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# The Herald of Light,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH.



REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

VOL. II.]

MAY, 1858.

[ No. 1.

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# THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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## THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN.

A STORY OF THE SECOND LIFE.

### CHAPTER I.

In the spiritual east I saw a star. It was encompassed by a silver halo. The sky around it was of a soft and purplish red. In the midst of the orb was a cross of crimson light. Its outer disk was of a golden color, and its inner disk opal. The name of this orb is the Star of the Incarnation, and it is inhabited by a society of Celestial Angels from our earth, who especially watch over those provinces of the natural world in which the doctrine of the Lord's advent is most affectionately cherished, believed and revered.

I was conducted thitherward by twelve approximations of state, and stood at last in a Paradise of small dimensions which is situated thereupon, and which is called Eloi; where an Angel met me, saying "All hail! Brother:" to which I responded, Peace be unto you in the Lord. He took from his bosom a little volume, emblazoned with a golden cross upon a purple ground, and I perceived it to be the Word. In a short time I became aware that I was encompassed by a great multitude, who were all attired in raiment of silver white, of an exceeding clearness, yet none of them appeared conscious of my presence, each being engaged in his own delightful use. I now began to wonder at the object for which my steps had been led into this unknown mansion of the Father's house, and, while the desire to know was mounting to its place in the understanding, an answer came.

"You are here," said a sweet voice, tender as love itself, to

take part in a nuptial celebration, and to be initiated into such conjugal mysteries as shall cause ineffable satisfaction in the bosoms of terrestrial wives and their beloved counterparts. It is also in order for you to see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, many such chaste, conjugal endearments, as, notwithstanding your previous intromissions into Heavenly Arcana, you have been hitherto unacquainted with." At this I was conscious of a delightful odor, more sweet than that of the jasmine, and I perceived it to emanate from the raiment of the most beautiful woman whom I had ever beheld.

She wore, besides a flowing robe, no adornments upon her person, save pearls and rubies, forming a three fold necklace, and supporting a diamond cross. I experienced in myself a desire to behold this delightful beauty, and for this end I addressed myself to the Lord, to know if it was in order. Her husband then stood before me, and said "Amoleta, take this brother's hand." Instantly it seemed as if a mist had vanished from before my eyes, and I was in a house of the Angels.

"We are called," he said, "the children of Hymen, and this is our nuptial habitation. We have been espoused but a few weeks of your external time, but are in great joy. A husband and wife have no secrets from each other here, and, though they have distinct persons in which dwell all the several beauties of their love and resplendencies of their wisdom, yet they have but one conjugal soul. My name is Amodeo. You desire to behold my Amoleta in the loveliness of her person. It is granted you, though with seven interposing veils, which temper the radiance to your unaccustomed sight."

At this the lovely Amoleta stood before me, and she was now attired, to appearance, in a loose flowing garment, white as milk, the sleeves of which, looped up with rosettes, permitted me to behold a dimpled arm. Then appeared a little Cupid, I might better say a floating, aerial spirit of diaphanous light, and, taking from her abundant tresses a golden arrow, the radiant ringlets fell in profuse spirals to below her waist, changing from a soft, golden color, to a hazel brown, and, as they fell, the contour of her full bosom was dimly visible through their abundant shower. I say dimly visible, for the radiance of the ringlets was almost too

intense for my vision to behold, and from the glossy hair a perfume diffused itself like a dewy mist, in which the little particles were brilliant sapphires. Another winged grace which seemed to be itself the feminine counterpart of the aerial child who had withdrawn the arrow, floating from the south, came, bearing a wreath, composed in seeming of the long sprays of a blossom like the morning glory. Placing this upon the lovely Amoleta's head she withdrew, and now that tender one, lifting her sparkling arms, parted the curling tendrils from her face and the long hair backward over her shoulders, standing before me in a close fitting cymar, which, while it concealed the hidden beauties of her bosom, made distinctly visible the rounded and perfect outlines. — Below this was a flowing skirt of the same materials.

A thought was in my mind, placed there as I knew from the Lord, to this effect. Can such beauty be enjoyed by the celestial counterparts, as nuptial consorts on earth enjoy the beauty of their wives?

At this the affectionate wife took from her bosom a dewy rose and said, "Is this rose a living beauty? Touch its velvet leaves with your fingers. Inhale its fragrance. Speak to it and see if it will answer you. Even kiss the blossom and see what will be the effect upon your lips."

I took the flower. It was of the damask crimson and variegated. The stamens and pistils were respectively of a silver and golden hue. As I approached the tips of the fingers to the delicate leaves the whole blossom inclined to the touch, and I drank in a palpable delight, as if from each a myriad of perfumed nerves were imparting their exquisite fragrance. First, the hand absorbed this joy-imparting essence, and thence it was distributed throughout the frame. After this I put the blossom to my lips, and like an animated kiss, which flows into the labial organs and curves them to a full half-open outline, revealing the pearly teeth and tinting the lips themselves with the deepest crimson, this mystic blossom responded to the carress. I then spoke to the flower and it answered me as if it were an instrument of a thousand chords, on each of which some fairy angel draws his magic bow. When I had done this the flower was taken from me.

"Well brother," said Amoleta, "does the rose afford as real a delight as the roses that bloom upon the terrestrial earth, which

is the home of your natural body? Is its fragrance as exquisite, its color as vivid, its touch as agreeable as those?" To this I made answer, it is more real, more vivid, more odorous, more delicious than all natural flowers. It is color, beauty and fragrance, while those roses are but evanescent appearances.

She smiled at this and answered, "Are we wives in Heaven less real than the wives on earth? Do you take us for phantoms? Our chaste conjugal mysteries conceal delights, which are more delicious to our husbands than all the combined enjoyments of the most orderly and regenerate nuptial counterparts of the terrestrial world; even as this rose, which you say is color, beauty and fragrance itself, is more vivid, more lovely and more odorous than any blossom of the natural sphere. But you shall receive another illustration."

From beneath the folds of her dress she put forth a dainty foot, on which was a blue satin slipper. She then receded a step or two and left the little shoe, and I was moved with a desire to take it. I lifted it, and it was composed of chaplets of the most minute blue violets, woven, with an intricate art, into endless spirals. They were far more odorous than the rose had been, far more thrilling to the touch, and of more exquisite softness. The blossoms themselves were ever blooming, and seemingly indestructible. Waves upon waves of the most soothing and agreeable sensations diffused themselves from its touch through all the form.

The beautiful one then smiled with a charming archness, and, with a low laugh, musical as some Castalian fount, she spoke. "If we are unsubstantial, airy phantoms, we wives of the Heavens, you must confess that we have very substantial shoes. We walk in such every day, nor are we ever attired in any less delicious and beautiful. I will show you my wardrobe, because you are a priest of the Lord's House, and my husband, who is my wisdom, gives consent.

Saying this, she led the way and I followed her into a circular apartment, lit from the dome and filled with cabinets. I could not help observing the order which here obtained. "I will show you first," she said, "my wedding dress." She unlocked a little golden dressing case, which stood there, and took from it a book

bound in red velvet apparently, and embroidered in needle work, representing variegated flowers, in the midst of which shone a golden cross. Reverently kissing the book, she opened it and showed me the title page. It was the Word in the celestial degree, and written in correspondences. "This" she said, "contains the arcana of conjugal love, and they are infinite. And the delights of that love are communicated for ever in the nuptial mysteries to our dear husbands, who are ours in the Lord."

"Love is more real than you imagine, and the wife of greater importance to her husband's welfare. A husband's mind is the mirror, in which the wife's affections take visible beauty upon themselves. As that rose, when it touched your fingers, communicated its own fragrance through all your person, so, since our union, my Amodeo receives through me, from the infinite flower of the Divine Love, an ever welling fount of gladness, which is to him heart-sunshine and soul-joy. It is not in order for husbands to narrate these things, but only for the wives." She then closed the escritoire, and, holding in her hand the Word, paused for a moment before a wardrobe.

"Observe," continued Amoleta, "the wood of which this is composed. It is precious and exudes fragrance continually. It is from a tree which we call the jasmine, but you have nothing like it in the terrestrial world. It is terebinthine in its character, bearing a white flower, which changes to gold. It is spicy and evergreen, and grows to immense dimensions. I am always finding some new repository in the wardrobe, nor do I ever think to exhaust its mysteries. To the pure all things are pure: therefore take heed to what I say."

"The mystery of sex is the most sacred of all things, as, being a priest, instructed in the celestial sense of the Word, you well know. To be a wife is the golden end which the virgin looks forward to with the most exquisite and joyous auguries. I longed for marriage, but in order, and I knew that I was to receive my husband from the Lord. I had no sensations which you mortals call passions, nor have I now. I should seem coldness itself to inverted men upon your orb, and they would compare me to ice or marble. But I am tropical, with an intensity of affection which is like the blushing Spring, when,

robing herself in bridal apparel, and wreathed in zones of flowers, she gives her hand to the Sumner Bridegroom. We vivify our husbands continually. The apparel worn by such Angels as are of the female sex varies perpetually, according to their states. All our clothing is an especial bestowment from the Divine Lord, but conferred upon us through many means and agencies. When we are first marriageable we begin to put on sumptuous dresses, and are present at festivals, where we are introduced to the Angelic Youths who are of an age corresponding to our own. We love them as tender brothers, and have no feeling toward them but that they are brothers. After this period there is a time when the Lord brings to us our dear counterpart, and we know him by an interior affection, in which the Divine Voice is heard. There are first courtings, of which you shall know more at another time. We are then betrothed, and afterwards married.

Abstract your thought now most entirely from the inverse ideas upon your orb, before I speak further to you. Hymen brings us into a new state, in which there is sexual communion of so exquisite a character, that even the minute atomic creations which exist within the celestial ichor, which corresponds to blood, are all intermarried, nor is this communion without its visible expression. In the New Church on earth it is important that all should be made to understand that the ineffable purity of the Celestial Heavens descends into and flows through conjugal ultimations. We are the most tender, fond, confiding wives, and it is our delight to all eternity to be called wives, and to live in hymeneal associations. The sweetness of our lips is such that our companions call them gardens of delights.

There is a bird in the Celestial Heavens called the Yucca bird. It is only seen before nuptials. This bird lives in the tree of life, which is in the inmost centre of the Paradise which is in every Heaven, and it is so beautiful that the gleamy radiance of its plumage varies to all the hues which shine within the emblematical correspondences of the Word. Yucca is the bride bird. She has never been seen, as we are told, by any consorts upon your planet, and the Lord alone permits this most transcendent, winged creature to be visible to any. She sings in

the early morning, but none can hear her voice save married consorts and youths and virgins immediately before nuptials. Her song inspires such ravishing delights within the breast, that when the betrothed hear it, they are obscurely conscious of the approach of a new condition. If you ever see the Yucca, you will wonder that I can speak so tamely of her and of her miraculous melody.

“I awoke in the early morning of the day appointed for my nuptials, and found within this wardrobe my new attire, and the wives of the priests arrayed me for the nuptials. Every article which I then wore is here preserved, and I shall appear enrobed in them to-morrow; for they never grow old.

“The young wife’s hand in Heaven is different from that of a virgin. I will recall my former state into my right hand, and you shall see it as it was. But first I must show you my bridal robes. The divine sphere flows into every object, by which we are surrounded. Here are first shoes of white satin. Inspect them if you will. Notice particularly that they are composed exclusively of fragrances, which are condensed and embodied into the forms of minute white roses. When the maiden becomes a bride she finds corresponding shoes, in which she receives her friends afterwards. They are like these but of red roses. Observe the emblematical figure in the instep of each shoe. It is a sentence in the celestial tongue, signifying Hymen’s gift.”— At this the fair Amoleta smiled in a seraphic manner and said, “Knowest thou who Hymen is? He is the Lord.”

“Then, taking from a little drawer a pair of soft zephyr-like hose, she placed them in my hands, and bade me observe them. They were composed entirely of little rings, which sparkled like infinitesimal stars of the Celestial Heaven, and they were so light that they floated upborne by their own buoyancy, and so aromatic that they produced a faintness. But Amoleta said that the aroma was produced from the nuptial sphere. I saw in particular that no two of these minute rings were alike, and that each glistened with a new illumination.

Then with a soft, modest blush, slightly turning away her head, she placed in my hands two pearl fastenings which were talismanic. They were flexible and composed in appearance of spun

sapphires, inwrought with golden lilies, and in each were hieroglyphical figures, in the celestial tongue, of a sacred character. While I gazed upon them they shot forth a penetrative odor which filled my heart, and I began to weep. I do know, by experience, that tears can be shed in the Heavens by those who still bear within themselves the sufferings of our mortal world.

Then this dear sister turned, for my change of state affected her, saying, "Weep not. The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed. The day will come when marriage mysteries on earth will cease to be profaned. But look further, and observe the pearls which are the clasps, and tell me, if you please, such things as you perceive within them."

At this I inspected the jewels, and in each I read the inscription, "The Lord's gifts to His children Amodeo and Amoleta." Then this dear one smiled to see my joy and said, "Press the clasps." They flew open. Within the pearls were ruby hearts, and, in glittering diamond letters, inconceivably minute, in each heart, first in the right one the inscription, "As I have loved you so love ye each other," and then in the left one the sentence, "My joy will I give to you, that your joy may be full." Out of the woven threads exhaled a soft crimson light, and through the light a fluent melody, in which was an eternal song of nuptials. So great are the wonders of even the simplest of the particulars of the raiment of the celestial bride. "I dare not" she spoke once more, "bid you touch these hearts." Within lie nuptial mysteries still more sacred, and still more precious are the Divine words within them."

Then, opening a lapis lazuli cabinet, she brought forth apparently an undergarment, of the softest and most gossamer-like linen, of which every minute particle was a white rose, and all the roses were interwoven, forming in the combination of their figures the appearance of sumptuous lace. It seemed so delicate that I dared not to breathe upon it, lest it might dissolve away. "Listen," she said, and shook it slightly, with a low, cooing laugh. It seemed to me as if such distant music as Love himself might make, singing his own nuptial hymn in some garden of the skies, floated from rose to rose. Then I thought of good women, whom I knew on earth, some old and wrinkled, bowed with age and

with its many pains, others spending days and nights in anguish, in combats with evil spirits, and with the open sensories of the body filled with incessant pain. Of others too, I mused who bear in youth the load of sickness, and to whom mere physical rest, is a condition unfrequent and but partial. And then I thought of all the womanhood of the earth, enveloped in the Nessus garb of agony; of the joy that lingers but for a moment; of the sorrow that endures for years; of the youth that turns to age as the morning cloud dissolves in rain, and of the feet that falter till at last they refuse to bear the weight of mortal trouble any more."

But I was checked; for Amoleta once more smiled, and shook again the marriage garment in her hand, whose music now became more jubilant and clear. "Say to my sisters," she spoke, "who love the Lord on earth, that such attire is waiting for them, and that the faithful ones will be all clothed with it ere many days."

While I was gazing upon this airy vesture, I noticed that the appearances of the figures upon it were constantly changing. To my astonishment the roses formed themselves into hieroglyphics which I could read, and some of the sentences contained a marriage song, which I would gladly sing in human speech were I a Poet of the Heavens, endowed with power to translate such exquisite verse. I wondered at the origin of this poetry, and the radiant one spoke and said, the festive thoughts which were in my bosom, during the nuptials, formed themselves into exquisite images in the embroidery. Blushing with celestial rose she took the garment from my hand.

At this, I felt a hymeneal chorus of the doves within my breast. While she was arranging the garment in its place, it seemed as if the internals of my bosom were becoming like a grove full of singing birds of every description. I was then shown in succession three under skirts, the first blue, the second silver, and the third gold; they were ample and flowing, and of such a nature, that, when worn, one shone through the other, the golden one being innermost; after this the silver, and then the blue. What was wonderful about these articles of attire was this, that they seemed instinct with sensitive life. The filaments of which they were woven were apparently composed of myriads

upon myriads of exquisitely beautiful living creatures, floating in a fine ether, all, hand in hand, engaged in choral dances, scattering blossoms around each other's feet, and weaving endless chains of nuptial processions. Each of these lovely infinitesimals was in the human form, invested with all the grace of perfect angelhood, upborne by lambent wings, shaped like the pinions of a butterfly, and visible in all the attitudes of affectionate and chaste endearment. I could hardly realize the possibility of raiment like this, but my beautiful friend, noticing my surprise, said, "What if I tell you that these little ones are our own affections, translated into objective shape, and grouped by Divine Love into choral societies, in which they form apparel? The Creole girls, upon some of the West Indian Islands of your earth, appear at their festivals with fire-flies imprisoned in and shining through the thin gauze of their summer dresses, but the affections of the Angels are continually being ultimated into myriads of sweet and smiling innocences, like those who float in these aerial vestures. I will show you a wonder."

Saying this, she drew her gauzy bridal robe from its place. It seemed composed entirely of the wings of butterflies and the eyes of birds, sparkling with an innate brilliancy. The fragrance of ripe citrons exhaled from it, and an odor like that of the young blossoms of the grape. It was exquisitely adorned with the most perfect taste, at once concealing and suggesting the separate excellencies and perfections, the beauties and the graces residing within the lovely person of the young bride. Afterwards, she took, from a little drawer, a golden wedding-ring which was composed of pure fire from the Divine Love, and so intensely bright that it sparkled like a sun. From the circlet of the ring, as I was looking at it, flew out a little crimson dove, which, soon after, was followed by its mate. Then Amoleta whispered, "In these I was married to my Amodeo; but you have not yet seen the bridal crown."

In a moment ONE stood by us whom I knew. He said, "I took this child from a poor man's hovel, from a drunken mother and a depraved father, with her whole body covered with moral leprosy. At her death, that celestial beauty whom you now behold as a bride, was an infant of five days old. Son! speak

thou on thy return of this. And blessed are all they who are not offended in me." It was the Lord!

"Amoleta," I said, "Didst thou hear?" She replied, "More than you did, far more. To me He spake in a celestial speech concerning untold delights, while He gave you a message to bear with you on your return. We never know at what hour we may receive such visitations; but most commonly where two or three are gathered He appears in this way. Then He is invisible again. Marriage brings Him nearer to our perceptions. In its consummation we are with Him as you shall know. I am not ashamed to speak to you of the endearments of the bridal night, for they are chaste and inexpressibly sweet in all the Heavens."

"After nuptials, Amodeo took me by the hand and led me from the marriage guests into an inner room, and all sensations vanished from my consciousness, save that my being was interperaded with a divine delight, of such an exquisite nature that it thrilled through all the sensories of the frame. I found myself reclining in the arms of my beloved, with his head pillowed upon my bosom. Above us shone the Divine Sun, and we were enveloped in its brightness. Then, one by one, the celestial constellations glorified the expanse of Heaven. 'Amoleta and Amodeo! two in one!' sang an invisible choir, through the soft dim twilight; and every flower whispered, and every zephyr murmured, and every sentient particle of our existence, in blended unison, responded 'Two in one, two in one!' But come. He is waiting for us. An invisible dove from his bosom is calling to its counterpart in my own breast."

Now stood before me a priest of this Heaven, clad in long, white, flowing robes, with a mitre upon his head, on which was the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord!" and spoke saying, "I am Zalutha. Then drew near a smiling woman, more than a bride in beauty, enrobed in gauzy radiance, floating by its living motion in the soft ether, and approaching she beheld me, and he said, "My wife, Zalathuma." Amodeo now made his appearance, and we were conducted to a banqueting room, where a repast was prepared."

"You are now," said Zalutha, "about to partake of nuptial

food, such as shall make the lips thrill to taste, while the blood leaps for gladness within the veins, and the heart sings for joy." Then these four took their places at the table, and I was seated with them. There was golden wine, of royal vintage, which mantled in the glasses, and sparkled with rich lustre, renewing itself continually, so long as it was in order to receive it. This is the law in Heaven. There is no anxious forethought for to-morrow, but the delicacies that feast the senses are from the Lord, who confers upon all His children daily bread.

I longed for grapes, of which I saw none upon the board, and instantly they were set before me, in a silver basket. Zalutha observed my wonder, and remarked, "Is it not written, 'Ask and ye shall receive?' You desired, in order, to be fed with these delicious clusters. The Lord hears and answers all our petitions. Let us bless the Lord." At this he opened the Word, and read from it, in the celestial sense, the fourteenth Psalm, and we all bowed in worship, with our faces to the east. Festive garlands then appeared upon our brows, which were also the Lord's gift. Then Amodeo said, "He shall crown the meek with salvation." After this the conversation took a mirthful turn, and Amoleta told them about my thought, borrowed from the external world, of the unsubstantiality of the wives of Heaven. But they called upon her for a song, and she gladly consented. It must be observed here, that in translating this celestial poetry, only its most ultimate sense can be preserved. With this preface I give

#### THE SONG OF AMOLETA.

The wives of Angels from the Lord  
 Receive His sweet affections ;  
 Within the gardens of the Word  
 They bloom as heart-perfections.

Be glad ! be glad ! in Hymen's land  
 The Angel bride reposes,  
 By night in slumbers soft and bland,  
 On beds of nuptial roses.

Our wedded hearts in music beat  
To Hymen's soft caressing.  
While bridegroom's arms around us meet  
He breathes the nuptial blessing.

After this the tender bride, with beamy rapture in her eyes, divided a peach and gave half of it to Amodeo, and, while he was partaking of this delicious fruit, Zalathuma whispered in my ear "Fond as she is now this is but the beginning of her fondness. Honeymoons never wane in this heart-home of ours. The bride of a month old is but a baby in love, and one of ten thousand ages yet a child. But what are you observing?" I replied. "Must I tell truly, and conceal no thought? She looked me full in the eyes at this, and answered what do you mean, are we not Fondnesses because we are Chastities? Can she be ever less chaste? How then can she be ever less fond? Is it not orderly to enjoy the delights of marriage? And do those delights decrease or increase by their possession? You thought about a certain married pair in the natural world, and how, but a few weeks after their nuptials, the wife seemed more fond than at their first espousals, while the affection of the husband was a waning flame, and in his heart he experienced a chill. Shall I tell you the cause of this. She was conjugal but he was not. Discriminate wisely in your thought, and you will perceive." Then she continued, "You were right. He took her with no internal appreciation. He did not cleave to her in soul, but adhered to her as clay does in a miry street to the soles of a slipper. He grows weary of his toy. But Amoleta is no toy to Amodeo, they are two in one. Her soul descends into the internals of his affections to bathe therein, like the celestial Venus into a pure fountain, and he embraces her from internals to externals, as every husband should his wife. Conjunction, in its external, grows out of conjunction in its internal, and the desire for external consociation is but the expression of interblending-spirits. We are amatory without being lascivious. There is a wide distinction. The bride's lips are sweet to her husband's taste, because her heart's love is sweet to his spirit, and they belong to each other.

Where the two in one agree  
 Christ the Savior maketh three,  
 And inspires their nuptial glee:  
 All is purest purity."

At this Amoleta looked up, clapped her hands like an artless child who beheld some new delight, and cried "The Yucca! The Yucca!"

Instantly my eyes became enlightened to behold the inmost of the trees of life that is in the paradise of God. There beheld the bird that all the Angels love. There I saw the Yucca. There is but one male and female of this species in each Paradise, and they are seen by those alone to whom the Divine Hymen affords the privilege. In the Song of the Yucca is a perpetual solicitation to inhale the bosom sweetness of conjugal delight, and they who hear it yearn toward their beloved counterparts as liquid dew drops when they tremble into one.

There is a river in the Paradise of Eloi called Zofol. Married partners bathe every morning within its waters, when they rise from sleep, sporting in the limpid stream like naiads. In some of the pools the blue water lily bears a pulpy fruit, of which they eat, the effect of this being to produce the most delicious rest, during which they are wafted in divine dreams to hold communion with Angels of more interior Celestial Paradises. There are also blossoms something resembling the Fleur de Lys, but of a vivid blue, so full of fragrance that it is condensed into a pearly grain like manna, so forming bread; and when they eat of this it produces a soft and tender languor for a time. Reclining on this perfumed stream, they float in each other's arms, veiled from all beholding, in a purple ether. There are also, at intervals in the stream, islands of small dimensions, whereon are banqueting houses of fine gold, inlaid with ivory and precious stones. These are erected in the midst of parterres of aromal flowers. There, after ablutions, companies of friends gather together to partake of the morning repast, while their breasts are exhilarated by an interior felicity. None but wedded associates are permitted to bathe in the Zofol. While listening

to the song of the Yucca I was permitted to receive this information.

Soon after, taking her companion's hand, Amoleta rose with a graceful courtesy. Smiling, she said, "The Yucca Song has formed within me a love gift for all." Whereat she sung to us again :

Yucca ! Yucca !

Let me fold within my breast thy beamy pinions,  
While thy song's delicious tide,  
Like a flowing river, bathes my heart's dominions,  
With the raptures of a bride.

Yucca ! Yucca !

Where the Angels live in all their glowing houses,  
They are wedded lovers all :  
And the birds within the bosom of their spouses,  
Hear the Lord Messiah's call.

Yucca ! Yucca !

Dance my heart for joy amid thy nuptial blisses,  
I have drank the honeyed wine.  
O, my Bridegroom ! I have fed thee with my kisses,  
I am thine, and thou art mine.

Yucca ! Yucca !

Angel joys are garden beds of endless pleasure ;  
But the sweetest blooms, when we  
Hear the Yucca Song that flows in sacred measure  
From the holy, holy tree.

Yucca ! Yucca !

I have bathed my shining limbs in Zofol's water ;  
On the lilies I have fed ;  
And I wear the perfumed robes of Hymen's daughters.  
To my heart's heart I am wed.

When this charming song was at its close, Zalathuma arose, singing :

*The Children of Hymen.*

Angels joys must turn to fruit ;  
     Haste away ! Haste away !  
 Heavenly Hymen blows his flute :  
     Work is play !

We will meet when day is done.  
     Haste away ! Haste away !  
 Earthward moving every one :  
     Work is play !

Some to bind the hearts that bleed :  
     Haste away ! Haste away !  
 Some to mourners in their need :  
     Work is play !

Earthward let us bend our flight :  
     Haste away ! Haste away !  
 Lifting souls from dark to light :  
     Work is play !

Form the mystic Angel-ring :  
     Haste away ! Haste away !  
 Do the will of Wedlock's King :  
     Work is play !

I then beheld a wonder. A chariot came from the east, drawn by silver swans, in which Zalutha and Zalathuma, rising, hand in hand, while their radiant apparel changed to shining gold, took their seats, melting as if into one radiant and blissful sphere, in which the wife shone within the husband's effulgent personality, like a crimson ruby within a yellow topaz or a golden diamond. I then beheld them descending toward the plane of the natural world, to engage in kind offices as Guardian Angels to loved ones there. Amoleta and Amodeo then conducted me into a lovely garden, when, for a short period I was left alone.

END OF CHAPTER FIRST.

GLAD MAY IS HERE.

Glad May is here !

The jocund blossoms laugh along the plain,  
And on the orchard boughs :  
The fruit trees bloom : upsprings the growing grain :  
The village maids, a blithe and merry train,  
Behold the blushing earth her youth regain :  
The groves resound with many a festive strain :  
No more the poor of chilling winds complain :  
Bind garlands to thy brows !  
The hymeneal birds at last appear.  
Glad May is here !

Glad May is here !

The water brooks with limpid streams are full,  
And, at the dasied brink,  
Children in play the yellow cowslip pull ;  
The white lambs frolic ; shorn of winter wool,  
The sober ewes the springing herbage cull :  
The earth awakes in garments beautiful.  
A full contentment drink :  
Inhale the fragrance of the vernal year :  
Glad May is here !

Glad May is here !

The quails are piping in the growing corn :  
Young lovers linger late :  
The meadow lark foretells the pleasant morn :  
The mother rose-tree sees its babies born :  
White, airy robes the village maids adorn :  
The moon of blossoms shows her silver horn,  
Above the garden gate.  
The south wind dallies over vale and mere :  
Glad May is here !

*Glad May is Here.*

Glad May is here !  
 Take to thy heart its joy, thou blushing bride !  
     Inhale its balmy bliss :  
 The Summer waits, with all her crimson pride :  
 Thou too shalt be a matron, beautified,  
 With summer treasures, deep and tender eyed,  
 Sweet children springing at thy gentle side :  
 Thy life shall into rounded fullness glide :  
     Spring prophecies of this.  
 Move beautiful into thy wedded sphere :  
     Glad May is here !

Glad May is here !  
 Rejoice, oh ! patient lover of thy kind !  
     The years to ripeness grow :  
 Christ doth the sheaflets of the Word unbind,  
 And scatter truths like seeds upon the wind.  
 Celestial flowers again the seekers find :  
 Now blooms the second May-day of the mind,  
     And Heaven begins below.  
 The Lord within the heart doth reappear.  
     Glad May is here !

Glad May is here !  
 Once more the Angels glide, with shining feet,  
     And, in the temples old,  
 With loving hearts in conscious union meet.  
 The pulses of the second Eden beat :  
 The Sun of Angels pours its blissful heat :  
 The tares are winnowed from the ripened wheat.  
 The Heavenly Hymen comes, with music sweet.  
     Now dawns the Age of Gold.  
 The tree of life bends with immortal cheer.  
     Glad May is here !

## HUMAN LIFE:

OF THE ORDERLY MARCHES OF THE UNIVERSE.

The process by which the human family upon an orb, whether solar, aërial or terrestrial, passes through its natural states of existence to its angelic era, corresponds to the mode by which the aërial food of Angels is assimilated into the cellular tissues of their bodies. When an Angel partakes of his aërial food, first of all, it is absorbed through the papillaries, which lie in the tongue and through all the palate. The absorbents take up the aërial fragrance, which first becomes chyle, then blood, then the nervous fluid. The nervous fluid, which circulates through an Angel's immortal body, passes through successive degrees of refinement, by means of its circulations, until at last there remains a pure, white ichor, in which is found no adjunct of the corporeal-celestial principle. It is pure fragrance of Divine Love. It is this which nourishes the inmost willing, thinking and ultimating principle, and is called 'Angel's food.'

Now when a man, upon a harmonic orb, is born from the matrix, in orderly conjugal unions,—and there are none other there,—he is like an aërial fruit when it is first absorbed by the papillaries. His first state is when his natural affections begin to be quickened, and this corresponds to childhood, in which he passes through successive degrees. His second state, which is the period from childhood to puberty, is analogous to the preparation of the food to become blood, and, during this time the scientific, philosophical and mechanical faculties of thought, and the memory with all its first-born powers, are unfolded to their use. He is intromitted, through conjugal love and orderly nuptials, into his third state, which finds its analogue in the arterial circulations of the angelic form. It is during this period that he becomes a composite, sexual existence, through the orderly intermarriages of all the affections of good in the will with the corresponding principles in the understanding. It is also during this era that marriage is prolific in children, the body full, the brain active, the blood warm, the step elastic, the vision penetrative, the speech

sonorous and the lungs and the breathing principle energetic, upon the natural plane.

The fourth stage commences in woman, in orderly states upon harmonic earths, when she ceases to exercise the functions of maternity, and with the man when he is no more prolific in the natural degree, and becomes, instead, the parent of successions of divine truths, according to his kingly or priestly function.— This period is commonly of long extent, during which the physical organization undergoes a corresponding change. The man begins to inspire more fully from the Celestial, Spiritual or Ultimate Heaven, according to his genius, and to become a member of the directive rather than of the creative Societies of his natural sphere. Mildness, as of the coming autumn, when the fervid heats of summer melt away in soft, diffusive rays; and a sweet and serious gravity, in which successions of seraphic thoughts unfold like the constellations of the vault of heaven, are the characteristics of this fourth human period.

In his fifth age the patriarchal man is in a condition which corresponds to the passage of the nervous fluid into the absorptive vessels of the vascular system, and his chief delight, in the natural sphere, is in the ultimations of Divine order in practical affairs. In this period of his orderly states he is fitted eminently to become a presiding mind in the conclaves and councils of his people. He takes in at a glance the condition of his race and of his planet. He plans, in deliberate wisdom and according to the character of his people, but solely by means of influx from the Lord, those more advanced conditions of social development, for which in the Divine Providence, they are prepared. If a poet, he draws from his own Heaven magnificent inspirations, more especially adapted to the objective uses of his race; choral songs for the artisans of all arts; nuptial odes for the marriages of all the sons and daughters, and grand, representative dramas, in which are bodied forth such exhilarating subjects as shall delight, refresh and energize the peaceful workers in all the spheres of outward life. This will serve as one of many illustrations, which might be extended through all varieties of mental structure. How also he goes forth as a counsellor and as a friend, of universal genius, led by the love of all his kind, advising and com-

municating with all for whom he has a message from the Lord. Yet his natural strength is not abated, nor his eye dim ; but he adds to natural vigor the potency and ability of the Angels of the ultimate planes. This is his fifth state.

In his sixth epoch of terrestrial existence, which corresponds to the middle autumn, his intellectual faculties all become sublimed and exalted. The interior planes of all the organs are glorified with a supernal light. The solemnity and ripened beauty of a great and good life imparts to his whole appearance a something which awes while it delights the beholder. Moving with a slow and stately tread, and now for the most part retired to the groves and temples of the land which he inhabits, the mind expatiates in the intellectual knowledges of the Heavens. He is the intellectual friend and counsellor, divining the secrets of the deep mind of man. This period is like the close of the afternoon, when the sun seems to pause awhile above the horizon, and to illuminate all the track over which it has passed with a widespread, golden lustre. His words now become less frequent, and are condensed, like the fixed stars, into globes of knowledge.— Now also he begins to rest in the steadfast reality of God, and, looking through the retrospect of his terrestrial years, he sits as amidst the gathered sheaves of all the harvests of his life. He sees no flower but that has become fruit, no love but that has passed in orderly successions of beautiful wisdom and fragrant use to its consummate and triumphant end. In this state, which precedes the last of his terrestrial pilgrimage, he corresponds, as to his condition, to the nervous fluid, absorbed into and flowing through the purely abstract and meditative faculties of the brain.

The seventh era is that in which the Divine Love becomes the one inspiring theme, the ever present and most sweet reality ; when, absorbed from terrestrial and intellectual cogitations, the heart is like a tranquil sea that flows away beyond the sunset to pour the wealth of all its billows upon Elysian shores. Now the external tabernacle, by degrees, according to its condition, evinces the incipient stages and the gradual march, not of decay but of transmutation ; and like a fire-phœnix, the soul, gathering together around the body the precious gums and odors of all the fragrant affections, kindles from the ardency of the love of God within

the breast, and, while the outward frame is illumined by all that sacred radiance, plumes its mounting faculties and lifts its own triumphant chant of glory and eternity, soaring to the Heaven of the forefathers.

Man recedes in his seventh stage, by slow degrees, from his terrestrial existence. Painless and without decay are all the steps and stages of that wondrous metamorphosis. This period corresponds to the final sublimation of the nervous fluid, when it is taken up into the inmost affectional and celestial processes of the nervous system, and becomes pure lymph, in its entire freedom from all the physical increments and adhesions. In the fullness of this seventh era, the Divine Potency, gently descending through all the spirit, causes a chemical dissolution of all external particles. Then commences the new existence in the Heavens. These are the seven stages of the re-creation of man, occurring in identity of essentials, but in a boundless variety of sublime and beautiful particulars, among all the solar races, all the aroinal nations, and all the terrestrial people of the universe; our earth being the solitary exception thereto.

There are seven epochs of corresponding nature through which woman advances hand in hand with man. In the first of these epochs, when she is the child, she ingermes within her bosom the essential or primal forms of those Divine ideas which are hereafter to be germs of knowledges in the intelligence of her conjugal associate. She is then, as to her affections, like a little garden in which all blossoms, in their varieties, are planted by the Lord. In her second state, which endures to her first maturity, she is a gentle maiden, unconscious of this wonder-world of beauty in the soul. During this period she is initiated into the domestic arts and the knowledges pertaining to them, and is also instructed in the significance of the Divine Word, which becomes her meditation by day and night. But she cares little for the mere externals of science, because these pertain to an external rather than an internal life. Loving all truths in their good and for their use, she delights in the spirit and in the end of wisdom. After this she advances into a third condition, and in this she is called "the Love," and this period is that allotted to the first perception of her conjugal associate, and subsequently to the betrothal, reach-

ing onward to the nuptials, and becoming mature in the marriage state. Then her simplistic existence becomes composite, and she ripens in the affections of her husband, and grows mature in her intelligence, becoming one with him also in the ordered uses of life.

The existence of married associates upon unperverted orbs is one perpetual festival, during which the first ardors of youthful love, free from all the disorders which attach themselves to the sexual passion in our subversive race, ascend in a continual succession of the most serene and interior yet sensationally exquisite delights, from the natural, through the spiritual, to the celestial degree. The children born of such unions are like the blossoms of the tuberoses upon its stem, and their external bodies, free from hereditary impurities, are sweet as the bosoms in which they nestle and the lips which they delight to kiss. Like little aromal orbs, around a double sun of light and heat, folded in the outflowing sphere and fragrance of its truth and love, the tender ones of the fold are as Terrestrial Angels, growing daily in wisdom and in favor with God and man. Birth is a benediction, and the rite of nuptial union an act of worship. Therefore the fruit of the womb is holy, and wafted from the Heavens to the earth as a germ from the perfect blossoms of the trees of life. We shall treat especially of these things in those passages of the Word which contain arcana concerning them.

When the period of maternity is passed, the blooming matron retains an enhanced and glorious beauty, in which she exhales mediatorially an efflux of celestial affections more sweet than any blossom, and she is then called the "garden of delights." The sound of her voice is like exquisite music, and the breath of her mouth like incense, or odors from the chalices of Angels. The glance of her eye is liquid and penetrative fire from the ardency of Divine Love. The touch of her hand is like the melting of the most delicious fruit upon the palate. She glows with an interior rosiness, emanating from the affections of her invisible and immortal form. Her bosom is a paradise of enchanted rest; a joy-sphere of extasy exhales therefrom. In her meditations the Angels throng and cause visions of the Paradise of conjugal consorts in the Heavens to glow in pictures

before the sight. Here there are many things which the present age is not prepared to receive, to be unfolded in the Church in a future generation.

In her fifth stage she passes from the sacred privacy of domestic life and becomes a Mediative, Terrestrial Angel, traversing, hand in hand, with her beloved companion, those pathways of benevolence in which he delights to move. Gradually they think as one mind and love as one heart, becoming so thoroughly interwoven in their pleasures, their affections and their uses, that they cannot be separated any more. In their sixth and seventh stages they become so ethereal that they live chiefly in quiet rest, beloved, honored and revered by filial generations, who call them blessed. Still the body, with no abatement of its mediatorial capacity, is embalmed in descending odors, growing more sacred, while the heart prepares for its beatified existence in the life to come. Then at last, still accompanied by the dear lover of her youth, the mediatorial woman puts on her immortality, and is not 'unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life.' There is no burying, but the ethereal, external particles are gently breathed away. Fairer than in the day of her espousals, with every affection of the spirit shining through its transparent form, she enters the nuptial life of Angels.

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The question is often asked, Why the Lord's Kingdom, in its descent to ultimates, finds, as a general thing, its heart-home and its best welcome with the lowly? Why not many rich and many noble, in the world's estimation, devote themselves to the Lord's ends? There is one answer which includes many, as a seed germ includes the future fruit. Our Divine Lord, in His merciful dealings with His children, delights to crown the meek with salvation. He selects such as are willing to receive Him, and these are commonly found among the poorer classes, because they have been intent on the acquisition of other things than mere wealth or power; giving both time and means to the needy; foregoing opportunities of social elevation from conscientious scruples, and remaining contented with a life of simple obscurity.

## THE VOCAL TREE.

I saw an Angel stand beneath a tree of crimson flame,  
Whose blossoms breathed with every breath the Lord Messiah's  
name,  
And through the moist and balmy leaves, in soft, repeating swells,  
I hear the distant melody of golden bridal bells.

In saintly grace the Angel stood, and, with a sweet accord,  
He whispered, "Draw thou near to me, oh! servant of the Lord!"  
And, while he spake, the branches shook, and from the blossoms  
fell  
An incense full of honey-dew, and melody as well.

Then sweet as songs at summer eve, when Nature's softest voice  
Calls from her azure deeps the moon and bids the stars rejoice,  
Through all that sea of perfect light a vocal rapture ran,  
And in a speech of holy words this solemn lay began.

"Why doth the world, in fearful awe, pause at her revels now?  
And why the crown press heavily on every monarch's brow?  
Why do the wise and mighty quail before the mystic times?  
Why ring the bells in human hearts with faint, unearthly chimes?"

"Why roll the stormy waves of thought from Europe to Cathay,  
While all the thrones of Heathendom sink down in one decay?  
Why throbs the deep of human mind, impatient to be free?  
Thou comest, Lord! and Earth awakes to hear her doom from  
Thee.

"The buried nations are astir in Sheol's graves afar;  
And Angel-armies gather near, from each attendant star.  
The harvest of the world is ripe, and, with the reaping band,  
Thou comest in Thy glory now, and none shall stay Thy hand.

"Soon shall the air grow musical with God Messiah's lyres,  
While kingdoms mount the couch of death, and light their  
funeral fires.

The World-soul of the Planet thrills her Savior's voice to hear;  
And soon, upborne o'er all the stars, shall in His arms appear."

So, in my soul, I heard this deep and awe-inspiring strain,  
Sung through the fruit tree's perfumed bells, and soft, melodious  
rain;—

And then the Angel said, "Behold! this tree of crimson rays  
Shall be a song within thy heart, unfolding many days."

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#### THE USE OF RICHES.

Great wealth is often a canker to the soul. Many men harden as property accumulates around them. Riches bring temptations more dangerous than those of poverty. It is hard for one who sees riches accumulating upon his hands to realize that the Lord gave and that he will call him to an account of his Stewardship. The continual and earnest prayer of such should be, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do."

The World is to see a new class of rich men, holding their wealth simply as mediums for the accomplishment of Divine purposes and giving or withholding with an eye single to the guidance of the Lord. The power of capital is now wielded principally upon the side of moral evil. But the day will dawn, it is even now slowly casting a faint radiance upon the world, in which wealth and worth will be found together. The Mediatorial Man, who holds estates in God, will prosper and thrive in spite of commercial crisis and national disasters. Estates kept in trust for Divine purposes will maintain their permanency. Families, where good men bequeath to their sons a Preisthood and a Kingship of Divine Good and Truth will mature a nobler genius from generation to generation.

## THE NUPTIALS OF EDWARD GREY.

Nettleby spire was all a glow with summer sunshine. Gay bridesmaids shone in white dresses. Bachelor groomsmen, with white favors at the button hole, were doing the agreeable to their hearts content. Old farmer Muggridge was in his place to give away the bride, and Edward Templeton, the aristocratic rector, stately and dignified, was opening the prayer book at the marriage service.

Oh! the merry May! the English May! Bridal bells always seem to ring sweeter in that pleasant month. If there are fairies in England now, such as he of Avon has told us of, I doubt not that they gather, in mild-eyed wonder and sweet astonishment, when wedding chimes set the blossoms, in which they have their housekeeping, to ringing with a new delight. I doubt not that they gathered at this wedding, and that their gossamer wings were never brighter than to-day.

For Edward Grey has won a bride from beyond the sea. Peep at her sweet face under the bridal veil. Does she not become orange blossoms? See how she trembles at the side of that brave wooer. She is worthy of him, and will bring blessings without number to her new home. She is a New Church girl, and while she gives her hand where her heart has gone before, the mystic light of the soul's nuptials is beaming upon her brow.

It is good to be a bride; good to marry. So all sensible people think. Marriage is but the dawn of a sweet love-day that goes on brightening to eternity itself. But this is to the good alone. Fond hearts grow fonder, sweet hearts grow sweeter, and gentle hearts gentler in Hymen's golden house. "It is not good to be alone."

A story that opens at a wedding, where the book ends as a common thing, must be awry, some readers may think; but it is time to set a new example. Stories of mere courtship have had their day, and the time has come for the true novel to make its appearance. We set the example.

They were married, and now their life-romance begins. There are some peculiarities about these friends of ours which it may be well to speak of. The young doctor, as he is called in the village, has married for love, and many of the neighbors are prophesying his downfall. He might have won a rich wife, but he chose a portionless girl, dowered with her sweet face, her loving heart and her pure spirit alone.

Come, let us follow them to their little domicil. Elm Cottage it is called, just a little cage for canaries to sing in. In the paddock, at the right, the doctor's horse crops the sweet grass of the young season. Peep through the windows; they are at tea. No bridal tour had these young folks; no month at Brighton or some of the watering places. No trip across the channel. Yet I prophecy that the "little people," those fairy friends of ours, will take up their abode in this low eaved village home.

Oh! the tender night! Tremble pale Vesper, the lover's star. Sing from the thicket, sweet nightingale, while the honeyed scents of lilacs and orchard blossoms mingle with the odors of the first blown rose. Listen while the south wind dreamily nestles in the young leaflets, or swings upon the pendant branchlets of the great elm. Listen, though it is but lover's talk.

Edward Grey looks the young husband; modest, fond, tender, with a growing softness in his eye, as if the Hereafter, the Great Hereafter of love in Heaven, and endless nuptials there, were throwing a softening glory upon him from its bridal stars, that wane no more forever. With one hand holding the tender hand of the little wife, with the other clasping the Word, from which their evening scripture has just been read, they talk of Paradise.

All over the world, in this blessed time, this dawn day of a new age, the tongues of a new Pentecost are resting upon the children of the light. Carrie Somers, Carrie Grey, as we must call her now, is of celestial genius, unconscious that she is wise, for her humility is great. Her husband listens to her as a man entranced, for a voice that is not of this earth is speaking through her.

She says, "I will tell you all about it, Edward, and how I came to marry you. Our people in New York are formed into a church by the Lord Himself, as we verily believe. Our one

bond of union is to love Him, to love each other in Him, and to do nothing of ourselves. Our minister only preached to us as the Divine Spirit illumined his understanding with knowledge from the Word, and gave him utterance. There I learned that the Lord had provided a counterpart for me, and, if it was good for me to find him in this life, the Divine Providence would bring it about. I had often thought, as do all girls, of who I should marry? But, when these heavenly doctrines had made themselves a home in my breast, I determined to leave all that to my Heavenly Friend. So I began to pray that whoever he was the Lord's blessing might rest upon him.

"Oh Edward! there is a power in prayer of which the world knows little or nothing. I began to breathe from an interior spirit as it seemed to me one night, while I was upon my knees in worship; and, at the same moment, was conscious of diffused odors of myrtles and roses filling the room. Then I heard a Voice, saying, "If a man love me he will keep my words and I will come to him, and make my abode with him." At this the eyes of my soul were opened, and I saw One in vision like the Good Shepherd, and knew it was the Lord. I loved Him though I felt myself unworthy even to breathe the air which His presence made so bright, but I knew that he had heard and answered me.

"About this time I could not resist the impression that my duty was, since my parents were both called to dwell in Heaven, to return to England, where my grand parents were still living; but, when I came here, as you know, misfortunes had befallen them, and they were poor. It was a new life for me to be tasked with physical labor, yet I was happy in it, for I knew that I had been sent to them, to minister to their necessities. I watched them until they were both called away, as my parents had been before.

"You remember the night when you were first called to see them. My cup seemed then to overflow, for my strength was giving way, and the burden of their care was resting very heavily. I heard voices speaking in my room, endeavoring to dissuade me from asking your advice. Once when I had my fingers upon the latch, it seemed as if a wiry, muscular hand was laid upon mine, and an iron form sought to force me back into the

room. Then spirits grew visible before my sight, two of whom personated my father and mother, and charged me not to visit you. I was what they call a "medium" in the New World.

"Then I went into my closet and prayed the Lord to direct me. A beautiful calm fell upon me, and then this internal breathing, of which I told you before, returned, and a sweet voice, more sweet than that of any Angel, flowing through it, said, "Go my child, all is well." Our minister had often told us of this internal voice. This was its second manifestation to me, and it came in my extreme necessity. With it all sensations but those of perfect trust in Divine Providence were banished from my heart and I walked through the room and passed the spirits who had tempted me, who, seeing that their deceit was ineffectual, dropped their disguises and gnashed at me with their teeth, but were unable to injure me.

"You remember how I stood in this door in the gathering twilight. You were preparing to go out. I looked at you with surprise, for I saw as if a two-fold being, the form of a natural man, and within the form a shining youthful Angel. As you took my hand and gently listened to my errand I felt as distinctly as I had seen; and, when you relinquished it, a strength to which I had been a stranger was nerving me with a new courage.

"The night that grandmother died you were in the room, and I knelt by the bed-side. I then saw as distinctly as if with the natural sight all that has taken place to day, and I knew that I was to be your wife. How to account for these things, perhaps, I may not fully know, but they are real. Afterwards I went to live with old farmer Muggridge at the Grange, as a companion to his daughter, and did not see you for months, but it made no difference. I saw and felt our oneness of soul, and loved you with a pure intensity. Giving myself wholly to my uses day by day, with little thought of tomorrow or its destinies, I knew that if it was the Lord's will for us to be united, he would bring you to me. So when you came it was no surprise.

"Even now, sitting here, I am conscious that we but ultimate in earth-life what we first experience in Heaven-life. O! my Beloved! we are one in soul, and, while we love so dearly in these happy hours, our spirits but repeat words that they have uttered in another land. Our marriage is for eternity."

The chaste moon, silvering the casement, threw upon the young bride's face her tender light. Was Edward Grey conscious of the truth of this as he sat there, now with his arm twined around that dear one, now with his voice breathing such low-toned vows, such whispered words of bridal joy? He had pondered deeply over this sacred law of marriage, nor was he unaccustomed in his own spirit to the touch and pressure of celestial influences, though his faith had not brightened to perfect sight like this.— In his heart he thanked the God of all grace and mercy for his Heaven-sent gift. An hour later kind sleep had sealed their eyes. Let us follow their spirits to that other land of tender shinings where the good die not.

“Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to deecry  
That mystic earth and Heaven within,  
Plain as the world and sky.”

Here there is no marrying or giving in marriage, for they are as the Angels of God in Heaven; but, instead of external sacraments, which are for the sake of the maintenance of natural and social order in the earthly sphere, are nuptials which the Lord ordains. Heart blends with heart, and the chaste and consecrated bridal eye below but points with shining finger to the bridal day in heaven.

Edward Grey! thou hast another name amidst these bright ones; and she, thy blushing bride, crowned with the joy-flowers of Hymen's upper land, her name like thine own is one which, on lower earth, no man knoweth. Names here, in this better country, denote the qualities of the immortal Spirit. As a great tree casts its shadow, quivering in green and golden lustre, upon the springing grass, so the tree of nuptial happiness in Heaven, whose leaves unfold in the spring that never fades, and whose fruits mature in the summer that never withers, bends with its soft and dewy umbrage, and sacredly enfolds the wedded forms that rest below. God's peace be on them.

MERRY MAY.

“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”  
Hark ! the little children say,  
As they pluck the peach tree blossoms from the orchard spray ;  
While the tulip blushes red  
In the garden bed,  
And the earth is crowned with flowers for her wedding day.  
“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”

“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”  
Hark ! the blissful lovers say,  
While the lilies ring their bride bells, and the fields are gay,  
And the gentle stars above them  
With their wooing glances love them,  
Till their hearts repose in dreamings of the marriage day.  
“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”

“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”  
Hark ! the aged Pilgrim say,  
As the daisies bloom around him from the churchyard clay.  
From the realms of better life,  
Shines his blessed, Angel-wife,  
She is calling him to follow, from the world away.  
“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”

“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”  
Now the Upper World is gay :  
There the True and Good are blended in their nuptial day.  
There the tender, springing flowers,  
In the sacred bridal bowers,  
Fill their honeyed cells with fragrance while the Angels pray.  
“ Oh ! the merry, merry May !”

## THE RELATIONS OF CHRIST TO BELIEVERS.

It has been upon several occasions my delightful privilege, when for ends of use present with my brethren the Angels, in their various societies in the Heavens, to feast my eyes upon the person of the Lord, while I have also heard His voice. If my heart is on fire with the ravishing perfections of His Divine Nature, and if I burn to communicate His knowledge, it is because he has given to me to experience how sweet a thing it is to hold direct and personal intercourse with Him.

My brethren, I write as no enthusiast, nor am I led away by the phrensies of an excited imagination. These things have been given to me in my capacity as an illustrator of the Divine Word, that I might speak as becomes the gravity of the subject, and address myself to others in that forcible and cogent manner which springs from the most assured convictions. One might well hesitate in propounding such solemn and momentous doctrines, unless there was more than a mere hypothesis in the mind to favor them. To all whose use it is to instruct in any branch of science, the Lord gives sweet and beautiful intromissions into the subject matter of knowledges. The Botanist has his tender and fragrant flowers; the Mineralogist his brilliant crystals; the Antiquarian his curious remains, taken from the stony hands of long buried ages. The Astronomer, while he enunciates his propositions concerning the astral universe, roofs his very house with the constellations, and moves amidst their chemic influences. The function of the Christian teacher is to preach, not himself but Christ crucified. And how shall he preach Christ except he have the mind of Christ? Power to unfold the true wisdom concerning the Lord is a gift which He gives; and, loving Him with an all-absorbing love, and seeking to know and do his pleasure exclusively, the faithful minister of the Word, through established heart-relations with his dear Lord, grows at last to be simply a child, as it were, sitting at His feet, living, as to the heart, in the sabbath stillness of His affections, and breathing out

those Divine Ideas which flow from the living Word into the organs and outlets of consciousness.

A number of months have now elapsed since the final opening of the interior respiratory organs, during which my spirit has been living with the Lord in Heaven. Oh! the sweetness of that communion! the soul-sufficingness of its realities! the tender nearness in which He manifests Himself to His children there! Often where two or three are gathered together, bodying Himself forth from infinite and inscrutable mystery, the Divine Man is present in their midst. This is universal throughout all the Heavens.

But sadly the reader, perhaps with the anguish of hope deferred bedewing the eye and agitating the bosom, replies "So far I know; that I shall see Him in Heaven, if I am counted worthy. But must my dear Lord be always invisible in my lonely hours, while I dwell below? I know that my Redeemer liveth, whom I shall see with my own eyes, but I must wait till this corruption has put on incorruption; meanwhile I water my couch with my tears, while the wicked boast, and while they say continually 'Where is thy God?'"

Oh! slow of heart, not to believe all that the Lord Himself hath spoken. Hath He not declared that those who love Him shall be with Him where He is, to behold His glory? But the answer is, "This belongs to the glorified soul in Heaven, and cannot be experienced on earth." Oh! brethren, where are we now, —I mean as to our spirits? If we are regenerate, if we have passed from death unto life, according to the states of our regeneration, we are conjoined to either the absolute Angelic Societies or to schools of preparation, which open through sublime vistas into their Divine delights. We have come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, and to the general assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven, to an innumerable company of Angels and to the spirits of just men made perfect. Think of this. But one says, "These are figures." Granted. But figures in what language? In God's own cypher, setting forth immutable and eternal verities. Figures? Aye! So is the sun when he lights up the firmament; the moon when she walks high in ether, and discovers the pathways of the stars.

Figures? Aye! He who hung upon the cross was a figure. Figure of what? Of Infinite Divine Humanity, veiled in flesh for you and me. As our experience in the divine life deepens, we shall discover that much which external minds have coolly expunged, as a figure of speech, from the actual sphere of God's promises, belongs emphatically to the most substantial Real. Of this class in particular are those passages in the Word which speak of the Christian's privilege of communion with his Lord; who is not far away from any one of us.

If we accept theories which expunge the Savior from the field of present perception, if we set Him far away, and veil Him in the midst of ineffable purities, remote from the heart-cries of his people, instead of being nearer to us than to the ancient Jewish Church, He grows more distant continually. Ah! They had Christ, those Israelites, albeit they spurned the gift;—had Him before the Incarnation, as well as during the years in which, He visibly taught in synagogue and temple. He came down, as Paul declares, through the Jehovah-Angel, or Angel of the Covenant. He moved in the fiery pillar, and led in the vanguard of their destinies from age to age. He smote oppressors. He delivered captives. He wrought wonders. Nature obeyed Him. At His command the winds were hushed and the waters forsook their channels. Taking possession of angelic messengers, by means of His infinite personality, He used them as mediums of communication, veiling Himself with the garments of celestial consciousness ere he deigned for our redemption to become clothed, not with the nature of Angels but with the seed of Abraham. He should come nearer to us than to those ancients; nearer to flesh and blood; to bone and sinew; to bodily sensation; to spiritual comprehension.—He does come nearer.

We are in the era of His second advent. To reinstate man in the glorious privileges appertaining to him as a normal being, lost by the fall, was His object in the Incarnation. He came in His Divine Potency in the mid-winter of all ages, to lead the human family, through a reversal of its successive declensions, into a new Golden Age. All things stand prepared and ready, and await the light. Upon all arts and sciences, upon all industrial inventions, upon all literatures and philosophies, upon

all human nationalities that light is breaking;—THE LIGHT OF THE DIVINE HUMANITY.

How shall He be found in this New Christian Age? We ask by what means we are to individualize and authenticate for ourselves the high disclosures of seers gone before. Common men, as we are, how shall we find this God of common men, how avail ourselves in life's common matters of Superhuman Guidance and Infinite Potency? How grasp this sword that is invincible? How clothe ourselves in this armor which is invulnerable? How replenish our scant battalions with the eternal energies of God?

The answer is,—First, by never stopping at secondary or intermediate causes. If we lean on books or men, Spirits or Angels, we fall. God will have no idol worshipers in His New Church, no man servers. If we make authorities of writings they will prove mill-stones around our necks. I except, of course, the Word, as being in God, and therefore infinitely inspired, and to us a medium for the approach of the Infinite. Besides the Word, put all books out of the way. Use them as helps, not as authorities. Much as I value the writings of illumined men, there are times when I must put them beneath my feet. It is the Christian's privilege, in the New Church, to stand in heights of ineffable soul-communion with the Infinite, where the sublimest writings of seers and sages are far beneath him, seen but as a summer cloud, a morning's dream. Write this upon the mind. The soul is greater than a book, greater than all books, though even Angels wrote them; the Word alone, which is the repertory of all Infinite Ideas in the series in which they stand in the Divine consciousness, being exceptional. The Angels are not allowed to make themselves authorities in a final sense. They meekly wait upon the Christian, not that they would be rulers of his faith, but helpers of his joy. My experience is good to you, if it helps any to rise into that clear realm where we know no man after the flesh, but stand in the Divine order, leaning upon God. But if I am made authority because of experience, you make use of me to shut God out of your own souls. I am here, not to be a stairway for you, on which you are to walk; not a Saint Christopher, to bear you in my arms across these deep waters. But I stand in your

midst, as one whom God has led up and down those stairs, whom God has led above those floods. My use is testification. God is to us in place of prophet or apostle, of seer and sage, and angel. And we have Him, my brethren; we have Him! As, when the sun rises, the song of birds is heard in all the gardens, and perfumes are wafted from the earth itself, as one newly-blossomed rose, even thus, while heart and mind are gladdened and refreshed by the shinings of the Divine Presence, our whole life should be one choral exaltation of the Divine Humanity. Aye, the Church should gather her living roses, hearts fragrant with divine affections, pouring them at His beloved feet. Days of the Son of Man—days of light that brightens to an endless shining! Welcome, and all hail!

But, second. No leaning on each other in place of God! Priority of experience does not exalt one above another, or confer power, in the selfhood, even to advise. If He comes to me in a tender dream, between sleep and waking, He may stand before another in a broad light of full external consciousness. If one beholds Him in the shinings of the Divine Sun, through interior perception, another may behold Him in the very form of His Divine Humanity. Jesus! lover of the heart! In the sweet privacy of visitation, thou art here as in blest memorial days of generations old. He may thrill one with a look; touch another, and in that touch take away every burden; come down to stand between dark and candle-light, in one experience, while the room flashes from the radiance of his shining robes; or visit another with a still small voice, in midnight's deep and lonely hour; ease our pains, bodily and mental; in short, do all for us that He ever did in His appearing in the flesh. It is good for me to tell you how he visits my soul. But He may have some mode of approaching you which is more sweet. To that young child, who loves the Lord, the MOST BEAUTIFUL may stand, fairer than a bridegroom of Angels in the adornings of his nuptial day. I would be understood to assert most positively that there are no barriers between the Lord and any little child, and that He can and doubtless often will stand on the very playground, and bend at night above the nursery couch. Aye, touching the head with His Divine Hand in benediction, seen by them as plainly, heard

by them as distinctly, felt by them as sensationally, in this divine caressing, as infant ever saw, heard or felt parents of the natural world. Children will grow to expect these visitations. Happy that fold to which He thus draws nigh. "He carrieth His lambs in His bosom."

I say then to every man, Set thy house in order as expecting the Lord Jesus to be thy guest. And here again I would be understood. In His New Church He will be visible in the family circle. In the high communion of kindred natures, when thoughts kindle to a diamond brightness in the lustre of the Word, He will make His Divine Presence visible and they shall see Him. When young lovers walk, affianced in heart, with the Heavens all a glow above them, and the honeyed atmosphere all sweet around, and the earth beneath quivering with life in all her flowers, He shall be felt and seen. And again, Blessed are those to whom shall be His coming. There are tearings and uprootings and breakings of old associations. The finger of scorn is lifted. Father and mother forsake us because of Christ, even though they have borne and still bear the Christian name. We may go out to face the buffetings of a cold world, guided by that mystic Voice which never leads astray. Even so! Let separations come; let eyes grow stony as they look upon us, and friends become cruel while they scorn us. Even so. But Oh! Thou for whom we thus labor and suffer reproach, Thou wilt not be absent in that trial-hour! My brethren: He hath an actual hand to wipe away actual tears. Quivering and unstrung nerves can feel Him as well as weary hearts and lonely spirits; and the darker the night the nearer shall be the visitation. The Marys and the Marthas the Stephens and the Johns of this New Church shall talk, as fervently, as fondly, of their personal communings with, and beholdings of the MOST BELOVED, as ever the sisters of Lazarus talked of His conversations at their house, or the sons of Zebedee spoke of hearing Him calling them from their nets, or of beholding Him in His glory when He was crowned for His transfiguration. To the boy and the girl, the youth and the maiden, the man and the woman, may be at any moment a direct visitation from the Lord. And this, not because of any holiness which we possess, but of His own infinite mercy and tender love.

But third. He will not come ideally or romantically, nor to such as seek Him through abstracting themselves from the plain, useful and necessary duties of their lot: or if He does come to such, it will be with a stern voice of inquiry "Why stand ye all the day idle." If man would enjoy communion with his Lord, let him do his Lord's bidding. But how? All who seek to know His will are taught to know what that will is. At any moment He may step forth from infinite privacy for the beholding of the eyes, but at *all moments*, working within us by His Divine Spirit, He is the guide of reason, enlightener of conscience, arbiter of conduct, willing within us, of His own good will and pleasure, so long as our wills conspire with His, those things that are well pleasing in His sight. God of week days as well as sundays, He seeks to preside over all counting rooms, to work in all factories, to inculcate in all writings, to rule and reign and bring forth righteousness in all transactions. We should do all things under this direct influx and operation of Deity, that His kingdom may come and His will be done as in Heaven, so on earth. By Christ all houses should be built; all transactions accomplished; all families formed, cemented and perpetuated; all friendships legalised; all amusements inter-penetrated and made just; all feasts honored; all food partaken of; all books written and read. He should be the God of the high seas; holding the tiller of every merchantman; shipping its cargo; directing its master; regulating its crew; guiding all in safety to their destination. Shall not He who walketh in the winds and maketh the clouds His chariot, who stilleth the seas and holds them with all their waters in His hollow hand,—shall not He bear rule amidst His deeps? God-fearing mariners, worshiping the Lord in the communings of a New Christian Age, will yet behold Him, near and all radiant as when he approached the disciples in their foundering bark, and stilled the swellings of the sea of Galilee. Aye, and every ship should be sailed with a direct consciousness that He is present in the cabin and fore-castle; that without Him she may founder in a calm, but with Him speed in safety with the typhoon or the black squall raging around her. Had Jesus Christ, through a mediatorial Christian of the New Church, held the tiller of the Arctic, or presided over the course of the Pacific, the wail of

bereaved fathers and mothers and husbands and wives and children would not have gone up from our palaces to Heaven.— These terrible disasters will thicken till we learn to do all things in Him.

The same thing applies to sowing and reaping. By Him sprouts the corn; the summer fruits grow ripe; the autumnal harvests redden and yellow in the sun. No man should plant a fruit tree or sow a field without direct reference to the Lord of harvests. He governs thus upon all orderly worlds, and with all ripely regenerate men. They own as not possessing; buy and sell as not buying or selling; write as not writing; give as not giving; having their life hid in God. Short of this there is no absolute safety for any man. We cannot halt between two opinions or serve two masters. And again, Christ is at the doors crying, "If any man will be my disciple let him open unto me." If these things are true they are more important than if each of you were to discover to day a will, good and valid, dowering you with English dukedoms or Russian principalities. Is it true that we can have Him to guide us in all the affairs of life, who spoke to the fig tree and it withered, who rebuked the waves and they were still? if this be so then indeed we need have no fear of to-morrow. He who rules the day will rule the morrow also. This is the practical God for practical men. Calkers and stevedores need One who shall make their arm strong; painters and masons One who shall hold them firm on ladders and high scaffoldings and the roofs of houses. He giveth His Angels charge over them; but more, He giveth Himself charge over them.

The question is, How to make these high powers avail us in our need? And the answer is, If we give up our will to do His will, we shall receive His will as the infinite motive force, working through and directing ours. The same influx that made Paul mighty to meet Athenian sophistries, making use of an altar, erected to an unknown God, as the anvil on which to fashion the thunder-bolts of inspired truth against all idolatry, will come down now, directly, in the practical, for the use-ends of every regenerate life; but only as we are wholly in earnest in doing God's will.

Men cry "Hallucination" when these things are urged home

upon them. Yet why? Why hallucination? Are there any arguments in Nature or reason, in human experience or in Divine Revelation, to be set off against this faith? The reply is, Nature's laws are against it. So men said that Nature's laws were against the rotundity of the earth till the Navigator put a girdle of ships around its waters. First find what Nature's laws are before you presume to say that this or that is against Nature. We shall go on to show that this is Nature's law. Is the cause positive to the effect, or the effect positive to the cause? If the effect is positive to the cause, then we, as effects, may induce the cause to act for us, and so move the Infinite to work in our favor. But if the cause is positive to the effect, then it governs effects, controls all secondary agents and moves them at its will, and we, with all these natural forms around us, are at His disposal. Choose which horn of the dilemma we may, so far as a working of the Divine in ultimates is concerned, it amounts to the same thing.

But one says again, "God is unchangeable, and therefore, having surrounded man with physical substance, he leaves the race to the government of physical laws which He cannot set aside. How then can God produce any physical results for the good or against the evil? How, for instance, cause plenty or famine?"

Many illustrations might be adduced. One is sufficient. The germs of all plants absorb an influx from the Cause-world of the Heavens, by means of which there is germination, but that influx is controlled by the Divine Will. The Lord, by withholding, can fill a nation with mourning. Not a grain of wheat will be found upon the stalks of the harvest. By giving that influx proliferation will be abundant, and the land laugh with plenty upon all its plains. And again. Woe to that land, which, in the midst of its sowings, shall forget the Lord. He will make Himself feared in the midst of His famines till the nations shall acknowledge that He is God.

But again, one says, "The world's great nations are Godless nations. God helps the heavy battalions. Where was He when strong Russia crushed helpless Poland? Where is He when the rich libertine boasts at his feasts of crimes that might make high

Heaven shudder, and when helpless indigence begs for bread in winter streets?" I answer, Just as, for a short time before His Incarnation, devils were permitted to oppress men and women, but only that He might gloriously bind the oppressor and redeem the oppressed, after His coming in the flesh; so, even at the present time, He is allowing the wicked of both sexes to exult while they cry, 'Where is God that we should fear Him?' and point to stolen riches as an evidence that vice prospers. Even so, besides, He is permitting enormous crimes to be committed by vain-glorious nations in the face of all the earth. Did He not say that He would permit the tares to ripen? Aye, even so. But for the reaping, the winnowing and the burning. And now, brethren, the age of reaping is here, and God has made His sickle keen, for the harvest of the world is ripe. In the night watches I awaken and I hear the steps of Retribution when she hasteth upon the messages of God. She goes from house to house, from land to land. The Recording Angel with his open scroll accompanies her upon her way. Mark how, when the land is to be disforested, the woodman goes and the surveyor with him and nicks the trees that are to be cut down. It is but a little mark in the green wood, and the great tree looking down from all her greenery says, "What bird's wing is this, what fallen twig, that brushes against my trunk?" Nevertheless the axe-man follows. Though a nation has colonies that overshadow all the continents, if the Lord Christ sends His woodman to nick her bark, His axe-men shall lay low in an hour the girth and growth of centuries. A million of dollars and a grand house avail no more, when God determines to make an example of purse-proud luxury and ostentation, than does a bulrush against the cataract! Oh! the might of Jesus! Hark! the Creative Man is worshiped amidst the Heavens.—The very stars in their groupings are but the emblazonries upon His shield. And shall we, on this poor dust-grain, defy with our puny fingers the monarch of the universe? But on this point no more.

Finally, His coming can only be through faith, to the sons of faith. The double minded man is unstable in all his ways. We must ask in faith nothing doubting, and live by faith, enduring as seeing Him who is invisible. The privilege of direct com-

munion with the Lord in an open manner was lost as men grew sensuous in their meditations, rather than spiritual and celestial. The Lord is not coming to give you or me signs that we may believe on Him, and if we wait till some overwhelming miracle is wrought for us before we take Him to our hearts, we shall wait, as do the sons of Israel, with a vail upon their hearts till this day. He gives Himself to those who meekly and without reservation commit their lives to Him; who ask for nothing, but simply say "Dear Lord I am all thine; do with thy servant as seemeth good in thy sight." Unreserved self-consecration, nothing less, will win the present Savior. When we have once made up our minds that we will be His at any cost He will take us at our word, and begin such a work of discipline and purification as shall finally exalt us to be Angels in Heaven. He will come, not as curiosity desires, not as a diseased nature craves, or as a weak will requires, but only as he sees it best for us, having in view in all His Providences eternal ends of good. His service is perfect liberty, and we shall discover the more we serve Him the more unmistakeable evidences of His direct influence. Old things will pass away from our experience, and all things become new, till at last our common world will be an Eden, and not a tree of the forest but shall vibrate upon the ear, instinct with music from the intonations of His voice. Wherever we go we shall find that our Lord hath been before us to prepare the way. So all earth shall become holy ground, and none other than the house of God, and the very gate of Heaven. If He is ever invisible, it is to draw our hearts forth in longings after Him. If He is ever visible, it is to feed us with prophet's bread, that in its strength we may journey upward many days. And, whether visible or invisible, we are always present with Him.

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Through the shining morning windows of the loving heart, to-day,  
Streams the sunrise of the Angels, while the shadows flee away,  
While the faith that was but seeming, like the withered fig tree stands,  
Christ shall feed the starving nations with the plenty in His hands.  
While the men of creed and custom sit like statues, cold and blind,  
All who seek the Lord shall find Him, as a loving Father, kind;  
Till the races of the planet blend in unity again,  
And Messiah rules the ages through the hearts of loving men.

## THE THREE FLOWERS.

### A PARABLE.

A white rose grew by a running stream of pure water. Beneath its feet a cluster of blue violets looked up to the mild, maternal heaven. A red rose grew beside them and overshadowed both, for it was sweeter than all. Its pollen floated like the golden sunrise, soft and warm, to melt into their unfolding calices. The three made one happy family, loving and rejoicing together. Each, contented with its own variety of beauty, flourished in its place. One earth sustained them; one blue sky lovingly overshadowed them; the same sweet airs made music, whispering in their leaves.

I heard a little fairy say, "Why cannot you people in the external world learn a lesson from the flowers? All the blossoms cannot be violets, and all the roses cannot be red roses. Why then expect the Lord's children, who as yet are only in natural good, to adopt the wisdom of those who are in spiritual good? And why, again, expect those who are simply in spiritual good to comprehend those things which belong pre-eminently to the celestial? Come, white rose, be good friends with the violets. They grow very near the earth, but they yield a sweet incense, even to the feet that trample upon them. And scorn not, little violet, the white rose, because looking up you see only the green leaves of the calyx. On the other side, which you see not, is the pearly corolla, glistening with shining morning dew. And you, beautiful white rose, recollect that there are other hues of light and other varieties of fragrance beside thine own, for He who made thee white colored the red rose from His own heart." So I heard the little fairy say.

His tiny wife, whose name was Mignonette, then advanced to me, and she said, "A violet is never one until it is very sweet. When you find a flower in the meadows that has no fragrance, it pretends violet and is but a miserable johnny-jump-up. Queen rose, whether she is white or red, is so sweet that there is not a little wind-spirit but that drinks fragrance from the cup that she holds up to the sunshine or bends to the earth, all streaming

with light and fragrance and happy love. Those white and red things that say they are roses, because their leaves look like them and their seed-pods have the same shape, are poppies, and they poison the air."

"Good Mr. Teacher, there are three kinds of Christians, and each is real. They receive and they distribute respectively the goods and truths of the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Kingdom of the Father, and they all agree in loving union, as the red rose with its sister white rose and its little brother violet. There are a great many johnny-jump-ups, who think they are violets, and a great many poppies, who would fain call themselves roses. But there's a little bird, whose name is charity. You call his correspondence a humming bird. He is to be found where the flowers are the sweetest. His wings are all sparkling as if with fairy diamonds and amethysts and rubies. That little bird will help you to discriminate. He drinks his life from the honey of a good man's heart. Where you see the charity birds you will find the fragrant and immortal flowers."

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#### AN INVITATION.

"The cherry blossoms on the tree,  
Are blushing red, thou dearest maid.  
They know that, while I sing to thee,  
It is my bridal serenade."  
So pipes the Robin to his love,  
Perched on the bending branch above.

Come wander with me out of doors,  
And taste again the vernal year.  
Upon the green earth's daisied floors  
The jewels of the skies appear.  
While Nature rings her bells to thee  
Sing in thy heart for company.

Burst, mortal, from thy brown cocoon  
Of withered age and wasting care;  
Accept the season as a boon;  
For better days thy heart prepare.  
Who would in mournful robes abide  
While Nature carols like a bride?

## THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

The age is ripe for a new unfolding of the Christian Religion. The aching, hungering heart asks bread from Heaven. Imbecility characterizes the most ponderous pulpit efforts of the mere external mind, for the lack of germinal ideas, but the old Gospel has lost none of its power; the fire still lives that glowed upon the day of Pentecost. The Christian Church hitherto has worshiped within the outer court of the temple, but the time has come for the Holy of Holies to be revealed. The present Reviving of Religion, with its copious outpourings of Divine Grace, will only serve to make the necessity of an advanced ministry more imminent. We are to find that ministry among those whom the Lord is calling by the opening of the internal senses of the Word, while the inner planes of consciousness and affection are unfolded, at the same time, to soul-satisfying experiences of the Divine Love.

In the new dispensation the best will be the wisest. The preaching will be done by those whose experiences qualify them to reach out the hand to natures crying "Save us or we perish!" The Age has been characterized by great boldness of speculation. — Men have daringly assailed all the doctrines of the Gospel, and insisted that every ancient formula should vindicate its genuineness by modern proof. We have let Spirits into the world; opened the doors of mediumship in families and neighborhoods; invited the approach of the spiritual spheres, and the inward, dynamic forces into the midst of the wonted material agencies of Nature. It remains now to be demonstrated, that, as the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ in Palestine, was the only safeguard against the utter ruin of the race, from spiritual foes, and also the vital center of a new, moral civilization, so the presence of the Lord in America will be our only safeguard against innumerable and most terrific moral inversions, resulting from the attacks of spiritual foes, mental infatuations without number, and personal and social catastrophies without parallel within the memory of man. As the Lord's Divine presence becomes more obvious, a new era of Christianity will declare itself in our midst. This is the New Jerusalem.

## A VERNAL HYMN.

Without a rent or seam the cloudless air  
Folds o'er the dewy landscape everywhere :  
So bend around my life Thy love divine,  
Dear Lord ! till all my being moves in Thine.

The fruit trees blossom with a full content,  
And every spray is like a rainbow bent :  
So, to these faculties of mine, impart  
Blossoms of love, unfolding from Thy heart.

All is delight ! The soft clouds, dropping down,  
Glisten like jewels in a young bride's crown :  
So may Thy Mercy's gentle dews be given,  
Changed into song-wreaths from the Poet's Heaven.

Thus shall the promise of the vernal year  
In me, with spiritual gifts, appear ;  
While in this colored rose of time I dwell,  
And hive my gladness in its honeyed cell.

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## CLOSING WORDS.

We have prepared the matter for this number of the *Herald of Light*, under a copious afflux from the nuptial spheres of the Angels. Yielding ourselves to these sweet and tender inspirations, they have descended, no doubt in Divine order, to their earthly ultimations. In that Church which is called the bride and the Lamb's wife, in its upper courts and heavenly sanctuaries, reigns a perpetual festival of conjugal love. There the Lord appears as the Divine Man, in the midst of His rejoicing and willing people. The presence of the Lord in the heart inaugurates a perpetual spring. May, with all her laughing flowers, crowning the planet in these northern realms, finds her apotheosis and her endless coronation in the regenerate heart. Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing. It

is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves. We are His people and the sheep of His pasture. Bless His holy name.

In the New Church all things are to become new. The king's daughter is all glorious within. As we advance in our regeneration new joys will spring within us of the Lord's own planting. The combats may be severe, the toils arduous, but the compensating joys far more abundant. As Heaven descends to earth we shall realize that one day in the regeneration is better than a thousand; that Nature herself becomes transfigured to the believing heart; that the flowers yield a sweeter perfume, and the mild stars a more familiar and sacred light; that human spirits stand apparelled to us in a radiance all unearthly, while every human relation, sanctified by the Lord's presence, becomes divine. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, to sing praises unto thy name, Oh! Most High! As the New Church takes deep root in loving hearts, unfolding the peaceable fruits of righteousness therein, we shall become the most tender and loving of all people, approximating in genius to the Angels, and fast unfolding into the beautiful experiences which were given to the ancients of the Golden Age. The crown of thorns, which every man must wear in the outset of his regeneration, turns upon his brow to shining gems and deathless flowers. Christ's kingdom henceforth will be one of tropical sweetness and fertility, redeeming to itself, especially, the celestial members of the human race, and through them unfolding all that earth can bear of the wondrous delights and knowledges and inspired affections of the home above. Blessed be God for this day, when the bridal Earth goes up to her marriage with the festive Heaven.

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#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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