

The Herald of Light,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH.



The New Church is the body of Christ, including within itself the good, of every sect and persuasion, throughout the world, excluding none. In its 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.

REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

VOL. II.]

MARCH, 1859.

[No. 11.

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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PROSPECTIVE GLORIES OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Our views of the New Jerusalem, as the final church and the mistress of the future of humanity enlarge continually, and become more unspeakably glorious as new insight is gained into the arcana of the Divine Word, and new vistas opened into the realms of God's prospective providence. Hitherto we have spoken of the church in its present germinal stages. Our work has been to clear it of incumbrances; to show it forth, not as a sectarianism but as a universality. It may be well, at the present time, however, to look a little in advance of the day in which we live, when some of these seeds, which are now springing, have ripened into fruit.

It is the Sabbath. A century has rolled away. We enter the New Church Sunday School. It is adorned with fresh and fragrant flowers. The walls are radiant with pictured visions, where Art, coming down to the comprehension of Infancy, has penciled in glowing outlines for its perception, the wonders of the Inner Life. Heaven flows readily into the child's mind: it is easy for it to conceive of a substantial yet spiritual world, where Love walks forth in human loveliness. Everything within the apartment is symbolical. A fine taste presides, and nothing grotesque, nothing tawdry is suffered to mar the pure harmony which prevails. The first room into which we enter is for those who are receiving instruction in the letter of biblical history. The finest culture, the most exhaustive research and the sweetest tenderness display themselves upon the part of those whose function it is to impart instruction. The Sunday School is, in fact, the basis of the Christian University. The lesson of the morning pertains to the biblical account of the birth of our Savior. Observe with what wrapt attention these youthful spirits drink in the vivid

and instructive statements. The Gospel lives again, translated through glowing experience into the dialect of a New Age.

Our steps are now directed into another gathering-place. We enter an apartment consecrated to the spiritual sense of the Word. The history of the soul's regeneration is wrought out in allegorical paintings to fill up the grand compartments. Swedenborg would have rejoiced to see this day; perhaps in vision "he did see it and was glad." Interpreted from the lips of men and women, to whom the letter but serves as the receptacle of the sanctifying and quickening spirit, phrases, that might elsewhere appear technical, are invested with more than a poetic charm. The topic is the rise of religion in the human soul. It is treated in no pedantic and artificial manner, but comes home to groups of listeners, as does the morning to flower-buds when they begin to bloom.

We are led from this into another sanctuary, consecrated to the unfoldings of the Word in its celestial degree. The air is pervaded by a peculiar aroma, which, to those who before have sensed its mystic fragrance, is recognized as proceeding from a Divine sphere, flowing through the Heavens. We are met by one who smilingly whispers, requesting us to tread lightly, for the place is holy ground. The teachers, of both sexes, are intently engaged in their delightful use, and here the subject is the organic results which follow the opening of the respiratories and the descent of the Divine atmosphere into the natural lungs. All teaching is by influx and from the Word. The groups here gathered together are children of the New Jerusalem, growing wise by internal perception, and rapidly becoming celestial in their qualities of mind and heart.

It is now the hour of morning worship. The morning is glorious, both without and within. On entering the temple, we observe, first of all, the structure of the edifice itself. It is a Latin cross and in the Gothic style. The aisles are carpeted with a soft matting. No jarring sound is suffered to enter here. Everything about the place is holy; being the temple of the Lord it is devoted only to the purposes which pertain to the Divine Kingdom in man. Silence reigns; and now we observe that the worshipers, on entering, pass invariably into their appointed places and await the ministrations in silent prayer.

The priest is kneeling within the reading-desk; he rises; opens the tabernacle in the midst of the altar and reverently takes therefrom the Word, while, at the same moment, all rise simultaneously, and chant, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple." We observe, at this moment, a look of mingled awe and unspeakable affection on the faces, occasioned by the descent of a special influx, which, at this time, produces more deep, interior respiration. So begin the solemnities of the Sabbath day. The priest who ministers is evidently conscious of the Lord. Every tone, look, gesture, bespeaks the indwelling Divine Presence. As he turns to the lessons from the Word, we perceive a copy in the hand of every one. During the prayer all kneel in the presence of the Lord their Maker; and now too we are affected by a warm and penetrative fire of charity which sensibly is moving from heart to heart. We realize the descent of the New Jerusalem, and are conscious of a Presence that makes all things new.

After preliminary services, we listen to the discourse. It is without premeditation, yet solely from the Word. Evidently self-derived intelligence has no part in this unfolding of eternal verities. Closeness is its distinguishing element. It deals with the heart and with its hidden tenants. It kindles up the smoldering embers of every good affection. We drink it in as the thirsty earth absorbs precious rain. Earth's distinctions fade away in the great light of judgment. It comes to the young as if the sentences had formed themselves into the image of some Angelic Guardian, marshalling the way to the seven-fold glories of complete regeneration. It comes to the old, softly and sweetly, as if mingled with the songs of Seraphim, and is manna for the heart. It brings the eternal and ineffable wonders into clearest vision, and performs its blessed office not so much by impressing truth from without, as by quickening the latent faculties of the mind, and vitalizing the soul itself with energy and refreshment from the Father of Spirits.

The discourse is over, yet we linger. It is good to be here. Few words are spoken. Evidently this congregation have attained to a state in which heart talks to heart, in thoughts that syllable themselves upon the soul's air. All is peace. Such joy prevails that it seems as if sunshine from the dear Lord's coun-

tenance were playing upon the harp-strings of the bosom and wakening the silent music of the breast.

We are invited to be present, during the day, at the reception of a child into the visible yet heavenly church. It is a little daughter, born in conjugal love, the first-born of a youthful pair, in whose hearts the nuptial flame was kindled by the Celestial Hymen. The young mother holds it in her arms. It is wreathed with pure, white blossoms, and named after a Celestial Angel, who has been, from birth, its guardian. In this humble home we observe the fruits of New Church culture. Neatness reigns without extravagance, and order is exhibited everywhere.

A group of young matrons are present, some with infants in their arms. Their talk is of eternal and heavenly blessings, brought down into the sweet charities and uses of daily life. They are evidently ripening in the regenerate state. A new language, the language of the Angels, the language of innocence, expresses itself in the beaming eye. There are no criticisms of the absent, no senseless and unmeaning compliments, no stilted and artificial phrases. They have learned that speech should be holy. Notice how careful they are, lest, at any moment, the subtle influence of an evil Spirit should inflow, to invert the thought from charity: how quick they are to sense the distant approach of evil and to repel it; and yet how unrestrained, how wholly artless.

Observe, again, these youthful husbands. They speak apart with each other, yet their conversation might be repeated without a blush before the Angels of God in Heaven. It is pure. A cold and artificial pietism might be shocked at such genial and glowing influences as radiate from breast to breast. It is to them no sin for each fervently to love his beautiful, conjugal associate. In their talk we see at once that the Lord is present. There is with every one a tacit recognition of the veiled presence of Infinite Purity. And, now, as we observe more carefully, no one present but who is shielded by the Word borne secretly upon the breast.

We are led thence into a New Church home. An aged man is dying. The apartment is cheerful and decked with blooming flowers. The venerable companion sits by the bed-side, clasping

fondly the hand which for half a century has been a guiding stay. Both ripened in regenerate affections, matured in the knowledges of the internals of the Word, are enjoying, this Sabbath afternoon, a heavenly visitation. The husband speaks; "Dear wife," he says, "to-morrow, our Lord whispers, that my terrestrial career will terminate. The shinings of the Divine Sun visibly illuminate the mansion that is prepared for us. I am permitted to gaze within its golden pillars. There I behold flowers, now budding, and, darling, it is whispered, that, after a few weeks, clothed in the glorious raiment of a wife of the Angels, those blossoms, fully blown, will be wreathed as a joy-crown for immortal brides. The Lord stands with us even now, and blessed be His holy name."

Listen to that dear wife's reply. She hears the announcement with quiet and subdued rapture. At last she speaks: "Oh! I am so glad, so glad. My heart is almost too full for words. I recall His mercies since our youth; His mysterious dealings with us from step to step of regeneration; the dawnings of inward perception; the beginnings of inward respiration; the successive removal of the evils of inheritance and acquisition; the training of our spirits, two in one, through spiritual combats for long-continued and fruitful uses. I praise Him for His great gift of conjugal love, growing more perfect, more unutterably sweet as we have become outwardly old together. Oh! beloved, I can give thee to Him, for thy translation, without a pang. He whispers in my bosom that I shall be permitted, as to my spirit, to behold thy waking in the Better Land."

It is Sabbath evening. Let us enter this brilliantly lighted hall. We are now in a great city. Hundreds are passing in. It is full, yet still they come. Swart artisans with their faces browned with smithy fires; pale mechanics, bent and wan with excessive in-door labor; frail unfortunates, disguised, and shrinking away into corners lest they should be seen, yet all ear for the words that are to come; gay and perfumed dames, rustling in silks and attired in fashions now unborn; stately and dignified men of the world, hollow-eyed with dissipation, or self-possessed in all the dignity which comes from wealth and titles;—every social caste, here by its representatives, waits for the burning senten-

ces, that pass like a great drift of stars, calm and distant, yet near and penetrative, and let in the glories of another state of being on this dusky earth.

The speaker rises, so self-possessed that one might think he was sure that every heart was open to his message. Surely, this man is one who has been acquainted with grief in all its human phases. His words at first are low. There is something silvery and like the far sound of music in his speech. He is like a skillful player on some vast instrument, which God has placed in all these hearts, but which the Divine finger alone can awaken into sound. His theme is "The Gospel a charity." This is a New Church Evangelist, and well-nigh a stranger in the place; but God is with him, even the Lord.

What an unvail of deep things and secret things is this discourse. They listen as did the woman at Samaria's well to the mysterious Visitant who told her all things that ever she did. Now the speaker becomes wrapt, impassioned and burning with an eloquence beyond that of mortal man. The trumpet tones cleave the air. Dead affections stir and quiver in many breasts, and the announcement of a New Church and a New Age, is, to hundreds, grand as if they saw before the mind's eye a pictured apocalypse. And see, here is one, melting at the message and gathering up all the energies of the spirit to inward battle against a thousand cherished sins; such sins as the world smiles upon, because the gay, the giddy and the outwardly beautiful and the socially great pamper them at heart. And look! another, hid away from observation, a mere wreck of womanhood, all but lost beyond retrieval,—she too receives this copious baptism; and Mercy visits her in a Divine Voice, cleaving down the dark Despair who bars his entrance, and lifting up the unfortunate to sweet and certain hope of virginal purity reinstated and made perfect. "How beautiful, upon the mountains, are the feet of them who bring good tidings and publish peace."

Reader, wouldst thou have this fair ideal verified? Remember that the kingdom of the Lord can only be ultimated through willing instruments. We must sow in tears if we would reap in joy, and labor in present combats, cheered on by prospect of future victories.

THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN:

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

There are no words indicative of either sin or sorrow, or death, or of natural or moral disorders, however remote or insignificant, in the language of the Angels; nor are they able to express, by any sign, gesture or pantomime, any idea otherwise than that which is pure, peaceful, and, in its own essence and degree, perfect. When, therefore, as in cases wherein I heard them narrate particulars concerning the disorderly individual and social life which characterizes our fallen species, it was not in their own tongue; but they suggested in my own mind, by awakening latent ideas therein, such trains of thought as it was in order for me to receive.

Hence all that is said in these pages as from the Angels, which pertains, in any manner, to the inversions of true order in our world, proceeds from them not in a primary but in a secondary sense. For instance, speaking with themselves concerning marriage, they never mentioned to one any of the scandals or abuses which have sprung up, among us, around the marital institution. Their speech was invariably of its joys, blessings, uses, knowledges and degrees of elevation, as applied to different members of their own society, and as unfolding through the complex life of the Universal Heaven; but the inflowing of their thoughts into my own mind, produced a conversation which was theirs in a derivative sense; the ideas which they uttered, clothing themselves in verbal forms, derived from my own understanding; and, in this secondary manner, alone, their speech might be said to refer to our earth and to events transpiring thereon.

When they had occasion to narrate events, which, however distantly, suggested to me, by associations growing out of earthly disorders, aught that might be impure, their minds were closed, that no ideas other than such as were heavenly, might pass from my mind into theirs. Ineffable purity is the characteristic of their state. The speech of Heaven is a pure correspondence, but

there are no inverted forms, no diseased or distorted images, nothing which bears the mark either of moral or natural degradation or inversion; therefore there is in their dialect no analogy for evil.

When in their own state and in uses among themselves, they have no perception that such a thing as moral disorders obtains in any earth of the universe, the region of the mind in which such thoughts are stored being closed up and sealed with a seal. This is necessary, inasmuch as it is in Divine order for their state to be one of unmixed felicity, which could not be were trains of images to picture themselves in the sensorium, expressive of the crimes and casualties which are occurring upon our globe. Besides, as the thoughts of Angels flow invariably after a time into correspondential scenery, which appears in the more ultimate region of their celestial earth, were they to indulge in trains of sorrowful reflection concerning disorders, the very landscapes would be darkly tinted and clouds obscure their sky.

It is permitted to them sometimes, when they descend into the Earths of Spirits, to talk in this region of their minds, which is at other times kept closed; and they then converse in a dialect which is not properly of the Heavens, but, in quality, below it. At such periods it is allowed, for illustrative purposes, to speak of false and evil things, and to point out to those with whom they communicate important truths connected with the best methods of overcoming evil with good.

The little infants, who are taken from the earth before the selfhood begins to be formed upon its natural plane of consciousness, invariably awaken in the Heavens, and are nursed there by Celestial Angels; if their genius is otherwise by Spiritual or Ultimate Angels. Their education is conducted precisely as if they were the members of an harmonic earth, never defiled by the introduction of moral impurities; though at this point there are qualifications. Such infants, as their first dialect, speak the language of the skies.

It is otherwise with infants whose departure from the terrestrial form takes place after reflection has begun, and with children in all the various states. These are distributed, after their entrance into the World of Spirits, into Societies; their position

in every instance being determined by the hereditary evils in the selfhood which have become active, and must be overcome.—None are lost or become Demons, because none have confirmed themselves in the love of self and the world, and the love of ruling over others, and against the love of God and the neighbor, and of serving others. Their education is conducted, in these Societies, till such periods as the last remaining evils are wrought out; after which they are initiated into the preparatory states which pertain to Angelhood.

The schools, which appear in the Heavens, are unlike the corresponding institutions which characterize civilized society in the natural world, in many important particulars, some of which may here be specified. The Word is the only source of knowledge. Astronomy, botany, the laws of social order, physiology, and all that pertains to the structure and unfolding of the soul, are taught from the Word alone. Therein it is made evident to them that there is but one MAN, in the absolute sense; that He is the Lord Messiah, and that all Angels and Angelic Spirits are but forms, who breathe, and thence think and act, by means of the operations of His Spirit.

There are, however, innumerable text books, in illustration of the Word and in its application to every variety of knowledge. Books are multiplied by a process analogous to the printing art as it exists with us. But the most important and sacred treatises appear in the Heavens as if they were scrolls let down from superior Societies. In the written and printed language there an indescribable beauty appears; the minute characters resembling the orbs of vision, viewed through the microscope, and wreathed about with complex groups of attractive animal or floral or crystalline images, gemmed with the rainbow's brilliancy and variety of light. Science is taught by instructors, who are in the love of this specialty of use, and therefore wise in all the truths into which their love inflows. The arts are taught,—both those which are classed on earth as useful and elegant,—for every child must be educated to industry. Everything in Heaven partakes of the nature of the trine; hence culture embraces art, knowledge and virtue; in which the hand, the brain and the heart are equally instructed.

It will relieve the minds of those on earth, who, because their employments are accounted lowly, think that time is wasted and little preparation is made for a celestial existence, to know that every useful labor, as it appears on earth, is represented by something analogous in the pure Heaven; inversive labors again form an exception. I noticed, as has been mentioned, builders and architects at their toil. The maxim prevails in Heaven that "the use makes the man;" for, through uses, the faculties are unfolded from state to state of ever-beautiful perfection.

The saying which obtains on earth that "order is Heaven's first law," contains within itself volumes of instruction. The same minute attention to detail, the same exquisite and precise adaptation of part to part and all to one harmonious whole, which characterizes the delicate blossoms which appear in gardens, and is exhibited in the groupings and combinations of the various natural kingdoms, appears here in its application to human society.

There are no apologies ever made for instantaneous departure, as when two are conversing together. It is recognized that all are servants, and each liable to be called at any moment to an unforeseen use. Government appears in its perfection, all being subjects of one undivided and infinitely benignant sovereignty. Festivities occur with great frequency, and serve as exhilarations to the spirits, but use is the end here as everywhere.

All being doers of the Will of God, in an instant and direct manner, a state of affairs exists wholly the opposite of that on earth, where affairs have fallen into disorder from the service of demons and the selfhood. No time is lost in trifling. Even pleasures have a divine value. On earth a man is in a measure at the mercy of his friends, who think it hard indeed if he refuses socially to communicate with them. In Heaven, no matter what be the festivity, the Angel, on the instant, when summoned by a call of duty, disappears, returning perhaps after a season, wreathed with some fresh garland or with a richer radiance in his attire, bespeaking the deed of mercy which the Divine Lord has performed through him during the interval of absence. Oh! that this might be the law of social intercourse on earth; that men might learn to make use, in all things, paramount; to put an end to the bar-

baric custom of feigning to enjoy the civil call, when, all the while, the heart is conscious that it should be elsewhere. Doubtless it requires moral heroism to attempt this innovation, and those who make it must bear the reputation of eccentricity and perhaps madness.

I took the hand of the fair girl, whose nuptials were about to be celebrated, and, doing so, she remarked, "My brother, you are sad;" that is, the celestial idea which she expressed, took this form, descending into the lower province of my understanding. I answered, "It is but momentary;" and, indeed, the cause of it soon vanished away. I was at that time present with her in Heaven through the opening of the celestial degree of sight, and through the affection of my spirit for its use, which was at that moment that of ingathering celestial knowledges; but, as to my natural body, an inhabitant of the mundane sphere; and therefore liable, through the associations of its society, to a constant interruption.

At this moment a wise Angel approached me, in whom I recognized the high priest of the Heaven of the Dove, also of the celestial degree, and perceiving the brief disturbance in my spirits, was moved by the Divine Voice to speak to me concerning it from the Word. I may thus translate his language into natural idiom. "No man can serve two masters. If Society, on your earth, is God, serve that; conforming explicitly to its polite usages. If friends present themselves, from courteous motives, receive them, lest you should be deemed uncivil; if those who are disposed to converse on spiritual or natural topics, desire your presence, be always at their call. But if Christ the Lord be God, serve Him. Invariably conform to that law which He has instituted, as applying especially to all in Heaven, and all in earth who are in states to be led by instant direction of His Divine Voice; establish, in yourself and around yourself, a new order; regarding time as holy and as His property, and yourself as his servant, entrusted with the stewardship of that time. Shrink not, abjectly, from the temporary wound which may be inflicted on kind persons, who cannot at present understand this law; but bravely deny yourself what otherwise might be a pleasure. In all instances remember that you are not to be instructed in use from

the conflicting minds below. God is your Instructor. Fear not, therefore, to say to all men, 'My use requires me.' The good will understand in due time, and cavillers be put to silence. Otherwise, since a house divided against itself cannot stand, I foresee all your usefulness disasterously terminated, and your mediatorial state, like a broken statue, fallen from its pedestal and prostrate on the earth, the mark of private sorrow and the text for public derision."

Blessing the good priest for this kind exhortation, which I perceived to be from the Divine oracles, a little book whose coverings were purple inwrought with arabesques of gold, instantaneously appeared in my hand. "Put the book in thy breast, dear brother," whispered the virgin bride, "and read it when our Lord permits thee." I will say no more therefore concerning this at present.

In Heaven marriages are sometimes effected by means of translations; and here again we observe a custom similar to that which obtains in civilized society in our own sphere. The two in one are borne away in magic pinnacles over seas of liquid light; at other times shining chariots drawn by doves await to conduct them, through aerial regions, to remote paradises, where, passing through transitions from state to state, they taste a series of exquisite joys, flowing from the union of heart with heart and the descent and appearance of the Lord Messiah within the internals of the breast. In fact, marriage is the crowning rite of the Divine religion.

We were conducted into a temple where services were chanted by Celestial Angels in alternate responses. An altar appeared decked with flowers. Upon it, on a surface of spotless white, the Word lay open in its celestial sense. The marriage ceremony was not performed by the priest, but the two, kneeling before the altar, laid each the right hand upon the open volume; and Hymettus,—for that was the name of the bridegroom,—pronounced these words, "I take thee, Hymetta, for my nuptial counterpart, acknowledging and receiving the Lord in thee and thee in Him." Then, in a voice of inexpressible sweetness, the tender bride responded, "I yield myself to thee, Hymettus, to be thy nuptial counterpart, acknowledging and receiving the Lord in thee, and thee in Him." The twain then remained in silent worship, and

a Voice was heard which all distinctly felt vibrating through the inmost of each breast, and which at the same time proceeded from the Word, and made itself audible in the bosoms of the bridal pair, "I pronounce thee one." It was the Lord. All marriages in Heaven, are in this manner, consecrated, declared, and ratified by the Lord alone.

After this a bridal procession was formed, and we were all led forth unto a banqueting room, where congratulations were interchanged. Beyond appeared a radiant, sparkling sea, fringed with water flowers of every hue. Steps were visible, as of frosted pearl, leading to the water's edge. A pinnacle, more beautiful than any description of Cleopatra's barge, rocked upon the surface. Soft music was heard pealing from its slender spars, its gleaming sails, its vibrating cordage. As if moved by some invisible force of life it glided to the foot of the stairway. Hymettus now began singing under some lyrical inspiration :

Golden bells, in music pealing,
Hymen's bliss in heart revealing,
Chiming far o'er vale and hollow,
I am glad your path to follow.
Wreathe, oh! wreathe, your fragrant tresses,
In the south wind's warm caresses,
For it comes with blossoms laden,
Bridal blooms, thou blessed maiden.

Golden bells, within me pealing,
Hymen's joy in heart revealing,
I am glad your path to follow,
Far away o'er hill and hollow.
Sure the step should never falter
To the blessed bridal altar.

Golden bells, in gladness pealing,
Hymen's joy in heart revealing,
In your tuneful undulations
Dance a thousand fairy nations,⁵
Holding lamps of gold and argent
On the ocean's yellow margent.
Far away through vale and hollow,
Lead me on. I follow, follow.

The Children of Hymen.

Come to the ocean marge,
 The day is soft and dim,
 And Hymen's purple barge,
 Rocks on the liquid brim.
 Come to the land beyond the wave,
 Come to the land that Hymen gave.

The Isle of Nuptial Bliss
 Is gleaming far away,
 Beyond the blue abyss,
 Beyond the setting day.
 Come to the land beyond the wave,
 Come to the land that Hymen gave.

How bright the billows dance
 Upon the yellow brim.
 The water fays advance
 And chant their nuptial hymn.
 Come to the land beyond the wave,
 Come to the land that Hymen gave.

Forever blooms the mere
 On beds of daisied gold ;
 The distant stars appear
 Like shepherds in a fold.
 Come to the land beyond the wave,
 Come to the land that Hymen gave

Forevermore the roses blow ;
 The bridal winds of Aethra flow ;
 Forevermore, thou angel girl,
 The bridal years their sails unfurl,
 To bear thee o'er the blissful sea,
 Then haste, beloved, haste with me.

All is content, and, soft and dim,
 The stars repeat their nuptial hymn.
 From orb to orb the music runs
 And thrills the heart of all the suns,
 That two in one through ether glide,
 Or blend as bridegroom clasps the bride.

Forevermore, forevermore,
 Night counts her starry jewels o'er,

And every gem, of purest ray,
Seeks in our hearts to blend a ray,—
A ray of bridal bliss divine:
Arise! arise! be mine! be mine!

Chanting this mystic melody, all present, in an accord of love and consenting gladness, joined from time to time in the refrain. The bridal pair, receiving blessings from all present, were then conducted to this mystic pinnacle. The south wind blew. It receded and disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOTE.—There are, strictly speaking, no marriages in Heaven. Heaven, as a state, proceeds from and flows out of the Divine nuptial union of the two in one. Both must be advanced to a state in which regeneration is complete, before it can be consummated in its celestial degree, since the slightest admixture of evil in either would serve as a barrier to the Divine descent of the Lord, through the interiors, by means of which a perfect interblending is accomplished. But this subject will be found lucidly set forth, at a future date, in the second volume of the *Arcana of Christianity*, containing an exposition of the celestial sense of the Divine Word. Hymettus and Hymetta were, in reality united in the ante-court or preparation-chamber of the true celestial state.

Eve walks, with jeweled veils of airy gold,
A mirage-maiden, on the hills afar.
Her lovely face the heavens may not behold,
But every glance breaks forth into a star.

CHARITY IN THE NEW CHURCH.

Religious journals should be conducted with a supreme regard to charity. Kindness should preside over every motion of the pen, and every article be scrupulously weighed in the golden scales which Love holds. This lesson, taught to the editor by his Divine Lord, should, through him, be impressed on every contributor. Till Christians can learn to state their respective views, on points wherein they differ, without suffering their hearts to be alienated from each other, what right have we to expect the Sceptical World to receive a true faith?

To be abused and never to retaliate; to be conscious of the existence and possession of terrific weapons of offence, and, at the same time, deliberately to allow one's self to be smitten and buffeted with no retort; and, when speaking of enemies who are most bitter, without exception, to make their conduct appear in as favorable light as is possible, may be a hard test of Christian discipline, but it is nevertheless a valid test. It is our determination, with God's help, to enforce, so far as we are able, this rule of action.

Until this heavenly law can be applied, we must remain sectarian. Till we can learn to hold men as dear friends in the Lord, and, evermore turning the sunniest side toward them, to radiate upon their natures the choicest influences of good will, our faith and preaching are alike vain. Nor can true doctrine stream through the chinks and crannies of the Old Church, and waken the slumbering myriads therein, till professed New Churchmen exhibit perfect charity, in their intercourse with each other, and their criticisms of foreign bodies.

Every month, every year, of journalism, preaching or authorship, on the part of the New Church writer or speaker, should exhibit a marked improvement in this respect. Here is the point of *rapport* wherein the Infernals most readily and easily inflow; but here also the place of combat, where, if blows fall thickest and heaviest, victory over besetting sins of temper, pride, haughtiness, vain-gloriousness and combativeness, may be most effectually won.

Such as are called upon, in the Divine Providence, to utter advanced truths, which bring upon them hostile criticism, reaching almost invariably to a mean suspicion of motives, should rejoice; for there is no species of discipline better calculated to advance the process of regeneration. No Christian can reach the goal where the virtues in his own breast put on their immortality, until he has learned to be led, in the spirit, "as a lamb to the slaughter; and, as a sheep is dumb before the shearer so to open not his mouth."

Theological controversies are chiefly carried on by atrabilious and pugnacious men; the Bendigo's and Caunt's of the polemical prize-ring. Gentlemen, who, in the social circle are urbane, in the family obliging, as neighbors kind, as friends often warm and steadfast, and as mere acquaintances genial and amiable, seem possessed, when they indite editorials or contribute to the columns of the denominational press, with a ferocious spirit, which belongs rather to the Malay or the Carib than to the man whom Christianity has cultured. The rustling of the printed sheets might be mistaken for the buzz of wasps or the droning sound of hornets. Were our dear Lord to come again to earth, the task of casting out the demons from the editorial sanctum would require more stringent measures than those made use of to expel the money-changers from the temple.

Suffer us now to make a personal application of this. There are, among avowed New Churchmen in America, as it seems to us, at least four separate movements; that centered in Boston, which assumes a conventional form; that growing up around the Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society, whose views are represented in *The Swedenborgian*; the extended independency of which *The Crisis* is the most complete representative, and the more recent unfolding whose views find at least a partial expression in *The Herald of Light*.

Without entering into an analysis of the merits of these respective tendencies,—for all have merits; without criticising their limitations,—for all are incomplete; may we not adopt the charitable opinion that each is perhaps designed, in the Divine Providence, to accomplish a use independent of all others? that each, seizing upon some important post of vantage, and taking posses-

sion of it in the Master's name, is honestly endeavoring to do Him and the world good service against sin and Satan? that there are, in each, constructive elements, all destined to enter, though quarried and fashioned separately, into the unitary structure of the New Jerusalem? and that the brethren most earnestly and devotedly engaged in these several fields of action, however their mode of working differs from our own, are animated by a sincere desire both to know and do God's holy will?

Again: adopting this view, can we not all form the habit, not alone of suppressing ebullitions of ill temper when differences arise, but also of the more sedulously cultivating kindness, both of speech and spirit. "It is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity." We rejoice, heartily, that religious services are conducted in New York by our brother of *The N. J. Messenger*; would to God that he had a thousand listeners: we believe him to be a sincere, earnest man, working according to his light for the New Church: we beg here to assure him personally that nothing, in the periodical of which he is the agent, has had power to alienate our feelings in the least degree. With the same interest we rejoice in the favorable auspices under which the church, recently worshiping in Eleventh Street, have taken possession of their new and commodious edifice. We hail the tokens of a reviving growth among them with heartfelt joy, and whoever, from time to time, may labor in their midst, will find with us fraternal welcome.

Man is finite, but the Church, which is God's manifestation in the world, is infinite. As the Divine Spirit renews the religious life of Humanity, we have no idea whatever that tame uniformity is to characterize its manifestations. In the man of spiritual genius, whose intellect delights in severe mathematical forms, a precise and rigid ecclesiastical system, will, for ages, prove not alone agreeable but perhaps also invaluable. To those of a celestial genius worship will be more spontaneous and lyrical, more fluent, less constrained; while, to that great class who are ultimate more fully into the realm of effects, the stately and imposing rituals of Rome and the Anglican persuasion, divested of their extraneous elements, may serve as needful helps in heavenly things.

Were the New Jerusalem to descend, as it must do yet, into

the unruffled bosom of the disciples of Fox and Penn, it would there conform itself to the peculiar genius of that society. Forms are the last things to change, because growth is from center to circumference. So perhaps we shall see, before many years have elapsed, the New Jerusalem inaugurated in the midst of the followers of Zinzendorf; but, in this case, the heavenly doctrines will shape for themselves a fitting receptacle from the mould of a sweet and genial Moravianism.

The water, unchanged in every case,
Takes on the figure of the vase.

Once more: We can best promote the ends of the Divine Providence, rather by sympathizing with the good results, accomplished through any New Church movement, than by commenting on deficiencies. What sort of lover is that who interlards his conversation with criticisms on the mole which may be seen, by close inspection, on the blooming cheek of his mistress; or who takes pains to have it known in all circles, that, when a child, she fell in the fire, and ever since has had a scar upon her wrist? When brethren exhibit ill temper let us form the rule of never alluding to it. Criticisms soon correct themselves. If a brother spies our faults he need not be over anxious that all the world should know them; for, if our hearts are kept open to the Lord as little children, He will quicken our perceptions to behold our own deficiencies.

It does us good to find gems of religious truth in any journal, like that from our brother Giles in *The N. J. Messenger*; but when something appears, through error perchance of judgment, in the same columns, which shines not so brightly, we will thank God for the good that has come and wait for more. We have no doubt that all our Editorial and Ministerial brethren have private griefs and sorrows, nor would we, by harsh judgment and pointed animadversions, make one night's rest for them less sweet and calm.

If,—for to err is mortal,—we have ever transgressed against this golden rule of charity, we crave forgiveness, and hope in all our future labors, at least, to exhibit that brotherly love which is the first attribute of the disciple. Regarding ourselves as by no means perfect, we still endeavor to press onward to a future in which the fruits of regeneration shall appear conspicuous in heart and life.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES:

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NETTLEBY TALES."

CHAPTER II.

"The New Church," said Mr. Lovegood, "penetrates to the causes of domestic difficulties. It finds them in the World of Spirits. Every action of our life is scrutinized by more eyes than we are aware. You are both open, although unconsciously, in mind and body, to the influences which emanate from these unperceived sources. Your dear wife is at this moment regaining mental balance, and will wake in a serene state.

"We inhabit the body but live beyond it. When sleep grows perfect we emerge into some province of the world beyond the grave. It remains for us to determine, by the thoughts and the affections which we encourage, in what realm, whether of holy Angels, good Spirits, evil Genii or Demons, our interior and invisible existence shall be passed.

Your dear wife, my friend, is open and teachable. The seeds of evil, which have have been suffered to germinate in her disposition, have not yet ripened, but are immature. The deep-drawn respirations of her sleep are an evidence to me, that, were our Divine Lord's protection withdrawn for an instant, her evil genii would produce suffocation.

"In the Most Ancient Times, the inhabitants of our world inhaled the spiritual ether as well as the natural atmosphere. They were consciously the dwellers in both worlds. Life was two-fold, in knowledge as well as fact. At the present time a crisis is impending over the human family; for this internal or spiritual respiration is about to return. The lungs of the soul will be re-opened into those of the natural body. We will now reënter by your permission. I have given you these hints by way of preparation for the state in which we may find her."

On reëntering the cottage, to the surprise of the young husband, Elsie had risen, reárranged her toilet and was seated at the piano. A sheet of fresh music, which, to his knowledge, she had

not seen, was opened before her,—one that he had selected during his brief absence of a day. It was entitled, “The Angel’s Whisper.” Both paused upon the threshold. At that instant, improvising a low and tender prelude, she began to sing, in a subdued voice rich in melody.

The youthful bridegroom, in the first, fond impulse of reconciliation, was about to spring forward, but his friend whispered, “Not yet! She is, as to the body, sound asleep. This is trance-music that you hear. The soul, after its brief absence, has re-entered the body, but sees with other than natural eyes. Her hand, should you touch it, would be found cold as marble, and the pulse almost imperceptible.”

The singing went on, but changed into an improvisation, while the music became less artificial and wholly unearthly. “Listen,” whispered Mr. Lovegood, “the language will afford a key to the state that her soul is in.” She sang,

I am far, far away from the home of the dust,
From the land where the mortals reside ;
With the souls of the loving, the pure and the just,
Where the bridegroom is one with the bride.

Like a breath of sweet music, my spirit is borne
To a temple of worship and praise ;
And my soul is no more by the anger-fiends torn,
While I walk in these beautiful ways.

I am taught, from the Word, which the Angels possess,
That my earth-life from sin must be free,
Ere my soul can be clothed with the radiant dress
Of the Seraph who whispers to me.

Mr. Lovegood stepped forward and laid his hand upon the singer’s forehead, pressed it lightly, and whispered, “Elsie, my child, in the Lord’s name remember the words that you have sung, the scenes which you have visited and also the character of the instructions imparted to you, when consciousness resumes its sway.”

Elsie did remember. Unconscious apparently that she had been addressed ; still moving as one who glides in the mazes of

a dream, the singer drew a rose-bud from its vase near at hand, carefully removed the thorns from its stem, pressed a kiss upon it, and then, with a beaming, heavenly smile, mutely placed it in her husband's breast. The glory faded from her face, and, sighing deeply, she woke, sat down, sighed again, and remained as if absorbed in the effort of recollection. The two watched her intently, but not a sound broke the stillness of the air.

"I will! I will! I will!" murmured the fair bride, as if nerving herself to an action against the wishes of some invisible remonstrant; then rising, fully awake, she threw herself with an almost inaudible petition for forgiveness, into her husband's ready arms. It was a sacred scene.

The clergyman, noiselessly and unnoticed, withdrew from the apartment and paced up and down the garden walk for a few moments; while the face, so calm, so powerful in the might of good affections, so redolent of grace and sweetness, was now, could one have observed it, inscribed with the mysterious traces of an inward grief. Words like these might have been heard, low breathed upon the air, "Father in Heaven, Thou hast made use of me, that, through this poor, frail spirit, Thou mightest keep at bay the demons who produce dissention between the husband and the wife. Oh! Father, keen and terrible are the tortures which they inflict upon me in their rage and desperation. Oh! for grace to bear until the victory is complete." The sorrow-look passed away and one of calm, sweet patience took its place.

The inner life of the clergyman, called by the Divine Voice, to minister in the New Church, is one, as in Mr. Lovegood's case, which requires invincible determination. This tender, faithful man was now made use of as an agent, in the hands of his Master, for the purpose of restraining the evil Spirits who had wrought such havoc in the bosom of Louis Foster's young wife. Had they not been restrained in this manner it would have been impossible for her spirit, returning to its body, to have controlled its material faculties for the purpose of affording the sweet and wonderful manifestation of an interior experience, which had served as the prelude to reconciliation. Much as the soul might have desired to have exhibited some token to bespeak its visit to the Angel World during slumber, no gleam of recollection could

have broken through the obscure windows of the natural sense. I am but the postman, as you recollect, and, for this philosophy, am indebted to more than one golden volume in Mr. Champney's library.

But we must now leave Mr. Lovegood in the garden for a while, and take a peep for an instant at an old acquaintance, Carrie Gray.

CHAPTER III.

Carrie Gray had fairies! I am going to carry my reader a long way into dream-land, utterly beyond where poets walk in fancy's garden. Carrie Gray had fairies! There is a real Fairy World, of which some dim reminiscences linger all over the earth. Dear to my heart are the little people; I may say, very dear. When my boy lived he was their playfellow. From him I learned to believe in many things, which grow more familiar to me, as I begin to see something, now and then, of where he is, and what he is, among the Angels. He used to tell us of small folks, rocking in the cups of tall, golden air-flowers, that would sometimes pay visits to the sick chamber. One, in particular, he called Gracie. She, according to his description, was a wee thing, as small as littleness itself, but as perfect in miniature as any star in greatness.

It was a pretty conceit, but one night I recollect well, for I came home very tired and perhaps a little down-hearted; when, to cheer me up, he began stroking my cheeks, and said, "Father, there are small fellows, so little that they might live in a tulip, and they have coats like Joseph's, of many colors. You can't catch them, they go so fast; but one came and lit on my finger, saying, 'Little boy, be wise.' At this I thought a very small voice, that could not be heard outside of the ears, came into my mouth and began singing, 'Tell the little boy how to be wise, fairy.' Then the small man perched on my finger laughed, and began to talk to me about a little girl whose name he called Star-eyes, and asked me if I wished to see her. Then Star-eyes paid me a visit,—she is about my own age,—and we played together. She lives in that brave place I told you of, where they are all young, and the

SHINING MAN watches over them. In her hand she held a little, white flower, and out of it came another fairy, and then we made a bargain; it was this, that Star-eyes was to send one of her fairies to me every time I needed comfort, that I might recollect to be patient and to bear pain well."

Oh my boy, my blessed boy! thou wert unto me as an Angel from God that night! He continued, "Father, it rains violets; how sweet they are!" Then, clapping his tiny hands, he began to laugh, and said, "See yonder. Star-eyes has her pinafore full of them; they are real flowers when she throws them at me, but, by the time they get here, are only like the little souls of flowers without bodies."

Did my poor senses deceive me? I was sure the air grew sweet. Or was it only the perfume of a holy thought? That fragrance has never left me and never will. I wake sometimes, in the lone night, and think that my boy is scattering violets upon the pillow. There is a faint, unearthly odor; something inexpressibly delicious, that makes me think by association of all good things. I know that such violets never grew in this world,—they are in the gardens of the sky.

But, as I was saying, my boy talked much of fairies. According to his account, they are famously talkative and merry, full of all sorts of quaint ways; but, in all their sports, always harmless. And Carrie Gray had fairies! Why not? Cannot a good affection take form and live? Cannot some shining love-thought of our Divine Father grow into sentient existence and live in the midst of all sweet odors and melodious voices, shaping for himself, from the music and the perfume and the embodied joy, a little home, refined and odorous, and sparkling as the light? At any rate, it will harm no one to believe this, and I do believe it.

But Carrie Gray was one of these inner breathers too. It would be a long narration to recount through what successions of experience she began to respire from the pure atmosphere of the skies. Her home was made, to the good man whom she had married, as perfect an Elysium as can be found in this earthly sphere. This afternoon she sat smiling over her needle-work, and, when the Doctor entered, looked at him as if the eyes must speak before the lips, and shower sunlight on his face. Then she said, "I

have been to Fairy Land this afternoon. It seemed to me that more than a hundred of infantile beings were in the air singing about me. I'll tell you what they said, "Elsie Foster's been to Heaven. Go and see. Go and see."

The Doctor dropped the remark, rather hastily, "I am afraid, my dear, that, unless Elsie Foster mends her ways, she will go to the other place. Farmer Muggridge met me as I crossed Windmill Hill, and, with one of his knowing looks, said, 'Drop in accidentally on Louis Foster. There's trouble in the poultry-yard.' I took his meaning. Elsie has frequently seemed almost possessed for years, but, before her marriage, made a great effort at concealing these fits of temper. Poor Foster has had his first lesson in trouble at home."

The lovely wife was not disheartened, but responded, "God loves Elsie too well not to send some warning, I am sure; and I believe that this afternoon something has occurred in their cottage, which, if profited by, will be the means of leading her steps to the better country. She has exhibited an uncontrollable dislike to me, but I am going to conquer it. Let us visit them." Mr. Lovegood had sunk into a reverie, unconscious of passing time, and, to his great surprise, roused by a friendly voice, beheld young Dr. Gray and his sweet companion, the lady all smiles, the gentleman rather thoughtful. It had been one of those brilliant summer afternoons when the landscape seems all a fire-picture, sparkling with wealth of Heaven's jewelry, and the air a sea of molten light. But the garden was now almost in shade, for the sun was going down. Carrie rapped with her parasol at the cottage window. It was thrown open and Elsie peeped out, looking now as if she were "Elsie, my angel!" indeed. Oh! it is Love that beautifies. It is more than a coronet of diamonds upon the forehead, more than queenly robes upon the person and gems upon the hand. A light, subdued and soft, tender and dreamy, and altogether as of another life, was in the eyes, and a something inexpressibly sweet in the voice that said, "Carrie, I am so glad you have come. I was longing, at this moment, that you were with me."

Carrie was glad too; her fairy vision was no cheat.

"The romance of real life," said Mr. Lovegood, to the group who gathered around him, after tea, in the parlor of the cottage,

“is more wonderful than any art-picture, delineated by the novelist.”

Elsie sat upon the sofa, holding fondly the hand of her young husband, and hardly seeming to hear the words of the clergyman, but replied, “It is wonderful. I hardly know, even now, whether I am dreaming. I woke, as it seemed to me, in a subterranean cell, lit by a glaring red light, which exuded a pitchy odor and which came and went in fitful gleams, mingled with dense smoke-wreaths. Three old women, with cadaverous faces, were crouching over the blaze, and striving to warm their emaciated hands.

“Apparently unaware of my presence, I was enabled to hear their conversation. One said, ‘Elsie Storms is married. I have sowed hate-seeds in her breast. She will hate her husband soon.’

“The second replied, ‘Aye, aye. Elsie Storms is married. I have sown jealousy-seed in her breast. It is a foot high now and grows faster than nettles.’

“At this the third cried fiercely, ‘I sowed vanity-seed there years ago. It is now a great tree, and scores of evil passions make their nests in it.’

“It then seemed that I was taken away from this place. I beheld another dark, gloomy, sepulchral tenement. Three men, who might have been brigands or outlaws, were sharpening knives. Neither seemed to observe me. One said to his companions, ‘Louis Foster is married. I entered his house and whispered in the ear of his young wife, Louis is a tyrant; he is making a slave of you.’ At this the foolish girl thought that my words were her own fancies and took them to heart.’

“The second scowled and muttered, ‘I found her discontented, and threw a thought at her. It sank into her brain like a stone that falls down a well, and stirred up all its mire. I said, ‘your husband loves another better than you.’ At this she began to murmur to herself, ‘Who can it be? I’ll find out,’ half believing that my thought was her own.’

“The third then stealthily and cautiously responded, ‘After she has angered him by fits of passion for a month or so, I propose to give her reason for jealousy. We will work upon his weaknesses, and send young Mobley over to visit her, while he is enticed into the Widow Thorne’s. Each will then look black

to the other. We will have them with us yet, and spite the Angels.'

"At this, methought, my heart grew heavy, and, inwardly, I began to pray for strength to overcome my own evils. Then it seemed that a soft wind blew, laden with fragrance of roses, and I was rapidly borne to a pleasant garden. There, underneath a fruit-tree, sat three Celestial Women, conversing together. The first said, 'Our Lord has given Elsie Storms to Louis Foster, and they are married. May His blessing rest upon the two. I have just returned from executing a message of mercy in her behalf. It was to visit Carrie Gray, whose spiritual perceptions were so far opened as to behold sportive infants, like atoms, glancing in the atmosphere. They were the forms of our good affections, and sang to her, 'Elsie Foster has received this afternoon a heavenly visitation: go and see.'

"The second of these beautiful ones smilingly responded, 'Our works agree: I was sent to the priest at Grimesby Park, and whispered from the Lord in his spirit, 'There is trouble at the house of Louis Foster.' The good man, hearing my words, asked directions of the Lord, and was internally moved, as speedily as possible, to journey thither."

"The third then spoke, in a voice sweeter than the others, 'Here she comes.' At this all rose and turned their faces on mine, but I could hardly endure the sight. Speaking in tones more melodious than earthly music, all bade me welcome. Then one said, 'It is of our dear Lord's appointment that thou art brought to this place. Such clear warnings as thou hast received are given but to few. Thy husband's heart is bleeding because of thy misconduct. Thou art here to learn the truth that good Angels and evil Demons continually are present with all human creatures. If the affections are given to self and the world, the evil ones have power to sow their false persuasions within the breast, where they ripen to bitter fruit.'

"Much more these Angels said, all of which is vividly imprinted upon the memory; but, afterward, they spoke such consoling words, that my heart seemed melting and all its coldness dissolving away. I now know that my body is the spirit's house, and that, at any moment, we are liable to leave it; that our

thoughts and feelings are imparted to us from invisible sources, and that we repeat and reëcho the sentiments of Angels from Heaven, or of Demons from the dark world."

The young bride paused; tears trembled in her beautiful eyes; all were still. A sacred awe pervaded the little circle, till Carrie Gray, passing her arm around the waist of Elsie, whispered, "This is from the Lord, Love, and sent as a means of leading you, in liberty, into the full perception of the life-truths of the New Jerusalem. We can only be truly wise as we ultimate the affections of our Lord. As they flow through us they fill the bosoms of our companions with inexpressible and constant delight. There need be no domestic difficulties. The honeymoon, if we but receive and impart the good affections which our Divine Lord bestows upon us, will change into the Bridal Sun, that shines forever in the celestial firmament."

NO CROSS; NO CROWN.

Once Care drew nigh to be my guest,
 Bowed with a weary burden down:
 His load he cast into my breast,
 And only said, "No cross; no crown."

Then Sorrow came, with visage pale,
 That never yet was known to frown,
 And, when my heart began to wail,
 He whispered too, "No cross; no crown."

Then Want, with forehead stained with dust,
 Robed in a holy palmer's gown,
 Came in, and took my only crust;
 He also said, "No cross; no crown."

Thereat the three were lost in One,
 And while, adoring, I sank down,
 He rose, transfigured in the sun,
 And cried aloud, "No cross; no crown."

RELATIONS OF THE NEW CHURCH TO NATURALISTS.

The New Church, as a Divine form, descending from Heaven through the opening of the respiratories, the return of internal perception and the setting forth of the Arcana of the Word, is a novelty, and therefore must expect to encounter misrepresentation. In designating its ministers as priests it meets the hostility which exists toward the epithet, no less in the midst of Protestant communities than among skeptical philosophers. The world has seen the inversions of the priestly office, and has learned to hate its very name. It suggests at once dark visions of torture chambers; pictures of the rack and the *auto-de-fee*; the arraignment of good men, of whom the world was not worthy, before inquisitorial conclaves; the tearing of husbands from wives, and children from parents; the ravaging of defenceless villages and the storming of peaceful cities in the desecrated name of religion. The priest of the New Church has therefore to bear a title applied before to Jesuit and Dominican; to many a man, perhaps honest and conscientious, but nevertheless fearfully misguided, to whom intolerance seemed a duty and persecution a merit. Let us be patient. It will not be long. As Christ, offered on Calvary, made the very instrument of sacrifice no more an emblem of ignominy but of supremest glory, so a faithful ministry will redeem the name of the priesthood, till it stands, in the world's eyes, the exponent of the highest inspirations, connected by beautiful association with all that God actuates for the spiritual welfare of the race.

Again, the New Church, "more orthodox than orthodoxy," as its Pantheistic critics aver, must bear the shame, for a period, of all abuses and desecrations of the Christian faith. It is inevitable. Our Naturalistic Brethren have so grown into the habit of looking upon any visible ecclesiastical institution as the very nursery of the world's evils, that, to them, the fact that bodies of humble and contrite believers gather together, to refresh themselves, in spirit, by partaking of the emblems which show forth the agony of the dear Lord until He comes, must be looked upon as little less than sacrilege against humanity. So the Romans, of the

second and third centuries, deluded through mediums who communicated in their temples from individual Spirits, held that the early Christians, for worshipping the Incarnate God, with broken and bleeding emblems of sacrifice, were accursed of their divinities and unfit for association with mankind.

We should be peculiarly tender, especially, with mediums.—From whom can they expect any real, life-giving aid, against the fiery wall of ruin that contracts its circle to crush them, mind and heart, if the New Church turns a stony face? Oh! for the heart of the dear God to throb within us all! Satan would have us cast them out, repaying the bitter words, which he instigates them to speak and write, with rejoinders, perhaps ethically true but nevertheless of a character to cause them to feel a spirit of denunciation running through them. The Lord forbid that this should be so. Let us prove that there is such a love in the New Church, that all its members, exhibiting the spirit of the lamb, led dumb to the slaughter, shall prove a renovated nature by its meek and unobtrusive manifestation. Let us, when journalists are willing to misrepresent our tenets, remember how the Incarnate God, when smitten before a tribunal of His own fallen creatures, answered not a word. Let eloquent silence be our only reply.

The hand that writes, when Satan guides the pen,—the poor, human hand,—why should we quarrel with it? The brain, all set on fire with the injected poisons of the Nether World, seeing through a perverted medium and frantically bent on suppressing, if possible, those truths which are to it keen torture,—let us afford it, if possible, a tender breast, soft and gentle, balmy with kindness and exhaling the aroma of forgiving love. If a madman calls me by ungentle names, it is not my place to argue. Why should I increase his frenzy? Let me rather, if it be possible, present some precious draught of healing. When words roll from the tongue that blister as they fall with hate, because the servant of the Lord, standing like an angel in the way, arrests the diviner on some ruinous errand, I have no war against that tongue. Why should I add to its suffering? When the heart, stung to madness, and feeling that it must rush out into the streets, to give utterance to that animosity which is pent up

within it, against the receivers of the Word, feels, by the element on which it feeds, the premonitions of what must be realized in those abodes where Jesus Christ is seen no more as the Savior but as the Judge, is it for me to exhibit the possession of a corresponding antagonism? When I remember *whose* victims the contemners of the Gospel among the pantheists are; when I behold them with their woe-begone faces; and gaze upon their cavernous eyes; and feel the burning heats, strangely intermixed with dying chills, that make life a huge illusion, bewildering to the senses, and to the understanding without plan or order; when I remember what Fiends exult over them; what sorcerers delude them; what weeping kindred lament them; what the years say that are to come, and the days that have no pleasure in them,—is it my part to do aught but to love them more profoundly, to yearn over them more earnestly, to pray for them more fervently and effectually, and then to give them the last argument,—a heart, that, trampled on, is so filled with desires for their welfare and salvation, that it can only breathe a benediction in return?

Satan cannot meet that. Though tongues may cease to convince, and knowledges lose power to illuminate, charity never faileth. As we cultivate the habit of doing good to them that hate us, and of praying for them that despitefully use us and persecute us, so rapidly will regeneration advance, that we shall attain to a condition, where, in the grasp of the hand, the look of the eye, the thrilling, tender tones of the voice, the affections expressed in every act and attitude will be a sufficient answer. Contrite men and women, feeling this mystery, will be converted. It will fall on them as the noonday light descended, overpowering in glory, and persecuting Saul fell blinded on his face.

Those who take the responsibility of speaking and writing against the New Church and its illustrators, must expect to have but the echo of their own words, for a response, till the books are opened and the secrets of all hearts made manifest in judgment.

MR. BEECHER'S LETTER:

HOW TO PREACH UP TRUTH AND PUT DOWN ERROR.

Of Christian ministers, considered from no technical point of view, but in the light of a warm heart and a true life, Henry Ward Beecher stands forth as a noble example. Differing from him widely in the respect of blending the subject of politics with the weekly ministrations of the Gospel; differing perhaps again in a clear conception of the interior senses of the Divine Word, we yet hold him to the heart, as one to whom God has given the zeal, fervor, love, courage and illumination of true, Christian apostleship. We are going to express our opinion fearlessly; and all the more fearlessly, because we think it to be our duty, when a true deed is done, a true word spoken, which the world needs,—when Bigotry is shamed, and mean Suspicion rebuked, and Sectism thrust away for the incoming of warm, glowing sympathies, to point to it, and say to each faithful follower of Christ, in any sphere, "Go and do likewise."

Rev. Theodore Parker represents the extreme rationalizing tendency of German theology. Naturalism, under his graceful pen, and in his strong, nervous style, is invested with a charm which is not its own. Doubtless, when viewed from any stand-point of Divine Truth, his system of Divinity is cold and shallow, is crude and inconclusive.

When, however, we view him as a teacher of morals; an earnest asserter of the freedom of the intellect, the liberty of the will; the inculcator of a large public virtue and a whole-souled, unsectarian philanthropy, we find much for any good man to admire. And if, in his head, he represents the *turning away from Christ*, which has made philosophy, for the last century, so stony and lifeless, he not the less, at least upon his heart's sunny side, is lit by that *turning to Christ* which is to redeem the world.

He has gone from his position now, broken down, as some say, by over toil, to seek health in a more genial, natural climate. It is probable, that, as a preacher, his career is at an end. Let us drop a tear over his errors. Oh! it is sad to see faculties so noble, affections so genial, swept together into a drift of fantasy,

and then employed to cast pale, lunar, bewildering gleams upon the human mind. May that God, who holds in respect and reverence every deed of human charity, accounting service to the poor and needy as done to Him,—may that God, even Christ, now that his life-staff is failing, touch the spirit's sightless eye-balls, heal the soul's malady, and give him, for shelter in his need, the everlasting arms.

God makes use of small occasions to accomplish great enterprises. It seems that a course of literary lectures was gotten up in Boston and chiefly by the young men under Mr. Parker's charge. Mr. Beecher lectured in the course. For this our theological prize-fighters all over the land have pummelled him in downright earnest. They object to the propriety of the conduct of a Christian minister, in consenting to lecture in a series established by disciples of a sceptic. Of the journals thus conspicuous the *N. Y. Examiner* is the chief.

We crave earnest attention to the ground taken by the Pastor of the Plymouth Church in reply; first, as an avowal of his own faith in the Divine Savior, and, second, for his application of it to the case in hand. He says, as to his faith:

"When Theodore Parker appears in his representative character as a theologian, I am as irreconcilably opposed to him as it is possible to be. The things that are dear to him, are cheerless and unspeakably solitary and mournful to me. The things which are the very center of my life, the inspiration of my existence, the glory of my thought and the strength of my ministry, are to him but very little. I differ from him in fact, in theory, in statement, in doctrine, in system, in hope and expectation, living or dying, laboring or resting,—in theology, we are separate, and irreconcilable.

"Could Theodore Parker worship my God?—Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible.

"They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my *manifest* God. All that I know is of him, and in him. I put my soul into his arms, as, when I was born, my father put me into my mother's arms. I draw all my

life from him. I bear him in my thoughts hourly, as I humbly believe that he also bears me. For I do truly believe that we love each other!—I a speck, a particle, a nothing, only a mere beginning of something that is gloriously yet to be when the warmth of God's bosom shall have been a summer for my growth;—and HE, the Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!

“And this Redeemer of the world, this Saviour of sinners, I accept, not only as my guide, my friend, my deliverer, but as an atoning God, who bore my sins upon the cross, and delivered me from their penalty. And, since my life is spared to me by him I give to him that life again. This hope of Christ is the staff of my ministry. First, highest, and in measure beyond all other things, I preach Jesus Christ. And all other topics are but arrows, shot out of this Divine bow. And this has been so for twenty years.

* * * * *

“If tears could wash away from Mr. Parker's eyes the hindrances, that he might behold Christ as I behold and adore him, I would shed them without reserve. If prayers could bring to him this vision of glory, beyond sight of philosophy, I would for him besiege the audience-chamber of heaven with an endless procession of prayers, until another voice sounding forth from another light brighter than the noon-day sun, should cast down another blinded man, to be lifted up an apostle with inspired vision!”

For this bold, sincere confession of distinct faith in Christ, Mr. Beecher is attacked, with singular unanimity, by a new trinity of Calvinism, Romanism and Infidelity. To those who believe that there are other Gods than Christ, to those who hold that there is no God at all, to those whose faith in the Lord reaches but to an acceptance of Him as mere man, Mr. Beecher's view is eminently distasteful. Well it may be. Be the good, who, mistakenly, dissent from it, few or many, still to every Lost Spirit it is distasteful. To every ulcered heart, that loathes the Crucified, and turns to congenial darkness, in the Lower World, from the glory of His face, it is distasteful. But sweet to those in every ecclesiastical body, to whom that Divine One has grown dear and intimate by a constant communion;—inexpressibly sweet!

If we mistake not the temper of the press and the times, a

new opening of the great world-problems involved in the Incarnation of our Lord is at hand. The issue is distinctly made. The central truth of any comprehensible theology, a personal God, is at stake. The question narrows down till there are but two possible parties,—the worshipers of Christ, rendering to Him an infinite, undivided homage,—and those who refuse to bow before Him in that absolute sovereignty.

We are of the former class. Among the devout of every sect, Unitarian or Trinitarian, High Church or Low Church, hearts the most fervid and tender leap and thrill to the same confession. Oh! it is glorious to find Him worshiped thus; glorious to discover that He is present, revealing Himself in the one and the self-same Spirit, under these low, thatched roofs of party division everywhere; sowing, broadcast, the quickened germs that ripen to a common fruit of boundless and eternal holiness.

We believe that it is simply necessary to preach this doctrine, that Christ is God, with hearts open to the inspirations which He gives; to present it in the light, not merely of the dogma but of the Spirit; to lean enraptured upon it until our cold natures all take fire from its bosom-heat, and then a new Sun, the Sun of Righteousness, rising above the world's horizon, will end this lunar night of modern scepticism. The age is fast coming to a state in which it must either worship Christ as God, or not worship at all.

But, apart from the question of Theology, Mr. Beecher enters into one of practice, namely: the duty of working with men, who theologically may differ from our views, in any movement of theirs which we deem morally right. It would seem that here none could object, and yet, so sour, so morose, so utterly suspicious, are a large body of clergymen and editors, representing, or perhaps misrepresenting, the most influential religious bodies, that Mr. Beecher finds for this a plentiful lack of sympathy, and no small share of fierce denunciation. *The Examiner* considers his course "utterly incomprehensible."

How nobly this Christian Teacher rebukes the censorious and captious spirit, which will not allow us to put our mite of contribution for the poor into the hat that a benevolent man carries

round, until we are first sure that the head that has worn the hat is all right in our way of doctrinal thinking! He says:

"Are we to take the ground that no orthodox man shall encourage the young to self-improvement and to works of benevolence, unless they are sound in the faith? Because Mr. Parker teaches a wrong theology to the young men of his charge, are we to hold off and refuse to help them when they endeavor to live a great deal better than we should suppose their theology would incline them to? But this is the very case in hand. The young men in Mr. Parker's society undertook to do good by a course of general lectures; we lectured in the course; good papers are full of grief; and *The Examiner* regards it as 'utterly incomprehensible.' We must be still more incomprehensible then, when we say, that, though we would earnestly desire men to believe aright in religion, yet, if they will not, then we hope that their life will be better than their creed. And, if we see men of a heretical turn of mind practicing Gospel virtues and charities, we shall certainly encourage and help them. For men do not derive the right to do good from the Thirty-nine Articles; nor need they go to the Westminster Confession for liberty to recover the intemperate, set free the bond, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, educate the ignorant, and give sleigh-rides to beggars' children that never before laughed and cuddled in a buffalo-robe! It seems to us a great deal better business for a Christian man to encourage men in well-doing than to punish them for wrong-thinking!"

And again.

"If I had gone to Boston to buy carpets or books; or if I had gone to Boston to help the Republican cause, no question would have been raised. In selfish and worldly interests men are allowed coöperation for common ends. But if I divest myself of all selfish or secular aims, and rise to a higher plane of benevolence, and seek to raise the fallen, to restore the lost, to purify the vicious, to elevate the ignorant, and to cheer the poor and neglected, Christian ministers and editors will not let me coöperate for such divine objects with every man who will sincerely work for them; but I must pick for men of right philosophy, for men right in all theology! Thus we allow selfishness to go with flowing robes and a loose girdle. We make her feet light, and her hands nimble. But upon religion we put iron shoes and steel gloves. We burden her with mail, and underneath it all we draw the girt of conscience to the last hole. Then she goes slowly forth, scarcely able to walk or to breathe!

"I have long ago been convinced that it was better to love men, than to hate them; that one would be more likely to convince them of wrong belief by showing a cordial sympathy with their welfare, than by nipping and pinching them with logic. And although I do not disdain, but honor philosophy applied to religion, I think that the world just now needs the Christian Heart more than anything else. And, even if the only and greatest question were the propagation of right theology, I am confident that right speculative views will grow up faster and firmer in the summer of true Christian loving, than in the rigorous winter of solid, congealed orthodoxy, or the blustering March of controversy."

The popular impression, concerning a strict and biblical Christianity, is, that it is cold and unloving, that it makes men bitter, jealous and exclusive, that it ossifies the heart. Mr. Parker's success was not so much the result of his lean and empty views of Christian theology as of a certain manly plain-spokenness and genial sympathy with all that pertains to man as man. Mr. Beecher's exhibition of Christian charity, combined with Christian faith, will go farther, in the popular estimation, to lead Rationalists to the reconsideration of the high truth of God in Christ, than all the philippics ever pronounced against the teacher or his faith. Here they see that one can love and worship the Master, and, at the same time, stand foremost in defence of the honesty and good motives in kindly action of those to whom the Savior is but a traditional and merely human personage. So the light of the dear Lord's face will shine through the disciple's countenance; so the music of His voice will be heard in the believer's touching and tender utterance; so the steps of the Master perhaps be recognized in His servants, moving out from the seclusion of a peculiar calling, to stand, in Christ's name, in the charity that thinketh no evil, among honest men, who, if they have lost the world's Restorer from the head, long for Him and seek to do His bidding in the heart.

We were in our study some days after penning the preceding notice, when a dear friend called our attention to the number of *The Independent* for February third, remarking that we should find therein more words of Mr. Beecher on the subject of the Trinity. The article abounds in some of the finest touches of irony

extant in the English language. We had hoped to find in it a clear, concise, bold defence of the Christian truth, that Jesus Christ is indeed the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Everlasting Father. To our sorrow we discover therein that which seems to us almost a retraction. There we find this sentence :

“ 3. We believe that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are revealed in the Scriptures as existing, in respect to attributes, character, and office, as three Persons, equally Divine; while in other respects they are united, and are, in a proper sense, One God.”

When we come to consider this, as adopted, as a confession of faith, by Plymouth Church and its intelligent Pastor, we are constrained to confess a boundless astonishment. Let us look at it. The Father, Son and Holy Spirit are three Persons as to attributes. If therefore, *infinity* is an attribute of God, there are three personal Infinities; again, three personal Omnipotents. But this is clearly impossible. There can be only one Infinite; one Omnipotent. Our friend and his congregation are in a dilemma. In the first article of this creed they say :

“ 1. We believe in the existence of One Ever-living and True God, Sovereign and Unchangable, Infinite in Power, Wisdom, and Goodness.

If there is only one Person who can possess the attribute of infinity, does it not follow that He is that true God? Is the Lord Jesus Christ that Everlasting Father? or is He not? this is the great question. We do not make these remarks with any desire to censure; far from it; but while the popular orthodoxy of the day, as taught by *The N. Y. Observer* and the *Freeman's Journal*, is simply Tritheism, it seems to us that Mr. Beecher owes it to the cause of truth to define, more explicitly, his position. Does he or does he not believe that the Lord Jesus Christ, considered as to His subjective Being, and as to the deep underlying basis of His visible, human manifestation, is the one God? If so, we agree.

We cannot close without giving vent to the feeling that we do agree; that in his most serene and exalted states, when the soul, kneeling at the feet of the Infinite Master, yields itself up to an entranced looking into that visible, yet spiritual glory of Christ

exalted, in which dwells the "fullness of the Godhead bodily," there is a distinct perception that "God is one, and His name one."

It is no discredit to any man to say that he oscillates between an open state of perception, in which Divine truths are visible in their own light, and an opposite condition wherein the same objects may seem multiplied and divided, in the cloudy mirrors of the senses and the mere natural mind. Such we conceive to be the varying experience of this honest, truth-seeking lover of God and man. We hope that the time is not far distant when the Divine Spirit, copiously descending into the faculties of the intellect and enlightening them with supernal lustre, while the heart is at the same time enkindled with intense ardors of affection for the One Supreme Good, shall cause the central truth, that Christ is the one God, to flow in mingled sublimity and pathos from his lips, and so reëcho through the churches of Christendom.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Prosperity tries the intellect, but adversity the affections. The tendency of the prosperous is to think egotistically; that of the unhappy to feel bitterly. Yet prosperity may, while it affords the means and leisure for the amplest culture, qualify the student for the highest intellectual pursuits; and adversity may serve, no less, as the painful school for the test, the trial, the purification and the exaltation of Love, till the one private heart embraces in its desires the Deity, and goes forth in generous sympathies, till its circuit embraces the human race. In either case we only profit by the dispensation as we accept it as *discipline*, for the training of the spirit to a more perfect use.

A FAIRY VISION.

Within my heart I found a grave,
And, buried there, the Pride of Fame,—
The thought to seek, the wish to crave
A grand and deathless name.

Upon it, in a little nest,
And small as human things can be,
Five cooing fairies met my quest :
I wept the sight to see.

“Would that I were again a child
Like one of these,” I prayed within,
“So tender, lowly, meek and mild,
And innocent of sin.”

My breathless thought was unexpressed,
When, in a voice to music wed,
That slid in silence through the breast,
The five together said,

“When Love of Pride expired, we grew
To fairy being in its place.”
Afar the fairy bugles blew :
Tears trembled on my face.

“Oh, God!” I cried, “and is it so?
When evil loves within us die
Do fairies, pure as virgin snow,
Their children multiply,

“And in us build their green retreat,
And sing their hymeneal lays,
And, hived within the heart, repeat
Their litanies of praise?”

The answer on my spirit fell,
“These are My little ones, who keep
The heart, wherein I come to dwell,
A pasture for My sheep.”

At this, methought, a bleating sound,
Soft as the laughter of the rain,
Came from the tedded grass around,
And then He spake again,

“If thou wouldst be an angel wise,
Forget thyself, and seek to be
A fairy soul, of infant size,
In meek humility.”

THE NEW CHURCH NO FANATICISM.

The work of the New Church is one of desperate combat against the abuses and evils of the world. Discarding all notions of its ever being popular with unregenerate men, it marches, in the spirit of its Divine Leader, into the midst of innumerable enemies, both among the nominally Christian and the avowedly material, intent only on plucking souls from ruin. Its tenets are emphatically life-doctrines, but they are also death-doctrines.— They never leave man as they find him. If received in the intellect only, and held there as brilliant possibilities, while character undergoes no change for the better, it is as if a mill-stone were tied about the neck and the man cast into the depths of the sea. For Divine Truth, when it is taken into the understanding without reforming the life, seals over the spirit to perdition. The New Church cannot be lukewarm. It must either flower out into active piety or freeze down till it is winter-killed. In the latter case it is no New Church but only Antichrist.

It exacts, or rather its Lord exacts, an entire surrender of the affections to Divine ends of use, which, invariably, are ends of charity. Filled with the zeal of saving souls from moral ruin, it becomes a universal ministry, where each man and woman, according to the specialties of gifts and functions, and in all the duties and associations of life, sets forth, in precept and example, a pure and perfect Christianity.

But, while it is thus strict, rigorous and self-denying, it is also warm, hospitable and genial. Not seeking to make men anchorites or hermits, not clothing the spirit in a tame uniformity, not banishing from the home the graces of a true culture, not starving the sentiments, not ignoring the affections, not crowding the intellect into the measure of any man's intelligence, not exacting tame acquiescence in a peculiar dogma, not setting bounds to any unfolding of the mind in truth,—its law is perfect liberty.

Let the young maiden robe herself in white and wreath her fair tresses in garlands. Souls are never damned for putting a rose-bud in the hair or a jewel on the finger. The make-up sins, railed at in the conventicle, may often be the sweet, lyrical ex-

pression of God's harmony within the heart. The coal-scuttle bonnet, and the black gown made as much as possible in the fashion of a shroud, the sanctimonious visage that never dares to smile, and the gloomy breast irradiated by no beam of Love's warm sunshine,—these have no affinity with the joyous truths and active charities of the faith that Angels glory in. There is a uniform tendency to gladness in souls where God's Spirit dwells. The innocence of childhood returns, and in it the fresh, renovated emotions of a virgin consciousness. Life becomes a poem :

“The nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

To quote the language of an elegant writer :

“In the religion of the Puritans we hardly recognize the Son of Man who came eating and drinking, and whose first miracle was wrought to ‘adorn and beautify’ the marriage feast. They had a great work to accomplish. A nobler race of men was never employed by God in His providence to lay the foundations of a mighty empire, than those who first built their churches and school-houses on these Western shores. But they had been educated in too severe a school, and were bowed down by cares too constant and oppressive, to allow room for anything of a light or festive character. Hence amusements were more than half forbidden among them; and those which from the necessities of our human nature grew up with the young, and became almost established institutions, were for the most part ungracious and unlovely. The spirit which had lingered round the old holidays, and which had such a charm for poet and people, had been driven off. In pulling up the tares which the Evil One had sown, our fathers also pulled up many a sweet wild-flower which God had planted for the delight and comfort of His children. Gross and degrading indulgences crept in by stealth, to occupy the hours when the young could neither work nor sleep. Drinking was almost the only amusement that was allowed, and it found its way, to an alarming extent, into every class of society. Within the last thirty years, great efforts have been made to break up

this pernicious habit, and not wholly without success. But innocent amusements must come in to take the place of old and dangerous indulgences, before the reform can be entirely successful. God, in the very constitution with which He has endowed us, has appointed a time to laugh and a time to dance, and it is a perilous thing for us to ignore and refuse to provide for that which He has made an essential part of our nature.

“He is not to be worshipped only in sick-chambers and at funerals, or served by us only when we are burdened with care or bowed down with a painful sense of accountability to Him. If He lights up with His bow of promise every penitential tear-drop that flows, so does He wreath the smiles of His love around the countenances of those who rejoice in Him. If He has made sorrow in the hearts of His children a sacred thing in the sight of His angels, so also do the angels themselves surround His throne, and celebrate His praise with songs of jubilee. He who formed the heart of the young child, with its frolicsome outbursts of mirth, and then caused it to be placed before us as an emblem of His kingdom, does not frown upon it when it smiles, and smile upon it only when it grieves.

“We mistake the genius of our religion altogether, when we confine it to the sombre side of life. It does, indeed, with Paul and Silas, uplift its clear and melodious song in the night; but it also gives new brightness to the day. Its Providential kindness gathers each little bird under its wings, as it sleeps beneath the shadows of evening; but it also pours itself around it in the light, and becomes the inspiration of its morning song. It strengthens the aged, and sheds its peace abroad in the souls of the dying; but it enters also into the hearts of the young and vigorous, throws its radiant hopes around them in their times of mirth and gladness, and gives new interest and beauty to their enjoyments. It could hardly be otherwise with a religion which ages before its advent to the earth filled the prophetic heart of holy men with visions of an unknown and unimagined joy, which came attended by the jubilant song of angels, and unfolded to the waiting souls of men the hope of a joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

THE NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

ITS HISTORY. — PAST LABORS. — WORKS ACCOMPLISHED. — INCREASE OF RESPONSIBILITIES. — ORGANIZATION. — LABORS BEFORE IT.

APPEAL.

The New Church Publishing Association took its rise in March, 1857, in the earnest desire of a limited circle of unsectarian New Churchmen to place before the public its unfolding knowledges, and to coöperate with the Divine Providence, in the dissemination of the New Literature, adapted not to a narrow sect but to a catholic and universal people. Their first work was to commence the publication of *THE HERALD OF LIGHT*, now at the close of its second volume; since which period, besides accomplishing other and varied labors, they have issued the "Hymns of Spiritual Devotion," the "Wisdom of Angels," the first volume of "The Celestial Sense of Genesis," and the "First Book of the Christian Religion," from their own press; having thus given from one to two millions of printed pages of original literature to a thirsting, fainting world.

At the commencement of their third year, the brethren heretofore engaged in this use, discover the need, in view of the unexpected magnitude, the vast responsibilities, the present and prospective importance of the movement, of perfecting their informal and incipient organization.

Calling, therefore, a council of a few earnest New Churchmen, it was resolved that Books should be opened for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to a Joint Stock Company, continuing the original name, and devoted to the prosecution, on a larger scale, of its present undertakings.

At a meeting held in the Chapel of the New York University, Tuesday evening, March 1st, the project was consummated in the election of a Board of Officers, whose names follow, viz.: HENRY J. NEWTON, Esq., *President*; EDWIN R. KIRK, Esq., *Treasurer*; JOHN W. NORTON, Esq., *Secretary and Manager*. The Board of Directors consists of HENRY J. NEWTON, Esq.; JAMES A. REQUA, Esq.; HORATIO FOSTER, Esq.; JOHN W. NORTON, Esq.; EDWIN R. KIRK, Esq.; JAS. P. ROGERS, Esq.; DR. H. G. COX; HOLMAN J. HALE, Esq., and EDSON D. HAMMOND, Esq.

The New Church Publishing Association has determined, in order to give all the friends of the cause an opportunity of manifesting their liberality and zeal, to fix the shares at five dollars each, payable in ten semi-annual installments, commencing April 1st, 1859; with the option of an immediate payment in full. The financial affairs of the corporation will be conducted in the strict manner of secular institutions of similar character. Subscribers will receive certificates of stock with every installment paid in; and, should unforeseen events, upon the part of any individual, prevent the completion of the payments, they will still be entitled to stock, equal to the amount credited to their respective names. As the Association is purely fraternal and voluntary, coercive measures will, in no instance, be resorted to in such cases; nor are stockholders individually liable for any of the corporate acts.— Those who elect to assist the Cause by donations, in preference to stock subscriptions, are earnestly solicited to do so. As works of sterling merit, highly important at the present juncture, are pressing for publication, it is hoped that subscribers, as far as possible, will anticipate some, if not all, of the annual installments.

In this age, when Living Ideas of Truth and Charity are the battalions that conquer brute force, learned delusion, narrow bigotry and glavish superstition, the true Benevolence is the dissemination of celestial and immortal knowledge. More than the alms-giving that nourishes the body, it supplies the just desires of the Spirit who shall survive the world. It is seed corn, cast into that mental soil, which, in the growth of future years, shall feed the races with the only imperishable bread. God descends through thoughts which have their origin in Himself and their unfolding in His Providence. The Philanthropy that multiplies Books, which undo the ruins of the Past and unfold the plan and purpose of a true Future, is at once the safest, the wisest and the surest in results. In seeking, therefore, to impress upon our friends the importance of aiding the use in which we are engaged, by pecuniary donations and bequests, we look upon it as a veritable giving to the Lord. The literature which we send forth is a transparent medium for the descent of Christ into the thought and perception of the race. What object then more worthy of especial toil and even of lavish sacrifice?

The names of the official Board are a guarantee, to our friends, that all the affairs of the Society will be conducted with skill, energy and decision. They enter on their respective duties with the firm conviction that light will be imparted from the Lord, to conduct this

important use under His guidance, and that the active coöperation of the Church will not be wanting. It is a theme of congratulation, that, thus far, the response to the movement has been hearty and effectual, one thousand shares or five thousand dollars having been subscribed with limited notice and in the course of a few days. We trust that this amount will be at once, and at least, doubled.

Any donations or subscriptions our friends may choose to make, can be sent to JOHN W. NORTON, Esq., Secretary of the New Church Publishing Association, 447 Broome Street, who will take pleasure in placing their names on the books of the Association and in forwarding all the necessary papers.

With this presentation of the use, state and present demands of the movement, we need not apologize for urging its claims on all our brethren, especially at a distance. The cause is not ours alone, but theirs; not local and temporary, but universal and permanent; not designed to subserve partisan ends, but to prepare the way for the very coming of our Divine Master into the common mind and heart. It is at once a Tract, a Bible and a Missionary enterprise. Its tracts are the vast and copious knowledges that fill the Heavens, at present and prospectively, descending to mankind. Its Scriptures are the Word of God, not alone in the letter, but with its internal senses lucidly set forth. Its Missionaries are earnest and devoted men and women, armed with these implements, to overcome the falsities and delusions of the age.

We believe, that, from this germ, an Organization is to unfold, in the direct Providence of God, which shall sow the world with the very Literature that Humanity requires for its intellectual and moral renovation. We see, already, such results, in souls converted to the uses and inspirations of the Divine Life, in hearts made glad, in homes made happy, in the wandering reclaimed, in the spiritually enslaved delivered, through its publications, that our call rings, far and earnest, "Sustain the Press!" **AND THIS PRESS WILL BE SUSTAINED!**

Friends who receive this number and are not subscribers, are informed that it is sent to them in the hope that they may be moved to give us their names for the coming volume, commencing the first of **May**.

PROSPECTUS.

THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

The New Church Publishing Association take pleasure in announcing, that, on May first, "THE HERALD OF LIGHT" will enter into its third yearly volume. The peculiar features, which have endeared it, hitherto, to its friends, will continue to shed their lustre upon its pages. It will be, in every respect, non-sectarian, and devoted, not to partisan interests, but to a genial and all-embracing Christianity.

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The brilliant series of essays, on topics connected with the advent of the Divine Spirit into art, religion, society, literature and the ecclesiastical world, will be continued. In this department Rev. M. C. C. CHURCH will especially coöperate.

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To herald on the morning,
And happy thoughts my soul have drest
In beautiful adorning.

I pluck the purple grapes that fall
In sweet and spicy clusters,
And hear the shining Angels call
From out the Heavenly lustres.

My spirit moveth, half in light
And half in vailing shadow;
A star upon the mountain height,
A glow-worm in the meadow.

My outward yearns toward the clod,
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