspeare invested his myths and idealisms with such a human and spiritual grace that they live in the imagination as realities and become vital men and women to the heart. Shakspeare put new spirit into the players, till acting became no caricature but a vivid and real unveiling of the mirthful or terrible incidents of life; but Swedenborg, alas that it must be said! has never succeeded in raising up through his writings a solitary preacher, so far as we can learn, capable of delineating to the human mind, in sentences that are themselves pictures, the wonderful verities which he perceived and of which he wrote.

The world hangs enraptured over the creations of the great dramatist; being dead he yet speaks, from book-stalls in the open air, from the libraries of princes, and charms the rude imagination of the peasant, while the man of culture confesses, with deep delight, the awe and wonder of the page. His works have wings and fly to the ends of the earth; while those of the greater and truer Seer follow laboriously and slowly, plodding after as if they were shod with lead.

Shakspeare, without being believed, and though the reader knows the tale to be but a fiction, produces upon the mind the results effected by the narrator of the most vivid supernaturalisms. So steeped are his writings in a real and natural supernaturalism, so impregnated with an occult faith in the invisible world, that they touch men on the spiritual side and open them toward Spirits, Angels, and the Infinite. The air-drawn dagger in *Macbeth*, and the bloody spot that no water could wash out upon the hand of murder, the wild chorus of witches, the grand terrific finale, produce all the effect of a real statement of the real facts upon life's spiritual confines and boundaries. Swedenborg has no such power. He declares, it is true, that to which he was an eye-witness, but the sentences are to many readers like icicles, and the page cold as marble.

Shakspeare makes no demand upon the credence, yet the world believes in him. Swedenborg, with the largest of claims, evidenced to the intellect by the best demonstrations, finds few receivers. Shakspeare founded no sect, for genius is universal. He overflowed, with an affluence of life, the channels of all literature. The original impulse imparted through him may be traced, to this day, in a certain Shakspearian idiom imparted to the Anglo-Saxon tongue. It runs in a golden vein through poetry, and speaks for ever in mellifluous prose. This great spoiled darling of Nature scattered his benefactions like the sun. Whitfield and a host of burning and impassioned preachers are indebted to him for stage-power in the pulpit, no less than Garrick, Kean, and their compatriots and successors, for a certain pulpit power upon the stage.

Swedenborg too has somewhat modified the language of theology, but latinisms, harsh and unmusical, that might be better expressed by home-words, often cramp the thought and lame the diction of his expounders. We are lost in a maze of "*Esses*" and "*proprium*s." His writings painfully tend, when received as mere theologisms, to produce intellectual barrenness upon the part of their disciples. Cumbersome as Saul's armor, the youthful David of the Church finds, after all, some simple pebble from truth's well far more potent against the Goliath of sensuality and crime.

Shakspeare walks through the world at careless ease, yet startles us with wisdom in common things. That which he drops as an aphorism is made by the philosopher a vast and ponderous dissertation. We feel with Shakspeare and receive his sayings as a truth, because a deep internal consciousness responds with the oracular "*amen*." Otherwise with Swedenborg. He unconsciously puts us on our guard, we fence with the rapiers of logic; and, if we take the truth, do it as an acknowledgment extorted by this victorious foe. He begets the same habit, inevitably with the multitude of readers, who long to receive theology as if it were the calculus, who cypher up the results of Inspiration upon a slate and spend days in disquisitions on the fractional differences. The minds of his mere technical followers lie embedded in the shale of his writings, like coast-fossils in the slaty cliffs. This flows from the fact that the lyrical element, though not extinct, was dormant.

The representative power, by means of which the artist clothes his thought with fitting hues and garnitures, was in a most remarkable degree withheld. He walks through the World of Nature or of Spirit like a geologist through his museum, till, although vast series of truths have been presented, the listener is glad once more to inhale the silent sweetness of the living air, to counsel in preference with the meadow daisy or the lily of the vale. The verdict of the common reader is, "Very learned and very dull."

It was without doubt of absolute necessity that Swedenborg should have been just the man he was, a man coldly analytical, not thrilled at heart and wrought up to lyrical joy by life's invisible wonders when for the first time made known, but walking in their midst intent upon a scientific classification. So the acute anatomist and physiologist play vital parts and subservise an imperative use in the Divine economy. Swedenborg was the anatomist and physiologist of Revealed Religion; he tells us about the articulations of her joints and the structure of her muscles, discloses the process by which her fresh and virgin beauty is wrought to visible consistence and maintained in healthful life. Truly it is hard to overrate this function of his, nor can we sufficiently admire the patience of the close observing, calmly stating, much enduring man. Christendom will wake some day and do him justice; then, crowned as the very king of philosophers, his writings shall vindicate all their claims, and bring forth fruit as long as harvests ripen in the world.

But without the Shakspearian element in the Church, the Swedenborgian element is in comparison powerless. The plays of the Dramatist are the best commentary on the propositions of the Sage. What Swedenborg saw Shakspeare felt, and so the works of the one corroborate the other. Shakspeare was an unconscious Swedenborg, a natural authority in supernatural things. The dramatist acting on the tinsel stage, with darts and arrows of conviction demonstrates to the spectator the underlying spiritualities of his own existence. Shakspeare is an unconscious agent for evolving Biblical truths relating to all the ordinary states of human nature. His writings are a paradise of correspondences, where each is left to reveal its own intrinsic quality, rather than, by scientific label,

to make known its name. Unconsciously yet inevitably both the tragedy and the comedy bear witness to the spiritual ruin of mankind. Were Shakspeare to be read among the stars, the innocent inhabitants of uncorrupted orbs might deduce all that man is, in his fallen state, and find in all a constant vindication of the virtuous providence which "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

Shakspeare, in the mind, is a natural balance and equipoise for Swedenborg; and here comes up a singular fact. The dramatist who would fain represent "all the world a stage and all the men and women merely players," takes us behind the scenes, and reveals, beneath the paint and tinsel of appearances, "the ills that flesh is heir to," till, when we have drained the choicest extract of his writings, sadness overcomes us, life is seen to be a vast unhappiness, the very marriage feast is spread "with funereal baked meats;" the revelers issue in fair attire from viewless realms of being; they dance like insects in the summer beam; but the gay robe wears to tatters, the bright cheek grows wan, the red lip pale and loveless; old age is an alms-house filled with ruined spend-thrifts; Death itself, a fearful spectre, conducts the unwilling, shrinking mortal to a land of which little is known but everything feared. His cup is one of tears with a vinous gleam upon the surface; the effervescent sparkle is acrid with the salt of disappointment. The Shakspearian view of life is mainly that of the unregenerate man, while his best characters are those in whom the Divine Ideal is constrained and fettered through a vast body of indwelling human infirmity. He paints best those characters nearest to his own state, and, sympathizing deeply with the spirit of his age, he gives the best analysis ever presented of the spontaneous workings of the individual and social man.

Yet Swedenborg touches every point where Shakspeare has left an outline, and fills up the dark disc with supernatural light. The very essence of the inspiration of Swedenborg is the infinite holiness of God, while Shakspeare's deepest chord vibrates to the plaintive sorrow of mankind, heart-divorced from its Divine Original because of sin. Shakspeare's Genius goes out unto all the world, and revels with the gay, and feasts with the opulent, and triumphs with the successful, and hoards with the miserly, and

lavishes with the improvident. It jests and toys with Cleopatra in her gilded barge and drinks the very aroma of her charm with infatuated Antony. It participates in the schemes of conspirators ; it jousts in splendid tournaments ; it evokes the subtle genii of the elements ; it dallies with the gentle spirits of the seasons ; it perfumes its locks for the revel ; it essays its skill among the masters of poesy and with the disciples of the varied Muse ; it puts a girdle round the globe ; and then returns to its master's feet, exclaiming that the curse of life is satiety, even as the sting of death is sin. It has found every path but that which leads to the city with the golden foundations and the gates of pearl, the city where the pure in heart see God and enjoy him forever.

Otherwise with Swedenborg ; his Genius comes forth a plodding sprite, whose homely speech disguises the inner accents of a spiritual tongue. Where the Genius of the dramatist lies panting and exhausted it undergoes a change ; its vestures are transfigured about it and its pulses are filled with immortal fire. Still the technical fetter is upon the lip, yet, calmly and with measured speech, it delineates for the soul the wonders of a triumphal march through every Heaven ; the truths of an existence inspired in the very breath and living joy and essential truth and creative potency of its Father and its God.

To read Shakspeare well, one should do it from the stand-point of the truths elicited through Swedenborg. The style of the dramatist is the best corrective of that contracted through too abstract and exclusive a devotion to the Arcana of the Sage. The mere student of Shakspeare immerses the intellect in a rich and racy but engrossing naturalism, while the exclusive disciple of the philosopher is too apt to lose his hold upon the natural world. There is even danger that he becomes monkish and conventual and cold-blooded in his very loves. Shakspeare gives body and is truly English, but Swedenborg gives brain and is Latin. The union of the two produces a robust and manly intellectualism, thoroughly at home in Nature because *a priori* it has a dwelling-place in Spirit, and in Truth. Yet neither Shakspeare nor Swedenborg can prove of value, except as carefully perused, in states of regeneration, for ends of service, in a spirit of Catholic freedom, and from interior states of deep-hearted prayer.

TO A PERSECUTOR..

What is my thought like? a dove, a dove,
With a wing of light and an eye of love.
It was born from the shell of a hope sincere,
For a wandering soul who was striving here.
Its plumage was wrought from the joy that flows
Through the heart when it grieves for the stranger's woes,
And its eyes grew bright, with a boundless ray,
When the soul began for its foe to pray.

What is my thought like? a dove, a dove,
With a wing of light and an eye of love.
It floats through the air, with a wafted breath,
To a spirit who speaketh the words of death.
O'er his path by day, and his couch by night,
It coos with a murmur of pure delight.
It nestles, by times, in his bosom cell,
Where the holy affections of life would dwell.
O'er the cradled bed of his tender child
It broods, with a purity undefiled.
It warbles a love-song, that none may hear,
The heart of his trusting mate to cheer;
And it floats o'er the stream of the soul's deep sighs,
With a music and motion of Paradise.

What is my thought like? a dove, a dove,
That lives from the breath of a Saviour's love.
When the heart of the foeman no more is strange,
And in paths of the Angels he loves to range;
When his face is lit with the Spirit Sun,
And his home in the Eden world is won,
He will see it, perchance, on a myrtle bough,
At the door of the brother he smiteth now.

Manchester, Nov. 18, 1859.

THE DIVINE PEACE.

The song of the Angels, which announced the lowly incarnation of the Divine Spirit, was a prophecy of peace, to be realized on earth, first in hearts and finally in institutions. Yet that peace is not to be won, except through combat. We must fight if we would reign. Christ enters into the soul as a warrior, with His garments dipped in blood. He stands as the type and symbol of an inspired heroism, battling for humanity against terrestrial, no less than demoniacal foes. The Christian life, from its inception to its last triumph, is Napoleonic or Cromwellian. Look at the calm face of the patient, self-renouncing man. What peace is there! Even blows and stripes, even the most cruel denunciations, have only power to call out a sad, sweet smile, like that of a martyr-angel. The keen blasts of hate have no power to despoil that human tree, in the divine garden, of leaf or fruit or glowing blossom. The aroma of a Divine Love is blown from the rudely shaken petals, and the æolian music of leaf and tendril is a perpetual variation of the cross-prayer of Messiah, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

But this state of peace is one only attainable through trial. It is a condition only to be established through deep interior wrestlings, not with the angel but with the fiend. During the transition epochs between regeneration begun and regeneration finished, the repose of the moral nature in the Divine Love is continually menaced by invading foes. It comes at last—this peace, of which the world knoweth not—when the good man has been so long a combatant that his armor seems a part of his flesh, and the sword of the Spirit welded to the hand. To some it is revealed by the bedside, where the last earthly comforter expires. It has come to martyrs, with an ecstasy of bliss and with a vision of glory, at the stake, and amidst the roar and tumult of the flames.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PSALMS.

PSALM II.

When, in divine humanity,
To Earth Messiah trod,
And Angels chanted through the sky,
The advent-song of God,

Infernus woke and marshaled forth
Its Anakim afar,
And rose, in wrath, against the earth,
They of the Fallen Star.

In synods vast the demons met,
And sought, with fiery sword,
With blood of all the martyrs wet,
To pierce the infant Lord.

He heard and answered : Satan fell
Beneath His kingly feet,
And, on the subject realms of hell,
He fixed His royal seat.

There in divinely-human grace,
To rescue and atone,
He clasped the world in long embrace,
And made our grief His own.

There pouring forth His love divine,
The human nature died ;
There, in the Godhead's awful trine,
Rose and was glorified.

There in the Planet's inmost part,
He passed, with solemn tread,
And pressed the contrite to His heart,
And judged the quick and dead.

He smote the powers of sin and death,
And raised the lowly then ;
But evermore, with spirit-breath,
Inspires believing men.

The nations at His word, arise,
Or vanish, overthrown ;
Then haste, O man, be inly wise,
Thy God and Saviour own.

He comes, in love, to judge mankind,
But when the base respire
His holy breath, 'twill pierce the mind,
As with consuming fire.

CHARITY TO THE BROTHER.

Surely a sense of our mortality—a consciousness how soon we shall be gone ; or if we linger but a few short years, how sure to look upon our brother's grave—should, of itself, incline to pity and relieve, rather than aggravate the evils each is heir to.

WORD-PICTURES.

VI

A fay, within a dew drop lit,
And sparkling through its lucid robe ;—
A new-born Poet, come to sit
Throned in the spirit of the globe.

THE NEW CHURCH PULPIT, NO. 7.

SECOND OF THE REVIVAL SERIES.

EVIDENCE OF CHILDHOOD IN GOD.

But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—ROMANS viii., 9.

The most important thing for a man to know in this life is to have the blessed assurance within his own heart that he is a child of God. And God has not left this to conjecture; but establishes a secret process with the renewed soul, whereby it knows and can say Abba, Father! in that true, in that high sense, which speaks of Christ in the heart. God is the father of all regenerate spirits. On this earth man is fallen; and on the plane of natural generation we partake of the consequences of that fall, not only in the natural degree, but also in the spiritual and celestial degrees of our being, if not arrested by the interceding hand of God. We become, if His mercy is not extended in our behalf, children of the devil, instead of being born into the blessedness of heaven by the renewing of the Holy Spirit which is given unto us. We are born in sin, and are, therefore, under the curse of the law; and we can only be redeemed from it by the regenerating influences of the Spirit of God. We must be "born again," even to the very ultimate planes of our being. Through the same process by which our Lord was made Divine, as to His human, we have to be created again. He is our elder brother, and, like Him, if faithful, we will enjoy the communion of His Spirit, as He enjoyed the communion of the Father—the Absolute God—within His breast. He knew that He was the only begotten son; for the Father dwelt within Him, and gave Him the continued assurance of His fatherhood by imparting to Him the all of His own life and blessedness. So does God the Father reveal Himself to us, if we are His children. And in this way, too, is He the Father in that true sense which makes us, who are being renewed into His likeness, the heirs of His kingdom and joint heirs with our Lord Jesus Christ; gives us that true assurance whereby we can cry "Abba, Father!"

How important is it, therefore, that we know whether we are

the children of God! Those that live after the flesh are children of the devil; those that live after the Spirit are children of God. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

This knowing that we are children of God is a matter of so much importance that He, ever mindful to provide for all our states, has left nothing to reasoning or assumption; He "attests it by His own Spirit in the soul of the person whom he adopts and makes an heir of the kingdom of Christ. It is the grand thing of the Christian's life. It is not left to the quibbles or casuistry of divines or critics, but receives the thing, and the testimony of it, immediately from God himself. And were not this palpable, direct assurance given, no man could have any possible knowledge of His salvation which would beget confidence and love. If, to any man, his acceptance with God be hypothetical, then his confidence must be so too. All this uncertainty, and the perplexity necessarily resulting from it, God has precluded by sending the spirit of His Son into our hearts, by which we know that He is our Father; and thus our adoption into the heavenly family is testified and ascertained to us in the only way in which it possibly can be done, by the direct influence of the Spirit of God. Remove this from Christianity, and it is a dead letter." It is no better than the figments of philosophies which disgrace the understandings of men. It is useless for us to talk of belonging to the New Church, or to any other church, unless we have the Spirit of Christ dwelling in our hearts.

"But ye are not in the flesh, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you." Before our conversion, or before we are adopted into the heavenly family, by having the influence of the Holy Spirit shed abroad in our hearts, the flesh, or the sinful principle, is held in subjugation to the devil. When we are convicted of sin we may know that the Holy Spirit is taking up his abode within; that He has come to make our bodies His dwelling-place. These stirrings of the conscience—these powerful operations upon the human heart, are the proofs, to the sinner, of His indwelling. God made man originally in the image of himself; made him, in unison with Himself, to receive the Divine Life which flowed from His own heart. When the Almighty Spirit makes the heart his resi-

dence, then the soul is delivered from the moral effects of the fall ; then are we brought into those relations with God whereby we can be regenerated, and finally sanctified from the last vestige of sin and its effects. This is absolutely necessary to our present peace and happiness, and final salvation. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His ; he does not belong to the kingdom of God.

That which holds good of the individual holds good of the Church. If the Church of Christ have not the spirit—the spirit of unity and brotherly love—it is none of His. Wherever discord reigns—wherever backbiting, and slander, and unkindness are manifested, there Christ is not to be found. We have yet to learn what it is to know Christ experimentally—know Him in those true heart-relations which bring joy, and peace, and gladness in the Holy Ghost. As long as we indulge our selfish feelings and lusts ; as long as pride asserts the place of humility ; as long as ambitious scheming and money-making take the place of true Christian manhood and holiness, so long we may expect to have the condemnation of the law hanging over us. The man who, by open indulgence of the worst passions of the human heart, sinks his soul to the level of the brute, must expect to find the trail of the serpent across his pathway. There is a great disposition among some people to place their sins upon the back of the devil. He certainly is the author of evil, but he is not responsible for our wickedness. God holds us in freedom, even on the ultimate planes of our natures ; and if we transgress the laws of His government we are guilty. There is one great mistake made in the New Church : the attaching a spiritual sense to every thing ; and forgetting that there must be a base or continent in the natural, before there can exist an entirety anywhere, and that we must bring inner meanings to the ultimate plane before they can assume tangibility to us. I believe in the grand unfoldings of the New Church—in its expositions of the spiritual and celestial senses of the Word, but when cant, and pretension, and ignorance, render nugatory the plain and practical teachings of Christianity, it is time we were looking to our Bibles for guidance. I love, revere and hold sacred every truth of God's Providential men ; but I hold the Word to be infinitely above either. For all practical

purposes I can do without expositions until I get into the spiritual world, where the spiritual and celestial senses are known in their sublime significance; but I can not do without the plain and evident meaning of the sense which belongs to this plane of life.

When the Lord tells me, through His Word, that He will, if I will let Him, take up his abode within my breast, I believe Him. When He tells me that He dwells there as the Comforter—as the Guide of my life; as the one who will lead me into all truth; when He tells me that I may know, by the assurance which this Indwelling Presence gives, that He is my Father, I believe Him. When He tells me that I must love Him with all my heart, mind, and strength—that I must love the neighbor, not only as well as myself, but *better* than myself, I believe Him. And believe, too, that unless I ultimate these in act, I can not belong to that true Church which brings heaven and earth together as one.

We have been groping in darkness long enough; we need the warm, glancing beams of the Divine Sun to light up the dark corners of our souls and reveal to us the hidden rottenness within. We want lightning flashes of truth to shiver into atoms these century growths of ours. We want the two-edged sword of the Spirit to smite in twain the tyrants of the soul, and let man go free.

When the Spirit of God rolls His thunder-tones through the clouds of our moral sky, we think the day-doom of the soul has come. We begin to fear and quake for our safety. Well we may; it is the crisis-point of the soul, leading to life everlasting, or to the depths of despair. When I read the terrible threatenings and warnings in the Word, it makes me shudder at the fate of the wicked. Though the celestial sense of the Word disposes of this subject in a true and philosophical manner, revealing the wisdom and unfathomed benevolence of Deity, still there is something awful in the thought, of the destruction of the human soul; something which reveals its grandeur in the wreck which follows the vastation of those terrible evils which coil around the heart, like huge serpents, stinging it to death. Humanity is condemned; its natural life has to be destroyed, and this destruction has to go on until sin, and death, and hell are utterly exterminated and blotted out of the moral universe of God. We have but two alternatives left us—either to become recreated by the influences

of the Holy Spirit, operating upon our natures through willing obedience, or to be destroyed, as to the accreted life we bear, and descend again through the processes of generation. It is with us to decide which road we will take. We can take the direct route through boundless empires of God's love and help, or sink through those hell-planes of existence which bring to us the miseries of the lost. In one sense, we go to God through both pathways ; one brings us to His breast radiant angels ; the other, devils stripped to the nakedness of a skeleton. We should, at this parting of the ways, pause and see where we stand—whether for God or for Satan.

“ If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His.” It is very easy for us to tell whether we have the Spirit of Christ ; whether we are led by the Spirit. No man need mistake this. Those that are Christ's are led by His Spirit, and the evidence of this leading is to be found in the fruits which are yielded by our action. The fruits of the Spirit are “ love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance ; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the affections and lusts of the flesh.” Here is the test. If we have love, not only love for the brethren, but love for all mankind ; if we have joy and peace, those twin sisters which come from heaven, and would always dwell with man if he would let them ; if we have long-suffering, that power of sacred endurance which fortifies the soul against the shafts of the bitterest enemies, reposing with Christ-like trust in God ; if we have gentleness and goodness amid all the provocations and dangers of human life and that faith which lifts the heart heavenward and reposes in its calmer light, notwithstanding the dark and cloudy shadows which flit in protean shapes across the pathway of life, coupled with meekness and temperance, we have the best evidence in the world that we are led by the Spirit of God. And oh ! when we bring these home-tests to the soul, how few of us can stand in the light of God's descending judgment !

Brethren, have we these graces bending o'er our lives ? Let us examine and see. If we have not—if we are not led by the Spirit of God, we are led by the spirit of hell—we are led by the promptings of the flesh, and are under the curse and condemnation of

the law. Would we know the works of the flesh and where we stand? They are manifest—"Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like, of which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do these things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

How scathing and heart-searching are these words of the apostle! They make shallow meanness and smooth hypocrisy tremble at the doom which awaits them.

If we have the first, the fruits of the Spirit, we are Christ's, whether we belong to a church or not; whether we ever heard of His name or not. If we have the latter, the works of the flesh, we are none of His, whether we belong to the new church or to the old. There are many men who reject Christ in the intellect who are His in heart, and they will be found among those, at the last day, who gave the cup of cold water to the least disciple; while many who profess His name, make long prayers, "pay mint, anise, and cumin," will hear the withering curse pronounced upon them, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

We may buy gilded Bibles; bring them here on Sunday, and read the morning and evening lessons; we may wear them about our persons as a protection against the infesting spheres of evil; we may riot in the profound and brilliant expositions of the Word, but unless we have the Spirit of Christ, and bear the fruits of this Spirit; unless we have within the breast the internal monitor to guide us into all truth, to convict us of sin and purify our hearts, our religion is false. It is but sheer blasphemy to talk of being in the Church of Christ, unless we bear in the life the evidences of our acceptance with Him. We have gone far astray from our Heavenly Father, and we need to pause and ask ourselves: whither are we tending? "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel. Thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you." Oh! brethren, let each one examine his heart and see what it is that hinders the descent of that Love which is to bind us together as one in God. O Lord, we have departed far from thee, restore our backslidings.

Brethren, we little know the dangers that surround us at this time. An open people, with terrible sins to overcome, have foes who require all their wisdom, courage, and forbearance to meet. Those terrible warnings and prophecies, uttered by a former ministration in this place, are too fearfully true; and it becomes us, therefore, to watch and to pray. Watch, that no insidious suspicion is permitted to be instilled into the mind against our unfortunate neighbor. Watch, that our passions do not get the better of our judgments, and we condemn where we are guilty ourselves. Watch, that self-love does not control our action instead of God's love. Oh! it is a fearful thing to be a Christian.

We must be honest with ourselves. These little evils of our natures must be hunted out and burned in the fire of God's love. We should call up from their hiding places these hinderances to our spiritual advancement, and, in the light of a quickened conscience, confess them to God. We should ask ourselves daily the solemn questions, For what purpose do I live? for self-service or man-service? Do I hold an honest reckoning with myself as to the employment of my time, my means, and my position in life? Do I soften my heart by tender sympathies, and soothe and calm the perturbed spirits around me, when God gives the privilege and the help? Time is fleeting, and the great day of God's reckoning is at hand.

The Lord is waiting, beloved friends, to reveal Himself in more tender relations to our hearts, if we will permit him. But who of us stand ready to welcome the Holy Ghost? The sin of Achan is too truly ours, and we stand self-condemned before our God. Many an anxious heart is pining for the adoption promised by our Father; but the accursed thing that is among us must be removed before we can hope to enjoy the refreshings from the presence of the Lord. Men may pray and toil forever for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but unless they prepare the conditions within their own hearts for His reception, they will pray in vain. We must first humble our own souls in the dust before we can expect to benefit others. The Church must first be washed before she can be attired in the robes of spotless white.

The hour is approaching when we are to have a visitation of the Divine Presence. It needs but the clearing away of the sins of the heart, by repentance and reformation, to bring a deeper

work of grace to our souls ; a deeper purification of our hearts. The visitation which is coming to us is to be one of uniting strength—one that shall make us the fitting temples for the indwelling God. It will come to some in the terrible might of God's power ; it will come to this Church when she prepares herself for the overshadowing presence of Jehovah God.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

“ Father ! there are no dew-drops on my rose—
I came to seek them, but they all are gone
Was night so niggard ? or did morning steal
Those diamonds, ere her time ? ”

“ Be patient, boy.”

Soon, the soft falling of a summer shower
Drew quiet music from the quivering leaves
And thro' the hollows of the freshen'd grass
Drew lines of silver.

Then a bow sprang forth,
Spanning the skies.

“ See, child ! those glorious hues,
Violet and gold. The dew-drops thou didst mourn,
Mingle and sparkle there. Remember well,
That what is pure and beautiful on earth
Shall smile in Heaven.”

He knew not that he spake
Prophetic words. But ere the infant moon
Swell'd to a perfect orb her crescent pale,
The spirit of that fair and loving child,
Which briefly on the parent's breast had hung
And trembled like a dew-drop, was exhal'd,
And went to Heaven.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

NEW CHURCH FABULIST.

No. 5.

THE BEET-ROOTS AND THE SUGAR-CANE.

A clump of Beet-roots, in a loamy field,
There planted for the sugar they might yield,
In learned discourse, the time to wile away,
Conversed together on the Sabbath day.
Said one " Ah me! how sweet we brethren are!
Were all the universe an earthen jar,
The nectared founts, within our veins that glow,
I have no doubt, would make it overflow.
'Tis Sugar-time! the acids, that destroy,
No more shall waste the frames of maid or boy.
Oh! generous Beet-roots, spread your leafage wide,
Vessels of grace, with treasures well supplied."

A Swallow, flying from the distant seas,
Heard the soft whisper borne along the breeze,
And twittered, " Friends, through other plants flows forth
The liquid blessing that delights the earth ;
For instance, Sugar-cane"—

" Hush! close your ears,"
Cried the chief Beet-root, " Pity, weep thy tears!
Base wretch, begone. The Beet-root is the mold
The sugar of the universe to hold ;
And, since all influx flows through form, as fit,
No other form than ours can yield a bit.
Besides, we heard from certain foreign flies,
The cane conceals an acid in disguise—
'Tis rum, then vinegar—a poisonous flood,
Your impious language fairly chills the blood."

" I saw," the swallow sang, " a waving field :—
Rivers of sweetness the ripe stalks conceived :
They ground the cane—"

" Stay, Swallow!" cried the band,
" Such falsehoods will contaminate the land."

MORAL.

The Beet-root City is a sect, 'tis plain ;—
Christians of no sect are the Sugar-cane.
The Swallow is a traveler, who hies
With news of Christian life in other skies :
The Fly may be a critic, who denies.

INSPIRATIONS OF THE HEART ;

OR, THE LARK'S SONG.

"Yet Love," I cried, "doth live and conquer Death."

MANY years ago, in Calcutta, resided an English gentleman and his wife, named Stanway ; who, having no children of their own, had adopted an orphan niece.

She was called Hope, and was much noticed by her friends as a sweet specimen of English beauty. Her golden ringlets fell around a fair face, suffused at the slightest word with a mantling blush, and the dove-like expression of her soft brown eyes caused every beholder to feel that she had been rightly named Hope, for an atmosphere of love seemed to radiate around her, and her gentle manners were so winning, and her smile so peculiarly bright and genial, that she brought new life and energy wherever she went.

It was seemingly a great blessing for the orphan to be so highly prized by her uncle and aunt, for her own mother—whose sweet face she could scarce remember—had been in very indifferent circumstances, owing to the sudden death of her husband, who was an officer in the English regiment stationed at Calcutta. Many envied Hope her home in the splendid residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanway, and would have willingly exchanged places with her, but could they have looked a little deeper than the surface they would have perceived that Mr. and Mrs. Stanway only doted upon her, as her charms brightened up their dull lives, and enhanced their self-importance by drawing around them a circle of fashion and elegance.

Plenty of lovers followed Hope, partly attracted, no doubt, by the report of her wealth, as her uncle had declared his intention to constitute her his heiress.

But Hope, after a few years of unabated gayety had whirled her on in Fashion's bewildering mazes, began to droop. Pleasure lost for her its zest, and the wise physician said it was the climate which caused the sad alternations of melancholy, which at times changed the bewitching Idol into a pale spectre of herself. Her relatives becoming alarmed, determined to send her to England

for a visit, trusting the sea-voyage would renovate the health of their darling.

Now the truth was, Hope's naturally vigorous mind, could not forever remain content with such an enervating life, as was that of all around her. She sighed for something nobler, purer, higher, for her soul was not alien to the skies, but of a celestial genius; and as she was of a reflective turn of mind, the cup of flattery had begun to have for her lip a taste of bitterness which was not at all agreeable, however wholesome it might be. She saw how all around her lived only for the transient happiness of the hour, and yet, from her Hindostanee attendant—who had been her nurse in childhood, and to whom she was much attached—she heard continually of the great cruelties practiced upon the natives in order to wring from them their gold and jewels; and her sense of honor was instinctively shocked to perceive how unevenly Power held the balances of Justice.

She felt also, intuitively, that her lovers, although much attracted by her beauty and gayety, were yet *held* by the power of her reputed wealth; and as none but Hope knew that her fortune depended upon the caprice of her relatives, and as she felt each day that they were growing harder and harder to please, scarcely having patience with her failing health, and continually murmuring if she looked thoughtful; why it was no wonder the poor child rejoiced much at the thought of the sea-voyage. Indeed, the prospect of leaving her present forced and distasteful life brought such an unwonted light to her eye, and imparted such a joyousness to her whole manner, that her uncle and aunt began again to be so very kind to her that she reproached herself for ingratitude, and she parted from them at last with real regret. She sailed under the escort of friends, and arrived safely and with improved health in London. Her friends chose a villa residence as most conducive to the complete renovation of her health, and her frequent rides and walks through the green lanes and daisied fields of merry old England, brought back the rose to her cheek, and she became once more like her former self.

Her friends went much in society, and at a fashionable party, Hope first met with a gentleman who seemed the very impersonation of her girlish day-dreams.

Her own attractions were so great and her happiness of such an ideal nature at this crisis of her life, that she forgot, the report of Mr. Stanway's great wealth might have accompanied her over the ocean.

Her gentle heart opened toward Edward Neville, as a flower does to the sun, and she gave him the royal place in her best affections with scarce a single fear, so that, after a time, young Neville's accomplished manners and high-bred ease beguiled Hope of the last fluttering doubt which had so tortured her while in India, and with girlhood's unselfish pride she throned her lover upon an ideal pedestal; and, while surrendering to his hand the guidance of her spirit, never trembled lest she should place him *between* herself and her Creator, and thus in her blind devotion subject herself to the loss of her own individuality.

Halcyon were those days! The hours glided by so sweetly!

"How softly falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!"

Her affections went forth toward even the meanest thing in her pathway. Brighter shone the sun, and sweeter came the perfume of the flowers—the swallows had not yet gone homeward, and the purple ease of her life wrapped her away from all beneath its smiling surface. Life opened before her a vista of Paradise—and yet—and yet spite of the golden promise of the future, a vague, undefinable something brooded over her spirit, and sometimes whispered in her ear that she was all too happy for a child of mortality—that there was something wanting—what she knew not—and yet amid the gayest throng this thought of *unrest*, of what it could be that she, the petted Idol, could desire yet find no name for!

One day as it seemed by an extraordinary chance, she walked out alone shortly after sunrise, and as she strolled on she began to examine her heart, that she might *lay* this vague haunting thought if possible. Musing she passed along through the grassy lane, when suddenly she saw arising from her very feet a little brown bird, which soared aloft with great rapidity, and, soaring, sang so joyous a strain that Hope could but forget herself, and follow with her eyes the little winged Rapture.

Higher it flew, higher, higher, singing in very ecstasy, till having, it seemed, reached the heavens, it came fluttering down again to its little hidden nest in the grass. And what did its song say to Hope? Its holy mysterious strain seemed to breathe in her inmost being, that Love only found its *completeness* in another world where *unrest* could not come; that the sweet *human* love, was only the type of the heavenly—that the little lark's song was to bid her remember that, in her great happiness, she had forgotten this earth was not her everlasting abiding-place—that upward as well as onward must be her course—and that only from Heaven can come down those joys which bless even the lowliest home!

Hope walked slowly back like one in a dream, and feeling the shadow of a great disquiet stealing over her.

That very day she received a letter from her uncle refusing his consent to her marriage with Neville, as to marry him would inevitably separate her from her relatives, and commanding her immediate return to Calcutta, on pain of their lasting displeasure, and informing her that Mr. Stanway had made his will disinheriting her *entirely* if she disobeyed them. Alas! poor Hope—when in the happy trust of her pure love, she showed this letter to her lover and her friends, the advice she received was to obey—that however painful might be the consequences, her duty was to her aged relatives—and Neville, he too, had duties toward his parents, who had only consented to his wedding Hope in consideration of her great fortune. They were very proud, and he had no means of his own to maintain his lovely Hope in the station she would so nobly adorn. Hope was proud too! and she bade him farewell with seeming indifference, but with a struggle going on in her breast which for the time being changed her *entirely*. Broken was the promise of her heart's sweet Spring, and she lost faith in all humanity at that moment, and repeating softly to herself these words, "*Love is ended, Life is over!*" she sank into an utter carelessness of all her surroundings.

She returned immediately to Calcutta, and soon after her arrival her uncle arranged a marriage for her with one of his intimates, a Major Carnegy. After their hasty nuptials, the Major soon discovered that Hope did not love, or indeed take any

interest in any thing in life. He complained to Mr. and Mrs. Stanway, and among them Hope led a sorrowful life indeed.

The birth of a little daughter at length aroused her from her deep dejection, and still making to herself another idol, she gave all the love of her passionate nature to the little Violetta, her spring treasure, her pure pale snow-drop, as she fondly called her child.

But while Violetta was still young, the Indian climate, which is generally unfavorable to foreigners, affected the child's health severely, and she began to droop and fade away in the very arms of her distracted mother, who contested every moment of time with Death!

"Oh! live, my child," she cried; "and let thy mother die for thee!"

She would sit many hours at a time, holding her little one in her arms, who, on her part, bore her great sufferings with a quietness which surprised all but Hope. *She* knew the reason why the child made no moan, was to keep her mother from grieving. Violetta had ever been remarkable for a tender and unselfish spirit. And thus a few weeks passed on, Hope holding her child pressed close to her breaking heart, and the fair little one leaning there, as if no pain or sorrow could affect her, except she was taken from Hope and laid on a couch, when she would sigh deeply and follow her mother with loving, wistful glances from eyes which shed no tear, but whose expression seemed to say, "By thee alone I live!" At last Hope's wild frenzy gave way, and kneeling by the side of the couch, she prayed—

"Almighty Father, if I by the force of my love am keeping from thee my little Violetta, thy gift—oh! finish quickly her sufferings and take her home. Thou gavest—receive back—and as for me, oh, take me too from this cold world, for no one loves me here. I have no other friend but thee—thy will be done."

After thus giving up her will to God, she became surprisingly calm, and in a few hours her child sank into a dying stupor, from which she only revived to take one last loving look at her mother's face, and the ethereal lustre of the child's deep blue eyes displayed even in that supreme moment the triumph of a pure, exalted, and most heavenly soul's love over pain, sorrow, and even

Death itself!—then the white lids slowly drooped, and a few large tears—her first and last—rolled from beneath the long fringing lashes, and as the poor mother kissed away the glistening drops from the pale cheek, she perceived the child was not—God had taken her.

In a transport of affliction, but without a murmur, Hope arranged the little lifeless form with the greatest care, and robed it in a fine white dress trimmed with rich lace, which she took from off one of her own garments; and she also placed a lock of her own hair upon its heart, that something of the mother might remain with the child. She had used to sing, in other days, to the darling,

"I'll deck thee with my finest things,
With all I've rich and rare;
To hear it said, 'How beautiful,
And good as she is fair.'"

And perhaps such a thought caused her thus to insist upon performing the last offices of love, spite of the remonstrances of those around her, who supposed she was losing her senses. Sweetly appeared the little angel child, as if asleep, surrounded with flowers—one snow white jasmine blossom gleaming star-like amid the golden tresses, so carefully twined around the broad white brow,

"Thus Beauty, immortal, contends with the tomb!"

After this sad bereavement, Hope lived on, and on, she knew not how, she cared not why. She was like a dove with broken wing, fluttering along, seeking only a covert, wherein to die. Her only joy was to visit the grave of her transplanted flower; and one day sitting near it, lost in mournful reverie, her attention was drawn to a little bird, which came and perched on one of the rose-trees near. The glance of its bright eye, as by some mysterious power, brought back to Hope's remembrance, the Lark's song, which in the long ago in England, had so touched her inmost being. Looking upward, almost expecting to see the lark again soaring and singing, how was she thrilled to hear a voice of sweetest entreaty, crying as it were into her throbbing heart, "Come up hither!" Every fibre of her being seemed instinct with sentient

emotion,—she had heard of the voice of the Holy Spirit within the breast, and with eager joy she welcomed this evidence of her Heavenly Father's love. Ever since the death of Violetta she had yearned after religious things, but her relatives had held her back, but now that "out of Heaven she had heard His voice," she determined to set out at once on the heavenly pilgrimage, being persuaded that no one should be allowed to separate her from the "love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

That night Hope had a dream, which was of such a vivid character that she always believed "it was not all a dream." She thought she was walking in a gloomy pathway, all enveloped in a thick gray misty atmosphere, whose dampness and coldness compelled her to move on very quickly, lest she should be chilled to death; and as she walked on, shuddering from the effects of the humid mist, she came suddenly upon a little gate, set in a high wall. The gate opened apparently of itself, and, passing through it, she found herself within a beautiful garden inclosure. She entirely forgot the cold outside, for it was as bright within, as it had been dark without. A golden crimson hue, like the radiance of departing day, lit up the scene, and rare shrubs and exquisite flowers were all around. At first she saw no one, and all things breathed of such repose, that she felt the spell of the place steal over her too, and she stood there quietly inhaling the perfumed air, and warming her shivering form in the balmy sunshine. After a little time, she perceived approaching her, two beautiful beings. They were tall and slender, and with locks as dark as midnight; their complexions were pale and clear, their lips were like crimson flowers, and in the serene depths of their eyes, Hope thought she saw Heaven opened, so gentle and loving were the glances they cast upon her. Their garments were long and flowing, and they wore on their heads chaplets of the purple amaranth intermixed with golden stars.

The younger of the two, who appeared like a Bride, and who moved as gracefully as a young willow waves in the wind, came close to Hope, and taking her unresisting hand, said in winning accents—

"Our names are Angelo and Angela, we are husband and wife, and our mission in the Lord is that of Consolation. We were met

but now by a little cherub, who told us her mother was in this garden, and in need of our ministrations. Say, dearest one, what causes the grief which hangs round thee like a garment?"

Then Hope burst into tears, and, overcome by the tender love of Angela, she exclaimed—

"I mourn—I mourn for my little Violet who is dead, and because I have suffered at the hands of the world so much that I can with difficulty believe God cares for me. *Love hath ended for me, therefore life is over!*"

"Poor little one," said Angela, "the evil ones have deceived thee. The Lord loves thee, and thy Violet is not dead but *lives*, a spotless angel in Heaven, and hath sent us but now to thee."

Then Angela clasped Hope in her arms, and laid her weary head on her tender bosom, and in smoothing the hair off from her forehead she seemed to take away the pain which was gnawing at Hope's heart. Angela held her thus some time, warming her from her own glowing life: and then she beckoned to Angelo, who came and placed his hand upon Hope's head, and blessed her in the name of the Lord, and bade her be of good cheer, for that "Love was endless," and "Death and Hell should pass away"—that God could not forget the sorrowing children of earth, but had solemnly declared, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from Death. O Death! I will be thy plagues; O Grave! I will be thy destruction." "Behold," cried Angelo, and his countenance lightened with a majesty terrible yet glorious; he seemed a youthful king, yet gentle as a lamb. "Behold, it is *not* of the Lord of Hosts, that his people shall labor in the very fire—'but the just shall *live* by faith,' 'and the knowledge of the Lord *shall* cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'"

Then Angela gave him from her own hand a golden ring, which he placed upon Hope's finger, and then they sang together in strains entrancing, these words:

"The mortal griefs, the mortal pains,
The tears of Earth bereaved and friendless,
Shall pass away when Heaven attains
Her empire there, for *Love is endless.*"

Then Hope suddenly awoke, but she still seemed to feel the clasp of their loving hands, and the song still echoed in her ear like the vibration of a chime of silver bells.

From that eventful time she was enabled to commence a new life, and forgetting the things which lay behind, she publicly professed the name of Jesus and was baptized by one of the American missionaries then resident in Calcutta. Her conversion, and subsequent life, together with the death of Violetta, made a deep impression upon her husband and uncle and aunt.

Major Carneguy, who was some twenty years Hope's senior, died within that year, and willed all his property to his wife. Hope, thus left independent, spent the remainder of her life in alternately soothing the declining years of Mr. and Mrs. Stanway, and in seeking out the wretched and unfortunate, and alleviating their sorrows while pointing them to the cross of Christ. Having consecrated herself solemnly to God, and the *uses* of life, she sought to ultimate, as much as in her lay, the prayer, "Thy will be done upon Earth."

She found, in this life of self-abnegation, the happiness for which she had so vainly sighed in her early years. Sorrow fled away before her holy trust in the Saviour, and Death had for her no more a sting. She knew that Death would open for her the gate of eternal happiness, yet, that as an humble laborer in her Master's vineyard, she could be of great use before she went home. Therefore, wherever there was sickness or sorrow, there came Hope. To the lonely and despairing she carried the tidings of the great joy which had so blest her soul. Truly with her had been kept the promise, "At evening, there shall be light;" and in that light she continually sought to be about her Master's work. Whatever her hand found to do, that did she with all her might. Many to this day remember the sweet pale face and gentle manners of the "Christian Lady," as the natives fondly called her; and often may be seen upon her grave, in the English cemetery at Calcutta, a wreath of the flowers she loved the best, placed there by some of her humble friends. The end of the righteous is peace. But Neville—what of him? He married for wealth—station he already possessed—and to preserve which he overlooked all other deficiencies. The family estates were nearly all ruined by the

extravagance of his father, and marrying a fortune seemed the only means whereby to retrieve his failing honors. His early education had taught him to prize the "pomp of circumstance," and Hope's beauty, glorious as it was, sank in the scale, when in the "pride of place" he contemplated the possible degradation of his noble name. Ambition is a dangerous sentiment, and when its exciting spirit is the love of money, it becomes hardening and even deadly in its character. Neville called his ambition by another name than the greed of gold—it was to build up his estates, obscurity was hateful to him—it was that he might do more for those dependent upon him; and he tried even to deceive himself, and at last persuaded himself into the belief that there was a positive devotion to Hope's best interests in thus preserving her from a life of comparative poverty. They would be good friends, and she would soon forget him, and be happy with another. Oh! foolish heart; oh! dreaming brain, shall not Love in its purity rise up to convict the schemer against its power?

To Neville there came the day when the face and the form of the woman who exchanged her money for his noble name became odious to him. Her temper was harsh and exacting, and she was entirely uncongenial to all his finer tastes; and often after a violent altercation with her, would rise up before him the lovely, gentle face of Hope, as when first they met, in all the flush and glory of their love's summer hour; and then while he thinks of her earnest eyes, in whose depths he ever found reflected his own image, and *his only*, of her sunny smile so infilled with light and love, of the tenderness and entire devotion with which she ever regarded him, there would also come unbidden another picture on which he felt compelled to dwell, though he shuddered while he gazed! The first vision 'twere sweet to dream over—for had he not once been truly loved? there was comfort in even the thought; but there, right before him, must he also see the face and form of Hope, not as when first they met, but as they parted! and, miserable man, those pictures, hanging in the most secret chamber of thy consciousness, are all unlike those painted by our earthly artists, which fade and fade away into dim oblivion. Imperishable are those tints, those lights and shadows of thy all too faithful Memories: and more vivid will grow those tints, more perfect

those outlines, and more distinct those lights and shadows, as Time rolls on and deepens for thee into Eternity. Oh! the strained clasp of those little hands, the fixed, tearless gaze of those soft eyes—all the joy gone from their glance; oh! the agony expressed in that drooping figure—all the generous energy of purpose crushed out of the nerveless form: no word of reproach breathed, but the murdered heart's great anguish visible and speaking in the tension of the blanched lips and the deathlike pallor of the whole countenance. Thus had they parted, with loving excuses on his side, which Hope heard with silent scorn, and when he rose to go, she rose also, although the effort was beyond her strength, and in that one *last look* she took her farewell in this world of Edward Neville.

Shall they ever meet again? Who shall say? We know there is a land afar from this sin-blighted orb of ours—the Heavenly, the Celestial home of all Tenderness and Goodness; let us trust that there, when the auras of Heaven shall have dissipated those obscuring mists, which blind the vision so fatally here, and he, too, having found this world's riches and pleasures are vain, like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea—beautiful without, but ashes within, chastened by sorrow, purified, tried as by fire, and knowing at last by heart experience that God alone can satisfy the heart, loving and beloved they shall yet become **ONE IN THE LORD.**

M. H. B.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

The third edition of this work, we hear, has gone to press. We are glad it is meeting with so rapid and extensive a circulation; and we would earnestly advise all those of our friends who have not yet read this book, to lose no time in procuring a copy, as we can assure them it is the best work, on this subject, that has ever been issued. It may be obtained at our office, 42 Bleeker Street.

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No. 1, "The Fountain Opened;" No. 2, "The Coming Eden;" No. 3, "The Spirit of God in Revivalism," are now ready and may be had at our office. Price per 100, assorted, One Dollar; postage, 25 cents.

THE TRINITY.

The doctrine of the Trinity seems to be again coming up for readjustment and settlement; some seem to think for the last time. As long as human nature is in an unregenerate condition—as long as the great problems of Deity, Immortality, the issues of the life present and to come press against the human spirit for utterance and explanation, so long we may expect the great questions of religion to engage the earnest attention of men. They may try to settle these questions, but they will not stay settled. One turn of the cyclic condition of things in the invisible—the source of all truth as well as error—brings the recurring issues of the past. And as we behold this turning, we are astonished that men know so little of God, Eternity, and Life. The first Christian Age, and the transitional phases of the Present, are but a reflex of the outworked life anterior to that period. We are retracing our steps to the golden age—retracing them through precisely the same phases of faith.

Men like Prof. Huntingdon, longing for a more interior faith relation, go back, through painful mental agonies, to the old forms of dogma. Throw around this question as much scholastic erudition as we please—invest it as we may with the subtleties of logic—no clearer, no higher conception will ever be gained than that afforded in the internal experience and mental consciousness of man himself. We have but to look within ourselves to see all the modes and manifestations of Deity. Man was created in the “image and likeness” of God. How can it then be otherwise?

Many minds are now struggling in the chaos and confusion of a speculative faith. To such we would recommend the following plain, yet profound exposition of the Trinity, taken from the *Arcana of Christianity*—a work which is now engaging the attention—the earnest attention of some of the most gifted minds, both in Europe and America. In the language of our brother, “This is the pivotal truth for the doctrinal reconciliation of the divided branches of the Christian Church.”

“The word ‘third’ involves arcana which have never been revealed. It signifies, first, the all in all of God. In Him the past, the present, and the future meet in one eternal now. In

Him the active, the passive, and the proceeding powers of generation reside, and are at one. The mysteries of God can only be comprehended through the body of man. The correspondences of the body are the revelations of Divinity. There is in God a Divine Masculinity, by which he begets; a Divine Femininity, by which he conceives; and a Divine Proceeding of the Masculinity in Femininity, by which he ultimates. This is the truth which is concealed within the formula of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Against this the devils of the hells of the lost planet have injected, through the magnetization of subject minds in the earth-sphere, the doctrine that there is a Positive Mind who is the Father, who cohabits with Nature, and begets in her body the mineral, vegetable, animal, and spiritual kingdoms. There is no viler profanation of divine truth in pandemonium itself.

“God is all sufficient in Himself to all good. The Eternal Masculinity is the Divine Love. The eternal Femininity is the Divine Truth. The eternal proceeding of the two in one is the Divine Ability. The mystery of the Divine Nature is typified in the relations of conjugal love. In conjugal order, upon the orderly earths of the universe, the husband takes his wife in his bosom and they are at one, the external expression of this being the nuptial rite, never to be identified, however, with aught that is unchaste. In the nuptial blending of an angelic spouse with his companion, there is an interblending of spirit with spirit, until the wife is absorbed into the being of the husband, with all her faculties and powers folded up within his faculties and powers. There is a union of married attributes, and, during the nuptial interblending, they become one body. The angelic masculinity has taken its own angelic femininity into its embrace. In the inmost Heaven of the Angels the consentaneous action of all the faculties is such that the home of the Woman Angel is in the body of the Man Angel; her face glows in his face; she looks out through his eyes; she sings through his voice; she breathes through his lungs; she feels through all his sensories; and they are seen as one soul. They live in an endless nuptial consummation. Proceeding from them is a third or ultimated form, springing from the perpetual union of the two. Through this form become ultimated all those wonderful things which are

breathed into them from God. This convergence of form becomes more intimate to all eternity. They are flowing forever into a more blissful unity, in which the angelic husband encircles by his unfoldings of personality all thought, feeling, sensation, all joy, desire, tenderness, all states of restful action and active rest and passive harmony, in the woman his wife, as the masculinity of her femininity. They mount, in the ardencies of their affections as one soul toward God. The Woman Angel in turn, throughout all her objective and subjective existence, receives the man. She is bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, spirit of his spirit, thought of his thought, and life of his life. The man receives the ability to be his wife's indwelling masculine soul, spirit and form. The wife receives the ability to be her husband's indwelling soul, spirit and form, and their sphere, by which they are pervaded, and which is the basis or continent of their life, expresses in objective unity of form the eternal interblending in which they live, and appears as a radiant, youthful man. When they have attained to this condition they typify and represent the Lord. In Him the Eternal Masculine and the Eternal Feminine, otherwise the Divine Good and the Divine Truth, are one, forevermore, in the Holy Ghost. More arcana are contained within this statement of the Word than would suffice to fill the world.

"The Lord Himself, the God of all the Heavens, appears when He visits the inmost Celestial Angels, like a Divine Man in the flower of His age, and He instructs them, audibly and face to face. Each conjugal twain, who have become one, behold the Lord as an Infinite Conjugal Man (*homo*). They see in Him a Divine Trinity—Infinite Masculinity (*vir*), Infinite Femininity, (*mulier*.) Infinite Proceeding Operation, and thus one. But they see themselves, in their nuptial unity, and in their proceeding form, as images of God and reflections of His trinity; the two, with their proceeding, making one man. In this manner, when the nuptial oneness becomes ineffable, it is discovered that the Lord Himself is the prototype, and that their appearance is the reflex of His appearance. This arcanum is, for the first time, now made known.

"Herein is made apparent the nature of the infinite joy of the Divine Spirit within Himself, for it is all a nuptial joy.

In the common thought, and even to the most philosophical mind, there is something enormously repulsive in the solitary loneliness of God. He is imagined as a gulf of Being. He breathes out fire-sparkles from His mouth, and they are the stellar systems ; and ever and anon He takes from Himself His azure garment, which is space, and folds it up, and changes it, and the former things pass away. Again : He robes Himself in a new vesture, and a new universe glistens in each shining particle of its woven essence. Let this be set aside. The endearments of a nuptial pair in Paradise are the least and lowest possible representation of the harmonies, in which, within Himself, the love and wisdom and proceeding of God, coessential and consubstantial and coeternal, forever subsist in their infinitude of nuptial joy. And the Divine Love is the Infinite Lover ; the Divine Wisdom the Infinite Beloved, and the Divine Proceeding their Infinite Self-existence in its third degree. These are the penetralia of God. This is the mystery of the Infinite, the solution of the world-problem of all time. In nuptial joy, from everlasting to everlasting, self-centred in one eternal harmony, the affections of the Divine Love subsist in the caresses of the Infinite Intelligence. The sweetness of the delights of Angels, the fragrances of the bliss of those who find in divine love and wisdom and its use their beautiful felicity, the tendernesses of all affection, the fondnesses of all communion and all sensational ecstasies, the forms that thrill and vibrate to the pulsations of an ordered use—all these, which fill the Heavens as a golden urn with incense that distils over the earths of universes in a dew of peace, have their perpetual fount in the endless bridal of the Infinite Wisdom with its Infinite Love.

“Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; Esse, Existere, and Procedere ; Divine Good, Divine Truth, and Divine Operation ; Infinite Masculinity, Infinite Femininity, and Infinite Effectuality—denote one and the self-same God, in His three hypostases or infinite discrete degrees. There is but one God to the universe, and this is that one true and living God. The hypostatic union of the Father and the Son in the Divine Trinity is also set forth in this verse ; which contains within itself, moreover, the demonstration that the Lord Jesus Christ is the one true and living God,

called Jesus in His Humanity, and Jesus Christ in His Divine Humanity. Here will be answered the argument of the Socinians, the Arians, and the Humanitarians.

“Concerning the doctrines of Arius, this is the principal point. He taught that our Lord was not uncreated but created, and, in fact, the most exalted Angel and the noblest of all finite Spirits. Socinianism, in its prevalent forms, at the present day, without pretending to offer any complete hypothesis concerning the precise position of our Lord in the scale of created and finite intelligences, declares Him to be created and finite. Humanitarianism, as expounded by American and European Rationalists, denies that our Lord was more than a highly endowed natural man. The sole Divinity of Jesus Christ was believed in by the first Christian Church, which maintained that He was the very God. The decision of the Nicene fathers against Arius and his opinions, in which it was affirmed that the Lord was not created, but consubstantial with the Eternal Mind, was strictly in accordance with the primitive belief. Heresy appears in the Roman Catholic Church at a subsequent period, and technically originates in the inability to comprehend the doctrine of discrete degrees. The true and ancient Catholic doctrine is revived in the Arcana Cœlestia, through Emanuel Swedenborg, wherein the supreme and sole Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the refutation of the Socinian heresy, is unfolded from the spiritual sense of the Word.

“In the celestial sense of the Word the arcana of the infinite discrete degrees in Him are shadowed forth, and, from the celestial sense, the argument is derived which refutes the doctrine that God is the Eternal Masculine Principle, and matter the eternal feminine, and that the human spirit is the offspring of the two. If matter is the feminine principle of God—because the feminine principle can not unite with the masculine except through the consent of an indwelling mind, therefore there must be in matter itself an indwelling, independent intellect, and therefore an independent positive action of itself within itself; in which case matter could not be the passive principle. Again: if God is the active principle, or, as some say, the Great Positive Mind, He could not impregnate matter with spirit. Can the seminal germ, without the feminine ova, be formed into a natural man? Can a man embrace a

mass of stratified earth, and in it beget a child? Manifestly not. Wherefore it is self-evident, from the creation of man, that the Eternal Femininity is not found in the natural substance of the universe, but in the second hypostatic degree of the divine Infinitude.

“The word ‘third’ denotes, also, in this verse, the third discrete degree in the Divine Infinitude, called, in the confessions of the churches, the Third Person in the Trinity; wherefore it behooves here to speak of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit is described in the ancient Nicene Confession as an eternal proceeding from the Father and the Son; in other words, the third infinite discrete degree; and this definition is correct. It is by means of the third infinite discrete degree that the creation is unfolded in its place. Therefore it is styled the Divine Operation, typified anciently as a breathing influence. But this is the third discrete degree of one Infinite Person. The hypostases are not personalities, but the discrete degrees of personalities, typified by the three discrete, finite degrees in the complete conjugal man, the Infinite *Vir* and the Infinite *Mulier*, in their Infinite Operation, existing as the three degrees of the Infinite *Homo*, or Divine Man. The seeming abstruseness of this statement, which at present makes it unintelligible to the ordinary reader, grows out of the profundity of the arcana which it brings to light. It will become perfectly intelligible upon study and reflection, conjoined with earnest prayer. It is the pivotal truth for the doctrinal reconciliation of the divided branches of the Christian Church, and is here given, not so much for the present time, as for a great emergency, in which it will be accepted by the advanced scholars of the Christian world.”

It is said above that “It is by means of the third infinite discrete degree that the Creation is unfolded in its place.” As man has to be “born again”—recreated into the likeness of God; and as it is by means of the Holy Spirit that this “creation” is effected, we at once see how it is that He holds, as a conscious Presence in the breast, the relation of Personality as the Creator, Comforter, and Sanctifier. In Him as an abiding guest the Father and Son—the Divine Love and Divine Wisdom—dwell, and effectuate their thoughts and affections; and man consciously communes with Deity. He knows that he is a child of God, because he has the witness within him.

THE DAY BRIGHTENS.

It is a source of gratification to the tired and exhausted toiler in life's great vineyard to see, notwithstanding the darkness which at times overshadows the moral heavens, indications of a rich and plenteous harvest in the future. All over this continent we behold the New Jerusalem descending to all the conditions of human life and baptizing, with the heavenly baptism, the hearts of men. God, through His Holy Spirit, is gathering and grouping around His prepared men, the scattered elements of His Church, and it would seem that, at no distant day, we are to have an outpouring of the Spirit such as the world has never seen. There is a dissolving and breaking up of old elements and a regathering and consecrating of the New. Men, as in the first Christian era, are forsaking the shrines and idols of a dead and spiritless past, and embracing all that is tender, and loving, and reverent that *lives* in the present. Nothing is lost, hence, whatever is good, and true, and heaven-consecrated, born in whatever age, must flower out in richer abundance as it is brought forward into the "new heaven and new earth," that is being prepared for the dwelling-place of the children of God.

The evangelical side of Christianity now seems to engage the attention of those who have felt the necessity of a more earnest working element in the more intellectual phases of religious life. Not the element of fanaticism, but the sacred ardor of enthusiasm—Christian enthusiasm; such an enthusiasm as inspired the first Christians to do and die in an apparently unequal conflict with the powers of darkness; such enthusiasm as nerved the arm of Luther and the reformers in the sixteenth century; such an enthusiasm as fired the breasts of Wesley and his followers in the last and at the beginning of the present century; the enthusiasm of the Holy Spirit, speaking through the inspired lips of man.

A new movement has been started in Columbus and Newark, Ohio, among the Swedenborgians, called the Michael Association, which would indicate that the elements are at work among that people to bring about results much desired. We also notice in the *Crisis* an earnest appeal from a source which we recognize as from the right quarter, for a more earnest and evangelical co-operation among those who call themselves of the New Church.

THE CHURCH

A Church is a family, *in the Lord*, knit together in soul-bonds made sacred by the indwelling presence of the One Spirit. Like the family, on the natural plane, it is made up of congenial elements, and is held together, not by the power of external force, but by the heart-cement of love. Where this is not to be found ; where the one spirit of love has departed, there can be no Church. It may be a corporation, where self-interest holds dominant sway. It may be an ecclesiasticism, where bigotry and sectarian tyranny sit in judgment upon the vested rights and sacred privileges of the child of God, but a Church it can not be.

A Church is not a band of men and women bonded together for the purpose of carrying out a secular or religious project, but it is an assembly gathered together in affinal union around the one attraction—the Lord Jesus Christ—and gathered together, too, *in Him* and not out of Him. This union is so perfect, so absolute, because held by Him, that no member can suffer without all suffering—no one member can fall without all sharing, more or less, in the burden. It is a union of *hearts* more than a union of heads—more an interblending of those tender inner emotions of the soul, rather than an interblending of thoughts, and the opinions which may, for the time, be formed and believed ; and because it is a family, based upon heart relations, all suffer when one suffers.

Like the great Church in Heaven, when one lamb in the flock goes astray, we must leave the ninety and nine and go after the erring one. And when found, instead of spurning it from our presence because it has fallen, we must take it to our breasts and nurture it, and love it, until we win it back to its true relation in the fold again.

Our lives are so interwoven with the delicate tissues of the Lord's body, that it is impossible to tear and mutilate the least fibre without causing a thrill of pain throughout the organism. No one can wantonly afflict the feelings, trample upon the rights, and violate the sacred trust of confidence of the least member of God's Church, without incurring the penalty of that inevitable law

which requires sacrifice and expiation for the guilty. Some one has to bear the penalty ; the scales of justice must be held in equipoise.

No man can judge another in the self-hood. God alone can judge justly, and only as we become regenerate, or Godlike, can we judge in the same way. An open people need to bear this constantly in mind. We need to know that when we are thus open, if we get the least out of order, there flows into the mind a whole brood of falses and evils, obscuring the transparency of the intellect and beclouding the heart with the infatuations of the pit. The only safety to any man or woman when these terrible infesting spheres arise is to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and wait until the slowly dawning light of a new spirit shall take possession of ourselves, and the one we are tempted to judge. All of us will find that we have enough to do to let the faults of the neighbor alone and attend to our own hearts. The teaching of God's Word can not be disobeyed without incurring the penalty of its violated law. Who of us can see the terrible ordeals through which our, to us, condemned brother has to pass? It is this testing and trying of the soul which brings the righteous judgment at last. When we are tried by the law of God, written upon the heart by His Spirit, we know whether we can throw the first stone. Like the men who accused the adulterous woman, we quietly retire through some back way, and leave him alone with his God. It would be a blessed thing if, like Him, we could always say, "neither do I condemn thee ; go thou and sin no more."

A Church is not only formed from attraction and from affinital relationships, but it is formed from voluntary association. As a celebrated English divine and writer has said, "the Church is the heart-home of the spirit." It is among a congenial membership, visited by the Lord, where two or three are gathered together in His name, that we find our spiritual family. Wherever this is not to be found, there is not *our* Church. The mere going to a place of worship because our friends go there, because our earthly interests are served thereby, does not guaranty that home feeling, that home trust, that these associations are designed to bring.

In this, as in every other heart relation, we should be free ; with-

out freedom in the affections, we can not grow. Men may come together and form a sect, a persuasion, and call them by party names, to serve party purposes, but they can never form a Church based upon arbitrary opinions and upon theological dogmas.

And here is the glory of the New Church. It is a Freedom. We have no external bonds to hold us together—no ecclesiastical laws to enforce; no dogmas around which to rally and to compel acquiescence. We only recognize the Divine Injunction, that where two or three are gathered together *in His name* there is the Church, whether meeting in ancient minster—under the grand cathedral dome of nature, under the humbler place 'of worship, or around the fireside. If we are in the Lord—that is, if we are in love with all mankind, we belong to the Church of Christ; and are entitled to its privileges wherever they are presented. And if we are not in the Lord—if we are not in love with all mankind, we are not in the Church, let us profess what we may. It is not necessary that we should agree in our opinions to belong to this Church. If *this* is the test of fellowship, there can never be any unity in the body of Christ. There are many sincere infidels, so called, in the world, who are more Christ's disciples than many who profess His name and pretend to live his life. A man's head has nothing to do with the state of his heart. For instance, there is a man, we will say a Pantheist. He says he does not believe in the infallibility of the Bible; in the divinity of the Lord; nor in what is called Christianity. He seems to be honest in his convictions and lives, in every other respect, a true life. What are we going to do with such a man? Crucify him—hunt him down and spurn him from our presence as being unworthy of our notice? Certainly not. Let us examine a little deeper and see if, in reality, this man does not believe, after all, in the essential truth of the faith he thinks he abhors. Tell him that the Lord is the Absolute Goodness; the Absolute Truth; the All-perfect; the All-Pure; the Ever-Beautiful—the All-in-all of the great humanitarian sentiment which underlies all true effort; and think you he will not believe with you? Some of these men believe in Christ, practically, as much as we do—only they do not recognize the Lord in the same *form* that we do. Their goodness is evidence that they believe in the Absolute

Good ; their truthfulness is evidence that they love the Absolute Truth ; their purity is evidence that they strive to incorporate the Infinitely Pure and Beautiful within their own lives—and thus give the only testimony that can be given of fealty to God—call Him by whatever name we please. Names are nothing ; “ Ye love me if ye keep my commandments ; ” and keeping of the commandments is the only test of discipleship in the Church of our Lord.

The greater part of the infidelity in the world—that infidelity which belongs to the head more than to the heart—grows out of mistaken views of the Christian Religion, and its great underlying philosophy. It is the Christ and Religion of History, as out-worked through a corrupt Church, that is despised by these ardent souls ; who are conscious of being impelled by desires and feelings far above the professing Christian world around them, but who know not the source of these feelings and desires. *They* love God—because they love man ; *they* love the Bible because they love the eternal Truth ; *they* love Christianity because they love a great hero-life, spent in the service of humanity ; although they may not realize how the Infinite can infold His faculties and dwell in a finite human form ; although they may not recognize the Infallibility of the Word as outflaming from inner meanings, through correspondences, couched in its textual language ; although they may not know that Christianity is summed up, after all our confusion of tongues—in a good life. And that those who live it are followers of Christ, and are members of his Church, whether they consciously feel it or not. All such have the inspirations of God flowing through the heart ; and will, at last, be ranked with that family which includes the good and true of all time in heaven and on earth.

While the definition of a Church is the blending together, into one family, of congenial minds, recognizing the bonds of the Spirit of love as a basis of unity—there is given of this same Spirit “ gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us.” For to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom ; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit ; to another faith, by the same Spirit ; to another the gift of healing by the same Spirit ; to another the working of miracles ; to another prophecy ; to

another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues. But all these worketh that one and self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

The Church, in all ages, is the same as to its *inmost* life; and that life is *love*. But its outer form is ever changing and renewing itself by the working of the same spirit; adapting itself to the necessities of the times, and according to the wants of the people; assuming one form in one age, and quite a different form in another age. In one—as in the first—flowing out into the simplicity of a rude and unpolished race. In another—this age—into the flowering culture of a vaster and more noble growth. Here is a mistake that some of us make: we think that, because the adaptation of the Spirit was such and such, in the apostolic age, that, therefore, the same *kind* of manifestation is coming to us. We are to have, and are having, the same manifestation of the Spirit—but not the same kind. And simply for this reason, *the necessities of this age are different*. Then miraculous gifts; the power to cast out demons from an almost obsessed race; the discerning of spirits, and the gifts of teaching and of tongues were necessary. These gifts were necessary to establish, on a Divine basis the Christian religion; and to impart, in other tongues, the teachings of the Spirit, instead of the teachings of men. In this age it is different. The Christian religion has spread over the entire earth and has become a permanency among men; and the Spirit, flowing down into these permanent conditions, outworks through them, the same results in a different manner. We now have permanent teachers in the pastoral office, whose duty it is to work, to study, and to culture themselves in all the departments of thought, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. There is to be no miraculous conferring of tongues as long as there is no necessity for it. Steady, natural growth is to hold here as every where else. There can be nothing healthy in any other way. God intends to *use* men. He intends to test and try their powers by the processes which *He* institutes, and not by any direct miraculous conferring of gifts upon the individual, as in the first Christian age. It takes probably as long to prepare a man to work in the New Church as it does in the Old.

The difference being that God, by His Holy Spirit, prepares one, and *man* prepares the other. One is the true outgrowth of the Spirit; the other is the false planting and rearing of an infatuated self-hood. We need not, therefore, any of us, expect to be wrought upon in some strange and mysterious manner in our preparation for the several uses assigned us in the Church of Christ. We are being prepared for these uses, through toilsome marches over mental and moral difficulties—through heart trials and agonies—wrenching the spirit in the very centre of self-love. Our preparation for whatever place we may occupy, will be slow and tedious, but certain, if we will trust God. It can not be otherwise. Man has to be educated and born into the new life gradually. When we see splendid talent exercised in any department of God's Providence, we little think, when giving our admiration, of the toil and bloody sweat that it has cost to produce these results. It took forty years to prepare Swedenborg to be the Seer of the New Jerusalem and the Illustrator of the Word. All greatness is achieved through similar toil and painstaking. No man can achieve without *work*—work constant and steady. Unless we are willing to pass the ordeal of preparation, we can not hope to attain the acme of our use, either in this life or the next.

In this age, the Church needs pastors, private teachers of the Word and its illustrations, sabbath-school teachers and superintendents, exhorters and social priests, carers for the poor, and above all *learners*. And whoever will consecrate him or herself, in the Lord, to either of these departments of use, will find the guidance and co-operation of the Spirit to teach them and lead them whithersoever He will. And as the Spirit is a unit, his teachings will be a unit also. There will be no clashing of interests, but all will move in harmony; and the great working life of Christianity will be carried out. But until we come to the point where we will submit every thing to His absolute guidance, we will have discord in every department of the Church.

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