

APRIL.

THE
HERALD OF LIGHT:

A Monthly Journal



OF THE
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

The New Church is one 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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HERALD OF LIGHT:
A Monthly Journal
 OF THE
LORD'S NEW CHURCH.

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THE CRISIS:

A Semi-Monthly New Church Periodical.

EDITED BY HENRY WELLER,

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

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

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“HERALD OF LIGHT.”

CLOSE OF VOLUME FOUR.

With this number closes the fourth volume of the **HERALD OF LIGHT**, and the third year of its publication. It has been, hitherto, the representative of distinctive ideas, cherished by the devout and the enlightened, without respect to party. It has faithfully fulfilled its providential mission. In reviewing our labors in the past, our gratitude is first due to that Divine Friend and Teacher, who, under burdens for which our physical strength has seemed inadequate, has so imparted to us light, energy and guidance, that its pages never have been deficient of an original supply. To those kind fellow-laborers who have from time to time so cheerfully and generously assumed the charge of defraying its pecuniary burdens, under Him, our thanks are next due. Advocating unpopular truths, in advance of the present accepted standard of any denomination, it is inevitable that a publication of this sort should involve no slight material responsibility. To those who have opposed, no less than to those who have befriended, we feel a very special sense of obligation. The criticism, which from time to time, has been provoked, the animosity excited, while they have revealed the intensity of sectarian bitterness, the utter incompatibility of the sect-spirit with the Christ-spirit, have served as well the purposes of discipline and education. We should be grateful for those who oppose, as well as for those who love; grateful for the opportunity of putting in practice the sublime principles of fraternity and charity.

Every state of duty and of illumination advances like the day from morning twilight, through meridian splendors, to the soft declining lustres of its close. The **HERALD OF LIGHT** was first is-

sued when our faculties were being trained and fitted for a peculiar and special field of action. Perhaps we may be pardoned for briefly advertent to it. The crisis had arisen wherein for Christians, believing in heart regeneration and orderly association with the Heavens, consociation with the great party of American Spiritualism was no longer justifiable on any ground of principle or righteous policy. It was obvious that, in the midst of the investigators into the truths of the Spirit and the phenomena of the Spiritual World, two different systems of philosophy and life had arisen, as hostile as light and darkness. It became necessary to advocate the Divinity of the Lord, the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures, and the doctrine of regeneration through obedience to the precepts of the Word and the inculcations of the Spirit in forms of statement adapted to the wants of a class of thinkers, inaccessible to the common arguments, and versed in the occult secrets of the invisible state. The issue, as presented in our earliest numbers, was "Christ or Anti-Christ."

Addressing ourselves chiefly to Spiritualists, it was then our aim to assert the Divinity of the Christian faith, to vindicate the Gospel against a veiled and subtle pantheism inculcated through mediatorial agencies, to set forth convincing reasons for a trust in JESUS. Have we done this? Let those answer who have found these pages resplendent with those guiding truths that reflect a lustre from His presence, while they brighten to His very feet. Our inspiration has been the love of Christ.

To set forth the form and order, the spirit and the life of Christianity, to indicate the outlines, to predicate the coming harmonies of the New Jerusalem, the triumphant Christianity of a latter day, the midday period of the state which we have referred to was devoted. The splendid ideals of the Christian Church and Commonwealth, so dazzling to the unaccustomed mind, so enrapturing to the fervent and prophetic waiter for their terrestrial embodiment, have lived within our mind, and served as ever-recurring themes for statement and illustration. To vindicate the spirituality of the New Jerusalem, as wider than any sect, and more vast than any formula of doctrine, as totally at variance with the zeal that proselytes to mere opinion, as the narrowness that limits progress and illumination to the past, to fight the battle of

Christian liberty, on new ground, against the zealots of sect, we have labored with our whole heart.

The sunset follows the sunrise, and a twilight shadow ends the day. We are profoundly conscious of a finished work, neither to be diminished or to receive addition at our hands. We stand amid the fields that were sown and reaped. The harvest, in its abundant sheaves, is gathered and borne away. In the present phase of its employ, this work is done :

Done, as the mist, dissolved to feed the flowers ;
The childhood that precedes maturer powers ;
The life, that, circling through its golden span,
Rises to Heaven—returns with gifts to man.

THE "HERALD OF LIGHT;" NEW SERIES.

The past use of this publication has been initial. A sentinel on the watch-tower of the Spirit, its use has been to tell the advancing hours, to predict the splendors of a coming day. It will still retain, in this respect, its original character, aiming to represent, in some degree, the increasing light, the advancing liberty of Christendom.

To make men better is the one great aim of Providence, to which all things else are but auxiliaries. We believe that golden chords in human hearts yet remain unsounded. The Gospel, in its fullness, advancing like the sea upon the shore, and bearing floral islands of millennial happiness upon its breast, is destined to touch and renovate all things. The church, the state, the university, the studio of art, the workshop of the artisan, the home itself, which is the centre of the world, susceptible as they are of infinite development, are all to rise regenerate under the transforming influence of Christ.

We have heretofore designated this periodical a "Journal of the Lord's New Church." Fettered as the word "church" is by narrow usage, we design to style it in future a "Journal of the New Christian Age," believing that this will best designate the breadth and liberality of its purpose. We hold out the hand of fellowship to all Christian men. We esteem it a privilege to recognize, as

members of the Divine family, all who evince the reality of heart regeneration. Christianity was first taught by one Divine example, and it is to the continued influence of that example that the world is indebted for the increase and the perpetuation of the faith. It shall be our aim in this work to exemplify the Christian spirit, both in freedom of inquiry and universal tolerance.

The **HERALD OF LIGHT** is a journal of the Spirit. Its articles, so far as contributed by its editor, will be in no case self-originated. Yet here he wishes to be understood as utterly repudiating the pernicious practice of submitting to dictation from spirits of departed men. The mediatorial state which the illumined Christian occupies, in no respect should be identified with the phenomena presented by individuals possessed of familiars.

It is, in reality, a more advanced and genuine freedom; the work of the Holy Spirit; the perpetual witness and illustration of the Comforter with man. For, as we have elsewhere written, Christianity is the Mediatorial Religion. Every Christian man,—that is, every truly consecrated and purified man—is a direct vessel and medium for the Holy Ghost. The Spirit of Christ, which descends to be immanent in the heart, enlightens the intellect, while it inspires the will. Messiah is present with His true disciples unto the end of the world. Christ lives in the bosoms of all his united, loving children. It is the first condition of Christian mediumship that a man shall give up all to Christ, that He may dwell in us, and that we may be complete in Him. Out of the depths of absolute self-renunciation we climb to heights of spiritual victory. We become, in Christ, positive men. We are illumined by the Holy Ghost. The soul is inspired with a burning love for Jesus that makes the metaphors of Oriental poetry seem weak and poor. He is in us and we in Him.

Forgetfulness of self, and an entire devotedness to truth and virtue and suffering man—a profound sense of personal unworthiness—absolute worship of Christ as the One resplendent Presence, in whom dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily—heart-broken contrition for sin—a genuine love for the Holy Scriptures as the Divine Word—an habitually humble and prayerful frame, and desire to be conformed in all things to the Divine—are among the characteristics of this mediatorial condition. Such as in any de-

gree attain to it are conscious of being led by a Divine dictate, which, at times, becomes an absolute voice within the breast. We are led by it in perfect freedom, and, under its influence, the will continually becomes more energetic, the understanding more harmonious and perfect, the personality more reverent and august.

We desire to set an example of absolute plain-speaking. The gifts of the Spirit, which in our case put forth their blossoms, have been and are being suppressed continually on every side. We are a witness for interior illumination, in its Christian sense and on its Biblical authority. But while, in all lowliness and meekness, we put forth this assertion it is not done dogmatically, or with any infallible assumption. It is the Spirit of God that tints the flower, that forms the fruit, that arches the firmament, that rounds and lights the star. Obedient man becomes, through regeneration, a theatre for the benignant activities of this one and the self-same Spirit. Yet, as its manifestations in nature are various, and one thing in the crystal, and another in the animal ; revealed now in instinct with the winged creature of the element, and now in fragrance from fields of flowers ; so, descending with copious gifts, it variously enriches the human faculties, producing through each some special and novel manifestation. Descending through the lyrical faculties its result is song. It walks in the higher round with the epic and the tragic muse for ministers. Operative on the imaginative and constructive organs, it weaves the story or the tale, as in nature, upon an earthy ground, it spins a web of grass or weaves a tapestry of blossoms. All faculties are to it subservient. The essay, the philosophical or theological argument, the oration, the sermon, the narration of the beautiful life of variously pictured man throughout the universe, the exposition and illustration of the latent essence and occult doctrine of the Word, all these lie within its scope. Man should be barren nowhere ; but every group and series of his faculties should be opened to the culture of the Spirit, that God may be glorified in his regenerated works.

We aim to make the **HERALD OF LIGHT**, therefore, first, what the Creative and Productive Spirit, working through us, shall design ; as in the liberty of the moral will, and the transfiguration of the intellectual powers, the varied pages of its contents are evolved

to form, we shall from time to time present them. Not ours to plan, but to execute; not ours to originate, but to receive, to embody and impart.

As the pioneer of a new literature we can not claim perfection. The beginnings of a new series of the evolutions of human thought must be eclipsed by endlessly more glorious generations of successors. While we do the best that in us lies, we shall rejoice in every better thing accomplished through others; content, when our use is done, to pass away as the Spring flower is forgotten in the abundance of the Summer which it prophesied.

The HERALD OF LIGHT will be published monthly in its original form, forty-eight pages; and at its former price, to American subscribers, \$1.50; to English subscribers, 8s. sterling, international postage paid, per yearly volume, in advance. The editor in the past has made it a labor of love, receiving in no instance compensation for his services, and continues his labors without remuneration. The New Church Publishing Association trust that this fact, and also the statement that, as yet, its subscription list is not sufficient to meet its actual cost, will induce every friend to lend personal aid to the extension of its circulation, and that all will exert themselves to send the name of an additional subscriber. They would also request an early remittance for the forthcoming volume.

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DIVINITY OF THE LORD.

As the Holy Ghost descends into and works by the human understanding, creating in us the faculty, and imparting to us the gift, of spiritual perception, the first great truth revealed to us, is the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ—that He is, as Holy Writ expressly declares, the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last, the Almighty. This truth, at once and forever, removes all that bewildering cloud of fantasies, all that dark host of conjectures concerning Him which the intellect forever labors over. *Christ the Lord—Christ the Incarnate God!* This truth, breaking in upon us as the sun breaks upon some vessel filled with mariners, tossed and laboring upon a tempestuous and unknown sea, with its smiling beauty, replaces our terror and despair, dispelling the rain-clouds, and revealing the landmarks by which we are surrounded, and enabling us to take that solar observation by means of which we can be guided finally to our everlasting home.

Modern society is pervaded by a spirit of wild unrest—grasping in one direction at an unbalanced German Pantheism, and in another direction seeking, in spiritual intercourse, a satisfaction for this craving of the heart. If we look upon the faces of the first thousand people we meet in Broadway—men and women—we will be struck with one feature, that, however dissimilar they may be in some respects, we can not fail to remark that they are alike in this feature of *unrest*. If we stand at the church doors even, we observe the same feature. If we should gather together the first thousand of the rich, the good, the beautiful, the prosperous, upon all would we find plainly marked the feature *unrest*. Go into the halls where ambition gathers together the magnates of the land, and those who stand highest in the estimation of their fellows, and there we shall find the same unrest. It broods like a pall over society. In the degree in which the affections are stimulated; in the degree in which the intellect is quickened; in the degree in which we mingle with society; or, in fine, in the degree in which we call out our powers and faculties

from the state of inertia, does this unrest grow upon us. The most unrestful of all men are those who have traveled furthest in among the pathways of higher intelligences. Alas! we find everywhere, unrest, unrest. Were we to gather together in one place all faces, and combine them into one great countenance that should be visible to all the world—Oh! those haggard features; Oh! those lines expressive of perturbed mental and moral feelings; Oh! those compressed lips, and those eyes that reveal, ah! too surely, the terrible and fatal workings of the heart—we would exhibit a picture to appall the whole world; and yet it is a picture of the civilized people of the nineteenth century.

There is in the inmosts of every man's nature a deep desire to have, to know, and to worship a personal God, and when God reveals Himself to us in His Divine personality that deep desire is gratified. This desire to be married to God is a most interior one—the desire to be knit to Him by indissoluble ties; to talk to Him, and have Him talk to us; to drink in His Spirit; to pour out into His heart our sorrows; to receive as His Divine gift all our joys; to look to Him as the Counselor and Preserver of our lives; of our reason the Energizer and Director; to have Him fill the empty vessels of our hearts with His love; to have Him cast out the devils that desire to keep dominion over us; to have Him obliterate the sinful memories of the past; to have Him—the only God of Heaven and Earth—leading us onward to complete regeneration in this life and final angel-hood in the future. Oh! it is the very summit of felicity, the very crown and acme—the concentration—of all possible delights. And the love of Christ from this time forth takes possession of us. See how soon the man who is inspired with the ambition to save his country, when the enemy has gathered around to conquer the beloved land, is imbued with a spirit of Divine heroism, which kindles up the intellect, and nerves the will to gather together the feeble and flying legions of his compatriots, and lead them out against the foe. See how the woman, when her child is dying, nerves her frail form, and permits not her eyes to grow dim, while she bendeth in ceaseless vigils over the wasting body of the little one, and relaxes not her care until the dying child has ceased to breathe. We have all seen how this love quickens the latent powers of the character,

and transmutes inertia into action. We realize this love in whatever channel it may flow—in the halls of legislation, in the field of romance, by the sick-bed, beside the martyr on his journey to the tomb; wherever *love* is, there will be the latent cause of it springing up to action, and intelligence through it. Oh! when that love of loves comes into men, and when that love of Christ the Lord takes possession of their hearts, then it is—what shall we call it—that a new creation takes place in our interiors—nothing else. It is, as it were, the crystallization of the dark atoms of the sensational form into one glorious temple of vital consciousness. It is the gathering together of the Sundered heart-strings of the affections, and attuning them anew to the great golden lyre which God's hand alone shall wake to music. Gather together all other lines and sources of inspiration and greatness, and they are, after all, but the shell of the vessel, the spirit of which is the greater and higher life which emanates from Christ the Lord. We can not have this interior life on the ground of Pantheism; we can not have it on the ground of atheism; it must be derived from the Divine source—the Lord Christ. And when we gaze upon that radiant and all-inspiring personality, then it is that a new condition comes upon us. To this we can all attain.

We can all be inspired by the Lord Christ; we can all behold the King in his beauty; we can all attain to the perception of the truth of His Divine Humanity, and when we have gathered that perception in the full extent of its truth; when we worship him with an undivided worship; when our every thought of God is associated with the Lord Christ; when we mean to love him in this divinely human way, then it is he enters into and takes possession, and commences in us that great creative work which shall make us burn continually with one desire, that shall imbue us with one spirit, to do His most holy will.

We all know what it is to love children and friends, father and mother, husband and wife; but, brethren, until we know what it is to love the Lord Christ, we know but little. No man can truly love in any of the relations of life—none can know what Divine possibilities there are in love, until they have learned to love the Lord with all the soul, with heart, with mind, with strength, and with all their powers. Let us illustrate this:

We love the child in the natural, because his life is a prolongation of our own existence, a multiplication of ourselves, bone of our bone, substance of our substance. We love the Lord—the love of Christ inspires and constrains us, and then in the opening of our internal perceptions we perceive that that child is the Lord's, and that that child, by grace, becomes a medium through whom Almighty God pours down His affections into the breast. How sweet it is to the young mother to have her babe nestling in her bosom—a deep, maternal joy, almost overwhelming to the feeble senses, comes upon her ; but when, in regeneration, she loves the Lord Christ supremely, the very feminine essence of the Divine Saviour flows down, and reflows through the child. Like a river of everlasting harmonies it flows through that child's person into her bosom, until it seems that her spirit had taken to itself wings and flown to God's high throne. And approaching the sacred precincts of the conjugal relation—how intense a love is that!—a love which knits together happy hearts in marriage! When both love God supremely, and the potent inspiration of that love takes possession of them, the wife looks upon the husband and sees the Lord descending through him, and there is a second advent of the Lord coming down to her ; and the husband perceives the Lord God flowing through the wife, and the one God cometh and dwelleth consciously with them both forever.

And coming out of the sphere of related joy and applying the same thing to the great burdens of life. The natural man longs for ease ; he labors for a prospective end—relaxation, to retire from business, to live in luxury, to gratify all his desires, to deny himself nothing. In fact men bear burdens that they may cease from bearing burdens. But when they love the Lord, His Divine inspiration comes to them, and through Him their burdens become light and are pleasant to bear. We feel Christ dwelleth in us as we seek to impart lessons of useful instruction. Around the teacher are gathered bands of young children. They are perverse, and repay his kindness oftentimes in ingratitude. But when the Divine Teacher speaks and bids them come to him, and his voice flows like music into the breast, then the lowly schoolroom becomes changed into the sacred abiding place of Deity, and through God's infinite intelligence we are caught up into heaven-

ly love and wisdom, and God blesses us immeasurably. He comes to us in the sacred priesthood where we labor continually in growing into angelic life—and so, whatever the sphere of life. Through the love of the use the burdens become light, the inspiration more radiant and more clear, the powers of success more sure, and we shall accomplish all we undertake in order. We stand by the sick-bed in the capacity of physician—or we are in the priesthood, and are gathered where death has gone before, in the midst of the circle of weeping mourners, all our power in these positions emanates from the Lord Christ. And thus it is, as we advance in regeneration we become dead to the self-hood, and our lives are hid with Christ in God. This condition is open to all. Nay, we can not be New Churchmen in a perfect sense until we have entered into the first degree of this most real and useful state. Then only shall “our eyes behold the King in His beauty.”

Again: through this taking of Christ into the heart is the Word laid open, and the knowledge of the Word made clear. Swedenborg would never have received the internal sense of the Word through his understanding, if he had not received the Lord first into his heart. But as we take the Lord Christ in the acknowledgment of his Divinity into ourselves, He will open to our understanding the Scriptures and all truth pertaining to Himself; and so shall we behold everywhere some splendid arcana concerning the Lord, some transcendent, vast and wondrous unfoldings of His Divine love and wisdom and truth; for, although we may receive the Scriptures as to their letter, we can not as to their spirit, except through the faith and acknowledgment of the Supreme Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Believing thus, he will open our perceptions to understand the Scriptures, and so, oftentimes, we shall be aware that the Lord directs us to a certain line; and out of that very line will burst a power to make us spiritually strong—pregnant with the very fullness of the truth we seek—enabling us to drive away the demons of doubt, making plain the path of duty, lighting up the features of the present, and throwing a noonday radiance upon the mysteries that seem to surround us.

Through the love of the Lord, growing out of our perceptions

of the arcana of his Word, our duties in all the relations of this life are continually made more apparent. That is, the precise calling and use in life for which we are fitted will be found by asking him what that duty is. When we desire, in our freedom, that he may work his will toward us, there comes that light, there is sent the direction, and so each by degrees is sent into his or her special use in the world. We are all placed like plants in the Lord's garden ; each has its space and room to strike down its roots to the water-springs, and to shoot up its branches to the bright blue sky ; each has that peculiar aspect favorable to its growth ; each bears fruit in its season for the planter ; each fulfills that specific object for which, from all eternity, the Lord intended it.

Growing out of this knowledge of the Lord in the Life, we perceive, for the first time, the conditions of a true Church order that are to prevail. There is a deep heart desire, a longing to be of the true Church of Christ, and this desire is implanted by the Lord. No man can know what the true Church is, where it is, except, first of all, through an acknowledgment of the Lord Christ, as the one and only God. It is only when we have found the Lord, and when we have come to believe implicitly in his Divine Humanity, and by the laying down of the self-hood, open ourselves to the descent of his Spirit, that we can find the true Church.

Then, when we have found the Lord, and have found the internal sense of the Word, and have heard his Divine voice speaking through the breast, and have come into the special use he has for us in the World, then he leads us into true and orderly ecclesiastical relations, by making us, first of all, members of the real internal church in the heavens, for every man as he receives the Lord, becomes a member of some New Church where Christ is worshiped as God. Having thus become a member of the Church internally, he is in a condition to be led by the Divine Spirit into the outward Church, but he can not enter into any outward Church and recognize it as a representative of the Church in the heavens unless he finds a body of people who acknowledge the Lord Christ as the one true and living God. Hence, he is cut off from all those sects who ignore the absolute divinity of Christ, and as to his

exteriors, is prevented from uniting with them. There is only one visible Church in the world, we care not if there be but three members of it, still it is the only visible Church in its real sense, and that Church is found among those who believe in the divinity of the Lord, in the Word, and in a life of regeneration through uses. No matter how few the number, wherever they may be found, who receive the Lord in obedience to these great principles, they are the New Church in its visible form. All the good throughout the world are members of the New Church, even though as to externals they are members of the first Christian dispensation, which is passing away, yet they are not members of the visible New Church which is based upon the acknowledgment of the tenets of that Church. I say nothing against the providential use of the various forms and orders in the ministry which exists in the Old Church, and which are designed to be continued until the New Church is all visible—all consummated. And who are the priests of the New Church? The priests of the New Church, in the full sense of the word, are, first of all, those members of the New Church in the heavens; and, secondly, those members of the New Church ultimated upon earth. It must be so; it can not be otherwise. A man may be, as to his interiors, a priest in the heavens, but not in the full sense of the word can he be a priest in the New Church on earth until the Lord's inspirations can flow down to a full, complete, and triumphant manifestation in the natural state. A man may be, as to his interior states, a priest in the heavens, but he is not a priest in the New Church on earth, because he can not stand up and in full liberty proclaim the glories of the interior truth of the Word. No man can be a priest in the full sense—first in the heavens, and then ultimate his priesthood in a perfect ministry on earth—and be sectarian. If he belongs to any sect he is not free to ultimate his priesthood; he will feel bound, and hampered, and responsible to his party instead of to the Lord; he will feel that his term of office is dependent upon his obedience to certain external forms in which God is not recognized in his Divine Humanity and in which the eternal divinity of the Word is not acknowledged. And here a qualifying clause: there are persons in all these Churches, who are preachers in the Churches of the heavens and preachers in the Churches on earth—transitional

men, who have passed from stage to stage in the growth and quickening of the internal affections who ultimate New Church truths. There is a vast difference, however, between the man who standeth up and says, "Men and brethren, hear me, I am conscious I am a sinner, saved by the power of the Holy Ghost, thoroughly believing that I have been consecrated and called of the Lord to be a priest in the heavens and to be used in the ministry of His Church on earth," and him who goeth out in loneliness and sickness, in poverty, persecution, and sorrow, bearing the burdens of a true priesthood, visiting only such places to which the Lord shall bid him go, and opening himself as a mediatorial man for others. What a difference between those who stand up thus, and others who, whatever they may have in their interiors, feel that they act simply as agents of some one sect among many sects, and must stifle and forbear uttering their best and holiest inspirations. What a difference! If any man have a desire to lose his inspirations, let him yield to that subtle, magnetizing influence.

At the present time, this influence is endeavoring to crush the New Church as a spiritual, because it can not destroy it as a temporal fact. The New Church must come into the earth as a temporal fact, and it will come thus wherever there are priests and receivers of its three great tenets, who will stand fast in the liberty in which the Lord hath made them free. If there are any who feel themselves, in their interiors, start and move, who are willing to labor in the true priesthood of the Messiah, let them stand free. Let them stand free! Let no class of men—let no organization of individuals in the ignorance of externalism, who are mere infants, blinded* infants, as regards spiritual matters, step in between them and the inspirations of Deity. Call no *man* master; but let the Lord Christ, who sitteth in the heavens, be our master.

CHRISTIANITY THE PRACTICAL RELIGION :

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED IN THE

CAIRO STREET SCHOOL-ROOM, WARRINGTON, ENGLAND,

November 28, 1859.

Revised for Publication.

I would speak to you to-night, my friends, of Christianity, as the Practical Religion.

The peculiarity and glory of the Christian scheme is this, that it contains not a solitary principle but that is designed to be wrought out in active, heroic, human operation. Christianity is, in one sense, to be sure, an idealism. It points out the highest possible ideal of life and character. It shows the man with what worth he may enrich the hours, to what sublime heights of beauty all the faculties may be evolved, and what rich fruit of virtue and intelligence they may bring forth through all existence. But, while it thus reveals to man this noble and comprehensive ideal, it also reveals the process of its translation into the actual, so that all which is fixed in God's mind for us to realize can be evolved, with an increase ever more abundant.

The incarnation of the Divine in man, so gloriously set forth in our Lord Jesus Christ, seems to me to have had for one of its chiefest purposes that of plainly making known to us how much Divinity every man who receives the Spirit of God into his faculties, in lowly piety and resolute self-abnegation, may work out through moral, intellectual, and social action. The idea that Heaven is the peculiar theatre for the evolution of the silent germs of character into wide-spreading activities, however true in itself, is made the poor and base apology by many for a starved and barren natural life. Whatever it is possible for man to realize hereafter can at least be seen below, in stages which, if incomplete in quantity or fullness, may at least in quality or essence be very fully known. I do not consider Heaven as so much the field for the calling out in man of elements of which we now have

no knowledge, so much as the ever-increasing accession of life and power to those which are unfolded here. It is the *here* and the *now* that we are to enrich and dignify. Human character is like some great cathedral; its broad foundations are laid on earth, its glorious pinnacles tower above the cloud and burn immortal in the solar fire.

Christianity differs from mere philosophy in this, that, while the latter sketches out the image of virtue, and suggests its beauty and desirableness, so giving to the seeker an idea of what he ought, in his personality, to realize—the former, while it transcends every philosophy in breadth of outline and beauty of coloring, reveals the method for its attainment by the Spirit. Philosophies are human, yet Christianity Divine, because, coming out, itself, from God, it supplies a vein of connection between the fallen human nature and its Creative and Restorative Original. Divine, because it actually brings down into the understanding and the will of the receptive creature the fire of Deity, the flamy heat and light that, pulsing out of the Divine heart, renew and recreate us in His august and noble image.

Man, in his fallen state, is the most selfish creature in the world. The selfishness of the animal is merely a corporeal desire for the sustenance of his frame and the gratification of his instincts; but one degenerate man has in himself more of selfishness than the entire animal kingdom. It is a spiritual and boundless craving for whatever shall minister to personal supremacy over the fellow and the world. Taking the form of ambition, what amount of territorial spoil, what height of renown and breadth of worship, ever appease the appetite of the conquerer? Displaying itself in voluptuousness, when did the ruiner cease—satisfied with the desecration of the crystal shrine of purity? Or, exemplified in the thirst for riches, what miser ever reached the point where the acquired treasure fed to satiety the avarice of gold? So terrifically selfish are all degenerate human creatures that a large proportion of the popular cravings for salvation are but an intenser form of the same greed. Heaven is coveted, not as a state where character grows up grand and transcendent, reflecting the awful purity and brightness of the Divine attributes; to the contrary, it is craved as a place where everlasting pleasure awaits

the soul, where dreamy rest and undulant harmonies of satisfied emotion take the place of burdens nobly borne for those who perish. It is the beggarly self that craves to be ferried over some dark river at the cheapest cost of personal exertion; that, shipwrecked on a stormy sea, would turn a deaf ear to the cries of the perishing, intent on seizing some drifting spar and floating with it to the shore. That men must be converted out of selfishness, in order to enter Heaven; that selfishness, were it to enter Heaven would be most miserable there, finding no congeniality in its thought or speech, its feeling or its action, is a fearfully neglected truth. Nay! the creeds that justify, the preachments that uphold, any system which recognize any salvation in selfishness for man are but a miserable heathenism.

The fundamental doctrine of Christ is, that man must die to self in order to be saved. The great mistake of the nominal Christian world is, that, glossing over this absolute requirement, it substitutes formula and ceremonialism. "Ye must be born again" is the imperative message, brought by the Divine Teacher to every human spirit. This being born again is not a change from unbelieving selfishness to believing selfishness, from unbaptized selfishness to baptized selfishness, but from selfishness itself to disinterestedness itself, in the very fountains of the heart, and so in the great rivers of conduct that issue from the heart.

God is Love! I hold this truth to be the very topmost of the faith. God is the infinite and universal lover. The Divine beauty of the Infinite, so dear to the high-wrought faculties of sensibility and taste is but, as it were, the ever-changeable and picturesque play of the affections, flowing out to hue and form, to melody and joy, to touch and taste, to thought and vision. His severe justice, so inexorable, so grand—this is but the method by which He balances the universe, and holds it all in moral order about His throne. To the eye of law He appears the Sovereign; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of His kingdom; yet to the child He is seen with all the father's, all the mother's heart. High above the seven-fold mountain of the Divine faculties towers that infinite attribute of disinterestedness. God is love, and he that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him, for God is love.

What is it that, to-day, prevents the Lord Christ from pouring

His Divine Spirit through all mankind ; from making every heart vocal with melodious joy, every intellect radiant with inspiration, every human life a revelation of heavenly perfection? What is it that makes homes unhappy ; that wrinkles with sinister and melancholy lines the human countenance ; that dims the brightness of the eye, and makes harsh the voice, and curves the lip, and sets a cloud and a darkness on the forehead? What is it that separates man from man, that turns the key upon the locked emotions, that isolates human souls in melancholy solitude, that puts a mask upon the visage, and makes us walk in our unreal parts upon life's visionary stage? What is it that makes the man hard-hearted in his dealings with the fellow, that robs woman of her loveliness in the insatiable passion to criticise and to defame? What is it that causes the prosperous and the successful to scorn and flout the unfortunate who have fallen from weakness in the terrible march of life, or who have been swept away into overt crime by the whirlwind of swift and overwhelming temptation? What is it that makes men infidels to the righteousness of Providence, to the supremacy of conscience and the chartered rights and dear-bought liberties of human kind? What is it that corrodes the very treasure of youth, and rusts the young heart, and burns as with fire the frescoes of truth and purity from the temples of the inner life? What is it that gathers about the toil-worn wanderer in life's melancholy autumn days, and makes the dying hour a delirium or a foreboding, where holy triumph should sound the peal of victory for the enfranchised and ascending soul? One thing, and that one the radical selfishness of degenerated man.

This is the curse of England, the curse of Christendom. In its embodiment, it answers to every lineament of Antichrist. It towers above all thoughts—above all institutions. It lifts its colossal image above this rolling orb. It bids defiance to the Maker. It seeks to invert the very channels of His bounties, to monopolize for sinful greeds His universal benefactions. It is selfishness that, brooding in the household, prevents the child from attaining to a symmetrical and normal development of character. It rocks the cradle of the infant, and, before the first lessons of the alphabet, inculcates a grim and icy individualism. It instructs our youth ; its doctrine is heart-isolation from the

fellow ; the gathering up of every faculty, the training of every power, the pouring of the volcanic force of passion all in one stream, and that not God-like, fertilizing and enriching, but demon-like, robbing the banks against which it wears, tearing away homestead and fallow field, and building up for self at last a solid base of power from the *débris* of a thousand depredations. So is it with the social lesson, which, analyzed, is this, "There are but two classes in the world : the oppressors, and the oppressed. To be one of the fortunate many requires a politic conformity to the customs, ideas, and sentiments of the times. The practical use of time, talent, position, friends, is this : to elevate one's self above the neighbor." It ignores the sympathies, because they tend to break the rigid inflexibility of purpose, which is the prerequisite of success. It ignores humanity and its universal claims. It sums up all philosophy in an enlightened self-interest. It seeks in culture but a means of splendidly adorning and enriching a grasping and socially destructive heart. For plain speaking, it substitutes hypocrisy ; for manliness, sycophancy ; for sincerity, concealment ; for charity, avarice ; for moral justice, legalized extortion. It legislates for classes, not for man. It preaches for the select, whom it flatters and soothes in a fancied security of dogma or ritual ; not for the many whom the real Gospel serves, and elevates with embodied precepts of Christian worth in life.

It keeps men and women forever base and servile in heart, though it may hide the soul that perishes beneath a radiant garment of social dignity and place. It arrests the development of genius, which tends to human worth and liberation ; of Divine belief, which spiritualizes and purifies ; of cosmopolitan sympathies, which knit together the dissevered limbs of humanity, and make the orb one of truth and righteousness. Anarchial as to some, may appear the doctrine, Christianity never can be realized, until selfishness is overthrown.

The best conception that we can form of an harmonic or Christian earth, is one of a social state, in which all men are engaged in fulfilling the entire round of duty, from the inspiration and service of disinterestedness. On the other hand, the worst possible conception that we can form of a world which has wholly become base and bestial, is one where all disinterestedness is obliterated.

ated, where every sentiment, thought, and action reveals a selfish essence. The severest criticism that we can pronounce on renowned or largely gifted characters is, that they act from a central and paramount self-love. It is this that forever shuts out great captains like Marlborough, or illustrious men of letters like Goethe, from the household shrine, where the heart uplifts her heroes. The chief argument for the Divinity of Christ is the fact that not one stain of selfishness adhered even to His robe. The secret of His rule over humanity is, that He loved it with an infinite devotion. The degree in which self is replaced by love is the guage that measures the Christianity alike of nations, churches, and men. The difference between heaven and hell is, that the one is disinterestedness, organized through universal families of angels; and the other, selfishness past all bounds, and, in one wide whirling vortex, seeking to burst and consume mankind. We all know these things. Those who deny, yet feel a something, as of God moving upon the conscience, gleaming in the understanding, and leaping to action where the heart concerns herself about the inmost life; and still, in spite of vague denial, the feeling leaps predominant, that those who possess the most of disinterestedness of all their fellows are the most inspired of God. Though a Religion of Disinterestedness at first glance may seem impossible to be realized, yet, nevertheless, we all look toward it in every foregleam of a new Eden for mankind.

The prevalent idea of Religion is constructed, not upon the Christian, but the Jewish, and not upon the highest of the Jewish, but upon its most corporeal presentments. In the common faith, as Christendom misinterprets it, the individual begins by seeking in life that position which shall yield the most recompense for the least service. We choose our calling with reference to emolument. We are called just men if we keep the letter of the commandment; good citizens if we break no law. Then, if, without retrenching in our habits of expense, we indulge a feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate, by doling out alms from our superfluity, we acquire the reputation of being charitable and large-hearted men. The Israelite bestowed a tithe of his living, but many have gained in Christendom a wide estimation, for piety and saintship from the mere gleanings of their fields. It

seems to be considered that we have a right to amass millions ; to found noble families ; to establish permanently an indolent and luxurious class in society who shall corrupt the multitude while they enervate their own spirits. The doctrine is seldom if ever called in question ; yet, after all, it is an offense against the Word ; and a vital Christianity can never be triumphant in hearts where it brings forth its corrupting fruit.

The doctrine of Christianity is, that we are not our own, that we belong to Christ in God ; that we are created, as spiritual and immortal beings, that He may live in us, using the will with its myriad affections, the mind with its thousand-fold octaves of faculty, the whole being, so fearfully and wonderfully made ; that we are to be the temples of the Holy Ghost ; that Christ is to dwell in the regenerate will, and so in the whole personality, as in a glorious tabernacle of subservient organisms ; that we are absolutely to become the doers of His will, until His kingdom comes and His will is done on earth as in Heaven. No morally sane man can read the New Testament without coming to this conclusion. The demand is "my Son, give Me thy heart." August and infinite declaration ! Throughout the whole Gospel man is recognized as a voluntary subject. In the code of Biblical law, any thing less than complete heart-surrendery to the Lord is treason and rebellion.

I thank my God that it is so. The first craving of my nature is, loyally to serve the Highest Good, faithfully to execute His just decisions. Living, we should live unto the Lord ; dying, die unto the Lord ; that, whether living or dying, we may be the Lord's. This is the only true liberty. Intimacy with God springs from obedience to Him. What do I say, intimacy with God ? To me, the idea that my Redeemer, whom I obey, exists in a constant interchange of emotions with my poor spirit, is the one thought that, above all others, inundates my nature with bliss and gratitude and love. Yet only as we die to self can we live in unity with Him. As the seed must give itself up to the sunshine before it can be the flower, so must the soul give itself up to its Divine Original before it can win the attributes of angel-hood, or inherit the genuine qualities of man. That Jesus Christ our Lord is immanent in every man in the degree in which, with

body, soul, and spirit, we receive and obey Him, is the very crown of all our joy. But no man can be a devotee of self, and a receiver of the Spirit of Jesus. No man can serve two masters. Obedience to Christ is non-conformity to the World.

How strong is our faith, on the material side, in treasury boards and railway corporations. We pour out such an overplus of faith into what we are pleased to call the "real and the practical" that we have but a poor apology left for the Creator and the Redeemer of our spirits. We have a theoretical belief in the Almighty, yet to many, when analyzed, it is but the conception of a steam-engine, of universal and unwasting power, throwing off jets of nebulous clouds through nature, which condense to suns and systems, and roll away in their mighty orbit till they float far distant through immensity, left behind the train of His on-moving forces. They are governed, indeed, by the laws of electricity and caloric, by aerial and magnetic attractions; they thunder out into the vortex which the Mighty One exhibits, plunging onward in His grooved path through time and space. Yet there is no more heart nearness of God to man than there is of heart sympathy and nearness between the iron-clamped, blazing, rushing locomotive, and the steam-clouds that float from it into blue air and sky.

What fearful gripe this doctrine has upon the nineteenth century. Practical unbelief is at the bottom of the self-seeking and self-serving of the age. Aye, Christians no less than skeptics; we all need to be converted over again to a literal belief in the literal presence and promises of Christ. The promise of the gospel is "ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find." "Whosoever will be my disciple let him deny himself and follow Me." In laying ourselves open before God, and renouncing self, and seeking in all things to substitute His will for ours in the guidance of life, we embrace no cloud, we follow no chimera. We simply, so far as human ability may go, place ourselves in conditions to be led by Him into the reception of His attributes, and the very out-giving of Himself. We become Christians of the Spirit; Christians of the Universe; Christians alike of the intensest adoration and of the most heroic practical devotion. We go through the world leaning on Christ's heart.

God takes care of those meadow daisies that await the coming Spring to star your landscapes ; care of the early fledgelings, winged joys of nature, that shall make every coppice tremulous with song. But God takes more care of human hearts than of the daisy or the dove. God takes great care of hearts, even when they do not love Him. They swim in the great white ether of His benevolence. They flaunt their noonday blossoms in the very splendor of His smile. If they are blind, God sees for them, and hedges up the road to ruin. If they are deaf, God hears for them, and wards off many a storm that rushes, self-invoked, to burst above their heads. If they are cold and selfish, God loves for them, loves over them, and beneath and all around them still—makes the hearts of wife, or mother, or daughter cups of aroma, full of love as they can hold, and gives out the bread of love from viewless ministering hands of nature and of grace ; hints His love in all the voiceless darlings of the Spring that do but mutely smile ; touches their bosom-chords of feeling, and plays upon the harp-strings there ; wafts love out of His Bible, and bids them look, and see it flow in heart-gushes from the cross. Shall not God, then, love those who seek to be conformed, from the very finest fibre to the extremest leaf and tendril of all the being, to Himself? Shall He not love them? Ah, friends! could we but trust the God with our hearts and our lives, we should know, not the fullness of that love, but its sweetness ; nor yet its full sweetness, for that is kept for the overflowing feast of Heaven ; but surely its providence. We shall find Him an infinite Care-taker for every concern of life, and for eternity itself, which is but a greater and better life embosomed in His own.

How wondrously, during the last hundred years, England has been transformed from an area of rural landscapes into the huge manufactory of the world. What miracles of skill have fashioned the structures of her new industrial age. Yet there is a work intrinsically far more wonderful which the Divine Spirit is achieving in the bosoms of all who have consecrated their spirits to be the habitations of Christ. If the Divine Spirit values the world simply as a means for the evolution of man, He regards man, as we see and understand him, but as a means for the evolution of a Divine manhood, pervaded and actuated by Himself.

There is a time when the Divine Mind with a speciality of action works upon the human faculties; when our subjective reason is illumined, as with a burning torch of God. It is then the Spirit pleads with man, crying "give me thy heart." As the clear light of eternity flames in upon us, our selfishness arises to make terms with Deity—to secure, if possible, salvation, while it remains a non-conformist to the Divine charities. A man can go a great distance, in seeming, with the Lord, and still be incorrigibly hard of heart. Enlightened selfishness will give up any overt sin for personal security, and profess any creed, and submit to any ritualistic necessity. How aptly the apostle has delineated the matter, "and though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The death of selfishness involves the dying-out of the carnal natural man of whom self-love is the very life.

Many who would willingly submit to the amputation of a limb for the sake of being accounted the servants of Christ, when they would pluck self out of the bosom shrink from the ordeal. The workings of the human heart are fearfully deceitful. Even after men determine that they will keep self-love enthroned in the deep heart they insist on believing that God will accept a compromise. The rigid tenacity with which many cling to doctrines is only explicable on this ground. I love the doctrines of the Bible; the eclipse of the slightest of them is to me the occultation of some splendid spiritual orb; the suppression of the least of them is like the silencing of some great harp that poured out its rich music in the celestial orchestra. It is a silencing of a deep voice in my own soul. The truths of revelation are the breath that plays upon the bosom-oracle, calling out responses there. But far better is it that every doctrine were hushed, and the man's mental house given up to an obvious paganism, than to render lip-service to the principles which the soul denies.

With many the profession of doctrines is a mere insurance

against the hazard of eternal fire. The selfish doctrinalist is hardened against the Spirit in a most fearful sense, whether he is a Calvinist or an Arminian, a Unitarian or a Swedenborgian, a member of the Church of England or the Church of Rome. Entrenched in the strongholds of doctrinalism, which he substitutes for inmost consecration to his God, he laughs to scorn the arrows of the Almighty. Selfish congregations of nominal believers have fortified themselves against the Holy Ghost. The obviously impenitent and unbelieving sinner is an enemy in the open field. He is taken, red handed, in the flagrant fact of rebellion. He flaunts the banner of skepticism against the sky. He knows all the while, poor conscript of Satan as he is, that he is fighting against the Highest Good; that every blow recoils upon his own breast. There is a breath of Tophet in the very atmosphere; he is obscurely conscious of an inverted nature, that protests and cries against the wrong he is inflicting on it. It is hard for him to resist the felt and recognized presence of Almighty Love. Of such, when a genuine Christianity is brought to them, I have a great hope. Poor man! he does not know what he is fighting against. When he sees the Saviour coming—not the cold theological Christ who lives in creeds, but the Divine Friend, with health, and aid, and healing, as he reigns in heaven—ah! when He thus comes, how often will the skeptical sinner, melted by Divine tenderness, yield up the weapons of rebellion, and fall and worship at His feet. The glorious results of genuine revivings of religion, in all time, prove that, for the ignorant and the oppressed, though far gone in natural depravity, there is great hope.

Not so with the cold-hearted doctrinalist, the modern pharisee, who makes the respectabilities of his faith a substitute for the robes of righteousness. When Christ comes to him He finds the door barred. The cry is, "My son, give me thy heart!" the response, "Ah! I gave that forty years ago." But, "My son, give me thy heart!" Again the reply, "I was changed from nature to grace forty years ago, thank God!" Again the cry is heard, "Give me thy heart!" and then the decorous professor is ready to declare that this is a temptation of the adversary. The Lord would convict him of selfishness, convert him to disinterestedness; but he lulls his feelings with some misapplied Scripture that it is not well to be righteous over much.

The difficulty with us all is, that we find it so hard to realize that the Spirit of Christ can absolutely come and live within the breasts. But, to those who can take this truth home, comes a second, a fearfully small and wretched estimate of what the Lord will do in the breast when He has taken up His abode therein.

Man's spiritual nature is in reality a series of germinal forms, which when the Divine Spirit shall overcome the inertia and the repugnance of selfishness, spring to life in the sweet bloom of charity, and clothe us all with the splendid garnitures of the resurrection. I would not make war against the human faculties. They are God's handiwork. It is only their degeneracy and their corruption that I oppose. The faculties themselves are organs in which the Spirit of Life, making its abundant way, would evolve all things beautiful, all things Divine. I aim not at the destruction of any normal human power, but at the restoration of the entire series into that inspired condition in which the Infinite Spirit, through them working with ceaseless action evolves every virtue that can enrich and dignify mankind.

The evil of the world is self-love. If we can supplant the inspiration of self-love with that of disinterested virtue, the human heart, that Satan now plays upon, with such rude discords upon the strings, shall be resonant with an immortal melody under the fingers of God.

This restoration of the soul to the Divine love-life must precede all efforts at social renovation. Accepting the world as it is, its arts and sciences, its customs and institutions must serve as reservoirs for this better Spirit. I would not abolish the pulpit. Let it stand so long as God has words for men to utter; so long as the dark need light, the sinful purity, the erring guidance, and the wretched hope. But there I would have men placed who have not an atom of self-love clinging to their garment's hem, interpreting the Divine Oracles through hearts made pure by holy living, for the inner sight of Deity. A disinterested pulpit stands above the world, above the changing clouds of secular opinion, above the clash and clamor of contending interests, lit with the light of upper day, and sounding on forever with immortal powers.

Trade is right. The man who would clog the wheels of commerce, arrests the development of civilization, stays the onward

march of the all-conquering God. But against trade selfishly conducted, with no regard to a supreme law, high above the standard of a conventional morality, against that I protest as a canker at any man's heart that thrives by it, any nation's heart that justifies and pursues it. The tradesman should be God's secular priest, devoted to his avocation from an inward sense of fitness and call. His weights should be God's weights; his measures God's measures; the day-book and ledger exact and righteous as the decalogue; his place of business a cathedral where everlasting litanies are sung in holy and obedient service to the King of kings.

Sundays and the pulpit are good; but for what end? That, going up to mountains of beatitude, men may listen to the Divine laws of rectitude, and drink in spiritual life by undisturbed communion with Deity. Week days and places of business are good; for what end? That we may take those principles and work them out in all the social moralities, diffusing abroad the perfume of a higher world. The apostles said "If any man speak let him speak as the oracles of God." Greater than the temple at Jerusalem, where the Divine Voice spoke once a year, is the shrine of the regenerate man, where the Lord Christ would speak every day and every hour.

So with literature. Books shall yet be written greater and sweeter than the world imagines now. History shall yet interpret God in providence. Belle-lettres, wholly filled with a Divine inspiration, shall make known the universal heart, interpret to mankind those silent loves that dumbly wait for utterance in every human bosom. The romance shall be truer, the poem more tender, the philosophy more comprehensive and august. Science shall interpret her God from His steps in the old fossil ages; while piety shall disclose a Shining Presence, pouring the chalice of an endless benediction, a river of mercies to fertilize the heart of man. But self must die before it comes, and writing must be wholly true to the impulse of duty. In the priesthood of literature, man must dignify his office by an absolute devotion to God and to the right.

Governments are of Divine appointment, and those who would do away with them would invoke the chaos of the social sphere. But Christ is the supreme King. To Him all nations should bend the knee. The law of every land should be the sermon on the

mount, embodied in institutions. Until that day comes, and come it will, whatever be the position of trust and service, whatever be the outward form our institutions take, Christ must be served in the office by every Christian man. The first oath is that of allegiance to God.

I do not ignore the fact that some are qualified by peculiar endowments of faculty to shape and to administer the social forms for empires. Let them come, lion hearts like Cromwell, with invincible inspirations like Joshua. I am not insensible to the august movements of reform. I hail the mission of every true reformer, as of a human sunbeam flung from the disk of the Orb of Righteousness. None can truly legislate for others until God legislates in them and for them. Order must triumph in the man's own heart, if he would be used to extend its peaceful sway through peoples and institutions. The Word incarnate is the true wisdom, and he who findeth Him findeth life.

Oh, friends! the Bible is true. Man is the pilgrim of eternity. There is a Heaven of disinterested virtue. There is a hell of selfish vice. There are ransomed spirits saved in the overcoming of self. There are lost spirits ruined through the indulgence of self. There stands over against every man his evil genius. What do I say? a legion of evil genii, who seek to infatuate us with the sorceries of Hell. But clad, as with garments woven of our Redeemer's essential brightness, are the redeemed ones, potent with energies which He communicates, and glorious with holiness which He imparts. We pause; we question; we deliberate; we decide, in spiritual freedom which Christ sustains. According as that decision is, to selfishness or disinterestedness, we darken or we brighten, we attract to ourselves the fiend, or summon to our side the angel. Placed by our spiritual nature, in the unknown spirit world, we are in contact, on the subjective side of being, with good or bad spirits, as on the objective side with good or bad men. The radiant processions of the Divine ideas, descending to illumine the world of consciousness, are met by bewildering and meteoric fantasies, flung up from the dark night of utter woe. These thoughts of love, that prompt us to self-sacrifice, flung broad upon the bosom, are resisted by opposite suggestions to a veiled self-love, demoniacal in their source, and which, in the last extremity, destroy the soul.

Though a man's deep inward struggles are never revealed to wife or friend on this side the curtain, they are visible from the stand-point of eternity; aye, visible and canvassed alike by the scrutinies of Heaven and of Hell. There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over the sinner that repenteth; but infernals celebrate their jubiles when man, whom the Holy Spirit strives with, settles back into the apathy of self. The dark demon cries to his associates and followers, "By the brand of self upon his forehead, that man is mine. The Holy Spirit came to visit him, and then I trembled. The broad white soul-wings of the Divine Love fluttered, and then I feared that I should lose my prey. His heart heaved up, he lifted his countenance momentarily toward the Heavens; his hand reached out as if to touch the shining hem of the Redeemer's garment. Ha, ha! poor fool! he listened to *me* in that extremity. My thought became at once prompting and suggestion. Greedily he drank in the sweet poison that I ministered to self-love. His heart sank back to its accustomed worldliness. His hand closed in iron grasp upon a sensual prize. He drinks the draft that I administer to the depraved and drugged affections. By the oath of fealty to self-indulgence, he has sworn forever to me and mine."

Oh, friends! I indulge in no rhetoric. To me this is all a most authentic verity. This heart of mine, were it taken from its bosom house—a harp of a thousand strings made visible before you, with God's hands moving over it, and the impassioned utterance of its most intense convictions sounding forth and filling all the air—this heart, in solemn tones, would but reiterate the words the weaker reason coldly utters.

Soon the names of those before me will cease to be visible on the doors of houses and on the fronts of shops. They shall be perused by passing eyes only on tomb-stones, that gathering years are mossaing over. We shall be then, not on earth, not dissolved in funereal ashes; but, according to the quality of our affections, in glory or despair.

Ah! many a beautiful and brilliant woman, who has filled her heart with romance, and indulged in the rapture of sentiment, and colored the dark orb of a fallen nature with the golden vapor of fictitious love; but who has been a sentimentalist, and no more—who has lived at ease, neglectful of the needs of pleading and

perishing myriads—many such a one haunts to-night the dreary confines of the lost.

Many a glorious intellectualist, who concealed the selfishness of the heart in the splendid images of doctrine—whose mind contained a Jacob's ladder of Divine ideas, springing from the spot of his cold sleep on earth, and touching the very verge of the celestial soil he hoped to stand upon in Heaven—many such a one, because he never trod those steps which all lead away from selfishness, which is hell, to disinterestedness, which is Heaven, awakes beyond this world, where the hidden heart-man takes the place of the apparent form, the companion of every thing evil, the type and embodiment of every thing infernal.

It is time to come away from delusive speculations into sober verities. Some of us have been taught to think that the angel is a magnificent creature, winged and crowned, clapping his triumphant pinions before God's throne, and bowing to eternity in posture of adoration. So, too, the idea which many have had of the myrmidons of Satan is of noble-hearted and magnanimous human creatures, pitiful and tender, compassionate and kind, who loved above all other things to make their companions happy, but who theologically lost their way, and were damned forever, because they misinterpreted the creed.

The angel is simply a Messenger Spirit of some just man made perfect, in whom self-love has died, who has become so sweet in the perfection, and so tuneful in the melody of every true and holy love, that his all-absorbing desire is to fill the varied faculties of being with God's own Spirit, and then, to pour it forth on suffering human kind in ceaseless benefactions. Could we behold, this night, with inner eyes, we should find, in noisome dens and secret homes of wretchedness these blessed ones whom the Father loves. With more than Howard's patience, or the zeal of Clarkson, with more than Elizabeth Fry's calm sweetness, or Florence Nightingale's beautiful devotion, we should find them where, perhaps, our feet might fear to go.

God makes the night of nature glorious with stars, rising in the ascendant, and peopling the darkness with beams of a sublimer day; but over the darkness of human nature He rolls vast constellations of beatified immortals. As yon twinkling planets shine with equal diffusion of influence over palace and prison, and

gem the sleeping bosom of royalty, yet glisten on some pallid breast of one who supped with famine and shall waken with despair, so those, our ministering spirits, who shine like the stars forever and forever, rain down their sweet influence, to cheer, to soothe, to elevate, to nerve for life's great battle, to compose for death's brief sleep, the lofty and the lowly. With equal tenderness for the slave's untended sorrow, and for the crowned grief of kings, unperturbed from their harmony by sinful nature's clash and jar, they dwell at once, by equal sympathy, with All-befriending God, with all-dependent and deploring man. And they are of intensest lustre in whom the Sun of Righteousness concentrates most the broad beneficence of recreative love.

And there are devils, too, who walk the burning round of centuries with a weird magic in the glance, and a faded lurid glory on the brow. Could they speak through human lips, your understandings might be swept away by the well-nigh resistless fascination. Reason itself might plead through them, and every charm of language aid their cause. Yet we should find them—though, as to mind, philosophers, and, as to bearing, princes—utterly debauched, utterly base, utterly dead at heart. Doctrine does not save. It rather loads the selfish man with deeper condemnation, and enables him, when lost, to be seven-fold the tempter and the ruiner.

How beautiful comes on the fire-ship, through the dusk twilight, over some gently-heaving sea. She seems a bark of angels who have lit mast and cordage, tapering spar and flowing sail, and airy pennon, with celestial flame. Yet all that beauty is a waste and a self-destruction. Anon she grapples us, and then we find that Death was at the helm. Then, locked together, two in one, possessor and possessed, the fierce destruction flames along the waves. So with us in our relations with the fiend. In the dusk of consciousness what thoughts of selfish pride, what dreams of selfish pleasure, shine from afar upon the soul. Nearer comes the splendid vision. Voluptuousness in her Cleopatra barge. Mammon in some great argosy, burning in burnished gold upon the waters. The fire-ship and the doom-ship, that perils every man, seems the floating palace to bear him to Elysium. Then, when locked in almost inextricable embrace, the evil genius has grappled us upon the sea, while every latent element in the soul is kindled

in a fierce combustion ; when every good and glorious principle is wasting down to ruin ; then, at last, we discover that our floating palace was a fire-ship from the very dark of doom.

It is not uncharitable to believe that some in every community are in this terrible state. It need not follow that they are open contemners of the Word. Men trust sometimes in the merits of their Saviour, and drug the conscience with the opiate of a mere creed-salvation, whose hearts are all a live glow with corrupting passions. Some, too, evolve a faith, that springs from the heart's corruption into a kind of phosphorescent intelligence. The Bible in their hands becomes an instrument of evil. Text after text is wrested from its original significance, and tortured to reveal a lax and easy God, who develops angels from corrupted men. I wonder not that such a faith as this prevails. The inverted heart does not desire that Infinite Rectitude should sit in judgment on its fate. The Rectitude that governs man will not leave the weak, who strive against temptation, to be lost ; no more will He save the strong, who shuffle from themselves the vast responsibilities of life, who evade the doctrine of heart-regeneration by textual subterfuges, or risk eternity upon the chances of a creed. The Infinite Rectitude who sits in the heart of affairs will yet make known, through all the windows of the Word, that He is throned in Heaven to exalt the disinterested, who, dead to self, live but to do His will.

It may be said that, in advocating an absolute living for God, and above self in all the affairs of life, I set up an impossible ideal. I plead guilty to the charge of endeavoring to translate the requirements of the Gospel into the language of the day ; but nothing more. Christianity is character, organized in a Divine form, for humanitarian and heroic ends. It begins in absolute self-renunciation before God, and slowly is perfected in a beautiful life before men. This implies growth from an initial point of internal regeneration. As with the acorn, so with man. God will make us mighty for His purpose, but only by degrees. So that, were the social edifice to fall to ruin, still, unharmed and floating over it, caught up to meet their Lord in the air, the disciples of the Master should behold the passing away of dynasties and creeds, the evolution through regenerate men of new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

ODORA: THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

(Continued from page 277.)

Odora then sang her

BETROTHAL MELODY.

Green are the billows of Christna's blue Lake,
Where the Red Lily blooms like a bride,
And the souls of the lilies their blossoms forsake,
When round their bright petals the love-billows break,
And the spray-fairies whisper, "Awake, love! awake!
O'er the waters of Æthra to glide."

I was fair, I was young, like a blossom dropt down
By Christna to bloom in the stream,
I was fair, and my girlhood's celestial crown
Was the love of the Spirit Supreme.
As the red lily rocks on the stream,
Entranced in her beautiful dream,
I slept on the bosom of Æthra's blue tide,
Till my Poet ascended and claimed me his bride.

While Odora continued singing, the fairies gradually formed a silver diadem, which floated above the guests in the centre of the pavilion. It seemed to be composed of the radiant forms of millions of fairies, who were clustered together into living gems of every color, and blossoms of every perfection. There was then heard a sound as of silver bells, and the crown flew away.

Shortly afterward the young bride descended in a chariot, with the diadem glistening upon her brow, and the guests arose to greet her, and sang in unison,

HAIL TO THE BRIDE!

Hail to the Bride! all the Graces attend her,
Attired in her truth, like a sun in its splendor;
Her soul in the heart of her Bridegroom reposes,
As sleeps the white dove in its nest in the roses.

Hail to the Bride!

Hail to the Bride! in her bosom's sweet pleasure
 Dwell fairies of silver, of crimson, and azure ;
 She dwells on her truth like a queen on the waters,
 And Hymen hath crowned her among his fair daughters.

Hail to the Bride!

Hail to the Bride! may her blissful reposing
 Be sweet as the sleep of a rose in its closing ;
 And Night rain its odors of balm o'er her slumbers ;
 And Peace woo her heart like a dove with its numbers.

Hail to the Bride!

Hail to the Bride! may she rise with the Morning,
 The truths of her love all her vesture adorning,
 To live in her love, like a rose in its sweetness,
 And find in the Bridegroom her spirit's completeness.

Hail to the Bride!

The lovely one then advanced, and took from her brow the diadem and said, " Gifts, when they have fulfilled their use, return with increase to the givers. The fairy thoughts of my own bosom, sweet maidens, shall go back with your own, and warble a marriage melody in every heart."

CONCLUSION.

In Winter, when no fields are green,
 The cedars are in verdure seen ;
 They stand beside the winter's bier,
 And say that Spring shall reappear.

This poem, like the cedar-tree,
 Between the Past and the To Be,
 With verdant crown that can not die,
 Is the New Eden's prophecy.

Spring shall return ; the world awake ;
 The seed of truth its dust forsake ;
 The human heart, no more a tomb,
 Reopen to celestial bloom.

Fling wide, fling wide, the bosom doors,
Lo ! Christ, the Lord, whom Heaven adores,
Pours morn through earth's awakening eyes,
While Angels chant through all the skies.

The poem ends as it begun,
With love to God and love to man.

INTERLUDE.

"Partings are always sad," they say,
The golden, mild Autumnal day
Shone round me as I passed away.

But Singing Sweetness, and his bride,
The Crimson Lily, by my side,
Whispered " 'Tis eve, with us abide.

"Attired in robes of dainty green
The water fays are still beseen,
And from their cups the lilies lean.

"The sunset, in his crimson barge,
Is sailing from the western marge
Of Æthra's island, fair and large."

A second poem Heaven bestows ;
Its name will be Melodia's Rose,
A lyric of the world's repose.

MELODIA'S ROSE.

"Forever live, sweet Bridal Day,
Ring out thy music evermore ;
And happy Night forever stay,
Entrance our eyelids more and more.

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

"Forever live, forever shine,
 With nuptial roses in thy hand,
 And sing to us of Joy divine,
 Who lives in Hymen's mystic land.

"Sweet Day, of smiles and blossoms made,
 And marriage songs from every tree :
 Sweet Eve, within the myrtle shade,
 We would forever dwell with thee."

Thus, on the earth, when Time was young,
 E'er Night her starry sheep had fed,
 Two mated lovers inly sang,
 In heavenly nuptials newly wed.

'Twas in the time when Earth, as yet,
 Was like a Maiden, pure and mild,
 Within her young experience met
 Wisdom the sage, and Love the child.

Young Time sat in his feathered barge,
 And lightly skimmed the tranquil sea,
 Nor saw the storm that, dark and large,
 O'erhung the veiled futurity.

The shepherds fed their Eden-sheep,
 And sang to young Apollo's lyre ;
 While, throned on every sunlit steep,
 Shone Angels, robed in golden fire.

"Rise from thy trance, thou dreaming boy,
 From thy fond thoughts, sweet maiden, rise ;
 True Love goes forth from joy to joy,"
 Thus spake a STRANGER from the skies.

"Five great affections have primeval place
 Within the human Soul :
 The first all other holds in its embrace,
 And bids their music roll.

Odora : The Maiden of the Skies.

“ Behold the light and heat together run,
To shape the world we see ;
Goodness and Truth, the glorious two in one,
Unfold life's human tree.

“ The tree is dead, unless the living leaf
Fill its appointed sphere ;
So man is dead, unless a true *Belief*
In thought and act appear.

“ To bud and blossom tends the generous plant :
The solar heat and fire
Throb in its veins, even as the young fawns pant,
With budding life's desire.

“ One common life pervades and binds it all ;
The sap, that fills the root,
Climbs in its veins through branches lithe and tall,
And ultimates in fruit.”

So Man, though quickened by diviner fires,
The flower of love unfolds,
And, through the act and end of his desires,
The golden future holds.

One tree may sow the world with fruitful seed,
One Man unfold a race ;
One lovely thought may ultimate a deed
That shall mankind embrace.

Strive not a single moment to detain ;
The hours, in use that fly,
Shall teach thee nobler states of love to gain
Through all eternity.

Growth is the process, not the end, of life.
Hate brings a sure decay,
And selfish aims breathe bitterness and strife
That eat the soul away.

Man could not rise were he not free to fall :
He is a free-born will,
And wears his kingly mantle, or his pall,
As loves are good or ill.

Cease to respect the end that prompts the act,
And action groweth base.
The Angels, who God's loveliness refract,
Turn ever to His face.

Live simply, then, for ends of good, and ye
Shall in His glory stand,
Who hangs the stars like blossoms from a tree,
Above the Morning Land.

Pause, ere ye cross the threshold of the night,
And ask—for will is free—
That God may thrill you with His boundless might,
And ope your eyes to see.

Prayer holds the door of Providence ajar,
God enters when we pray :
To dwell with him we need not move afar
Beyond the dying day.

God sits within the will, as on His throne,
Amid the cherubim.
God is in you, but ye through love alone
Can be at one with him.

The use and end of being is to live
That God through you may flow.
He seeks through every soul some gift to give
To all the world below.

The sunset flowers their evening perfume yield,
And, through the flying foam
Of silver mist, the Shepherds from the fields
Have called their cattle home.

O Lambs of Heaven, obey your SHEPHERD'S voice ;
To dewy vales afar,
Rise where the sheep of Paradise rejoice
In ADONAI'S STAR.

In His own truth the STRANGER stood enshrined,
More than an Angel fair,
As in some grand apocalypse of mind,
Before the youthful pair.

Then beamed His image through their spirit eyes ;
They spake with one accord,
Hail, Father ! Guardian of the earth and skies !
That stranger was the Lord !

As one who takes young dovelets in his hand
From out their little nest,
That SPIRIT from the utmost Morning Land
Drew them into His breast.

He bore them to the far celestial vales,
Where sinless ones abide,
And summer noontide evermore prevails :
That Heaven is called " The Bride."

It is the inmost of Celestial Spheres !
In loveliness divine,
Those gentlest Angels pass their endless years,
In God's own bosom shrined.

There they awoke, as children from the womb,
And saw, through eyes of love,
All Heaven like one immortal rose in bloom,
And the first WORD above.

For, all around, the yellow hills of Day
In golden lustres shone,
And, like a dewy rose, the landscape lay
With every petal blown :

And, in the centre of the rose, a sea
 Of liquid music rolled,
 And fed the lucid sphere with melody,
 That dropt in dews of gold.

High in the crystal zenith shone a scroll
 Emblazoned in a sun :
 It was the thought-sphere of the PRIMAL SOUL,
 A three-fold Word in one.

There every Angel could, at once, behold
 The Spirit and the Word,
 And, through that burning sphere in music rolled
 The Wisdom of the Lord.

Myriads of Angels bathed forevermore
 In that transparent sea ;
 And other myriads worshiped on the shore
 Through all eternity.

Those in the sea, made lucid by the light,
 In glory rose and shone,
 And underneath the zenith infinite,
 They wrought a winged throne.

Of living Cherubim and Seraphim,
 That spirit Throne was made,
 Who chanted ceaseless praises unto HIM
 To whom its light was shade.

Then, by the wisdom of their love inspired,
 The Angel-bands, who shone
 Upon the shore, to see their Lord desired ;
 Then from the Word's bright zone

There came a Voice which said to all below,
 " All heavenly worlds shall see
 The Lord incarnate on an orb below—
 GOD IN HUMANITY !

Then all the Angels worshiped, and they cried,
 " We praise thee, Lord, and bless
The love that hath to every soul supplied
 Life, light, and loveliness."

Then every Angel saw the Lord appear ;
 A spirit glory shone ;
It filled with day the universal sphere,
 And GOD THE MAN was known.

Throned in a form of infinite degrees,
 Beamed forth a light intense ;
Celestial isles and continents and seas
 Were all irradiant thence.

Through all the Heavens a Voice, in majesty
 Of truth resounding on,
Said, " Heaven shall primal Godhead only see
 In the Begotten Son.

" God shall descend to ultimates of form,
 To save a world from death ;
He shall be called, who doth that work perform,
 Jesus of Nazareth !

" As Christ he shall in human speech be known :
 God, in immortal youth,
Shall make that human nature all his own,
 The form of His first truth."

Thereat a mild, miraculous melody
 Of praise began to swell ;
And sea, and land, and atmosphere, and sky,
 Rang like a golden bell.

And every bridegroom sang unto his bride,
 " God shall as man be here ;
And in our innermosts of love abide,
 And to our sight appear."

This poem was sung to us by young Melodia, and after its conclusion I said to her, "Truly it is a rose, a rose of the Celestial Heaven." Thereat the young matron smiled in a sweet delight, and said, "To relieve your mind from so intense a strain, permit me to sing to you a little cradle melody." The atmosphere then appeared filled with the forms of fairy infants, and I was told that they were called innocencies. I observed, moreover, that Melodia wore a golden rose upon her bosom, and that in its corolla two little crimson fairies lay sleeping, folded in each other's arms, like faith and charity in the interiors of a wedded pair. In a voice, and with a smile which thrilled my heart with the very exquisiteness of pleasure, she thus began

A CRADLE MELODY.

Oh! to be a fairy nature,
 Like these sleeping babes of mine,
 Who have drawn their every feature
 From the truths of love divine,
 Is far better, is far better,
 Than to dance with all the spheres,
 Wearing Nature's shining fetter
 Through an endless maze of years.
 They behold a land elysian,
 Through their deep and dreamy eyes ;
 For our hearts, in their fruition,
 Build a fairy paradise.

Oh, the mothers! Oh, the mothers!
 How they pine and grieve below ;
 How the true heart inly smothers
 The wild wailings of its woe.
 For the babies they are weeping,
 Who must learn their bread to win,
 Where, with harlots, kings are keeping
 The red carnival of sin.

"Sleep, my baby, hush thy wailing,"
 To her child the mother cries,

While her sunken cheek is paling,
And the aching bosom dries.
"Hush thy weeping, Oh, thou blessed!"
Cries the mother oft alone,
After Hope, the golden tressed,
From her own true heart has flown—
"Hush! my baby, sleep and rest!"

"Dance all night! dance all night!"
Sing the fairy mothers to their babies bright;
"Dance all day! dance all day!"
Sing the fairy mothers while their babies play.
"Life is fair! life is fair!"
Sing the golden fairies in the sunrise rare;
"Life is fair! life is fair!"
Sing the fairy mothers to their babies there.

Oh, childhood in the planet Mars,
Beneath the flowering myrtle-tree,
Thou art a wreath of crimson stars
Within a silver galaxy.
'Tis sweet to see a baby there
Feed on the milk of Paradise,
While fairies dance in sunbeams rare
That sparkle through their mother's eyes.
"Crow, baby, crow! in infant glee,
Sweet heart, unstained by mortal guile,
While fairy babies there you see,
Who sing amid your mother's smile."

When aged Earth, that inly dies,
Becomes an Eden mild once more,
And true hearts find their Paradise
A new-crowned Hymen's mortal shore,
The earthly mother then shall sing,
"Crow, baby, crow! in smiling glee;
The fairy queen and fairy king,
With laughing eyes my darling see."

EGYPTIAN WHEAT.

A GRAIN of Wheat lay in the folds of a mummy's robe—it was the mummy of a mighty monarch. Thousands of years ago the terror of his name went before his arms, like the wind sirocco before the heat of the desert. Near him lay his priests and warriors, immured in wooden sarcophagi, painted with deeds of battle and with the symbols of Divine mysteries.

“I'll tell you of the future,” said the mummy of the king. “This pyramid will burst, and by-and-by the skies will blaze with yellow flame. The glorious monarch, who inhabited my form, will claim it, coming in all the pomp of Isis. These holy priests will rise, and all these mighty warriors, to serve and worship before me.” Each gave a silent assent. It was so still that the little wheat grain could hear his heart beat within himself. He lived alone, and all the rest were dead.

Then the lips of the wheat grain moved to prophesy, and he replied, “Osiris is dead!” It seemed as if, from the sacred chamber where the white bull was buried with Divine honors, came an echo, “Osiris is dead!” “Yes,” cried the wheat grain; “Thebes is found no more. The bats fly by night, and the sand-atoms whirl by day, in the hollow empty space between the columns of Abou-Simbul. The friends of Isis, who divided with her the homage of the nations, flit like wandering shadows of night, hunted to their darkness by the hosts of Morning.

“Foam-born Venus is no more adored in Paphos; her sea-girt isle resounds no more with the echoes of her impure rites. Astarte dwindles to a ghastly wraith upon the broken rocks that once were Tyre.” Then the mummies of the priests gave a groan, but the wheat grain went on:

“The sceptre is passed away from Egypt; her javelin is broken; her sons are as the slime of the Nile, down-trodden by the passers-by. I live alone: for me shall come the resurrection. I hold within the germs that shall ripen to a thousand harvests. I shall live, in bread to man, forever and forever.”

“Who ever heard such presumption?” the royal mummy found words to speak. “Thou miserable slave, answer me! Shall not my king, who dwelt within me, come with the pomp of Osiris, and make me his visible self, and, in me, rule over Egypt?”

“Nay!” answered the wheat grain, but lowly; “nay! the dust

returns unto the dust as it was. No form, dispossessed of life, however stately in seeming, but is destined to dissolution; thou shalt be scattered to the elements. I, even the poor wheat grain, shall feed on thee."

"Stay," cried the mummy; "abject! I shall be incorruptible. Men shall serve me on bended knee, waiting at my board. Is it not so?"

What the reply might have been we may infer; but, at this moment, the mighty stone that barred the entrance to the pyramid was rolled away. The mummy was disinterred; his royal sarcophagus rent rudely open; his swathings and bandages torn apart. Even kings, if they become mummies, must endure in their persons the contact of common hands. They took the mysterious beetles from his breast, and the jewels from his hands; then, when but rags and ashes seemed remaining, they were about to cast the image away as rubbish. But lo! the wheat grain! A traveler drew nigh and reverently claimed it. Its long captivity was over. It grew, placed in mellow soil, and brought forth seed for the sower and bread for the eater. It heard the husbandmen talk, in the fields, of the Age of Human Liberty; and saw, above the hill-top, the golden figure that proclaims to every age the triumphant sufferings of the Incarnate Love!

"A pretty story," cried Doctor Tomlinson; "but, pardon me, if I hint that I do not quite perceive the application."

His little nephew spake and smiled: "Dear uncle, when you preach in the old stone church with the dingy windows, it is so drowsy! first the clerk nods; then the churchwardens begin; at last we all get so tired—and that's the last, until we start up at the amen. And then I dream just such things as about the wheat kernel. Perhaps some day England will prove a mummy, and the fine robes be taken from the stupid people who try to revive the past, and who would give to slavish and superstitious customs a resurrection. Perhaps, then, the brave words that you read in the Gospels, about freedom, and brotherhood, and Christ in us and with every man, like seed-wheat from the mummy's folds, may take root, and bring forth harvests. That will be the true Millennium."

"God forbid!" quoth Dr. Tomlinson; but the guest gravely rejoined, "The lad has interpreted the parable."

THE NEW CHURCH FABULIST.

No. 6.

THE PITCHERS AT THE WELL.

Three broken Pitchers, once, beside a well—
'Twas on a summer day the thing befell—
Gossiped, as pitchers do ; till, faint and dry,
A worn and weary traveler drew nigh.
From each to each he passed, and found them, all,
Perched as the topmost pebbles on a wall.
The first exclaimed, " Sir, I was bought at Rome ;
With the true drink, O man ! behold, I foam,
And ever shall, infallible and clear
For every taste, since Peter set me here."

The second, thereupon, with boisterous shout,
Sought, not with water, but with words, to spout ;
And cried, " O mortal ! slake your thirst with me ;
I hold pure lymph, from earth's admixture free.
Yon earthen pot is but a ' man of sin ;'
I hold a strainer, placed my throat within,
And, through its little holes—just thirty-nine—
All that flows out is purest crystalline."

Up started then a noisy little pot—
'Twas very small, and, therefore, soonest hot—
And cried, " Ye foolish Vessels ! why pursue
Your prate ? Old jugs, I am a pitcher new :
The ark of Noah floats upon my brim,
And all its tenants amble round the rim.
These ancient jugs their watery contents poured
To the last drop, and stands a sight deplored
By men and spirits, broken potsherds, gay
Without, but, inly, hollow globes of clay."

A Maiden came, and, blushing at the brink,
Drew from its deeps, and bade the pilgrim drink.
Grateful to sense and soul the cool delight !
He drank ! The empty jugs behold the sight
And first the Roman, dry as dust, began,
" That draught will be perdition to the man !"

"Nay," cried his next-door neighbor, "'tis a case
Of lunacy ; there's nothing in the place ;
He seems to drink, I know ; but, well-a-day !
These sons of schism all their gods betray."
Then Little Pitcher, sore aghast that one
Should find a fountain where he knew was none,
Declaimed, in language eloquent, "Beguiled
And foolish pilgrim; Wisdom undefiled
Bids thee beware! rash man, 'tis out of rule,
With steps presumptuous, to approach the pool.
Too much of water is a dangerous thing ;
Try the New Pitcher, but avoid the Spring."

The Maiden turned and cried, "I'll try you all."
"No," spoke the Pitchers jointly, great and small,
"We will try you, by candle, book, and bell.
Pray, Madam, what's your mission to the well?"

Answered the Maiden, with a sweet accord,
"I am the Spirit, waiting on the Word.
I fill the cup ; the lame and halt and blind
To the well's brink I guide ; they seek and find ;
And still I cry, where the sad seekers grieve,
'Tis free to all ! ask and ye shall receive !"

"Stuff ! stuff !" cried Rome, "my very fingers itch
To have you roasted, Madam, for a witch."
"Stuff ! stuff !" his neighbor then, with self-content,
Added, "we'll starve her ; thus we serve Dissent."
"Stuff ! stuff !" with piping treble cried their friend
The Little Pitcher, "see the wanton's end !
She'll drown that man : foul siren of the wave !
He drinks the poison to embrace the grave."

Meanwhile the Traveler, like one of old,
Transfigured shone, clad with the noonday gold,
No more envailed with robes that pilgrims wear ;
Truth owned her Source, and Love her Author there.
He smote the empty vessels with his rod,
And vanished—for the pilgrim was the God.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE SUN.

A Dew-drop twinkled all night upon a sprig of hawthorn, waiting for the rising Sun, and, as he waited, to keep his heart warm, and satisfy his longing love, foretold the advent of the glorious luminary that was soon to shine.

"What is that fool prating about?" said a very wise Owlet, "for my part I wish the Sun would never rise. When it is below the horizon the field-mice come abroad, and there is fine picking in the meadows. I should be satisfied, and so I am sure would be all owls of sagacity and experience, to have the Sun abolished; or have a blanket hung over him to say the least."

Still sang the Dew-drop of the beautiful brightness; but a Bat, sailing by, and flapping his filmy wings, could not endure it, and, squeaking as if he were a mouse, abused him roundly; "you foolish one, have done, will you! I never saw the Sun at all. What is it that you are making this ado about? In my cave, which is the very metropolis of wisdom, where all day we hang by the hooks of our wings upon the walls, the Sun never shines; therefore our faculties are never confused or obscured, and what we do not know is not worth the knowing." But the Dew-drop heard him not, he was whispering his delight to the pale Moon, gleaming over the tree-tops, and asking her if she had ever seen the Sun.

"Croak! croak!" from a neighboring marsh chanted the Frogs in chorus, "the day of wrath is coming; soon the Sun will rise, and singe the herbage, and scorch the wings of all the singing birds, and wilt the grass in the meadows. See how good this terrible Sun is to us, his children. He hates all the world but us. But the Frogs he loves. We are his peculiar people. We shall hear the violets burn, and see the larks drop dead. Foolish things! that is because they are proud of their leaves and feathers. Did we give out sweet odors and sing in the sky, the day of wrath would overtake us also. For us he has provided the frog-pond. When all the world turns to ashes we shall croak all the merrier. Silly Dew-drop! can you croak? can you dive in the marsh? are you a Frog? You will be one of the first to perish in that awful

day." "So he will," responded a fat Eel, who heard the Frogs in their discourse, "so he will, as his fathers perished before," seizing, as he said this, the fattest of the frogs, to stay his stomach till breakfast-time.

Like crimson fishes in a globe of starry light, the clouds floated in the eastern sky. The Dew-drop trembled with rapture, for he knew that morning was not far. The Lark arose, and, fluttering upward, shook out a rain of melody. Slowly, on the bosom of the stream, the white Lily unfolded her moist corolla, and the Dew-drop, inhaling the fragrance, sang, "the Sun is coming, the great Sun is coming soon."

TRUE POLITENESS.

He who has a heart glowing with kindness and good-will toward his fellow-men, and who is guided in the exercise of these feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance; it does not consist in artificial smiles and flattering speech, but in silence and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you, in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort, to add to the enjoyment of others.

The man who lays aside all selfishness in regard to the happiness of others, who is ever ready to confer favors, who speaks in language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man, though he may wear a homespun coat, and make a very ungraceful bow. And many a fashionable who dresses genteelly, and enters the most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility. True politeness is a virtue of the understanding and the heart. It is not like the whited sepulchre, or like Sodom's far-famed fruit.—*Selected.*

FAIRY WISH-GOOD.

What joys attend
A fairy friend !
His peaceful pleasures never end.

The blossoms grow,
With music low,
Because his loves within them flow.

The lilies white
Exhale delight,
For fairies in them hide from sight.

Upon the grass,
For fairy lass,
The dew-drop is a looking-glass.

On Sundays, when
The fairy men
Chant praise, the blue-bells chime " amen."

The golden day
Beholds their play ;
The sky-lark thrills to hear them say,

" 'Tis morn ! 'tis morn !
What joys adorn
The fairy world when day is born."

In every star,
That shines afar,
I ween the happy fairies are.

And all, as one,
The errands run
Of Him who fills the Fairy Sun.

LET US RETURN.

" Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the OLD PATHS ; where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Where is our rest ?

In the experience of every unregenerate soul there comes a time when those things in which hitherto it has taken most delight pall upon the senses, and become wearisome. The world, as Shakspeare expresses it, seems "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Life itself, at such moments, is a burden. The pining soul longs to take the wings of the morning and flee away to be at rest.

Nature, the bountiful mother, sympathizes with this desire of the yearning spirit, and, speaking to us with her many airy voices, says ever, "*Return my child, return.*" The flowers lift their dew-dripping petals, and, smiling upward, whisper of *peace* ; the trees in the grand old forest wave their wild branches, and cry "*Come, be a child once more ;*" the rivers, flowing musically along, sing to us of green and solitary places where quietness abides ; and old ocean's shifting sands, and the changeful clouds, and the hum of insect-life, and the rippling melody of the little brook, and old gray ruins, and the church-spire, and dewy night-fall, and the holy noon-beam, at times fill us with melancholy, causing us to feel that truly this is *not* our rest.

And all-beautiful, and pure, and true thoughts, how they affect us ! and, touching the deepest springs in our hidden nature, our most interior being, how they minister to this feeling of *unrest*, and cry unto us "Return," until we are drawn inward to our true rest in God !

And in the Ideal-world it is the same ; sooner or later the Actual usurps, or veils over, the Ideal ; for when we have once been behind the curtain, and have seen the trap-doors and the pulleys, with rare exceptional moments, the illusions of the stage are over.

And in the Tone-realm—ah ! what sadness of soul do those heart-wringing sounds bring to us ! what reminiscences of the past, when all was well with us, and the evil days, as yet, were not !

How swiftly starts the tear, true to the imperishable nature of

the heart's immortal affection, when some song of Home, some strain of Auld Lang Syne, meets the ear!

And the mutability and strange fickleness of worldly attachments at times fills the soul with a strong agony, as if the shadow of Death had obtruded itself into our very sunshine; for the friendships of earth are but the shallowest of pretenses; and Love—the love of the nineteenth century—what is it but the veriest of mockeries? The skeleton at the feast is none the less hideous that its brow is garlanded with roses. The trail of the serpent can be traced o'er all that pertains only to this fallen orb; ah! in none of these can our souls find the rest they crave.

Sitting at the Opera a few nights ago, we fell athinking on this want of many unsatisfied hearts; and, while gazing around us at the assembling and expectant throng, our attention was drawn toward a lady and gentleman who seated themselves very near us. Their *distingué* appearance and elegant adornings gave outward evidence of their social position.

No doubt, thought we, they are a happy married pair, on whose birth Dame Fortune smiled; and whose love of music has drawn them from the refined seclusion of a home, where the Loves and the Graces find ample accommodation. Just then, the music commencing, we paused in our soliloquy.

The subject of the evening's entertainment was that of a young couple who had left their childhood's home, lured by ambition and the love of fame. Glory fired their young imaginations, and Pleasure, with her siren arts, strove to eradicate from their bosoms all the memories of their early and happy youth.

As the Opera progressed, it seemed, however, they found Glory to be but a bubble on life's ocean; Fame but a distracting dream of vanity; Pleasure's cup was soon drained of all but the bitter dregs, which are always found in the bottom of it; and the taste of which ever lingers to spoil the memory of the purple draught, whose effervescence at the first was so tempting. Sorrows and misfortunes gathered thick around them, until at last they appeared in prison and doomed to die. The female was sleeping, and in her dreams wafted once more back to the home of her youth, she exclaimed to her associate in misery,

"Let us go back to the mountain,
And the old time will come again!"

At that moment, a low convulsive sob met our ear, and we saw it came from the beautiful woman who had so attracted us in the earlier part of the evening. The sweet melancholy strain of the singer had borne her, too, back into the past. Bending over, with all her entreating soul looking out of her moistened eyes, she whispered gently to her companion, "Let us go back, and the old time will come again!" A cold, supercilious stare was her only answer; and its freezing expression, like the surging of an icy wave, sent her yearning love back upon her heart. She wiped quickly away a furtive tear, and, resuming her former manner, soon appeared to have forgotten the little touch of human nature, which had beguiled from her proud lip the thrilling heart-want. Ah! thought we, the old, old story—Love's pure gold exchanged for base and spurious coin. Would that she might go back; retracing her life's devious wanderings, and finding again a starting point, commence over *as a little child*, her life's true journey.

How had that unsought glimpse into her veiled heart, changed the whole tenor of our thoughts regarding her. Her rich attire no longer looked desirable in our eyes; that one tear had power to dim her sparkling jewels; that one sobbing sigh to change her bright robes into mourning garments.

Then, looking around the gay circle, we fancied we detected weariness and discontent on most of the faces present. Do they all wish they could *go back*? thought we. Are they all, like the babes in the wood, lost children, who are straying away from their Father's house? Darlings of society, with all that the world has to offer gleaming and glittering around them, are they, too, beginning to find life's pleasures are but a mirage, which mock and betray? Dying by inches for want of true sympathy, how many of their hearts will to-morrow echo the words of the fair warbling songstress of this hour?

"Let us go back to the mountain,
And the old time will come again!"

The old time, are we indeed longing for it? Yes, truly we all are. That we have now is evidently "out of joint." It is not as in our deep heart we would fain have it. In the old time Love was pure and sincere; and heart valued heart for its wealth of

emotion, its jewels of truth, its garments of beauty, and its expression of trust and devotion. Love, with his smile like the morn, ruled then ; but now we have a counterfeit Cupid, and his arrows are tipped with *gold*. Hard money-getting is incompatible with unselfish tenderness. Would that the old time was here again !

And it *can* come, whenever man will consent to live out of himself. At the *foot* of the mountain still grow the Spring flowers ; in the sweet green valley of Humiliation, healthiest region for the soul, self dies out, and the power to commence over again a brave, true hero-life—the noble life of living for others—is imparted when we *arise and go to OUR FATHER* !

The lost Golden Age, yes, it has been lost ; but there is *ONE*, who, if we ask Him, will show us how to find it. It may once more be ours, if we will but *return unto our rest*.

M. H. B.

WORD PICTURES.

VII.

A ruby in a wreath of pearl,
 Clasped on a beauteous jeweled wrist ;
 Among the maids a blushing girl,
 By the Betrothal Angel kissed.

BOOK NOTICES.

TRUTH AND LIFE IN JESUS.

Discourses by Rev. T. L. Harris, preached in Manchester, England, October, November, and December, 1859. Phonographically reported. 12mo, pp. 200. London, W. White. New York, New Church Publishing Association.

The history of this volume is presented, with singular felicity of style, in its Introduction, written by a gentleman of the place in which the discourses were delivered, and to whom their publication is owing in a large degree. We feel it due to the cause of Unsectarian and Spiritual Christianity to quote this in full, as an illustration of the power of the Spirit, even in communities where spiritual gifts are slightly known or held in utter disbelief.

"A brief account of the circumstances attending the delivery and publication of these sermons may be of interest to the reader. The Rev. T. L. Harris came to Manchester uninvited and personally unknown; without introductions, and under the auspices of no sect or association. He left in New York a church of which he was the beloved minister, and a people tenderly and fervently united to him and to each other, and came to England, because he believed his mission here was Divinely directed. He remained twelve weeks in Manchester, preaching and lecturing. The means ordinarily relied on to attract public attention were in this case non-existent. The greater part of those who were so far interested as to wish to hear him, came at first with a degree of distrust. But the tones and words of love and truth which were uttered, penetrated and melted; and the weekly increasing audience, and deepening interest of the hearers, showed that the Word of God, earnestly and lovingly preached, still has power to dispel prejudice and to reach human hearts and consciences.

"Several gentlemen having taken phonographic notes of most of the sermons, intended for their own use only, a very general wish was expressed by the hearers that at least some of them should be published. Very kindly acceding to this desire, they commenced to write out several of them. On its being requested, the consent of Mr. Harris was at once given, and his services in their revision most kindly offered. As they were written out from

the short-hand notes, they were sent to the printers. The present volume is thus the result of spontaneous utterances, and undirected gatherings. Its publication can not but be useful if the written words retain only a small portion of the influence which attended their oral delivery.

"There are many who look with longing hearts, hoping, though it may be but faintly, for something truer and nobler than the Church of the present day, in any of its sections, sets before them. While some who seek, but know not where to find, the water of life, "passionately dig wells in the dry quick-sand," and multitudes of others sink into a brute-life, looking to the closed heavens with unwondering eyes, and numbed hearts; and still other multitudes, savages of Christendom, outcasts who strew the path of society's onward march with their bleached bones, are trampled down by the strong, or left to stagger and fall on the skirts of the great moving host, as it journeys through the desert of modern civilization; the few only, looking at Christ Himself, looking at Christianity in its initial history, with perceptions not yet entirely clouded over by the life of the senses, ask, "Can the existing Christianity be the Church of Christ and of the Apostles? Can it be that Church among a cultivated people, instead of one semi-barbarous? Can it be Christ's Church after eighteen centuries of growth? Is it not rather the Church in the midst of that great falling away that was predicted?" And they long for that new in-flowing of the Divine Spirit which prophecy foretells, that descent of the New Jerusalem which is to bless the latter day. Through the long hours when "birds of darkness are on the wing" they cry "Watchman, what of the night?" and with sacred joy they hail the gleam of a Diviner light, and the voice which announces through the gloom "The morning cometh."

"Of the eloquence of the preacher a London audience of the highest class of minds is now giving a judgment of admiration. One who is highly esteemed in the literary world says of him: 'I can recollect no man to be compared with him in the essentials of a finished preacher; for power and originality of mind, for poetry of diction, for breadth and copiousness of argument, for affluence of historic and philosophic illustration, for vivid and acute analysis of the elements of modern society, for a courageous

trampling on all conventionalities, in a word, for the effectual stripping from the Gospel of the cobwebs of a dusty worn-out Divinity, of the hampering bandages of creeds; and for planting Christianity before us in her Divine and undisguised lineaments, in her free and noble beauty.*

"But these noble gifts are not considered by the preacher as his own. With a full belief of the Divine Word, which promises to its messengers that it "shall be given them in that day what they shall say," he "takes no thought" of preparation, but looks for the word to be given which shall suit his hearers. With those who object to this mode of preaching, this is not the occasion for discussion. Some of its fruit is before them. May it be useful to their spiritual nourishment! These are words spoken from the heart when animated with Divine Love, and words so inspired are never powerless. Tipped with hallowed fire and winged with sacred truths, they reach hearts which are unassailable by any array of doctrines, and impregnable to armies of steel-clad logicians.

"E. B.

"MANCHESTER, February 29, 1860."

The volume contains ten sermons, differing in many respects from previous utterances of the author, but chiefly in a simple, homely adaptation of Divine truth to a promiscuous audience, many of whom were ill qualified for a more scholastic and elaborate presentation of the Word. They are heart-dictates, growing as naturally, and with as seemingly an inartistic want of care, as a group of wild flowers; yet, while so affluent and varied in illustration, every thing is made subordinate to the one end, the deliverance of the spirit from the bondage of sin, into the freedom and purity of the New Christian life. The discourses are entitled, respectively, "Love;" "The Divine Charity;" "The Philosophy of Decay;" "The Recognition of Friends in Heaven;" "The Last Words of Jesus;" "The Ideal and the Actual;" "The Christian Pilgrim's Progress;" "Peril and Safety in the Path of Life;" "The Relation of Faith and Charity;" and "Our Future."

Price of the volume, bound in muslin, 60 cents, postage 5 cents. We have also received each discourse, separate, in paper covers, tract form, price 5 cents per single copy, postage 1 cent.

* W. Howitt, in *The Critic* of January 28, 1860.

WARRINGTON LECTURES.

1. Probable Grounds of Christian Union. 12mo, pp. 30.
2. The New Church ; its Spirit, Scope, and Mission. 12mo, pp. 30.

In the ancient town of Warrington survives a Christian Church whose history is identified with two centuries of the struggles and mutations of the faith. Founded by English non-conformists, driven into isolation by the tyrannical acts which followed the restoration of Charles II., they left their descendants free from the restrictions of creed. Agitated by the searching but material spirit of inquiry which characterized the eighteenth century, it became Unitarian, and flourished, for a time, in connection with the institution founded by that sect for clerical education. Fortunate in securing alike very high order of clerical teaching and lay ministration, no inconsiderable number of its present members are pressing on to the light and liberty of the New Christian Age. These lectures were delivered as part of a series, in Warrington, to members of this body of inquirers, and, in their present form, are revised from phonographic reports. They are plain, earnest, and written with a breadth and fullness of culture beyond those of the Manchester series, but, perhaps, with more of the scholarly manner that addresses the intellect. They are tracts for the times, and especially fitted for those passing through the phase of Liberal Christianity into the clearer perceptions of the Spirit.

The following extract on God in Christ will serve as an illustration of these lectures both as to purpose and style :

“ Who, then, was the great Christ of history and of humanity, whose life we trace through Gospel narrative, and whose spiritual power is even now the motive force in the reconstruction alike of the moral, the intellectual, and the social world? What titles from Holy Writ shall we be constrained to form into the crown which indicates His majesty? Let each of the four great schools of thought describe Him. We agree with the Naturalist, He is ‘ the man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief ;’ He is the carpenter, the son of Mary ; He is the friend of Mary and of Martha, and of Lazarus, whom He raised from the dead ; He is afflicted with our infirmities, and from His most external consciousness He feels and thinks, He wills and reasons, as a man ; He is tempted,

and overcomes temptation ; He is the hero toiling for His human brothers, the Ajax and Hercules of the great social fight ; the stern combatant for the rights and liberties of the peoples ; the patriot for his country, the philanthropist for his race—evolving through natural faculties the golden truths of earth's ideal and final religion—living and dying as the teacher and exemplifier of the sweet fatherhood of God, the lasting brotherhood of man.

“He is more. We have beheld as yet the ante-court alone of this stupendous nature. While His outer consciousness is that of the terrestrial race, restored and adjusted to the central and confluent lines of the Divine Intelligence ; within it are all the faculties that pertain to the loftier comprehension of the Universal Heaven. Still, in His finite degrees of life, He is ‘the Son of Man who came down from heaven,’ and who yet, with subjective perception, ‘dwells in heaven.’ ‘He is before all ;’ ‘He is the head,’ and ‘by Him all things consist ;’ of whom it is said, that, when ‘God brought His only begotten Son into the world, all the angels worshipped Him.’ He is the ‘only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth ;’ yet still, in this celestial and supernatural consciousness, declaring ‘my Father is greater than I.’

“But as, through the degrees of being, we mount up, while below, through the Lord's celestial consciousness, the celestial unveils its glories—as through his natural consciousness are pictured Judean scenes and Galilean villages—so now we arrive at the intervening veil of thrice-woven Divine effulgence, through which shines forth the infinite image of the ‘Word made flesh.’ We now understand those pregnant words, ‘He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father’—why prophecy heralds Him as the ‘Mighty God’—why contemporaneous devotion welcomed Him as ‘Immanuel’—why the seer of the Apocalypse beheld Him as ‘the Alpha and Omega, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.’

“But now, with unexhausted interest, we open to other—though mystical, yet most inspired—sentences, not merely of our God in objective manifestation, but in subjective life ; which, dimly from their very vastness, yet not dubiously, hint at union and communion in the drama of redemption ; wherein each separate depth and fullness of trinal life in Deity plays its own agreeing part. ‘In Him we behold the fullness of the Godhead bodily.’

“There are four views of the glorification of our Lord. At

these I can but briefly hint. The Naturalist beholds that great and faithful servant, and martyr of humanity, sublimed in the fervency of spirit, and vanishing as in a dream of glory, to pioneer the passage, no less than indicate the attributes, of the coming life. It stands in awe, and hears Him cry, 'Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.' In this formula, the spirit of the man Christ, worthily accomplishing a career of perfect human greatness, is incarnated from time and space.

"A second view, the Arian, is more resplendent, more significant. The vast Angelical Intelligence completes, in the resurrection, the cycle of earth-assumed existence. The occultation of the Soul is over; it rises through fulfilled duty to more than its original lustre of wisdom and delight; it is as if the heavens had visibly opened, and the Son of Man ascended where He was before. He is at the right hand of the Almighty, where evermore 'He liveth to make intercession for us.'

"But still higher, all that is celestial and, as to consciousness, natural, is caught up, ascending to its Father and our Father, to its God and our God. In other words, the infinite Creator *infolds* the natural consciousness into the celestial, as by some universal involution; and then again infolds the natural and the celestial in some more interior Divine approximation to himself. In other words, the Son of Man is glorified; and, if He comes to us again, it is as the objective manifestation of all-perfect Deity, in the power of the Father and all His holy angels, to 'render unto every man according to his works.'

"There is a view still more interior. Earth is not as it was before; our Lord, in thus descending, has added somewhat to it, taken somewhat away. He came that 'we might have life, and have it more abundantly.' The celestial-natural form was a vessel through which—as light and heat through the organic sun—rolling billows of arterial life, beauty, joy, strength and inspiration, descended to melt and mingle with the common elements of all mankind. But He removed something as well; here we approach the theory of vicariousness in sacrifice; the whole orb, as a body, was foully impregnated with moral evil; it was a lost orb, a planet of inversive men; its worship for the most part

grown demoniacal ; its inspirations from an under world of depraved and melancholy spirits. He laid His hand on the world's heart, and, through the attraction which results from infinite sympathy, outdrew the elements and essences of evil, which, gendering there, were consuming the finer and inner qualities of the soul. He interposed Himself, through that assumed humanity, between earth the biologised subject, and realms of polluted human spirits, acting in unity as the biologising and seducing ruiner. He took poor earth as an organic form to His bosom ; He applied, as in the affecting story, His own lips to her heart-wound, and drew out the poison, and took it into His own natural person, and bore it away Himself. But on this I may not now enlarge. So, the mystery of the Gospel hides—not foolishness, but infinity. Doctrine agrees with doctrine, system with system—

' And where the natural halts ; where, seen, confined,
The pent horizon bounds the baffled mind,
The Inspired begins, the onward march is given,
Bridging all space, nor ending e'en in heaven.' "

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A discourse by T. L. Harris, preached in London, England, January 15, 1860. 12mo, pp. 48.

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