

The Herald of Light,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH.



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

REV. T. L. HARRIS, EDITOR.

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THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

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REVIVALS OF RELIGION IN THE NEW CHURCH:

HOW THEY ARE TO BE PROMOTED.

When the day of Pentecost had fully come, after days of earnest, prayerful waiting and watching for the Savior's promised gift, the Holy Comforter, the hearts of that little band of believers were taken possession of; the mild miraculous influence, descending through the will, set on fire the understanding; the outward symbol then appeared in the shape of cloven tongues of fire, resting upon the brow.

The preaching of the Gospel then began in earnest. Peter and Andrew, James and John, every member of that select fraternity, with no unseemly haste, with no jarrings or disputes, with no divisions, with no jealousies or heart burnings, but all as one mind, revealed through many organs, took their places as they were moved by the Divine Spirit, some perhaps near Pilate's Judgment Hall, others in the market place or on vacant building sites, or in the porches of houses freely granted them, led by the Inward Witness to the special spot. Simple, straight-forward and direct begun at once that great proclamation which has never ceased to this day,—Regeneration for a degenerate world.

Without referring now to the laws which underlie the unusual form of manifestation then made, namely, that of speech in foreign tongues, there is a lesson in the occurrence well worthy of special thought. What is that lesson? This, that those who would undertake to preach this Christian Gospel need themselves, nay, must have, as a pre-requisite, just such a baptism, that of the Holy Spirit and of fire. Written sermons are but paper pellets;

elaborate metaphysical disquisitions sustain about the same relation to the gospel which smoke does to gunpowder. The preacher should be God's Artillerist; every sermon a battle.

"It is all very grand in theory," is the reply, "poetical, perhaps biblical, but the fact is that the agencies brought to bear upon the comparatively simple-hearted first century are not adapted to the latter half of the nineteenth. There was little of an external sort to agitate the populace of Jerusalem. The movement of thought was slow, the pulse of enterprise languid, the mind, unaccustomed to the artificial stimulus of spicy novels and a daily press, lay open for this mode of attack. The soldiers of the cross went out like the mailed horsemen of Cortez or Pizarro against combatants with feather helmets and shields of padded cotton. We fight against masses of armed men entrenched behind a seven fold wall of fortifications now.

"Besides those first Christian warriors had the advantage of unity. They acted in concert. Andrew did not call Peter a heretic; James did not denounce John as a mystic and a visionary. When the truths of Heaven were urged home upon Arabian, Mede or Parthian they could not reply, 'First agree among yourselves concerning the essentials of your own faith before you press it upon the minds of others.'

"Then too the presence of Jesus was fresh upon the world; that preternatural life had not become as yet historical. The living witnesses rose up from every hamlet and village where that shining Wonder had passed upon its way. Lazarus still lived to testify that he was raised from the dead. The fig tree still stretched out its blasted limbs that withered at His command because they bore but leaves instead of fruit. Men met together to discuss the charms of this mysterious personage, and one said 'I was dumb, He re-restored the power of speech to me.' Another, 'I was lame from my birth, He touched me and I leaped and ran.' Another, 'I was dying, He called me from the dim border land with all its strange sounds ringing in my ears, and bade me live.' Another, 'I was one of five thousand hungry people whom He fed at once, dividing five loaves and three small fishes into an abundance for that multitude.' Another, 'For many years I had been possessed by evil Spirits; no man could bind them; I dwelt and wandered

among tombs; at His rebuke the demons heard, trembled and fled, while delivered from obsession I knelt and worshiped at His feet.' Then too a Roman soldier might approach and say 'I was set as one of the watchers over His tomb, lest His disciples should steal away the body. About midnight the whole landscape was lit up with preternatural splendor, and a Hero, more majestic than any of the gods, came down and shook out the lightnings from His garments and set on fire the air, and rolled away the rock from the sepulchre and sat upon it as on a throne, while, with my comrades, I fell as a dead man before him.'— Then a woman might come and say, 'That morning we went early to the sepulchre and saw two Angels there, who told us that He had arisen.' And one might come and repeat that touching account, of how, entering through closed doors, He revealed Himself to His disciples; still another might testify how He manifested Himself to five hundred at once; and another, how, going out with Him to Bethany, while the human vesture of His body glowed and kindled as if God were absorbing its visible substance into Himself, He lifted His hands in benediction and blessed them and slowly and majestically ascended till the Heavens received Him from their sight.

"Now," says the friendly objector, "here was something to preach about. The facts were new, the public mind was waiting in suspense and expectation, asking, 'What next?'" When He was preached as a Spiritual Savior all preparations had been made for the announcement; God had made them Himself.

"How is it now? Christianity is like a splendid aloe plant, that blooms after a century of preparation, and, exhausted in the production of its gorgeous flower, withers and dies. From Christ, the stalk, flowered out that great miracle of civilization which we call Christianity. It bore its own peculiar blossoms of art, literature, philosophy, moral culture, rite and pageant and ceremony, theological speculation and spiritual experience. We live in the era when the glorious blossom, long past its bloom, is dropping its still lovely but fast decaying leaves. This is not a *germinal* but an *autumnal* era. The golden morning of the gospel has passed. Heart of fire, mind of light, soul of martyr zeal, trumpet-tongued voice, kindled with God's own inspiration.—

Alas! what have we in place of them?" Yes, Christian brother! what have we? Alas! what have we?

Still farther goes on this critical voice which questions us. A darkness covers the Christian world and gross darkness its people. You may have access to the worst class of the population, the angular and crotchety whom no organization can keep; or the discontented and the factions whom all turn out in self-defense, or to the indifferent. Church organization, as it is, picks out all the straight timber in the human wood, and leaves you but a scant gleanings of gnarled and useless branches. You have no fair chance. But worse still than mental pre-occupation is heart deadness. Universalism exhausted the possibilities of sect-making within the nominal limits of the Christian fold. As well expect a second youth for the aged man who stands with one foot in the grave as to hope for a reviving of the vast and grand, the at once child-like and God-like Christianity of the first age."

We think the objection is fairly put. Now for the answer.—The human organization is rapidly changing at the present day, from a condition of corporeal grossness to one of spiritual impressibility. We say rapidly changing; the evidences of this are patent and on every side. *God is preparing men to be influenced.*—He is making their bodies conductors through which the self same fire that streamed through the hearts and minds of the disciples in that first Pentecost may leap forth again. Christianity moves, if we may use the phrase, by heart beats. Arterial currents of Divine life gush out in periodical alternations from the Almighty. With all reverence we must speak thus in order to be understood. These are crises in human destiny. They are preceded by vague yet almost universal expectation of some change in the world's state. They invariably occur when previous manifestations of the Divine in the external forms of thought, civilization and religion have, as you say, declined from their flower time and begin to strew the earth with decayed and withered leaves.

And now, oh man! look around and ask the nature of the time in which thou livest. Do not all events foretell, as with voices that are preternatural, the bursting of the gaudy bubble of an overgrown civilization, blown from the mere self hood? When trade is a juggle and politics a game; when hollow pretence

thrives and civil government fattens human worms that eat out its vitals; when it is difficult to make your fellow men admit the worth and value of an Inner Life; when it is deemed a thing incredible that absolute self abnegation and the living solely for Divine ends of good was possible ever in our earth; when converted and unconverted men, technically so called, jostle in the highways of commerce with no bright distinguishing glory upon the one to betoken him of different spirit, aspiration and action from the other; when faith in the simple fact of immortality lingers among divines and catechamens, with a slight hold like that of autumn's last leaf upon the maples, who can foretell what a generation may behold? Sure we are that the hectic flush upon the face of the consumptive betokens a crisis, when the arts of the physician shall no more avail. Sure we are that when the forests purple on the hill sides, and leaves, "yellow and pale and red, a stricken multitude," hurry on the wild wind or fill the air like flakes of falling snow,—sure we are that winter is coming soon. There are crisis-signs in our days that no man in his senses can mistake.

What then? That which has been a kind of obscure and latent sensation is rapidly maturing itself into an earnest asking cry, "From this coming woe, whose awful shadows lie upon the very flag-stones, from this terrific something, I know not what, that my soul feels gathering about the world, who shall save? Whence cometh help and what is the nature of the transition?"

And what if that which the Apostle Peter foretold when he said "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat,"—what if this, in a reality, not merely physical or sensual but mental, moral and social and spiritual is at hand? Men were not always destitute as now of a two-fold consciousness; nay, the normal state of man is one in which he has access at once through his outward consciousness to the visible world and through his inward consciousness to the things of the invisible world. Our first ancients were in this continuous state, so they sat at once in their houses on earth and in their tabernacles in the better country. Now what if this condition is to return, is now returning? But one

says, "How can this affect me; I see nothing in this to be alarmed about." Aye, friend; but ask that question on your knees, with God's Word opened before you.

The atmosphere of the Heavens is so highly charged with the Divine Influences that if it were to be let into the natural lungs of a man confirmed in self-love so that he should inhale it, mingled even with natural atmospheric air, he would die at once, drop down dead as suddenly as if smitten by a flash of lightning. Good men alone, men good from the soul, could venture on its inhalation. Now suppose, for a moment, that God means to open the avenue between the internal or spiritual lungs and the external and natural organization, pouring this ærial fluid, which the Angels breathe, right down into the breast?—What if this may come at any instant, without forewarning?—Who may abide the day of His coming and who shall stand when he appeareth? Who among you is prepared for a crisis like this?

But it is said "God is too good ever to bring such terrible things into our streets. It would interfere with all our business. It is too awful to think of." Can you bear with us a little while and allow a plain straightforward matter of experience to be set before you? We inhale from the internal or spiritual to the external natural lungs, and the aura of the Heavens descends and actually mingles with the fluid ether, which, through the external process, we inhale. It is through this means that the internal and external degrees of consciousness act as one. Two worlds lie open in our daily view.

"Exactly," is the answer. "Now we have you, and your mistake sets us entirely at ease as to this idea of danger. If you, a friend and neighbor of our own, and like all the rest of us, can pass through this transition with safety all the world can."

Hear us a little further before you decide as to the matter of safety. For years we had, as you have, a half consciousness, a half sensation, that there was an event of some sort near at hand. We strove as you do, often to banish the thought, and sometimes but too well succeeded. It came. Just as it is coming to you, as it may be. But, making no excuse for any of the evils of our life, in all honesty and in the sight of God, we resolved hence-

forth, so far as we knew, neither to write, speak nor act save as it should be made clear that it was His Spirit working in us. From that time our course has been one that can be defined in a few words, namely, no matter what seems the peril, no matter what is the sacrifice, to face the peril and cheerfully to make the sacrifice. We live to do His will. Had it not been for the deliberate acceptance of His will as ours, though, subjected through it to the sorest of seeming privations, we should not be living to ultimate the experience we now unvail.

It comes to this. He that loseth his life in the Lord's use shall find it; he that keepeth his life lose it. The winnowing flames of the advent are kindled up around us. The hands of eternity are laid upon the pulses of the world. This is the startling fact which the throes and crises of the Nineteenth Century forebode and intimate; and this is being made known through the interior experiences of those who no man in his senses dare call irrational.

It is a matter of profound joy, a theme of high gratification in the Heaven above us, because it announces the dawn of an era when men will no longer be able to cloak up, in veils of pretence and seeming, their real motives, means and ends. It comes to some with swift marches, to others, by slow approximations.— All feel an inward sense of crisis-states of soul drawing nigh, having themselves obscure intimations which rightly interpreted would speak the solemn words, "The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night." "Be ye also ready, for in an hour ye know not the Son of Man cometh."

"But," it is said, "if this be true, why is it not preached in pulpits?" The answer is a very plain one. Our clerical brethren, circumscribed as they are within the peculiar tenets each of his own sect, are cut off in a great degree from such opportunities of interior investigation as even their parishioners permit themselves to enjoy. So sharp is professional rivalry, so arguessed the domestic spies, so pre-occupied the mind with denominational cares and interests, that it is difficult for a new unfolding of God's truth from His Word to reach them. Truth must be discovered out of the pulpit long before it finds its way into the pulpit, as the rule. We say this not in censure of any man. It requires a position of entire independence from the restrictive

influences of creed in order to see the lights which loom from the great headlands of the future. It is the especial office of the pulpit as an external institution, to conserve the sacred memories of the past. Doubtless an important part, but far from comprising the whole duty of man.

A second objection is made. "Why do not our natural savans know these things? Why are they not enunciated through composite, high cultured intellects?" The answer is plain again. Material science, pursued with an exclusive devotion, limits at last the mind to its own perceptible domain. The eye that follows bugs and beetles, the memory that stores itself with images of preserved specimens, the understanding that confines itself to the grasp of bare effects, becomes incapable finally of research in the pathway of great spiritual objects, of storing them in series and order, of handling them with accuracy or of reading from them the truths of God and Providence. When Swedenborg, one of their own number, whose mental throne was loftier than that of Humboldt, who over-topped the Eighteenth Century from awful heights of pure scientific thought, is scarcely read, and pre-judged before his works are opened, presumptive evidence is afforded of the closed condition of the mere scientists of the world.

A third objection seems to have more weight. Why do your brethren, with whom you agree in the general idea of a New Church Theology treat these things as idle tales? Have they believed?

We are happy to have the opportunity of answering this. All in the nominal New Church whose lives are in accordance with the precepts of charity and whose internal perceptions have been quickened in that degree in which these truths are apparent, are responding heartily, so far as we know, and lifting up the earnest cry to God for grace both to receive and to ultimate the living spirit of a new and Heavenly dispensation.

Oh! there is a waking. Hearts leap up both here and abroad, rejoicing in the assured conviction of the birth of an Age of Pentecosts. It is true that good men whom we love, but whose perceptions are mainly quickened in the plane of ratiocination, confuse themselves with vain efforts, perplex themselves in specula-

tive labyrinths, while they try to set these things aside. It is to be expected, for the internal mind must be in a measure quickened and led into the region of high truths before it can fully comprehend them upon its lower planes. So then we say, one affirmative outweighs a world of negatives; and, writing with a double consciousness and a spiritual respiration continued into the natural, objections to the truths which are seen in the clear light of the Divine Sun, which come from the dwellers in the valleys upon whom that dawn has not yet arisen, are but seeming objections, they have no real weight.

With these views expressed as a preliminary we return to the subject. How is it possible to arouse the slumbering mass of earth's inhabitants to what concerns them most of all, not mere creed conversion but absolute re-birth into heavenly and eternal life?

It was a remark made not long since by a Divine in a neighboring city that "church members needed to be re-born not once but a great many times." This was an abrupt way of stating the palpable fact that men spasmodically rise under galvanic pressure from the pulpit into a convulsive movement which they call "regeneration," and, after a few struggles, lie cold on the church books like frogs upon the table of the magnetic operator; too true. — Alas! those men who need, in the language of the preacher, to be re-born so often, have no warrant for believing that they were ever re-born at all. Try them by the tests in such a conscience searching book as that of Sears on Regeneration; try them in the terms of the letter of that great law which says: — "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" search them with the lighted candles of God's truth that exposes the images that are worshiped as Deities in the inmost shrine of the affections. — Alas! Alas! What frightful discoveries appal us.

In the kingdom of Naples there is a monastery where the custom exists of burying the bodies of the departed in catacombs. We pass with a dim light, and there, in subterranean cells, discover apparently men and women clothed in the garments of a religious sect. The hands hold the rosary. We think almost that

we have intruded upon the devotions of a saint whose thoughts go heavenward in silent prayer. The guide thrusts forward the flambeau. We recoil in momentary horror, for there we behold the sitting or the kneeling corpse.

Ah! could we walk in the sure light of the Divine Presence before us, through the corridors where men sit or kneel in acts of public worship on the Sabbath day, how would our knees knock together, our blood run chill, at the spectacle of empty bodies kneeling or sitting in the pews, and their souls in their inmost affections lying paralyzed in moral death. How the air would oppress us, like that of a charnel house!

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

The age is ripe for a Reviving of Religion; say rather a new descent, an Avatar of Religion in all the glory of its Divine Original, approaching through the vaulted chamber of the human mind as through the clouds of Heaven. Men await it with dread, spiritually, but put it far from them and hold themselves in secret opposition, determined to keep it at bay as long as possible. It is as if God had hung a great iron bell in the inmost conscience and made it toll there with dull and muffled strokes continuously. Heeded or unheeded the electric vibrations ever and anon re-echo far out into the external consciousness, and smite upon the sensorium with throbs and touches of sharp and sudden pain.

How to avail ourselves of this crisis? should be the prayer of all those who feel that they have a word to speak for God and man. Through preachings to this secret and latent spirit that stirs within the breast, through cogent presentations of the duty of a life in bravest non-conformity to public and private evil, there will be, there must be, such a rousing up of half dormant consciences as the world in recent ages has not seen.

The difficulty with well meaning Religious Teachers is that they do not probe deep enough to the heart and core of the world's malady. To the very centre of earth's ruinous disease, self love,

the Physician of Souls must penetrate, and high as Heaven must be lifted the calm and sober and yet the agonized and terrified cry, "Those who live in self-love will be lost." There is no salvation but in its eradication from the breast. This cry cuts right and left through the ranks of the nominal saints and nominal sinners like the scythe through summer grass. Let it cut with God's arm swinging it hither and thither and right onward. It will make confirmed men, confirmed in evil, first wince and then strike back. The men, Christians of imitation, who bear the same relation to genuine Christians that the wax figures of beauties in the windows of barbers and dress makers bear to living authentic womanhood, replete with grace and life and charm, may melt before the fervent heat. Better now than when God strips off their pretences in the World of Spirits, and hearts, confirmed in selfishness, find their only congenial habitation in the midst of the seething furnaces of the evil loves of Hell!

Any reviving short of that which comes from preaching like this, however, it may palliate the disease of Christendom for a time, however it may crowd the churches and fill the prayer meetings and augment the number of communicants, stops short, infinitely short of the world's necessity. Our great divines need converting over again; converting to that which they now deem impossible; converting to a state in which the internal planes of consciousness shall be fully opened and the intellect all ablaze from the burnings of His countenance whose brightness is to the world's evils as consuming fire, converted to a direct faith in the direct influence of Incarnate God, extirpating by degrees all evils from the selfhood and making men His agents and His mouth-pieces; converted as well to a practice that sets up a beacon light in every community like a firm and flaming Eddystone amidst the moral breakers of the time; converted to the absolute and entire self-abnegation of the selfhood in the full doing of God's holy will. Then they shall go out, apostolic, and if need be not knowing where to lay the head or find to-morrow's meal, yet all empowered with might and spirit in the inner man, and realizing the great Master's presence, while the doctrine drops like rain upon the mown grass, like showers that water the earth.

But if they come not, what then? God's truth cannot, will not

be bound. If we dam up Niagara, through wide intervales and ancient forest and over lime stone ledges older than mankind, the waters will channel a new passage till they find the sea. God will have a ministry of fiery tongues, and minds illumined from the internals of His Word, and hearts all leaping and quivering with the electricity of Heaven. God will have this ministry though He stoop for it to earth's obscurest places, though He searches for it where even His outward followers dare not or will not go.

It is nothing to us that we individually possess but a small modicum of the world's power. We, having the promise, stagger not at it through unbelief. In the faith that God is able to outwork His infinite designs in spite of the world's opposition, in the knowledge that He will be a tower of strength and a wall of fire and a majesty of speech and a moral resistlessness of action to those who dare take Him at His word, our course is onward. From the far north and west and south of our continent, from the Isles beyond the sea, we hear responses. Onward! Onward! God moves in the vanguard!

AVOID CONTROVERSY.

We earnestly request our brethren in the New Church, who feel agrieved by the course pursued by journalists toward the publications which emanate from our Society, instead of resorting to controversy and discussions, to make the closed state of the understanding of such a subject of deep and earnest prayer, until those who now oppose shall become, as to their interiors, bathed into the very essence of Divine Love, and the spiritual degree of the mind impermeated by the shinings of the Divine Sun. We can only expect that those truths which are eminently of a celestial quality should be ignored and inverted. Some of those at present most disposed to censure are not in conditions of internal perception, and yet are performing in the Church a most important and providential use. Let us extend toward them, therefore, that perfect Charity which above all things else will aid them in their passage from the outer courts to the inner sanctuaries of the Divine Word.

THE CHILDREN OF HYMEN.

A STORY OF THE INNER LIFE.

After the shower of rose leaves had ceased to fall I desired to know what it might omen, and received for answer, that Robert Burns and Highland Mary, with others also united in conjugal love, were about to pay us a visit. I then heard a manly voice singing :

“ In Heaven the days are warm and bright,
The gloaming glad and cheery,
And every Angel greets the sight
Companioned by his dearie.

“ There hand in hand the lovers walk
When Eve her music hushes ;
The milk white roses at their talk
Grow red with crimson blushes :

“ And when the silver stars prevail
Their tender vows are plighted ;
And morning weaves the bridal veil
And sees their hearts united.

“ And so the days are warm and bright,
And so the nights are cheery,
And every Angel meets the sight
Companioned by his dearie.”

I listened with a glad surprise to this refrain, and, as it echoed through my heart, began as if from an inward impulse to repeat a

NUPTIAL MELODY.

Two in one ! two in one ! dwell the Angels above,
And their fountain of life is Immanuel's love.
Two in one ! two in one ! dwell the chosen below,
And their spirits the joys of the Angels foreknow.

Two in one! two in one! 'tis the song of the skies,
 Where the dew of the Word on the soul blossom lies;
 And the Angels are glad, in our homes who abide,
 In the joy of the bridegroom, the bliss of the bride.

Two in one! two in one! lift the beautiful strain,
 With the voice of the Lord for its endless refrain;
 Let the bride-lamp be lit in the innermost shrine
 For the nuptials are blest by the Presence Divine.

Amoleta then led the way into a splendid bride chamber, and said "Hitherto, dear brother, you have beheld outward things concerning the nuptial life in Heaven, but you are now to behold inward things. Be not dazzled by the magnificence but lift your eye to the Lord for the gift of charity-sight.

"By charity-sight I mean that perception which comes through perfect love of the Lord as the Infinite Good and Truth, and the perfect love of the neighbor as our dearest friend into whom we are to inflow with a perpetual affection of inspired benifcence. Sufficient has been shown you already of celestial objects to afford a conception of our outward life, its festivities, its useful and agreeable employments, its objects of beautiful nature and transcendent art. You have learned that Heaven is the real earth, its substance the real substance, its light the real light; enter now into the sanctuary of the bride."

I then saw a door formed of a single pearl, set in a doorway composed of a solid jacinth. In the centre of the door was a ruby fashioned like a double heart. When I gazed within I beheld Amoleta gloriously transfigured. Upon her fair brow rested the bridal crown, and the radiance which encircled her was so intense that it seemed as she were seated in the heart of a star. At my right stood an Angel whom I was not conscious that I had seen before. It was Amodeo, but he was clad in the spiritual adorning of a bridegroom. I gazed upon him and said "You were attired but a few moments since in ordinary apparel. He smiled and replied, "Where do you go when your body sleeps on earth?"

I return, in my real, or spiritual body, to my own Heaven, where I employ the time which seems lost in slumber in receiving in-

struction from the Divine Word and beholding its illustrations. I journey from society to society in the Heavens in sweet communion with many Angels, inhaling love, absorbing delight and attracting to myself congenial elements from all.

God has revealed the outward day
For works of love and grace,
But in the night our souls survey
His own beloved face.

As I said this his face enkindled with a new radiance and he replied, "Even so; but knowest thou not that Heaven exists within Heaven and above Heaven? As your life on earth is two fold so is ours. Sacred is the nuptial chamber as the meeting point of our two states of consciousness. Through the holy slumber which the Lord breathes upon us, hand in hand, we rise to a new awakening. We but ultimate in this world of harmony which thou hast seen the incommunicable things which are made known to us in that which is essential and more interior.

"Hast thou never read that those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, and mount as on the wings of eagles, and run and not be weary, and walk and not faint? We are going to that world where we renew our powers. So all our changes are from glory to glory."

He now stood upon the threshold and added these solemn words, "There is no intromission into the realities of Heaven's heart save through conjugal love. Those who kill within the spirit the capacity for that love become demons. It is extirpated when self love becomes final and complete. But enter thou in as witness, by especial preparation qualified to bear testimony of the nature of the joys in which the nuptial love of Angels consists."

Entering into the apartment I beheld a tessellated floor, curiously inwrought with the images of astral bodies; gazing upon the walls I perceived them to be composed of a substance somewhat resembling Bohemian glass, containing within itself silver particles, each like a star, and in each that which resembled a tiny human spirit. Then these two friends drew near, two in one, and clasped me to the breast.

I then heard a distant Voice who said "Amoleta!" and she answered "Speak Lord! for thy daughter heareth." The voice was like Love itself for sweetness and divinity. Amoleta then turned toward me and said "Thou canst not behold Him as He appears to us, save through a sevenfold veil; therefore take the Word which thou hast in thy bosom, and I will pray that He may permit thee to behold Him."

Then the youthful pair twining their arms about me held me between them and seven degrees of interposing substance were placed before the vision. Now I was conscious of a light so intense that I felt the particles of my spiritual form floating like motes in the overpowering effulgence of the sun, and heard Amoleta saying "He loves Thee, Lord, permit him to look upon Thee?" I then heard a Voice saying "Who thinkest thou that I am?" and it was given me to reply "Thou art Jesus, the Spirit of the living God." At this I felt the Word, which was in my breast, glow like a living creature that trembles with a sudden ecstasy: then I was conscious of a Majestic Presence passing by. Amoleta and Amodeo at the same time breathed with a deep chested respiration conjointly, and I felt the forms of the affections in the spiritual persons of each, in infinitesimal human bodies, commingling together, till, instead of the two forms at a little distance from each other, appeared one form like that of a perfect human understanding in the masculine image, inclosing within itself the perfect human will in the feminine image, and so the two one, in the radiant proceeding form which encompassed them, as the Father and the Son are one in the Divine body of the Holy Ghost. And the voice of the woman was within the voice of the man, so that she spoke through him, and I heard them communing together in a love language composed entirely of vowel sounds, which flowed with a tingling sweetness to the very atoms of the frame. This, said the two, speaking in one, is the ultimate state of conjunction, when the two become one flesh, and for this reason is it ordained that the wife should cleave to the husband and the husband to the wife.

Henceforth I heard the two speak in one, for the utterance was undivided, and thus, into earthly language may their words be translated.

“Marriage, by the conjunction of spirits in whom regeneration is complete, is the return of the twain into primal oneness.

“Before the first germ of the spirit takes its place within its inmost form the two primal essences of which it is fashioned are one in the conceptive mind of Deity. Successively clothed upon with celestial, spiritual and ultimate substances, and finally descending through birth to the natural world, they are called male and female. Had moral evil never prevailed upon your orb each would have found its own mate and the celestial nuptials been ultimated in the natural union.

The Divine Providence, now and for ages has permitted the natural union to occur between spirits who are not in all instances destined to eternal conjugal oneness in the Heavens. For the opposition between the Heavenly and the earthly life is so great that were those who were destined to be thus conjoined in the celestial nuptials externally united, the strife between externals and internals would be so fearful that few could endure the mental perturbations resulting from it. Therefore the internal is veiled and time unions given for the purpose of serving as a shield to the spirit and a nursery for the germination of its incipient powers.

“When two are violently attracted in the external and perturbations in the animal spirits ensue, accompanied by eager desire, which is mistaken for love at first sight, this often grows out of the fact that there is a resemblance and affinity between the two in the selfhood. It is seldom the case, however, that more than a mild, fraternal feeling consciously exists in the first days of intimacy, when the two are, as to their inmosts, like doves of Heaven flying toward the same nest. It is utterly impossible to distinguish, at the present day, unless the Lord especially grant perception, between the permitted love that seeks a union in time, and the primeval affection that yearns for the commingling of eternity. There is no conjugal union in the Hells, for there can be no union of this sort except as it begins in the first principles of the Spirit, and those first principles are destroyed in all cases when men’s loves become confirmed in evil. Attractions and repulsions among the unregenerate are so capricious, so violent, so powerful during the period of their stormiest sway, that unless

restrained by the incorporation, into the civil code of nations, of laws making the external marriage indissoluble, save for the cause of adultery, the foundations of civil society could not long exist.

“It is true that the large majority of unions are unhappy upon earth, but this results from self-love, from the love of the world, from the love of rule, and, generally, through the influence of anti-nuptial societies in the Lower World of Spirits and in the Hells. Regeneration is the only possible remedy for this. It is not true that ill assorted matches, as they are called, are always between those who, were they regenerate, would be of different genius. The most sorrowful and fearful of all are those where two are brought together who, as to their spirits, are essentially the same, and who in the eradication of evil loves would flow into an inmost conjugal relation eternal in its character, but who refuse to become the self-abnegating children of our Lord.

“It is easy to infer from these considerations that the argument that earthly marriages should be sundered because of spiritual disagreement is invalid and of none effect. Those who long for each other, and think that, could existing nuptial ties be broken at will, another union under better auspices might be effected, are fearfully misled, for spiritual opposites often reveal themselves as natural affinities. The Lord permits, by His Providence, no external union unless He sees that it can be made of service in the regeneration of the spirit. Often, when one partner is meekly bearing wrongs inflicted by the other it is laboring in reality for the liberation of its own counterpart from the magnetism of the Hells. As the world advances into a new era the necessity of strict compliance with the Divine Law in the external will becomes more self-evident. Those who make change of affinities a reason for the violation of the marriage covenant will discover, if there is any germ of good still active within them, that Satan was tempting them on to ruin. The habit which is styled flirtation, where married or unmarried permit themselves to tamper with the affections of others, will be loathed and hated as one of the deadly sins.—Whosoever endeavors to tempt husband or wife into unlawful affinities will be esteemed as guilty of little less than murder in the intent, and those who speak lightly, or in profanation, of conju-

gial love or of the external marriage, will bring upon their souls a fearful condemnation. Herein begins the purification of the world, and this judgment must begin at the house of God, or in the visible Church on earth.

“The true wife on earth is not found by following the flights of fancy, by pampering the imagination with vivid dreams of lovely faces and bewitching forms, by yielding to the spell of magnetic glances or mingling in a round of artificial festivities. Let those who would ask a true counterpart desire her of the Lord. The beauty of the soul blushes often to a rich carnation beneath the features that to the outward eye assume no charm, and the honey of a pure fresh heart is hived away in blossoms hidden in the depths of their own sweetness from the curious and obtrusive sight. Patient waiting brings its own reward at last. On earth or in the Upper World of Spirits the two shall meet, free to blend in heart plight and hand plight.” At this I heard a distant chorus.

“Celestial Angels dwell with those
Whose wedded lives are one,
And bid their hearts like flowers unclose
To greet the Spirit Sun.

“Conjugal love from Heaven descends,
And, in the Church below,
Messiah's Word the chosen blends
One perfect life to know.

“For not like ties, by Heaven unknown,
Of fond and vain desire,
That wither ere their buds have blown
And in the dust expire.

“This priceless boon the Lord hath given,
And, while the selfhood dies,
It seeks its inmost bliss in Heaven,
And forms us for the skies.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INTERNAL ORDER OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

It is an easy matter to gather men in masses, to enroll them as members of congregations, to fill up pews, to make proselytes and to enlist the intellect in favor of special and peculiar doctrines; nor is it difficult at the present day for those gifted with the power of earnest speech to induce their brethren to lift up longing eyes to heights of Christian saintship and excellence, as far above the vision of a mere external thought as it is exalted above the plane-level of the ordinary life.

When, however, we attempt to institute an internal union among believers, we approach the real task. Old states have to be broken up and obstinate predispositions eradicated from the mind. It is an easy thing to talk in favor of giving charity pre-eminence in a religious organization, easy to embrace a theory which exalts charity as the very queen ruler of our assemblies, but when an effort is made to reduce a body of worshipers into an orderly internal state, in obedience to the laws of charity, it is invading self love in its very seat, and the work demands superhuman patience and energy.

In the Old Church, as it at present exists, internal union is not known. It is considered impossible that anything like the order of Heaven should obtain. A few ripe hearts, far advanced in Christian experience, indeed may coalesce, but the number is small. The stormy, turbid sea of selfishness rolls and chafes within the boundaries of the visible temple. It is without form and void and darkness is upon the face of the deep.

The efforts of Adin Ballou, an earnest practical Christian man, whose zeal is to organize Christianity into the township, and thoroughly to impermeate every branch of business with the golden rule have met with little encouragement, and such attempts are considered by Theologians visionary and impracticable in the extreme. If it is so onerous a task in rural neighborhoods how difficult must it be in a metropolis, where social divisions are more sharp and the pressure of an outside world well nigh overwhelm-

ing. In fact an organized Christianity is hardly prayed for, certainly not implored with a living faith that it ever can be realized. To gather men together, to indoctrinate them in creeds, to teach them a good morality, to convert them into external ecclesiastical union, to provide them with suitable edifices for worship on the Sabbath, are the principal works of a religious teacher. But that they are ever to approximate toward heart-oneness, few believe.

The tendency of the age has been to isolation. Pushed to a far extreme it divides men from all the humanizing influences and makes them hermits in the stone houses of a large city no less than in the caves of the desert. Life becomes unsocial; though the form lingers long after the spirit ceases.

In Heaven it is far different. There, without the loss of individuality, the unity is perfect. There is a fusion of soul. Better ties than those of outward relationship unfold from the depths of consciousness. Free from the trammels of an artificial system the bonds of brotherhood and sisterhood grow strong and bright, while each esteems the other better than himself.

Thus was it also in the remote Golden Age, human beings were like wise children — then Saintship was not artificial, like a flower that the artist cuts in marble; it bloomed in native sweetness, all its own. As men declined from charity it was discovered for the first time that they could meet in the temples and worship, as foreigners and strangers, and agree in identity of doctrine, and still remain recluses of the heart.

We walk in the early morning in one of our public squares and notice little children of every social grade at their pastimes.— Often in spite of the efforts of the nurse the infant heiress will chase the ball that is thrown by the poor needle woman's daughter; and the boy whose father, a new made millionaire, inhabits the stateliest mansion, associates on equal terms with the son of the carpenter.

Happy hour of unsophisticated life! Brief dawn before the noon-day darkness! Little children to-day while yet the glow of Heaven rests on the virgin heart, know nothing about social distinctions, can hardly be made to comprehend their existence.— The picture at a later period is utterly reversed. Dives at his

feast, forgets the starving Lazarus at his gate. He played with him once in the same games; they were baptized in the same font; told each other fairy stories on Saturday afternoons with faces leaned lovingly together; or perhaps were converted to God and experienced religion on the same anxious seat. Yet, of a verity, God is no respecter of persons. The rich and poor meet together and He is the maker of them all.

Two apples on the same tree came out as blossoms on the same May morning, and mingled their mutual fragrance. They ripened side by side, growing green and crimson with the same mellowing influence of summer days. A Beauty picked one, admired its bright bloom and laid it in a perfumed drawer amidst silks, laces and jewels. "Ah!" said the apple, "I belong to the upper classes." Its companion, left upon the bough, hung there unheeded till the autumn passed away, exposed to the sharp frost and hail and sleet and the north wind. The lonely one felt its hold upon the branch grow less and less and dropped one winter day upon the frozen earth. As for silks, laces and jewels it did not know what they meant. One warm morning in March the Beauty passed the tree again, stepped unconsciously upon the fallen fruit, and crushed it with her foot. The fortunate apple meanwhile, forgotten by its owner, decayed in the corner of the cabinet, the very seeds in it moldered, yet the shrunken and shriveled thing perished in good society. Spring came and from the down-trodden one grew up a little leaf, tender and germinal. The gardner beheld it as he passed by. It bade fair to be a new variety, so with great care it was transplanted to a nursery and grew and became a thrifty tree.

It is in this manner that souls, originally of a common genius, through opposite social conditions, learn the lesson of separation; while often those who for the time being take upon themselves a distinguished social state perish utterly; scorning meanwhile the lowly condition of those who are being trained, through a needful experience of suffering and privation, to an endless unfolding of the interior and immortal life.

In the Primitive Church, while the first glow of the Divine Love rested upon it, the fact that its members were Christians, recipients of the Spirit of a risen Savior, united bond and free

in sympathetic union. It was sweet in that early time to observe how Christianity tended upward; how the artificial gave place to the natural; how man-made conventionalities were supplanted by Divine laws. The Holy Spirit dwelt in a confraternity of united hearts. They were held in outward union by fraternal love. Various efforts have been made from time to time to realize this old ideal, of which that of Moravians or United Brethren was for a period the most successful. Theirs has long been a declining state, and, sharing the common fate of the sects in Christendom, their first days were their best.

As quicksilver acts in the process of the extraction of gold from adjoined substances, that simple yet profound unfolding of the celestial sense of the Word which we enjoy, is given at this peculiar time, by the Divine Providence, for the purpose of drawing golden hearts, genial and friendly natures, souls at once of an artless, tender and forgiving essence, from the midst of the confused, chaotic elements of the age. As they come together the Lord Himself, who calls them, descends into their interiors; and now commences the process of consolidation. For the first time, during many ages, an internal unity evinces its presence by communicating to each a feeling, that, by ties stronger than blood, they are made one. Strangers meet who never met before through the outward manifestation, but who recognize each other as sweetly joined by the birth-ties of the Upper World.

This is wholly a natural process, using the word as the inverse of the artificial; wholly biblical as opposed to the word sceptical; wholly experimental as distinguished from the epithet philosophical or merely speculative; wholly a regeneration-work and so divine. We love each other with pure hearts fervently, and this love grows with every evil extirpated, with every virtue gained.

"By this," said our Divine Lord, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye have love one for another." Christianity was at first a rallying and concentrating of loving natures around the personality of Him who is the Infinite Love. We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ has actually descended into our interiors and that He there pronounces to us the commandment "Love one another." We dare to believe that while a merely external civilization, a mere intellectual culture, now

crowds the temples with multitudes held together by the cold faith-tie of a common dogma, that the New Jerusalem inaugurates a new era in which societies will be organized by the attraction of congenial spirits into an inseparable unity. Herein we see the foreshadowing of that coming Church, which is to be Catholic, Apostolic and Universal.

Individuals are drawn for a time to worship in our assemblies, and, when a suitable period has elapsed the Divine Spirit permits them to be tried by temptations. There is at once an inherent attractive and repulsive power. It keeps the simple-hearted, through whose interiors the Lord is descending; while, without wounding, it causes the recession of such as cannot assimilate to the mystical body of the Lord. Those who remain it tries again as gold is tried, nor do any escape a searching and soul crucifying interior process, by which they are made better and worthier. With some the work is rapid, with others comparatively slow; but all, as the Lord sees fit, are kept in a continuously advancing state of regeneration, that the general harmony of the movement may be maintained.

It is obvious that this process, so mysterious, so novel, depends for its success entirely upon the Lord working in us. We realize that we are called to be a peculiar people. The Quaker is distinguished by his formal address, the Methodist of the old school by attire devoid of decoration, the members of churches in which faith predominates by earnest declarations of their peculiar creed. We aim first of all to live in perfect charity with all mankind and especially with each other. This charity is not a negation; it does not consist merely in decorous courtesy, in keeping within the prohibition of moral law. To the cold negative we oppose the burning, glowing positive. He has brought us into the banqueting house and His banner over us is Love. We aim at the cultivation of a sincere, interior friendship, so that each shall know all; and, holding ourselves to be organs of the body of Christ, we seek to sustain true relations to each organ of that body.

WHO AND WHAT IS JESUS CHRIST?

BY WILLIAM FISKEBOUGH.

NO. X.

We cannot dismiss the particular branch of our subject treated in the last two chapters without bringing to the reader's attention some farther and vitally important mysteries of the divine Word or Logos, which, as we have seen, finally became flesh and dwelt among men, in the person of Jesus Christ. The universally creative, generative and regenerative attribute which is ascribed to Him not only by the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, but by the sacred traditions, symbols, prophecies and religious writings of all ancient and primitive nations, has already been briefly noticed. But that same perception of interior truth—that same divine inspiration—which declared that “without Him was not anything made that was made,” also declared that “in Him was life and the life was the light of men;” and that He was “the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”—(John i. 4, 9.) Now it is the nature, tendency and purpose of that “life” and “light,” (including the idea of law, regulative energy, operative and impartive quality, and whatsoever else may be embraced in the meaning of the term *Logos* as explained in our eighth chapter,) to *communicate itself to*, and *embody itself in*, each particular object of its creation, great or small, natural or spiritual, in the *particular degree* of that object, and to employ the same as an organ to accomplish ends of use in the sphere of being to which it belongs. This, indeed, would be necessary to make that creation properly an external “*word*,” or potential representative of the interior thought, “*light*,” “*life*” or *Logos*, from which, as an external, it had its origin. Thus it is, then, that the divine Word or *Logos* which in creating is thus *embodied* in each of its creations, becomes also the immediate and necessary *sustainer* of the life, integrity and orderly operation of each creation in the particular degree of the same; and in proportion as any creation, natural or spiritual, great or small, ceases to contain within itself, or

be governed by, its appropriate degree of that living divine Logos which is adapted to its specific nature, it necessarily declines and dies; for in Him alone is life.

For illustration, let us take, first from the plane of material nature, the familiar example of the *tree*, which, though minute as an external object, has, from the ancient times, been considered as a fit representation of the entire system of universal being, from its roots or origin through all its ramifications to its ultimates or fruit. By the influx of vital force into a previously latent germ, (or, as in case of the *first* tree, into material conditions supplying the place of a germ) the atoms of that germ, or material center, are set in motion, and are rendered attractive and assimilative to surrounding particles. The motions and assimilations of these atoms, even to their minutest particulars, observe fixed laws according to the nature of the germ and its corresponding vital influx; and according to these motions and assimilations will be the *species* and *variety* of the tree that is to be developed.

Now however necessary the merely *material* conditions of that germ, with the moisture, heat and sunlight supplied to it, may be to its fructification, these *of themselves* could not *cause* it to sprout and grow. There must still be a more interior principle—a “*life*”—which these material conditions, whether viewed separately or collectively, do not possess *in themselves*, and which, though perhaps flowing *through* them, comes from *outside* and *above* them; and without a proper inflowing of this “*life*,” not even the first and minutest process in the growth of the germ could be accomplished. But this “*life*,” through whatever mediate gradations hypothesis may trace it in a search for its source, must finally be referred to God, from whom all communicative outflow, as we have seen before, is through His *Logos*; for, we repeat, in Him alone is essential “*Life*.”

Now this divine life which flows into and fecundates the first germinal conditions, becomes *resident* in them as a circulating, regulative and appropriative force, and at the same time as a center of the influx of *more* life. And thus by the perpetual and progressive assimilation and deposition of atoms through the positive action of inflowing life upon negative materials, the

maturity of the sturdy oak is finally attained. That tree, then, is simply a continent, manifestation, and organ to accomplish the purpose, of that particular degree of divine life which corresponds with itself as an external form. In other words, the divine *Logos* which formed it, now, in its degree, dwells in it and operates through it to accomplish ulterior uses.

What is thus said of the oak in *its* degree, may be said of the whole vegetable kingdom as one system in *its* degree; also of every other specific system of created being, natural and spiritual, in *its* degree, and of the whole universal system of creation as ONE. Each is, on its own plane and in its own degree, a correspondent, outer expression, ("word,") and organ to accomplish the purposes, of an indwelling divine *life* which originated and formed it for this end.

Not to speak of any of the innumerable *subordinate* systems of life and operation within the sphere of *humanity*, which are creations and organs of the divine *Logos*, we will offer a few remarks upon these two prominent ones: The *State*, or civil government, and the *Church*—which, of course, are typified by the *physical* and *spiritual* natures of the individual man. Each of these is, in its degree, a divine providential institution, analogous in its formation, subsistence, and purposes, from its origin to its ultimates, its roots to its fruit—to the tree. And as the character of the tree is determined somewhat by the character of the material germ, the soil, the climate, &c., so the character of the Nation or Church will be determined, to a corresponding degree, by the natural genius and acquirements of the individuals composing it, and perhaps by geographic and other surrounding physical conditions; and this too, while the interior, vitalizing principle is essentially the same. The different external characteristics of the several churches and nations that have existed in different ages and geographical portions of the world, and under different degrees of human development, and which all have undeniably accomplished great providential purposes, are, of themselves, sufficient illustrations of this remark. More distinctly, however, is the position exemplified by those ancient and primitive nations in which the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were vested in one official representative. For instance,

Melchisedec, who as "king of Salem," and "priest of the most high God," (Gen. xiv. 18,) was the central authority and organ both of a nation and of a church, was unquestionably the special impersonation of the divine Logos in a civil and ecclesiastical order of things anterior to the Abrahamic dispensation. Thus St. Paul speaks of him as being, in respect to his divine office, "without father, without mother, without descent, without beginning of days nor end of life, but made like unto the Son of God." (Heb. vii. 3.) This certainly could not be said of the external, individual *man* who outwardly filled the office of a Melchisedec, king of Salem, which, says Paul, is by interpretation "King of Righteousness" and "King of Peace;" but it is said of the *office itself* as constituted and made effective by the divine Logos, and which latter is the *real* and *eternal* Melchisedec. It is in this view of the subject that we are to understand another declaration of St. Paul, apparently resting upon the authority of Psalms cx. 4., viz: that Christ was made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec—he being the *actual* impersonation of the divine Logos, of whom the ancient king and priest of Salem (or Jeru-salem was *externally* only the representative and vicar.

This same divine Logos which, under the name of Melchisedec, existed in the days of Abraham in a branch of the ancient Noahic Church, subsequently, when that church was totally lost in its own corruptions, became embodied in the Israelitish Church and nation, which in its twelve-fold tribal capacity is spoken of as *one man* under the name of Jacob and Israel, and is also, as a oneness, called the *Son of God*, as Christ was. Ex. iv. 22, 23; Hos. xi. 1; Matt. ii. 15. (See our remarks on the phrases "Son of God" and "Son of Man," in the viith chapter of these essays.) By virtue of this embodiment of the Word or Logos as the "Life" light and law of the Israelitish people, that people lived and were guided throughout the whole period of their ecclesiastical and national history; and by virtue of the same we have the whole series of divine teachings presented in their law, their prophets, their sacerdotal appointments, their correspondential history, &c.

In the same way the divine Logos, after being made flesh in Jesus Christ, became embodied in the whole Christian Church,

as is indicated by His promise to His disciples "to be with them always, even unto the end of the world," or age, (Matt. xxviii. 20), and also by those various expressions of the Apostles in which, viewing the Church as *one man*, they represent it as the body of Christ, the organism of which He is the head and indwelling Spirit, and which thus derives all its "life," "light" and potential efficacy from Him. In the same way Christ is represented as integrally dwelling also in all the particular *parts* of His true church, and is even the "Head of every man" of His faithful followers.—(I. Cor. xi. 3.)

How the same essential divine *Logos* has been embodied, in subordinate degrees, in certain *inferior* churches, nations and peoples, both in ancient and modern times, and is still embodied in some who do not even acknowledge the Christian name, we do not deem it necessary to specifically illustrate at present.—Our previous remark that the character of each of these embodiments will depend somewhat upon the natural genius, acquirements, and physical surroundings of the people composing it, may suffice on this point. It may, however, be useful to add that even the most *inferior* manifestations of the divine *Logos*, as exhibited in the established religions and laws from which the most inferior and barbarous people derive a moral life and guidance such as is better than *none at all*, exhibit certain comprehensive *types* of all other embodiments, even to the highest—showing that the *inferior Spirit* which has produced all established forms of religion that are in any way useful, is essentially identical, while it is manifest that that form of religion is incomparably the best which contains the Word as having first been made flesh.

We have seen that even so small an object as the tree, as a creation in the physical world, is, in *its degree*, and on the physical plane, an embodiment of the all-creative divine *Logos*. Now as that tree was gendered and developed to its full proportions by the assimilation and deposition into its substance, of particle after particle drawn from the earth and atmosphere by the indwelling, inflowing Word which is its "life," so the moment it rejects from its substance its Word—its potential circulatory law—or suffers its regular and prescribed operations to become de-

ranged or inverted, it begins to die; and the completion of this process of rejection or derangement is the completion of its death. This is equally true on the *moral* and *human* plane. Thus the ante-Abrahamic Church derived its constitution and vital subsistence from that inflowing and pervading divine *Logos* of which Melchisedec was the central and executive organ, and the summary and official form; but in proportion as that church, by its accumulating corruptions and depravities, expelled from its bosom the resident God, which was the Word or *Logos*, and thus was its "life," "light" and law, it died; and when the "measure of its iniquity" was full, it became totally extinct. In the same way, by the power of the inflowing and indwelling Word, the Israelitish church and nation had *its* birth, grew, flourished, and was developed to maturity. When the Israelites were faithful to their Word, they prospered, were invincible and happy. When they strayed from their word, they fell into derangements, brought upon themselves internal calamities, and were sold into captivity. When, finally, they rejected and crucified their Messiah who was the Word itself, made flesh, and as such, the whole spirit and life of all their previous divine teachings, in one speaking, acting, saving personal form, their house was left to them desolate; their ecclesiastical and national vitality departed, and they drew upon themselves those maddening and demoniac influences which speedily precipitated their irrevocable destruction.

I need not remind the reader of the necessary dependence of the Christian Church also for *its* life and moral power upon the constant presence and inspiring influence of that same Spirit of Christ from which, as *its* peculiar manifestation of the one and eternal divine Word or *Logos*, it had *its* origin; nor yet need I speak of the obvious and so often exemplified deadness and powerlessness of the church in proportion to its lack of this principle.

And we think we are abundantly warranted in the assertion that no people can, from their own free and popular volition, assume the organic form even of a *nation*, and continue to enjoy political and civil life, except in the degree in which they possess, in their hearts and consciences, that divine power and influence which is characterized as the eternal *Logos* or Word. *Forms* of nations of some apparent importance, it is true, have existed for

a time in comparative destitution of religious principles; but these have not been sustained by any inherent life of their own, but either by the compulsions of a powerful and tyrannical ruler who kept the masses in slavish subserviency, or by the pressure of circumstances from without; and in all such cases as soon as these conditions have ceased to exist, the very form of the nation has crumbled to pieces from its own inherent tendency to dissolution. A desire to be brief precludes specific allusions to the many illustrative facts in human history, some of which will readily occur to the minds of intelligent readers. While on this point, however, I may briefly remark that had it not been for a willingness on the part of the framers of our own government, to humbly call upon God for wisdom when all human wisdom seemed to fail, probably the present form of our national compact, with its peculiar code of laws, would never have existed.—While our Federal Constitution was under discussion in Congress, preparatory to adoption or rejection, much apparently irreconcilable dissension arose, and the most sanguine of the congressional patriots began to despair of any final agreement that would preserve the confederation of the States; when Benjamin Franklin arose, and in a few pertinent remarks, proposed an humble calling upon the Wisdom that is above, suggesting that if a sparrow could not fall to the ground without God's notice, neither could a nation be expected to arise without His blessing. An humble petition was offered up, and daily prayers were instituted. The Lord heard those prayers, and granted His blessings. A spirit of concession immediately took hold of all contestant parties, and the instrument on which is based our glorious Union was adopted with but little further difficulty. And here we will venture to predict, on the basis of the divine law herein discussed, that so soon as daily congressional prayers shall be permanently dispensed with, or fall into the character of a mere dead and faithless formalism; so soon as the American people generally shall lose their respect for God's laws, and their sense of dependence upon His favor, and so soon as they shall place their whole reliance upon *their own* wisdom and strength as sufficient to subserve their ends, so soon the work of national dissolution will be complete, and our progress in all that is good and desirable will

be impeded by demagogueism, conflicting personal ambition, and a thousand factional hostilities. By a law, indeed, which became manifest some thousand years ago, no Babel builders who abjure the God of Heaven and presumptuously rely wholly upon their own wisdom and power to accomplish the necessary ends of personal and social life, can ever prosper, but must be confounded.

And herein is made manifest the reason of the remarkable, and, to some, embarrassing fact, that all projects of industrial association, Fourierism, &c., that have been started upon the mere basis of "*science*," (falsely so called,) during the last twenty years, and which have either wholly or essentially ignored the religious element, and the actual superintendence of God in human affairs, have met with most signal failure; and for reasons which the foregoing considerations should render obvious, all future efforts of the kind that equally ignore dependence upon God, will most certainly and inevitably fail. We might as well expect a human body to live without a heart, as to expect any social or national organization to live without being pervaded, in some orderly degree, by a recognized divine Spirit; for, as before remarked, in such alone, in the form of the Word, "is life," and this life is the only true "light of men."

It has before been hinted, and the principle involved in the whole scope of the foregoing remarks distinctly implies, that the same divine *Logos* which creates, dwells in, and vivifies, any of its legitimate church-systems, or, in subordinate and corresponding degrees, dwells in and vivifies any of its organisms or forms of use on planes of being inferior to these—also forms, generates or re-generates the moral and spiritual nature of each individual man whose life is thus brought into the true order of Heaven; and in such nature he also integrally *dwells*, imparting "life" and "light," on a principle precisely identical with that involved in his dwellings and operations in any other form whatsoever. However we may understand the name *Adam*, whether we regard this as designating an individual man or a church, or both, (as both an individual and a church were subsequently designated by the names of Jacob and Israel,) we may find in the above remark an illustration of the creation, the living, and the dying

of Adam, as the history of the same is given in the first chapters of Genesis. It was only as the Lord made Adam "in his own image and likeness," that He "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a *living* soul." This life that was breathed into Adam's nostrils (or into his spiritual sensing faculties) was the life of the Lord himself in whom alone dwells undervived life; and the breathing of it into Adam was through His eternal Word or *Logos*, which we have seen is the only communicative essence and form of the creative Divinity. So long as Adam remained true to the promptings of this indwelling divine life, he walked with the Lord in the midst of the garden, and dwelt in paradisiacal delights; but "on the very day" in which he yielded to the solicitations of the serpent of self-love and its corresponding lusts, the breath of the divine spiritual life—the resident Word or *Logos* within him, measurably departed from him, and as a moral and spiritual being—a child of God, in the divine image—he experienced the fearful fulfillment of the divine foresaying, "thou shalt surely *die*."

When the Word became incarnated in the form of a man who, not as "the nature of Angels" but the "seed of Abraham," was on the plane of general fallen humanity, and thus "was in all points tempted like as we are," and when, by the efficient workings of the Divine nature within, he not only, as a man, remained "without sin," but glorified even his human nature, and perfectly united it with the divine, he thus formed a *nerus*, or link of connection, with general *fallen* human nature, such as *never existed before*, and whereby he can flow into the very *ultimates* and *external lives* even of the most sinful of those who will humbly seek his aid, reconstruct their whole being in His divine likeness, *dwelt in them*, and impart His own divine life to their previously dead moral and spiritual natures. It was in accordance with this unity of the divine *Logos* through Jesus Christ, with the natures of those who are redeemed by Him, that Jesus, after declaring that He and the Father were one (John x. 30.) and that He was in the Father and the Father in Him, (John xiv. 10.) prayed that those whom He was seeking to save might be one in Him as He was one with the Father (John xvii. 21.) and it was also a cardinal teaching of Jesus that those who became perfectly conjoined

to Him through faith, and kept His sayings, should *never die*, but had *eternal life*. These points of doctrine also stand conspicuous in the Apostolic writings, as the intelligent reader doubtless well knows.

But though churches and individual men may lose their interior life, and fall into death, by a rejection of the living divine *Logos* from within them, the divine Providence has employed another means whereby all the more essential embodiments of His *Logos* should remain as the permanent teacher and guide of mankind; and that means is the *written Word*. Considerations were presented in our eighth chapter showing that in the written Word God is ever essentially and personally present with the world; that in its inmosts essence, in fact, it *is* God, and is infinite, involving infinite arcana of wisdom and truth, which, to the human, angelic or seraphic investigator, opens up into still deeper and higher interiors, forever. It is to be remarked, also, that in whatsoever different *forms* the written Word may exist among different nations, and in different ages, whether in the form of hieroglyphics, allegory, correspondential history, or poetical didacticism; and in however many different languages it may be embodied, it is always essentially *the same*; for the real Word is the Principle, the Life, the Wisdom, the Truth, that underlies, and is variously clothed upon by all these several forms, according to the peculiar requirements of each age and people for whom it is intended. And when we read of the Word becoming flesh in Jesus Christ, we are to understand by it the incarnation of identically the same personal Spirit of divine Love and Wisdom who spoke to Adam in the garden, who was present with Melchisedec, who pervaded and vitalized the Israelitish church, and who spoke through their patriarchs, their lawgiver, their prophets, their psalmists, &c.—who led them as a cloud by day and as a pillar of fire by night, from Egypt to the promised land; who dwelt by His divine spiritual or *spherical* influence in their tabernacle, in their temple, their ark of the testament,—who by his *shekinah* or descending divine light, gave oracles in the holy of holies, and who determined the whole course of their history, so long as they remained faithful to Him. This view of the subject explains why it was that Jesus declared that He came not to destroy the law

and the prophets, but to fulfill; for in destroying the law and the prophets, He would have been destroying His own interior, essential and divine selfhood. In point of fact he *was* the law and the prophets as to their *interiors*, and hence it was that His then present personal manifestation on the human plane, was a fulfilment of the types and shadows in which the Spirit of the law and the prophets was clothed.

Our ordinary space is now full, and we are unable to reach, in this chapter, another and a vitally important, and, to us, intensely interesting point in our present train of argument. We will, therefore, reserve this for another chapter.

HEAVENLY CREATIONS.

In hearts that love the Lord their God,
 In thought and life sincere,
 The flowers that grace the vernal sod
 Of heavenly worlds appear.

There fruits, more sweet than Eden knew,
 Gleam from the branches high:
 We pluck and eat, and bid adieu
 To sin, and never die.

The Savior in the garden stands
 That blooms within the breast:
 The beauty from His form expands
 Wherein our souls are drest.

Our thoughts of love, that flew to earth
 On Mercy's eager wing,
 Return, and, in their second birth
 Of joy, within us sing.

Then all the hours in music glide;
 Nor shall the rapture cease
 Till we are Angels, glorified
 In Heaven's eternal peace.

[COMMUNICATED.*]

THE HUSKING AT DEACON FOSSIL'S.

You ask me, Lucy, to write to you a sheet brim full of particulars, telling you all about our courtship, and why as you say "I, Bell Hastings, a romp and a beauty and an heiress, expressly made to shine at the watering places with a train of followers like the nebulous particles in the wake of a comet," why I, after refusing scores of brilliant offers, should demurely settle down into Mrs. Arthur May? Well, I'll tell you.

We had a husking at Deacon Fossil's. You have never been to one. Let me tell you how the affair is conducted. A week beforehand young Seth Fossil, the Deacon's son,—they say he is courting Jemima Hopkins, by the way,—halted his one-horse wagon before our door. This is plain as the telegraph in the country, and means, without further words, that the occupant of the vehicle has an errand for some one in the house. Marm Steadwise, our hostess, looked up from her churn, Growler barked and I peeped through the honeysuckle from the window. Nehemiah, the heir prospective of the Steadwise homestead, dropped his axe, when ensued this rustic colloquy:

SETH, grinning, "Wall, Leftenant, they say butter's riz. We'll spile them Yorkers on it pretty considerably."

NEHEMIAH. "Gosh, I thought we'd fetch a raise out on 'em. That 'ere brown colt of yours looks well."

SETH. "Yes. How's them steers?"

NEHEMIAH. "Prime; we're calculating to kill next week."

SETH. "'Zackly. Friday our folks has a Husking Bee. Luce and Bet sends an invite to your folks and wants you to bring the York gall, if she isn't too stuck up to come."

The York gall heard. Oh, Lucy! they say that "God made the country but man made the town." We romance prettily,

* Although the comic element which is prominent in this powerful story made it seem, at first glance, unadapted to our pages, we have deemed it, on the whole, a matter of duty to give it to the world, involving, as it does, high truths delineated with touching and graphic power. Assuring our correspondent of a right hearty welcome, we hope that he may be moved to dip his pen in ink for us again.—Ed.

with novelists and poets, about Phillis and Chloe and Strephon and Philander; and imagine heroic youths, chock full of high sentiment, quoting Lallah Rookh to love-lorn damsels, milking-pail in hand, beneath the sunset. Shall I dare use the unmaidenly word, "humbug?"

The country is beautiful, but, with here and there an exception, the sordid love of money has eaten up the hearts of its inhabitants. The women are drudges, the men mere grubs. Perhaps I judge them too harshly. I came here with different ideas; but the mind rusts out for lack of use.

So we went to the husking, and there I met Arthur May.—Imagine my surprise at finding the great barn floor swept and garnished, and Almira Hoskins,—she is the "help" at Deacon Fossil's,—heaping a great table in the corner with about a bushel of doughnuts. Under the table was a barrel of new cider, just ready to work, and, beneath, an immense brown pitcher. Almira saw me enter, and by way of an introduction said, "Wall, this is sociable. Take a swig," lifting, at the same time, the great pitcher, and pouring out a tin dipper half full of the foaming beverage, fishing up also an extra large doughnut from the bushel basket, where they had been stored away. This was my introduction to Almira. But we have our Maud Mullers too—you remember that exquisite poem of Whittier's;—and soon I saw the fairest and brownest of mountain nymphs, all in airy white. Upon her head she wore a wreath of intertwined Asters and Golden rod, and, blushing prettily, when she saw a stranger, with a quiet dignity she bade me welcome. You know my old failing, Lucy. My heart spoke at once, and I could not help kissing her. This was my first glance at little Susie May.

Some in pairs, some in threes, some in sixes, streamed in the country boys and girls; and all, seated in circles, commenced the process of corn husking.

Pretty soon the conversation became quite animated. "Clark Pugnaw has turned Speritualist," said one. You recollect our *aceance* with young Hume at Florence last year, when a viewless hand crowned Madame Y. with white myrtle, and lights like a pale aurora borealis draped themselves from wall to ceiling, and how we all wondered that Count D., a courtier and a

man of the world, should solemnly aver that the voice of his own father spoke to him from the Land of Spirits, revealing a secret known but to them alone.

Well, here it seems they have the same phenomena. Now ensued a dialogue which I must try to do justice to:

FIRST VOICE. "Du tell. A Speretualist! It beats fire crackers."

SECOND VOICE, evidently not posted. "If Jeems Buchanan is once 'lected president he'll spile their fixins. Its clearly onconstitutional."

This native evidently imagined Spiritualism to be a new phase of the Black Republican heresy, quite unpopular hereabouts.

THIRD VOICE. "They had a Speretualiser down at Barnum's Mooseum in York. He took seven kinds of liquor out of one bottle, and a live black bird and two kittens from a watch. If them things is to be done in these parts the cattle will soon begin having horn ail."

FOURTH VOICE. "Jeems Wiggins says as how he saw a ghost on Tanner's Flats."

"Oh my! Oh my!" Chorus.

Three or four of the ancient wiseacres sat whittling outside the door, talking over crops. I sat so that I could hear both parties.

Deacon FOSSIL. 'Elder Jones, what's this about Speretualism?'

Elder JONES being thus appealed to, responded, oracular: "Its them ere rappings. When a man's shin bone is loose it makes a cracking sound. Sometimes, in cases of epilepsy, there is a kind of magnetism, like the cracklings on a cat's back, that spurts out of the toe jint. Them's the Speretual Knockings. The cocatination of idees in a man's cerebun slants into the 'lectric fluid and it begins to snap. Then ask your questions and it answers you."

Deacon FOSSIL. "Then there's no Speerits?"

Elder JONES. "Speerits! When a man dies he lies down to the resurrection, till Gabril shall sound his trumpet. This is Scriptor."

A bluff old farmer now joined in the conversation, evidently

a follower of George Fox, as betokened by his broad brimmed hat. "Nay, nay, friend Jones. There is a Spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. Thou art too fast. Did not James Barclay, that ancient Friend, bear testimony saying, 'It behooves us fully to know that man is a Spirit, and that after his body dieth he hath a place appointed for him in the Invisible World.' Did not Friend William Penn testify also to these things? Thy doctrine savoreth of the flesh. Thou hast not the Inward Witness."

Elder JONES. "I don't know nothing about Speerits. Man is a body, and he never lives after the body dies till the resurrection of the body. If I thought that Speerits could come back agin I wouldn't dare to pass a grave-yard."

Deacon FOSSIL, much excited. "Twelve months ago our 'Nezer died. Just as he was going he kind of turned up the whites of his eyes and sort of smiled all over, and, says he, 'Dad, here's brother.' I says,—for I was kind a taken aback,—'Does he say anything?' 'Nezer kind a heaved a sigh and whispered, 'He pints up a straight road, all grass and posies, with a shinin' light over it like the sun, and says he lives there.' Then he kind a fetched another little sigh and said again, 'Here's grandinarm. She's turned young. Her face is all a-glow and her gown shiny and chock full o' little stars.' 'Nezer was allers a good boy and a great reader of the Bible. I have found him in the woods, many a time, prayin', when he was sent to hunt up the steers; so I said, 'Nezer, what does your grandmarm say?' but he could not speak, so he put up his face to kiss me, just as when he was a little tot, and shivered, and lay in my arms cold and still. Now my 'Nezer was a good boy: there must be something in what he saw."

The rude and simple earnestness of the old man touched a deep chord as he told his story. The good quaker furtively brushed away a tear. I must confess it; something stirred deep within my own spirit and I slid away from the husking to cry it out alone.

I may have walked a mile. The mild October afternoon was drawing to its close, when, approaching a rustic cottage, I beheld a woman almost frantic with excitement. A little girl

of about three years was nestling in her lap. The old chestnut tree which overshadowed the pair had spread the green grass with a carpet of golden leaves, and yet I could not help thinking of Hagar and Ishmael in the desert.

Well, here I stood, at the turn in the road, not liking to go on, not wishing to intrude upon the privacy of sorrow, when a good looking man, of perhaps five-and-thirty, approached her, and I now saw that curious mystery called 'Spiritualism,' upon another side.

MAN. "It's no use, Ruth. There is no affinity between us. Marriage by the priest is no marriage unless we affinitise. I have found my partner. Truth to the nobler instincts of my nature forces me to this step. Gloriana Perkins is my soul's beloved. When we married our conditions were entirely rudimental. We were unprogressed."

The woman broke in, "Have I ever been untrue to you in thought, word or deed? Have I ever failed in my duty? God knows, since I married you, I have tried to be loving and prudent. Oh my God! my God! what have I done that my husband should be torn from me?"

MAN. "Pshaw, Ruth, don't make a fool of yourself. What must be must be. Luke Peckover, the blacksmith, tells me that that the Spirits told him that you are his affinity."

WOMAN, indignant. "I'll be nobody's bad woman for you or the Spirits. You are my lawful husband. Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' (Breaking down with tears again.) "Husband, forgive me, Oh! forgive me! My poor heart will go mad. I do love you. You're bewitched. Recollect the old times."

Here a new comer joined the group. I inferred from his appearance that possibly he might be a teacher from the Academy in the distant village. His hands were full of late autumn flowers, scantlings of the declining year. Both knew him evidently. His first words were, "You were enquiring at the village store for books on Spiritualism. I have brought you a little paper called 'The Crisis,' full of beautiful truths and facts, and a book upon the subject. Here it is. It is entitled Stilling's Pneumatology."

Here the woman could restrain herself no longer and almost shrieked, "Oh! Mr. May, see what your Spirits have done. He has been a good husband this ten years, and now he is going off with Gloriana Perkins because she is his affinity."

The man rejoined. "I have been living in adultery with you all that time. We were never married. Priest law is one thing, nature's law another. I've been reading a book written by Spirits which makes this thing plain; not that I make Spirits authority. I am no authoritarian. 'Nature and reason' is my motto."

Here Mr. May responded. "I feared this; but come; how do you know that Gloriana Perkins is your affinity?"

At this a strange light gleamed in the man's eye; his whole frame seemed spasmodically moved; his lips quivered; he was possessed.

Oh, Lucy! I had read in the Bible about demoniacal possession, but little did I ever expect to see it. The man began, "Nature is God: man is a development of Nature: Progression is Nature's law. Gloriana Perkins is my affinity, because we both embrace the same philosophy and belong to the same circle and are mediums for the same class of Spirits. She is a progressionist and so am I. All our Spirits have told us that we are affinities—our own hearts repeat the same thing."

Solemnly Mr. May repeated that holy precept of our Master concerning marriage, but the man broke in upon him. "Curse the Bible. It is the work of Unprogressed Spirits. I know better." And then I listened to such a burst of declamation as I had never heard before and as I pray I may never hear again.

Wholly exhausted the man sat down at last. I was indignant but calmly and quietly the gentleman took him by the hand and said, as if speaking with a certain Divine influence in his voice, "I too have seen and talked with Spirits. These phenomena are nothing new. Six years ago I witnessed such things as are now occurring in your experience. I know a process by which we may invoke a nightier Spirit than has ever appeared to you, and I am going to do it." Mentioning the woman to kneel he twined his arm around the man, and, with a sort of gentle violence, drew him into the same posture, and prayed:

"O Lord Jesus, God of Heaven and earth, who hast prom-

ised to Thy servants power in Thy name to cast out demons and spiritually to deliver such as are possessed, if they, in full faith and in the discharge of their duties, shall call upon Thee; restore to this dear brother his right reason, the control of his bodily faculties, the possession of his will; enable him to rise superior to this temptation of the Enemy; give to him with returning sanity the power to discriminate between good and evil impressions; forgive him in those things wherein he has done amiss; take not Thy Holy Spirit from him." He finished by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

I then realized that the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous man availeth much. To my utter astonishment those strong, brawny limbs were all convulsed. I thought he was going into a death struggle, but in a few moments, heaving a deep sigh, he rose, passed his hand across the brow as if in the effort of self-recollection,—looked at his wife, now standing bathed in tears; then at the friend through whom this miracle had taken place, and began sobbing like a child. The man opened his arms and the tender wife sprang forward to his embrace, reinstated to her heart-throne in his affections. He was himself again.

But Oh, Lucy! standing as I did where I could see more than the tender caresses of this re-united pair, another sight made my heart bleed and yet rejoice. Passing from their view beyond the hawthorn hedge which bounded the road, this youthful teacher, a moment before so calm and radiant, and gifted, as it seemed to me, with a preternatural power, fell upon his face in the most awful agony. It seemed to me as if his own organization had been made use of to draw the Evil Spirit from his victim, who now in revenge was endeavoring to crush out the life. I sprang forward with my old impulsiveness, dipped my bonnet in a little brooklet close at hand and dashed it in his face, for I thought him dying. The eyes had closed, the bosom slightly quivered, the countenance was pale as marble. So I met my husband for the first time. After a few moments, during which I did not dare to move, a heavenly light suffused his countenance, which was calm as that of a sleeping babe. Not beholding me at first, he arose and murmured, "I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast bound the Destroyer; and now give me grace and wis-

dom to discharge my further use." I was kneeling. Returning to himself he recognized me. Oh, Lucy! I felt myself so unworthy! My tears began to flow. As if divining what had occurred, he gently laid his hand upon my head and said, 'Dear child, you have seen perhaps a sorrow that I would share with none. I looked up and smiled, and the words leaped from my heart's tears, 'Oh! let me share it with you.' I would gladly have recalled them but it was too late.

The sun was now setting and kindling the red tops of the maples with unearthly lustre. My new friend escorted me back to the husking, whence he was to accompany his sister home. Unconsciously we lingered. The perfume of the falling leaves that rustled beneath our feet was soft upon the air. A joyful sense of rest, perfect rest, was communicated to my spirit, without one thought that it might be love. My friend told me on our way of many wonderful things, elucidating the mysterious circumstances to which I had been an eye witness. So our great Christian faith, always with me too much of a mere history, grew around my footsteps into reality. Now too I learned of a New Church in which the life of perfect self-sacrifice unfolds itself in all the sweet and tender relations that beautify and enrich the world.

Little more remains for me to add. I am now his wife. Our union is the blending of kindred elements. We have no thought or wish, separate from each other. He pursues with unwearied industry his profession of a teacher, because he says that this is the especial work for which in the Divine Providence he has been trained and qualified. The boys and girls look upon him with reverence no less than affection, for he is more than their master, their Heaven-sent friend.

GOODNESS.

He that is a good man, is three quarters of his way towards the being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.—*South.*

DIVINE ORDER IN THE NEW CHURCH.

It is a self-evident truth that every aggregation of religious believers, provided they are in genuine relations of good will and peace to each other, must possess within its body a self-organizing power. A visible church is not a mob; neither is it a despotism. Equally removed from the extremes of anarchy and tyranny, its members, by a Divine law of fitness, tend to their own especial places and act therein with freedom and efficiency.

As, in the Societies of the Angels, the unity becomes at last so perfect that all think, will and act as a unit, so, as the New Church, in a *real sense*, takes its place among the religious fraternities of earth, the order and the form of Heaven perpetually flowing into it tends to its own reproduction in the ultimate sphere.

These remarks appropriately preface that which we have to say at present concerning the law of the Divine Order in the New Church on earth. It will be found true, in general, that the internal receivers of the doctrines of the New Church are persons who for years have been subjected to severe heart discipline. More precious than silver or gold, or sweet odors or kingly jewels, they are the first fruits unto God of a multitude which is to come after, whom no man can number. They are the aromal particles evolved from the great flower of Christendom as it opens its virgin corolla in the morning light of the Sun of Heaven.

They have come up in the majority of instances out of great tribulations, have slowly ripened under the most seemingly unfavorable circumstances, have been born as it were of the Woman in the Wilderness, with the great red dragon vomiting falses like a flood, and lying in wait to devour them. They have come into this marvellous light of the Divine Kingdom through the crucifixion of the evil loves. The selfhood through severe mortifications has been put under foot. The germ of a new heart throbs quick and active within the breast.

Now for what end does the Divine Spirit thus draw them to unity? There are several answers that may be given to this question. First, for mutual comfort and encouragement; second, for mutual edification; third, for social and public worship. But these, though true in part fail to reach the heart of the matter. This proposition is fundamental, namely, that the church is, first, the implement in God's hands through which a continuous revival is to be carried on and extended throughout the world.

A reviving of religion! Why reiterate this? Why? Because without it inspiration ceases, illumination perishes, the ministry becomes dry intellectualism, the church a shell, and society a mere mass of secularized men. Because without revivals of religion the tendency of things is invariably downward.

But what is a revival in its true sense? The answer is, first, a stirring up of human consciences under a direct outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It is a reviving of the day of Pentecost in a mode of manifestation adapted to the exigencies of each time. The great majority of human beings are continually magnetized from the Hells into a lively interest in material things and a profound stupor concerning their soul's good. Now the Church of God is designed to be a perpetual organization of men and women, through whom, in their combined mediatorial capacity, the Divine Spirit shall flow effectually into society. In the prayer circle, in more public devotional exercises, as well as in solitary communion hours, God is demagnetizing the bodies of believers from the evil sphere which saturates mankind. The church is thus His instrument, formed through prayer and good works, standing always ready, so that, when He chooses, the burning inspirations of the Holy Ghost shall leap through it, breaking up the material torpor and deadness of men's hearts and prompting them to the earnest cry, "What must we do to be saved?"

There are no accidents. The Divine Providence descends to the minutest particulars of life. Effect follows cause with undeviating certainty. When a praying body is drawn together into church relations, and they are sufficiently demagnetised to act as a vehicle of Divine forces, then the valley of dry bones begins

to tremble. As with a mighty rushing wind the inmosts of the human soul are agitated by that Divine Breath of which no man can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. It always produces the same results. Men are converted from the error of their ways.

The point then which we would urge home upon our New Church brethren is this: The Divine order which our Lord seeks to establish in each separate society of the New Jerusalem is a spiritual union of holy, fervent, apostolic men and women, abounding in faith and charity, fervent and effectual in prayer, and zealous for the conversion of souls to the newness of a regenerate life. Till this comes we have but a name to live; we exist in a seeming but not in a substance; we are building from externals but not from internals; we are at the mercy of merely ambitious teachers who seek to foster a spirit of sectarian pride, who impose heavy fetters of their own invention, or who would fain popularize the pulpit and reduce it to a mere lecture stand, where brilliant oratory shall gather together a superficial multitude.

We deprecate terrorism in all its forms. With the inversions of revivalism we have no sympathy; but we pray earnestly, notwithstanding, that the Divine Spirit may descend in our midst, in such effectual demonstrations of power as shall rouse the careless, quicken the torpid, break up the dead monotony of the frigid and indifferent, penetrate through all the garments of conventionality, to where the soul sleeps in its guarded palace, and thoroughly wake up the multitudes to the fact that ours is a probationary state and that ere many years we shall be fixed with the saved or the lost.

We have sympathy with revival meetings, revival measures, revival churches and revival men. We see that our Lord is working powerfully through societies nominally of the Old Church, but really to this extent baptized in the spirit of the New as it is in Heaven. We would fain share the joy of the Angels in the sinner that repenteth, nor shall we deem our own ministry complete till abundant seals are given to it, not merely in the good led from one stage of regeneration to another, but in the dering children of the Father brought home.

The Church that goes down the lowest in the valley of humility, that most forgets itself in living solely for the conversion of the world, that most studiously labors to present to mankind the spectacle of a fraternal people purified from self love and kindled with the most earnest desires for the renovation of the race,—that church will at last be the most signally owned and favored as the very dwelling place and earthly sanctuary of the King of kings.

FINDING THE SAVIOR.

Jesus! Thou Brightest, First and Best!
How shall we find Thy loving breast,
 And, pillowed there, recline?
How rest in Thee, serene and still,
While thoughts and loves the spirit fill
 Eternal and divine?

Our hearts are set to seek Thy face,
Our souls to rest in Thine embrace.
 We kneel before Thy throne.
In faith and works, in prayer and praise,
Fain would we walk in Zion's ways,
 Till we are all Thine own.

Till all the alien selfhood dies
We may not win the blissful prize,
 Nor dwell with sins forgiven,
Where Angels breathe the Sabbath air
Of perfect love, transported there
 To find in Thee their Heaven.

Our sins are fetters: break them all;
Dissolve the selfhood's icy pall;
 Make us at-one with Thee.
Then raise us to the world above,
In Thee to live, in Thee to love
 Through all eternity.

FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Before this number has reached our readers this volume will have been issued from the press. In size it is uniform with the "Hymns of Spiritual Devotion," making a neat volume of 175 pages. We had designed preparing an extended analysis of its contents, but lack of space forbids.

It is divided into four parts. The first, which is brief, contains a summary of the New Church faith. The second, entitled "The Lesser Catechism," is, in fact, an introduction to a study of Christianity as the Divine Religion. Its style is simple and perspicuous. Divided into question and answer it is thus presented in perhaps the most intelligible and direct of forms. Part third contains "The Apostles' Creed unfolded and explained." This will prove valuable to the Teacher, as showing, especially, that the First Christian Church received, at least in germ, the glorious unfoldings of the New Jerusalem, and that the faith of the first ages expands into the faith of a mature Christianity as the bud becomes the flower. Part fourth contains a beautiful form for the opening and closing services of the Sunday School, and a collection of Hymns, all original, and fitted especially for the use of children and for Sunday School devotion.

It is designed, at a suitable time, that the present volume shall be followed by others, until, in the sequel, a complete system of New Church education shall be matured.

"THE CRISIS."

We understand that the volume of "The Crisis," just commenced, will contain such a record of the singular visions and intrusions vouchsafed to the Editor about six years ago, as may be given him to write, and which caused him to be proscribed and excommunicated from the ecclesiastical bodies of the New Church. This will add largely to the interest of Brother WELLES's paper.

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