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HERALD OF LIGHT,

A Monthly Journal



OF THE

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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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No. 1.

GENIUS AND INSPIRATION.

We discussed, briefly, in a recent article, the relations of genius and culture. We are now brought inevitably to a wider, more wondrous field, namely, the relations which exist between genius and inspiration.

And, first, what is genius? First, it may be answered, a certain noble arrangement and quickness of the human faculties, by virtue of which the spirit is peculiarly able to receive the highest truths, whether from mundane or ultra-mundane sources, to couch those truths in their happiest forms, to convey them to others by most fitting symbols, and to apply them to their uses. Genius always supposes openness to the Heavens, or in its inversion to the hells; and the activity of those ranges of faculty which lie upon the spiritual side of human nature.

The man of genius is emphatically, though not perhaps in the Biblical sense, a Seer. The quiet, abstracted boy, oftentimes unable to retain and repeat the simplest message; continually at fault from incapacity for the practical affairs of the counter or the trade, because his spirit is absent from the mechanical employment which is put upon the faculties, is really absorbed in that peculiar and invisible Cause World wherefrom the streams of the Divine Life, that feed and nourish his latent mental qualities, perpetually flow. The bright river rolls within: he is on the verge of spiritual perception; and those things in the natural world which are kindred to or which typify the themes of his internal meditation alone engage his sight. There is just such a heaven in every little child; but, as it is not every spring that becomes the head of a streamlet, as many a pellucid fountain is choked in sand or wasted in morasses, so this Divine water-fount within the human breast is but seldom permitted to shape and fill the channels of the life. Intellect, by the sordid

associations and base examples of ordinary society, whether at home or abroad, is both carnalized and brutalized, till, buried in the flesh, it forgets that there are other sources of knowledge than those afforded by natural objects.

“Shades of the coming night begin to close
 Around the growing boy;
 But he perceives the light from whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy.
 The youth, who daily further from the east
 Must travel, still as Nature's priest,
 And, by the vision splendid,
 Is on his way attended:
 At length the man perceives it fade away,
 And melt into the light of common day.”

So, in the stirring lines of Wordsworth's immortal ode, the truth is stated, by one whom custom had not all blunted to the sweet and solemn breathings of the Spirit. Now the first effort of the Soul, as it begins to realize, in youth, that man is more than a mere material semblance, is to grasp at the invisible springs by means of which it retains a hold upon the first and unpolluted conditions of its infancy. There is a Wonder World in every consciousness between sleep and waking, and we are often indebted for the happiest inspirations of the day to the calm thoughts breathed upon us in the morning twilight of the awakening faculties. So there is a Wonder World in early childhood, and youthful genius insensibly reverts, in the hours of the first strivings and quickenings of its powers, to that bright and visioned Morning Land. The subjective life of childhood is seldom recollected by the man. Ah! could we but remember; it were to go back to Eden. Yet the peculiarity of genius is that it carries into active life, at least in part, the peculiar susceptibility to impressions which is the gift of the child. It retains an intellect not wholly imprisoned within the bondage of the material senses and the carnal brain.

The history of childhood is commonly that of progressive debasement. Born first into a corrupted organization, and, through it, into a depraved world, the infantile soul flutters impatient for a time, but soon becomes accustomed to its narrow bondage.—

Almost all education is subversive. Society is a great prison-house. The effort of public teachers is to make the young social and religious automatons. The many resign themselves to the imperious exactions of the subversive state. Genius alone maintains a noble discontent, and cherishes the aspiration for a genuine liberty.

There arrives an hour, in the history of youth, when the Divine Providence seems to bring to the imprisoned faculties a proffer of liberation; when the Divine Guardian stands near to throw open the gates of the dungeon and to lead us from the narrow cell to the unchartered liberty of Nature and the Heavens. Few avail themselves of this offer, none perhaps wholly; but, in the degree in which we accept the visitations of the Spirit, we find an enlarged dwelling-place. Without doubt the Lord asks of every spirit, in its human youth, with what it will be content? and answers those who crave for the intellectual and moral privileges which pertain to beings framed and fitted for eternity, by an outpouring of such quickening influences as shall exalt and purify the nature. "Ask and ye shall receive," is inscribed over every gateway of knowledge; and if the world does not to-day enjoy the unfoldings of the Heavens it is because it does not desire them.

The debasement of genius is effected from two of the most opposite sources; the external vulgarity of Society and the internal impurity of literature and fashion. It is a sad thing to behold the boy, the internal faculties of whose mind are such as to fit them to receive the most select or composite inspirations, drilled and chafed, goaded to madness or rendered almost torpid, by the sordid exactions, the wretched associations, which are almost always connected with poverty. It is not material want itself, but the associations that want brings, which are to be feared. Often the youthful spirit, fit to associate, as pupil, with Schiller or Shakespeare, to comprehend the abstract thought of Kant or Coleridge, to penetrate the occult wisdom of Plato or wander in the celestial spaces of infinitude with Swedenborg, when the faculties are in their first sweet bloom, and the golden soul all ductile to impressions, is condemned, by day and night, to the companionship of griping avarice,—to the service of the

unscrupulous, the narrow and the base. None but those who have passed this ordeal know how bitter it is, or can fathom the agony which comes with the knowledge, that there is a world of art and culture, of poetry and beauty, where manhood lives in its noblest powers, and womanhood blossoms in her most ideal loveliness, and that from this world we are shut out by a barrier, seemingly but of thin air, yet really almost as impassable as that which separated Dives and Lazarus.

It is natural for the soul to crave an existence insphered amidst the imperishable treasures of Art and Belles-Lettres, the breathing human miracles of culture and civilization. The desire for refined and elevated associations is not born of a base pride; it would seek Plato though a slave, or Swedenborg though a hod-carrier, reverencing in both the choicest essence of its aspiration. It is not to be confounded with the passion which goads on the youth, who seeks to "get along in the world," with a craving to be found in the companionship of those who rank higher in the regard of wealth and station.

But again. Genius is debased, in youth, by the spiritual depravity of that which is superficially excellent. The association of moral depravity with Beauty and Culture is more to be dreaded, in its effects on the young mind, infinitely more, than the alliance of impurity with visible squalor and degradation. The veiled Vice, that perfumes its locks with odors, and wreathes its brow with garlands, and sings its lay of passion with mellifluous voice to the soft breathings of the lute, ensnares a thousand victims, where, undisguised, it gains but one. One of the saddest experiences to the young, especially to those born in the lowlier walks of life, comes when, rising above whatever is ignoble in outward circumstance, and thirsting for the Divinely Beautiful, they encounter the subtle depravity, that exhales from the sphere of polite literature and breathes its virus through the saloons of a cultured Society. What horror comes upon us, for instance, when we penetrate to the inner life of the brilliant coterie of Weimar, when we learn that the magnificent intellectuality of Goethe conceals a heart ever torpid to the worthiest and the best. Yet these ordeals the youth of genius is obliged to undergo. But, supposing these perils to be safely past, the hard

and unfriendly, the souring and bittering misfortune, the seductive and impure prosperity, both alike left in the retrospect; then, with *regeneration*, dawns for Genius a new career. The faculties slowly recuperate. Gradually, from amidst the wrecks and disappointments of early life, that shapeless chaos engulfing so much once held dear, a New World begins to form. The Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters. Divested of illusions, whether born of material debasements or of the frenzies and fantasies of a depraved literature, a breathing time is afforded; we pause in the spent energies of the selfhood; we float, as it were, splendid apparitions, high in ether, watching our own dust returning to the dust as it was: our life is hid with Christ in God: an inconceivable serenity, as if it were the quiet of a new-formed world, descends upon the spirit; and now, born again into a new and nobler existence, one day and that the sixth of regeneration includes within itself the infancy, the youth and manhood of a condition, almost too glorious and great for the unassisted comprehension of mortals.

Men, in true order, are neither designed to be nebulous or cometary, but star-like; each moving in an orbit, surrounded by an atmosphere and developing a human peculiarity of its own. It is the effort of the Divine Providence to disengage men from that weak dependence on great bodies, from that slavery to disorderly social influences, which characterizes the mass. There is a time when the regenerating spirit is born into a sharp and thoroughly independent originality; when the conditions of his life require that he shall be alone, positive to all the ties of familism, the exactions of friendship. He receives from Almighty God an impulse like that which wheels a new orb into its great circuit in the realms of space. He lives for others, it is true, yet not at the bidding of others. He dare not receive an impulse through friendship or society. He must be the lonely traveler in the orbit drawn through time by the finger of Deity. Then, for the first time, he truly lives.

The writings of Swedenborg serve, when rightly received, as the liberating Angel of the understanding. There can be no intellectual liberty, in the large and lofty sense in which we use the term, till the truths which serve as the basis of the philoso-

phy of man and nature which he elaborates, have become to us oracles and friends. Till, in fine, the philosophy of the New Church, with its profound unfoldings, becomes the faith of the understanding; the intellect, instead of beholding the world from the summit of the mountain and in the solar light, perceives objects by the dim glimmer of a taper and through the narrow casement of a cell. When, however, we have mastered the lore of this, the world's most gifted sage, the heart's most thorough analyst, we are in a condition, if faithful to our high calling, to carry the spirit which animated this Priest of Thinkers into every profession. Without the capacity to comprehend these truths the intellect is still unripe; without the love for them when comprehended the best affections of the heart are dormant, or, worse, inverted. Swedenborg was a man of genius, of the highest genius, yet not blooming with the wavy grace of the flower so much as shining with the angular crystalline of the star. He is valuable, chiefly, to the man of genius, by the vistas which he opens into unexplored regions, not alone into Theology but as well into all the domain of arts and sciences, of letters and Society. With Swedenborg as a familiar, not as a master, the man of genius has at his command pivotal truths, which, as the compass to the loadstone, indicate mines of unexplored treasure at every step and in all directions. Undoubtedly this master-mind biologizes men of feeble intellect. The same effect is produced as well by all comprehensive thinkers. Kant, Emerson, Cousin, Comte, not to mention a thousand lesser names of our own day, have schools of disciples who are imitators and unconscious plagiarists. So with this mighty mind; disciples are apt to forget that he but drew those masterpieces from an infinite original, which still lives, still whispers the profound secrets of the universe, to all who worthily tread in the pathways of a kindred use. To the realm that is beyond all writings, all traditions, all interpretations, we must come at last; to the Wonder Land, which opens from God Himself into the private whispering gallery of the individual and human breast. For, until he can rise above a weak dependence upon the cogitations of another, till he can dispense with the staff and the leading strings, no man can stand alone with God; no man be truly original, truly great.

In the dawn of the sixth stage of regeneration the human spirit must come to this; must rise superior to the restraints of familism, the exactions of friendship, the restrictions of authority; having previously made an entire surrendery of every private aim and purpose to the service of the all-benignant God.— It is at this point that genius passes into the conditions requisite for the most direct and transcendent, the most continuous and powerful inspiration.

Where, before, God worked in mystery, He now descends to operate visibly. There is no act in life but that may be inspired of Deity. In preceding states of regeneration, it is true that much is felt and seen and heard and intimately experienced of the Divine Voice and light and spirit and direction; but now it becomes the sweet and sacred habitude of common life; the ever-recurring rule, and not the lonely exception. As the flower blooms in morning sunlight, the soul puts forth her blossoms in the direct radiance of God.

Yet, as before said, this condition has first its infancy, and the soul wakes to it from the pangs of spiritual parturition. It cannot be attained to, born as we are into an evil selfhood, without the labor, the discipline, the trial of years. It only begins when that which we have inherited in the selfhood is in a dead or dying state; till we have conquered, first, familism, second, friendship, third, the demon world, and fourth, the earth of spirits; till, in fine, by God's grace, we can hold our own against the assaults of the hells, and maintain an attitude of direct conjunction with the Heavens. This last, of course, is never to be won or kept without perfect charity.

Much that we say on this point will seem mystical, and yet a growing class of minds require the utterance. We proceed therefore to define more fully the several points.

We respect and reverence, as of Divine appointment, the sacred family relation. The ties of husband and wife, of parent and child, of brother and sister, the widening sympathies resulting from a common parentage, a common lineage, are to us inexpressibly dear. Yet spiritually and organically, from every unregenerate person in the great family circle, the *grand man of the family*, emanates a potent influence, which, measurably unfelt in

the earlier stages of regeneration, grows more perceptible as we advance, till, in one combined body, it assails the spirit, seeking to produce, by the transfusion of moral qualities, the states of mind, of heart, exhibited by our unregenerate forefathers. We repeat, that the grand man of the family, composed of all its unregenerate men and women for centuries, rises up to obsess the intellect, to arrest regeneration, to keep the spirit in a condition of family vassalage. Inflowing into and taking advantage of the spiritual and corporeal organisms of relatives by ties of blood, with whom they, as in the family chain, are in inevitable rapport, and who are bodily flesh of our flesh, Evil Spirits take advantage of the sentiment of familism, that mighty and seemingly unconquerable principle, to prostitute us to their base, unhallowed ends; or, failing in this, to thwart us in every divinely ordered purpose. Until we conquer the sentiment, and attain to a condition in which we can love and serve human beings, as members of a divine family, as kindred by celestial relationships, with an equal zeal and faithfulness, whether the ties of blood do or do not exist, we remain negative to and absorptive of the demoniacal sphere, which the grand man of the family projects into us. When, however, at however sore a cost, we have conquered the selfishness of the family instinct, burst its barriers, and bathed ourselves in that descending river of God's harmonies which flows alike to all mankind, then, in the issue, we stand superior and positive to this entire circle of influences.—Ceasing to love blood relatives, merely as inheriting the same name or sharing in the same traditions, we find, growing up in ourselves, a deeper, nobler, diviner love. It is that familism which the Angel knows, as contrasted with the sentiment of unregenerate man.

In attaining to this state we pass through spiritual combats with whole generations of ancestors; with the licentious Norman; the piratical Dane; the fierce and carnal Saxon; the rude and almost brutal Celt or Gaul. Perchance, by intermixture of blood, some soldier of a Roman legion, some wily and subtle Asiatic, mingles in the fray. The spheres of these, in succession, must be overcome, before we can pass into our true sphere-position in the Grand Man of the Heavens of our orb; and inspira-

tion is dependent in its full sense on the attainment of this position. We reach it, at last, but the baptism is one of fire.

We must die out of the partial to live in the universal. So far as friendship is of the Lord it is divine. Every great affection aids the spirit in its emancipation. But the laws of friendship as it exists in Divine order are widely different from its earthly mistakes and exactions. No man but pines for a friend, for a circle of friends. As we advance in regeneration the softer and purer affections of the spirit tend ever to a richer bloom, a more delicious fruitage. When, therefore, we say that victory must be achieved over the ties of friendship, we mean this; that whatever is of the selfhood, even in the most tender and endearing of relations, must die, and a wholly new order be established in its place. No friendships but those rooted in God can bear the shock of the transition; but those which do survive will unfold at last those distinguishing fruits which grace the trees of the immortals.

As we emerge into the serene atmosphere which is above the mist and shadow of earthly familism, we discover, that, between all persons who entertain intense sympathies for each other, exists a transfusion of spheres. As two contiguous plants tend to hybridize their flowers, so the proper thoughts and affections of each individual are more or less impregnated from the pollen of the affinitising mind, and the result after a certain period is apt to be, that neither bear the perfect fruits proper to their own genius.

With more close analysis we perceive that the inspirations which descend to one are often diffused throughout the mind of the other, so that the vast and mighty thoughts which may be silently maturing in one intellect,—their congenial soil,—diffuse an intense and subtle sphere into the neighbor mind, and call out prematurely, a corresponding yet imperfect unfolding. As a consequence of this the native growth of the mental garden thus influenced may be arrested, robbed of due nourishment and rendered comparatively barren. Again, and now more seriously; the individual of the two most advanced in regeneration is brought at last into rapport with the grand man of the family of the beloved companion, and the evil relationships of a thousand

years, in one combined body, press, with a force that is almost overwhelming, against the sympathetic mind and heart. Use then almost for the time comes to an end. Doubtless the truly noble heart would desire to assist the friend in bearing spiritual burdens; but it is impossible effectually to assist without becoming so positive to such intimate associates that it seems for the time as if the genial flow of soul had forever terminated.

Man, in the last stage of the fifth day of regeneration, as he approximates to the sixth, receives power to absorb both from the physical and mental systems of his friends, the elements of his personality which have flowed into them, and which tend to prevent their own proper development. Though a man, in the Divine Providence, had diffused his sphere through ten thousand persons, he might gather it all back into himself, did use-ends so require; and then hold it in readiness to be thrown out to other myriads. In the dawn of the sixth stage of regeneration we become the masters of the sphere; but, in order to attain this mastery, it is requisite that no personal sympathy should interfere with the universal sympathy. We leave all to follow Christ.—Terrific ordeal which requires more than Spartan fortitude successfully to undergo! The greatest test to which friendship can be put is this: to carry on the painful process of the reabsorption of our personal sphere from those we love. Yet, did we not do it, did we not attain to the mastery of our own sphere, mark the consequences: first, the individuality of such as are strongly attached to persons open for the descent of mighty inspirations would be suppressed; they would be biologized by friendship, and influences, emanating from the Divine Spirit, and absorbed in the sweet intimacy of a brotherly communion, would serve as the resistless agencies. But second; because this is disorderly, the fount of inspiration descending to the unconscious cause of this evil would cease to flow; for no man can be inspired of God, in the normal and humane sense, except as he complies with the conditions of inspiration; and of course, at every stage of the process, the requirements are made more rigid, because the evil consequences resulting from the abuse of inspirations become more fearfully alarming.

The influx from the Divine Spirit which descends into the hu-

man brain, and outworks in vast successions of heavenly ideas, is so surcharged with the very potencies of life, that, unless the recipient scrupulously observes the laws of order, he deals with an element dangerous as plague or pestilence.

As an illustration we adduce this fact. The Divine fire, as the respiratories become opened and we walk in the midst of a constant pillar of influx from the Lord, unless we have power to restrain it within due bounds, so excites the anger of the demons of the families of those with whom we associate, that, in their fury, quickened by this very influx, though it is inverted in their organs, they rise into a passion of destruction. Unless restrained, not alone would the spirits but the bodies of such as they are then able to approach be overwhelmed. A fearful consideration! making it obvious that such as are mediatorial in a high sense must abstain from friendship in the selfhood; because, otherwise, those whom they love the best, through constant association, would be brought into premature and disorderly combats with evil Spirits. What so natural as for friends to desire to associate with those to whom they feel the yearnings of the heart? yet the man who tends toward the sixth stage is obliged, except when his Lord permits the friendly interview, to know no man; to walk in the world as if he were the denizen of some remoter planet. Oh, the agonies of this transition! a necessary one, as we have shown. But friendship, like familism, blooms again, when we have obtained the mastery of the sphere, and can so control it, that, in the affectionate communings of sympathizing natures, we can prevent a single drop of influx from flowing into their systems, except at the bidding of the Lord. There is a crisis, inevitably, in the experience of every mediatorial man in the Lord, when, unless the spheres of friendship and familism can both be conquered, the inspiration is withdrawn; because old states never can return, and unless we go onward our uses perish.

The next prerequisite to a high and potent inspiration is the conquest of the Demon World. No man can fight the battles of the Lord, and stand in direct conjunction with the Heavens, without a necessary condition of resistance to the hells. The earlier combats of regeneration are simple. Our weakest foes meet us first. Our Lord trains His servants as of old the gladiator was

inured to the combats of the arena. The trials of outward life, the mortifications and regrets, the sicknesses and sorrows, the losses and disappointments, the bereavements and martyrdoms, call out, in the processes of regeneration, our latent powers of resistance against evil. The course of regeneration is a long training to resist, first individuals and then bodies of demons, till this resistance becomes the habit, the constitution of our moral state. Now the condition demanded for the noble inspiration of which we write, is this: that the man, in God, shall have acquired the habit of detecting at once the presence and operation of evil Spirits, and of keeping them continually at bay, whether sleeping or waking, whether they seek to inflow into the will, the understanding or even the physical form. He must hold his nerves like iron, must allow them not to flinch even when streams of magnetism keen as vitriol are injected into their extremities, and go on in his use indifferent to their operation, till they are conquered, and he writes or speaks, by Divine direction, with equal ease, though ten thousand infernal genii are seeking to obsess the susceptible body, to cloud the reason or paralyze the will. The soul, the mind and the body, in fine, must be trained up to that high potency in which such power of resistance is developed against the hells, that, by degrees, they become entirely imbecile against this marshalled life. They are conquered only through the establishment in the regenerate man of a new state, in which the condition is one of ever-growing impregnability.— So long as we are in evils the hells inflow, but, in the advance of regeneration, our evils are wrought out, and, in their extirpation, we attain to a moral quality of such hardihood that our foes find us ever alert, ever springing to the combat, never quailing at any odds, but grappling with aroused, embattled pandemonium in the might of the Lord, grieving not over the needful perils of the fight, but ever resisting, ever gaining nobler heights of mastery over evil, till regeneration is complete.

Now if inspiration is to flow into all the arts, sciences, industries and utilities of life, into all government, all society, all friendship and love, all marriage and parentage, all culture and literature, it is obvious that it can only outflow to a full ultimatum through beating back and putting down the hells which in-

fest the planet, which stultify or infatuate the common reason, infuriate or degrade the senses, and torture, indurate and corrupt the heart. And the noblest genius must consecrate itself to a training which will eventuate in bringing the whole man, body, soul and spirit into that exalted state in which we can receive and embody the Divine unfoldings, in our several spheres of use, with entire indifference to the opposition of the infernals. To encourage us, the Lord, in our mediatorial infancy, permits beautiful and ennobling ideas to descend, and holds our spiritual foes at bay during their ultimatum. But, as we advance to the manhood of our use, we are obliged, in Him, to unfold a power at once to repel the demons and keep open to the august source of knowledge. We cannot be tranced away in a serene repose; lapped in the Elysium of the Divine harmonies, redolent of a sphere diffusing fragrance and melody in its very air, dispersing rapture and enchantment in its tinted light. No! While, with the internals of the mind open to the Heavens, as to the inmosts we may enjoy and absorb, in those planes of the faculties which open to the hells we must combat to the uttermost. This is the condition of the great sixth day of regeneration, till, through its abundant and long-continued uses, we are made complete in the life of the Angels. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

Every man who would live respectably or comfortably must keep his house against intrusion. No broken panes in the casements, no doors off the hinges, should invite the biting wind, the sultry dust, the ready thief. But equally true it is that our mental houses must be guarded. In society the first thing is to keep out the gossips of the neighborhood; to exclude chit-chat and scandal; to afford no room for bores or busy-bodies.

Now when, spiritually, we ripen, and are open to influences from the Invisible, our neighborhood is the World of Spirits.—As, in this earth, the rural hamlet is infested by everlasting small talk, so the World of Spirits,—neither Heaven or Hell, but composed, in many of its provinces, of human beings just a shade removed from their state while here,—is inundated with puerile gossiping, with superficial thinking on every subject, with shallow wit and empty philosophy. It is a sphere of sophomores.

It drips with an endless rain of cold, drizzling speculation.—Whenever it is discovered that a human being is open to a very direct and copious influx, gossip spreads the news through Spiritual Neighborhoods, and the man becomes a lion. The next thing is to visit him; he is exposed to a perpetual annoyance from Spirits, not perhaps bad in the sense that they have no germ of regeneration to unfold into ultimate angelhood, but still weak, vapid and pretentious.

Their perpetual effort is to inflow and to monopolize the channel of communication for their own use. If we have any weakness it is sure to attract Spirits in a corresponding weakness.—Whatever be our hobby, it draws those who rode kindred ones, and they come tricked out in fantasies which might make them pass for veritable Angels to the uninstructed sight. Perhaps not the incurables of the next life, they are still the inmates of its spacious hospital.

Now mark some inevitable conclusions. If we gossip we entertain a large party of gossipers. If we indulge in any vanity or egotism we gather about us a coterie of shallow imbeciles, who have just sufficient wisdom to be ignorantly mischievous. If we indulge in any excess it surrounds us with boon companions of a corresponding appetite. A habit of foolish jesting brings to our side the idle witlings; while the love of dress or show attracts such as still think that the clothes or surroundings make the man. Against this watery limbo of Spirits, if we would have mental health or consistency, freedom or vigor in our productions, harmony and grandeur in the life, it is requisite to maintain a reserve and seclusion. But how? By keeping our mental house in thorough repair; by extending no billets of invitation; by a message to every comer, "No admittance except on business: no business except of the Lord's appointment."

By studiously and strictly conforming the whole life to order; by firmly but mildly rejecting every suggestion from the inmates of this confused, chaotic realm, we become positive to its inroads. Yet here mark the important fact; unless we rigidly devote ourselves to the use of our calling, whatever it may be, and observe its laws, we are perpetually molested and surrounded by a class of spiritual hangers-on.

The Truth that makes the Brother Wise.

There is no man so poor but he may surround himself with Flattering Spirits; and, even if our use be splendid and important, any egotism in it will fill our apartments with invisible toadies; till the use itself is vitiated and we are all imbeciles together. So, then, inspiration requires a nice conformity to order at every point.

The confused babble of these spiritual dwarfs, and mimes, and harlequins, and bad actors, and small authors, and mouthing orators, and prattling busy-bodies, is sufficient to turn the strongest head; and we are inevitably exposed to it, till we have cut off the connection growing out of our own weaknesses.

It may be thought that we make the conditions of a direct inspiration, available for all the uses of life in the highest sense, too hard, too rigorous. Our task is not to make facts, to invent laws, but to delineate those which exist. We assure the seeker that this picture is not overdrawn. Over these difficulties runs that pathway of regeneration which the sons of God must journey in; the path that genius seeks, to win at once the widest empire and the noblest joy.

**THE TRUTH THAT MAKES THE
BROTHER WISE.**

The truth that makes the brother wise, in golden aims and ends,
And with the heart, like honey dew in leaf and blossom blends;
The truth that lights the world with gleams of Love's eternal day.
Give this, oh, man! to those who need, and none shall dare gainsay.
For strength, as of a hero's arm, shall move in every word,
And all thy uses wear the crown and sceptre of the Lord.

Blest are the poor, who yet dispense the water and the bread.
Share all thy truth with others and thou shalt thyself be fed.
Commit thy fate to every wave, and sing to every blast:
The joy of Heaven will be more sweet by thought of perils past.
Live out the Life that Heaven inspires, and Heaven itself shall be
Brought down to earth, in every act thy Master works in thee.

ODORA:--THE MAIDEN OF THE SKIES.

A POEM OF THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

PREFACE:

FROM THE ULTIMATE HEAVEN.

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the Earth World:

It is with sincere delight that we present to you this little Book. It was the Lord's before it was ours, and ours before it was the Poet's: and now it is yours.

Sunset Land is a name which is sometimes given to the Third or Ultimate Heaven, but the Celestial is the Morning Land.—Shall we meet you all hereafter where the Red Lily blows?

'Tis always night and never day,
Where loveless hearts pursue their way:
On Aethra's bright and blissful shore
'Tis golden sunset evermore.
We come to you with cheerful songs,
And, while you read, aerial throngs
Of sylph and fay in ether sport;
And, in the bosom's guarded court,
They seek to build their bridal nest;
Then, when at night you sink to rest,
And Angels o'er the pillow smile,
They sing the joys of Aethra's isle.

PREFACE:

FROM THE AUTHOR.

Ask of the honey bee,
Whence came the art whereby he builds his cell?
It is not his to tell:
He only knows that it is builded well.

Ask of the mason bird,
When the young swallows twitter 'neath the eaves,
Who taught him thus to build? A song he gives,
A low, sweet chirrup; 'tis his sole reply:
The work is perfect, but he knows not why.

The little branchlet grows from solid wood.

Ask of the mother tree,

How sprang the blossom from her sacred blood?

She hath this only word for you or me:

“Branch, leaf and floweret in their beauty see;

I know not how they grew;—

God’s art is hidden still from human view.”

The honey gathers in the wilding rose.—

Say, honey-drop, how camest thou so sweet?

There is, for answer, only this,

“I know not if I am a kiss,

Dropt from two Angel’s lips, in Heaven that meet;

Or fragrance from some fount that overflows,

And falls in dew from Paradise afar;

Or music from some beautiful, white star,

Melted away within the blossom’s breast:

My being is a boon;—God hides the rest.”

I cannot tell you how this poem grew.

A Poet is a bee, who builds his cell

Of sunlight that dissolves in honey-dew.

’Twas winter; bud and blossom in their shell

Slept breathlessly, enwrapt in icy shroud:—

I woke beyond the foolish earth and proud,

Beyond its graves; where, with calm, smiling eyes,

The maidens of the Indian Paradise

Sang such enrapturing strains, that I forgot

My shadow-body; clothed in happy thought,

Like a young star with rainbows, I drank in

The joy, the sweet felicity of those

Who follow CHRIST THE LORD where morning blows

Like a red rose, unsoiled with mortal sin.—

This is my memory of music fled,

My faint and feeble scroll,

Inscribed, in letters pale or dimly red,

With secrets from the thought-realm of the soul.

O! Poet-mind, thou fliest, like the swift,

Beyond the purple drift

Of the world’s misty landscape; thou returnest

Bearing a fragrance on thy happy wings;

A fire that in thy secret bosom burnest ;
 A song, that, like a tropic flower, upsprings,
 Waving in ether with its golden bells,
 And, unto every heart, in language tells
 A different story, but to all reveals
 What no one speaketh, though each bosom feels.

God gave me wings.—I use them.—'Tis my fault,
 If fault it be, to fly beyond the vault
 Of cold, blue fancy, wet with tearful rain ;
 Seeking my own bright, blessed heart-domain,
 My home, my loving people. I return
 Bringing sweet thoughts wherefor all bosoms yearn,
 And, if I build my nest of rhyme beneath
 Earth's dusky thatch, it is, that I may be
 A guest, a pleasant guest, to those who grieve,
 Bearing a song, that, like a magic tree,
 Shall grow from blissful thoughts and loves combined
 In the eternal Paradise of mind.—
 Songs blossom in the skies : in music lie
 The very forms, hues, powers of harmony.

My happy people!—Ah! 'tis sweet to know
 We have a country. Age drop down thy snow,
 Waft the dead years from Sorrow's wasted tree ;—
 Thank God! the summer land awaiteth me.
 Thank God! there is a clime beyond the strife,
 The pain, heart-wretchedness and wrongs of life,
 There is a land where all who love shall be
 Nested like love-birds in a jasmine tree.—
 The blossom rocks upon the spicy bough ;—
 Be still my heart! nor claim thy future now ;—
 Hope in fruition grows complete and ends ;
 Young Faith his throne in light of Heaven ascends.—
 No more! no more! wild Heart, thy song forbear :
 What thou hast seen, all, all who love will share,
 And more, and better, while the ages roll,
 Till Angel Edens ope within the soul.

"Poems are fancies," blear-eyed schoolmen say.
 Blind bats! 'tis theirs to scorn the purple day ;
 'Tis theirs in thick Cimmerian shades to stray.

O, Thou Great Poet, CHRIST! Thy words that fall
Into blue space, change into Angels all.
Thy thoughts are poets, and Thy songs inspire
Their hearts; Thou makest each Thy sounding lyre.
Psalmist of Nature! Bard of earth and skies!
In Thee the minstrel lives whom men despise.
Strike Thy great harp of souls, Thy instrument
Of lyric myriads, in full concord blend:
Touch with Thy hand those burning, seven-fold strings.
Thy earth shall listen, while MESSIAH sings.

PROEM.

Dawn, like a mother, half undrest,
Flies through the eastern skies afar,
With Day, the baby, at her breast,
Companioned by a single star.

But few the shining vision see;
Distrust and Fear, those warders blind,
With brazen bolt and leaden key
Have closed the portals of the mind.

Deep are the wells-where Isis old
Conceals the treasures of the past:
Her amulets, of jeweled gold,
Are lost, in deserts dim and vast.

Beneath his cold, Egyptian sky,
Great Memnon sits, in silence lone,
And lips of fluent harmony
Are frozen dead, in final stone.

Death reigns where once the Shaster grew;
And frost benumbs the Northern pole;
To ice has changed the morning dew
That gemmed the young Earth's vestal soul.

The poppy-dust of sleep is blown
Into the world's material eyes:
The Lyric Heaven is all unknown;
Apollo's bow no mortal tries.

Odora: The Maiden of the Skies.

Blind Valor starves at Mammon's gate,
 Like Belisarius asking alms;
 While Freedom's mighty Western State
 Grasps after coin with itching palms.

The humblest lichen on the rock
 Has found a sage, its leaves to scan;
 But priests deride and pedants mock
 The blossoms of the soul of man.

The critic race, with frozen eye,
 Whose thoughts in miry circuits run,
 See but the hoof-dints in the sky,
 Made by the horses of the sun.

Now Falsehood thrives, while Craft and Cant
 Hold week-day court and Sunday rule,
 And prophet, bard and hierophant
 Are stigmatized as knave and fool.

Shall this endure, while Christ, above,
 Sees mercy waste like April snow?
 From soundless depths of light and love,
 His Holy Spirit answers, "No!"

He flings His thought upon the wind;
 He grasps the helm of all the world;
 While Darkness reels, infirm and blind,
 From Zion's gates of light imperaled.

Now Zoroaster's dream is true,
 And Oromasdes comes at last:
 In Christ believing hearts renew
 The primal beauty of the past.

Earth, like a madman bound in chains,
 Reels on to its Deliverer's feet:
 Where now the dying selfhood reigns
 Shall be Messiah's peaceful seat.

The Sceptic Age dissolves away,
 Like frost before the rising sun;
 And Freedom's wheels, in rapid play,
 Through Order's grooves to Eden run.

Let Folly jest with idle sneers,
Let Satire's lip in scorn be curled:
It is the Spring-tide of the spheres,
The second morning of the world.

They greatly do who greatly dare:
He who would bard or maker be
With Death the lonely road must share
That penetrates eternity.

Life takes its pattern from the soul:
We scorn and lose; we ask and find;
From every zone the billows roll
That wash the margin of the mind.

Within this poem's mystic page
Forever sings an Angel-child,—
Its parents Truth, the laureled sage,
And Love, the mother, undefiled.

Go forth, thou little book, and melt
In human hearts like morning rain:
Where most thy inward sphere is felt
The soul shall leap to life again.

OUR EDITORIAL ASSOCIATE.

Our readers will perceive, by reference to the cover, that the name of Rev. M. C. C. CHURCH appears as Associate Editor.— This appointment will meet the unqualified approbation of every friend of the cause acquainted with our future co-laborer. With this accession of editorial force we trust to make the *HERALD OF LIGHT* still more worthy of the patronage which it has so generously received.

T. L. H.

THE HEROISM OF PREACHING.

If we often recur to the topic of preaching, it is because we are convinced, that, in the New Church, an illumined ministry is to arise, through whose self-sacrificing, Heaven-guided labors, braving all dangers, overcoming all obstacles, the world's torpor is to be dissipated, its gross materialism overcome; the universal mind liberated, the universal heart converted to the faith of love.

Custom enthral the nations. There is nothing in the world so irreverent as the make-believe piety which denies the God while it pours libations at the altar. How painful is the contrast presented between the fierce earnestness with which men traffic and the dull indifference with which they worship? What times have we fallen on, when the priesthood, itself once an inspiration, has become a trade?

Providential as is the bestowment of the truths of the New Church, in doctrinal treatises and in a varied literature, we must still bear in mind that the living soul is mightier than the printed page. Let us scatter books widely as possible, but meanwhile see to it that the Power which moves the multitudes, which opens the way for the book, is not diverted from its course, not impeded in its mighty mission. It was preaching that converted the Pagan nations to Christianity; preaching that broke up the enslaving superstitions of papal Rome; preaching that has given to every successive denomination of the Reformed its authority and weight and influence. Were it not for preaching the masses would relapse even now into moral barbarism. The burning word alone suffices to fan the embers of Christianity into a perpetual flame.

"Yet how shall I preach?" says one, "I would gladly do so could I find a congregation." The primitive preachers did not stop to ask for bands of converts gathered already; but, venturing into localities where Heathenism was triumphant, into the strongholds of every vile and detestable superstition that disgraced while it defiled the human race, they gathered believers from the very votaries of the idol; they planted the standard of

the faith in the midst of ground all dark and swarming with the foe; and stood by it to the last, thinking life itself of trivial importance compared with the rescue of souls from moral ruin.

This is the lesson we should profit by. Have any a clear, self-evident, internal call to preach God's Word? Let them rest assured that if they are but faithful to the inspiration the ancient results will follow. And what more worthy to call out the noblest of our human powers than the conviction, that we are conspiring in that mighty movement which is no less than the second coming of the Son of Man. Well may we startle at our own apathy, when we remember that the world's crisis is at the doors; that the hour big with the fates of Christendom and of all mankind, is rapidly approaching, in the opening of internal respiration, when God shall vindicate His maligned, insulted sovereignty; when the moral earth shall reel and struggle as a drunken man, or wrestle like a dying gladiator, in the throes which precede the inauguration of the great Harmonic Age.

We are too effeminate. We nurse too much the habit of self-loving ease. The example of a common timidity affects even the bravest and the best. Where is the lion-like courage of the dauntless heart, that, receiving all things from Christ, in the faith and charity of the New Jerusalem, gives all to Him again? Where the willingness to heap His altars with the costliest of all our human treasures; the ripe thoughts of the cultured intellect; the best hours of the rapid life; the eloquence that kindles on the fervent tongue? the deeds that, having their origin in the Divine Spirit, sink not fruitless, but revive the extinct enthusiasm of the old age of martyrs.

The age when the Church can dispense with the loftiest and even the most daring heroism is not yet. If we possess truths which come from Heaven, we must demonstrate their genuineness by exhibiting their effect in lifting up the proportions of the life to the vast dimensions of an Angelic Spirit. This, this alone, can convert Humanity;—the reëppearance of antique but never forgotten types of human valor and virtue;—a ministry intent on raising up the spirits of their listeners to a resurrection, vast and wonderful as that which faith anticipates beyond the grave.

The state to which the loyal acceptance and practical out-

working of the truths of the New Church legitimately leads the receiver, is, in point of fact, a resurrection. How glows the intellect, how kindles the heart, how multiply the sympathies, how loom up and issue forth the everlasting virtues, when we recognize that for us, if faithful, the same enkindling inspirations that rested in all ages on prophets and bards and heroes of the moral will, most illustrious and indomitable, await to enrich us with an equal opulence of light and love and power. If Saurin and Whitfield could be so mighty notwithstanding the iron limits of Calvinism; if Bossuet and Tauler could wield such impassioned sentences in spite of the creed of papal Rome; if, in our own day, Irving and Chalmers could thrill men to the very marrow, though their tongues were kindled but by one spark of the Divine; how should the missionary of the New Jerusalem gather to himself all sublimities of language, to declare the most important and convincing message, which, since the day of Pentecost, has been committed to the human voice! And what if the preacher's life be one of hard toil and sore trial? What if the world's prizes of opulence and distinction fall to other hands? What if friends reproach us with life wasted in the pursuit of chimeras? The Lord God walks by us alway; communes with us in the lonely vigil; blesses and enriches for us the scant repast; smiles upon us in incommunicable vision when we slumber; smites the soul's great harp-chords, calling out the lyric tones of the inspiring message when we plead His cause; mars the way; bursts the barrier; strikes down the obstacle; makes all burdens conducive to regeneration; makes our trial-path the road to an angelic and victorious immortality; while the subject hells at last are subdued beneath our feet, and we stand on earth in body, but by the ties of spirit conjoined to Heaven. What laurel so lasting as the crown whose every leaf or blossom is a soul regenerated, a mind enfranchised, a life rescued, a spirit glorified? What fellowship so sweet as that of a band of fervent believers, glowing with the same hopes, kindled with the same affections, fraternized in the embraces of the same God? What ambition so great as that of overcoming the evil selfhood with all its lusts; of coining the days into golden uses; of becoming the very symbols and illustrations of

an infinite righteousness; the mouth-pieces of a divine communication; the dispensers of a universal charity?

We write not for narrow souls, for sordid hearts, who measure the New Jerusalem by the line of a sect, who merely aim at the conquests of opinion. Men must be converted to the Divine Life. Whoever will go forth preaching the truths of the New Church in their spirit, which is charity, shall find the Lord's approval while the blessings of those who were ready to perish fall by thousands on his head.

SONG OF A NOVITIATE SPIRIT:
IN THE UPPER SPIRITUAL EARTH.

Like a star, of rarest presence,
That, with tender luminescence,
O'er a distant purple hill-top shows its slender silver horn,
While the east for pleasure blushes,
And the skylarks and the thrushes
Fill the air with joyous music that another day is born,—
Tell the woodlands and the dingles that a summer day is born ;
I am gazing, meek and lowly,
O'er the landscape of the Holy,
And my soul is like a planet that has just begun to shine :
Christ has risen, Christ has risen,
On my spirit in its prison,
And it rises o'er the shadow to the land of Love Divine,—
And it gleams above the hill-tops of an endless Life Divine.
As the pale moon parts the vapor,
Like a virgin with a taper,
Pacing slowly, pacing saintly, to the Star-lands in the west,
With a soul to glory plighted,
With a spirit newly lighted,
I am moving to my palace in the land of Angels blest,—
I am welcomed in my coming, to the land of Angels blest.
Not a moment but discovers
Some new orb of plighted lovers,
With a hymeneal rapture moving o'er the shining plain,
While the song, that in me slumbers,
Thrills the heart with happy numbers,
Stung no more to cries of wailing by earth's melancholy pain,—
Carols out its dove-like music, in forgetfulness of pain.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

CONTINUED FROM THE INNER LIFE.

[Many of our readers doubtless hold fresh in remembrance Tennyson's exquisite poem of the May Queen. It relates the story of an English girl, first gathering flowers for the May Day festival, with a heart bounding in the delight of youthful love and happiness. It then describes her gradual, wasting illness, her slow, lingering dying, from the blight of the heart; till May Day draws near again and finds her willing to go, with a spirit reconciled to the decrees of Heaven. With no pretensions to artistic finish, the stanzas which follow take up the history of the sufferer, on the dying bed, and continue it to its happy finale in the bridals of Paradise and the Divine Presence. It will add to the interest of the poem to state, that, so far as the present lines are concerned, it is wholly of celestial origin, and, therefore, descriptive of real and not imaginary events.]

PAET FIRST.

Oh! mother, stay those falling tears, and, Effie, hush thy sighs;
And give me up to God: till then my Spirit cannot rise.
I'm breathing in a blessed trance, and soon I have to go:
The room was dark a moment since, but now 'tis all a-glow,—
A-glow with rosy light, wherein the blessed Angels stand;
And I shall keep the May Day in their brighter, better land.

Hush! do not speak. One, with a crown of myrtles on his brow,
Is telling me of wondrous things;—break not the silence now,—
Of streams with liquid melody through pleasant fields that glide,
And there, he says, the bridegroom finds his heart's affianced bride.
Strange, mother! I have often heard, through nights of anguish long,
As if to soothe my aching heart, a low, sweet bridal song:—
More sweet it comes,—I'm going home,—your forms I cannot see,
But plainer grow the Shining Ones, with whom I soon shall be.

The May, the pleasant English May, will blossom far and near,
But, in the land I'm going to, 'tis spring tide all the year;
And every day the flowerets grow more odorous and rare;
For gentle deeds and loving words change into blossoms there.

I'm steeped in such delicious rest :—I cannot, cannot stay :—
On the first beam of morning light my soul will glide away.

PART SECOND.

I thought to wake an airy thing, with phantoms pale and white,
Made up of vapors pure and fine, and beams of floating light ;
But here I am, with azure eyes, and locks of golden curl,
And dimpled cheek, and rounded arm, an artless English girl.
A shadow of my earthly home was all I hoped to find ;
But Heaven is sure a real world in glowing skies enshrined.
And holy saints, I thought to see with scanty hair and gray,
Are golden youths and maidens fair, dressed for a marriage day.
Through every heart the holy stream of endless worship flows,
But lights the face with loving smiles and blushes to the rose.

The morning-glories climb the eaves, and crimson in the sun ;
The daisies in the meadows grow, and seven I find for one ;
The hawthorn hedges, white with bloom, on every side I see ;
The robin pipes ; the skylark sings, and hums the honey bee :
The church spire crowns the distant hill ; the May-pole decks the
green ;

And, o'er the pleasant garden walks, the orchard branches lean ;
The fields are bright with golden grain, the dingles laugh with flowers,
And deeds of cheerful kindness fill the day's delightful hours.

I asked to see my grandsire old ;—a youthful bridegroom came ;
And grandmama grew near, attired in robes of lilies' flame ;
A bridal dress it was, and she was here a tender spouse,
With virgin blushes on the cheek and roses on the brows.
I gazed at her, and then my heart found happy words to say,
" Sure you are the Queen of the May, mother ! sure you are the Queen
of the May."

PART THIRD.

I thought that Robert was not mine, because, when Effie grew
More lovely, he his love from me with scarce a wish withdrew.
And, when he made the most of me, a something in me said,
" A deeper, purer love will come ; till then remain unwed."
I little thought to find it here.—But hush ! an Angel stands
Outside the pleasant garden gate, with myrtles in his hands :
And I am decked in dainty white :—my eyes with tears are dim,
With tears of silent joy, that flow all for the love of him.

I know him not by outward name, but oft, beside the streams
 Of Paradise I seemed to walk, in girlhood's early dreams,
 With one who bore that blessed face, so free from earthly guile,
 Who came with just such myrtle boughs, and just that tender smile.
 'Tis Robert's brother; and he died, on earth, a little child,
 To keep his heart in Heaven for me, all fresh and undefiled.

It seemed to be a cruel fate, that I should wither down,
 Just in my girlhood, with a blight upon my May Day crown;—
 But now I see how kind it was, in Him the Angels love,
 To wean my heart from earthly things for endless joy above.
 I fall and worship at His feet, like her who knelt, of old,
 And wiped the precious tears away with tresses all of gold.
 I kneel and bless his holy name; I should not here abide,
 If Jesus, for the love of me, had suffered not and died.

A H Y M N .

Celestial Angels wake their holy voices
 In the sweet words that charity inspires:
 In deeds of tender love great Heaven rejoices,
 And to their music wakes its loftiest lyres.

If thou wouldst rouse to life the buried nations,
 Die to the selfhood, to its praises die;
 Ope thy heart for heavenly inspirations,
 And seek the lowly in despair who lie.

Hed not the crowds, around thy path who jostle,
 Intent alone on luxury or gain:
 Be thou thy Master's calm and meek apostle,
 Bearing the burdens of the common pain.

Then, when thy uses brighten, let the praises
 Arise to Him, the great Inspiring One.
 Yield Him thy life as meekly as the daisies,
 That lift the morning dew-drops to the sun.

ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN UNFOLDING OF THE CELESTIAL SENSE OF THE DIVINE WORD.
GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

MATTHEW I. 1.—THE BOOK OF THE GENEALOGY OF JESUS CHRIST,
THE SON OF DAVID, THE SON OF ABRAHAM.

1. This book contains, in summary, in its celestial sense and in the ultimate natural degree of the celestial, such wonderful things concerning our Lord, that it is utterly impossible for any man, unless illumined in the perceptions which belong to that degree, so much as to conceive their existence; nor is it possible for any, unless actuated by a sincere desire to become wholly the servants of Messiah, through an absolute surrendery of all the faculties to His use, to receive internally the Arcana when unfolded. Herein is concealed a history of the descent of the Lord from the Heavens in the Heavens, through the Heaven which is in the midst of the Heavens, and thence through the Heaven that is in the expanses of the Heavens, to our earth, where He was incarnated. (See Arcana of Christianity, Part I, 800.)

2. The birth of our Lord in the natural world was effected by means of a successive taking on of Fay-souls.

FIRST ILLUSTRATION.

3. I beheld Messiah God, standing in the east, in the likeness of the most glorious of the Angels, and He said to me, "Ascend to the fixed star Orion, and be instructed in the significance of the word Fay-souls, which I have given thee to use." After this through successive changes of state as to my spirit, I was conducted into an hierarchal city toward the equator of that luminary, and there beheld a man, reading from the Word, holding it in his right hand. The sage was clothed in a tunic of olive-colored cloth. His beard was red and shining; the color of his countenance was of a bright amber, and, as to his stature, I seemed to reach to his waist. At first he wondered at the appearance of a Spirit from our earth, because it is seldom permitted for any from our planet to enter those mild, ethereal re-

gions; but, when he perceived that I was present for the purpose of receiving an illustration, he smiled with gracious benignity. The sage was reading, in the celestial sense of the Word, concerning the destruction of the lost orb. (See A. of C., 604, 605.) Out of his face went forth a light, which no mortal man of our earth could have gazed upon and lived for an instant, for its ardors were seraphic. I now observed a sapphire mantle resting loosely upon his shoulders; it was inwrought to resemble the constellations. I called him by name, because the Lord speaking through my inmosts by his Divine Voice, gave me words of address, and said, "I am a priest in the New Church, called the Holy City and the New Jerusalem, which Immanuel is now causing to descend to that orb whereon he appeared as a natural man. Because arcana concerning the Fay-souls are treasured in the wisdom of this sun, and set forth in clearness through the celestial sense of the Divine Word, you will conduct me, if this be your office, to such as are keepers of these mysteries."

4. At this the sage answered, "Hail and welcome. I will myself conduct thee to the priest. I am called Secret, because I dwell in the inner truths of the sanctuary and guard the veils." The wind, which now arose, was balmy and the air cool. The place itself seemed to be an island, of moderate extent, in the area of which a city, which might all have been one palace, built of precious stones, shone in the midst of magnificent gardens, interspersed with tropical trees. I was led into a quadrangle, first, and thence into a sumptuous ante-chamber, where, after a time, four of the inmates of the palace presented themselves and I was subjected to the most rigorous inspection. At the close, one, who seemed to be superior, in sonorous and majestic speech, cried, "Until this time such an inquiry has never been made from your earth; nor is it lawful to answer, but to a priest in whom is silence."

5. At this an embodied affection, in the minute human form, spoke through my interiors and responded, "I am Silence."—Hearing it the four smiled, and then the elder said, "Suffer us to do with you according to our custom; whereupon each kissed me on the eyes and said "Be thou blessed of Jehovah." I was then led higher, into an open apartment, where the conjugal

associates of my entertainers were engaged, apparently in needle-work, and they wondered at the sight, for I seemed to them as a child of twelve years and of an unknown land. One of them drew near, and, perceiving that I was of adult age, made a sign to her companions, which indicated caution. The husband of this fair one now led me up, and stooping she welcomed me as her companion had done before. Then the three, who had remained seated, arose, and, in succession, extended greeting; after which I was placed in their midst, each husband being seated upon the same couch with his own wife, and each pair being a little apart from the others. The posture in which they sat was very graceful. The elder of the four ladies, taking from her bosom a snow-white flower, extended it to her husband, who, smiling to receive it, spoke in a voice modulated to a low tone, saying, "Present your question; for we are all in the illustration of the Word." At this I replied, What is a Fay-soul? The four husbands simultaneously spoke in a voice which made one, answering, "Fay-souls are the firsts of things. Your own inmost of inmosts is an embodied Fay, nor are we otherwise.

6. "A Fay is a man in infinitessimals. A Fay exists, in a condition of slumber, in each vortical atom of the natural universe; these are the monads. The body of our sun is made up of Fays, each extant within his own atom. You will receive a confirmation." Saying this he turned to his conjugal companion, who propounded to me this question, "What do you know of the Divine lamb which appears within the breast?"

7. I answered, In the process of the resurrection of the dormant good affections in man upon our earth, there is visible, subjectively, the likeness of a lamb that has been slain; which rises from the dead, and takes its place in the midst of a throne in the center of a solar plexus, surrounded by one hundred and forty-four thousand infinitesimal affections of good and truth, each in the human shape. The lamb is full of eyes without and within, and seems to be, as to its organization, but the grouping together of these orbs of sight. He is crowned with a double crown representing the male and the female, and denoting royalty in both sexes. The lady closed her eyes and then responded, "Thou hast answered correctly."

8. "Hast thou seen this lamb," the speaker continued, "within thyself, that thou art enabled thus to describe it, or dost thou repeat that which hast been made known by another?" To this I made answer, I speak what I do know, and testify that what I have seen in my own breast, where a lamb lives who was slain. "Then," was the response, "behold the lamb!" At this, touching my eyes with a rose, the celestial-natural degree of sight became illuminated, and I beheld the subjective paradise within her bosom. A hundred and forty-four thousand human creatures, some winged, others wingless but floating in the ether through internal breath, some as to their bodies gemmed with stars, others white as snow or rosy as morn, and divided into groups and series, were sporting, some upon the surface of crystal lakes, others in the midst of the dewy foliage of umbrageous groves, some inhabiting crystal palaces, and others dwelling in the floral bowers, some riding from place to place in chariots, others mounted on shining horses, some engaged in building, others in gardening, others in mechanic arts;—in fine, it was to behold a paradisiacal world of unfallen beings, reduced almost to a point where the idea of size vanishes from the mind.

9. "These," said the lady, "live in a perpetual infantile innocence, which is clothed with wisdom and made perfect in use. My wrist, forearm, arm, each convolution of the brain, in fine, each physical organ, is the habitation of its own specific fairies. I am, therefore, as to my body, a fay world, or fay system." At this, with a heavenly suffusion of rosy light upon her speaking face, she whispered, "Each fay-soul, in my ultimate organization, is in conjunction, and corresponds with one of similar type and genius, residing in the person of my dear husband. His joys are mine and mine are his; we are one." More she added, of which I may not now speak.

10. The husband, at this, addressed me with the remark, "Human generation is through the testicles of the male. There is let down a Fay-soul, of the composite species, which takes its place, through conjunction, in the feminine ova. The fay is called composite, because, in its descent through the three heavens it has successively become the active center of series after series of a secondary race of fay souls, who are not designed

to be ultimated as we are, but who, through their centre fay which becomes the vital centre of the man, are to receive their own due ultimation into fay men and afterward fay angels. You are therefore simply a brother to all the fays, whom now or hereafter may rear their little homes within your breast, and were once like them, in such exceeding smallness, that you could not, with the external mind, descend to any appreciable estimate of it;—a point and yet a man. Nor is there any Angel in the universal Heaven but that was in his origin a fay.”

Here the illustration ceased.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

All men are brothers! though the light
Of Heaven may bless the favored eyes;
While, on some kindred race, the blight
Of superstition lies.

All men are brothers! though for one
May chime the sacred Sabbath bell;
And, through another's madness, run
The sorceries of hell.

All men are brothers! sweet and low,
The music of a common heart,
Kindred in rapture as in woe,
Swells on through every part.

All men are brothers! they who dare
In act, the equal tie disown,
The mark of Cain must inly bear
And wander forth alone.

**A HEAVEN WITHOUT USES: HOW
IT FAILED AND WHY.**

PARAPHRASED IN PART FROM SWEDENBORG.

"My Heaven," said one, "is made of golden books,
And flowers that blossom in delicious nooks,
The charms of Nature thousand fold sublimed,
And all the splendors of immortal mind.

"I'll sit and ripen, with my chosen peers,
Till each, unto himself, a god appears,
Serene, majestic, more than Angel-wise,
Versed in the secrets of the earth and skies.

"Then, thoughts shall grow, beneath my fervent tongue,
To idyls richer far than Bion sung,
And, wed to music, breathe their maker's name,
From star to star, through all the skies of fame.

"Be this my part, to drain the sacred vase
That knowledge fills; to run the splendid race
Of high ambition, to the flaming goal
Where Glory crowns the forehead of the soul."

Another spoke and cried, "I contemplate
A better Heaven. Be this my future fate;
To feast on luscious cheer the Gods provide,
And drink deep draughts of pleasure's flowing tide;

"To wreath the days with roses; to beguile
The nectared hours with merry feast and wile;
From every sense to cull its hidden sweet,
And bask at ease where all the Graces meet.

"I'll not be righteous over much; nor care
For godly dreams that saintly hermits share;
But make the circuit of the fruitful skies,
And taste the cheer of every paradise."

A grave Divine, with sanctimonious air,
Responded, from his leathern elbow chair,
"My Heaven shall be a better place, Oh! friends,
Where the eternal sabbath never ends.

“ While planets brighten for their funeral pyres,
I'll sing the strain that David's harp inspires,
And, with my brethren, in devoutest calm,
Enjoy for aye the sermon and the psalm.

“ I to the heavenly temple will repair,
And claim my seat amidst the faithful there,
Forever chanting with a loud acclaim,
The glories of Triune Jehovah's name.”

That night the three were summoned. Heaven unrolled
Aerial landscapes, wrought in visioned gold ;
And each, translated from the scenes of this,
Sought there the acme of expected bliss.

The sage rose first, and found himself with those
Whose days flow on in scholarly repose :
Books met his vision, everywhere, at call ;
And Learning hailed him welcome to them all.

He wrote his poem, polished it with art,
To soothe the fancy and subdue the heart,
And heard, or thought he heard, its brilliant rhymes
Quoted and praised through all the upper climes.

Books multiplied : at last the sage began
To find that knowledges are made for man,
Not man for knowledge. He grew sick of thought,
And polished words in jewelled phrases wrought ;

“ Oh !” cried he, “ for a breath of earthly air :
A garden plot, a wholesome household care :
Some sweet heart-comforter, a child or wife :—
These books might torture out a cherub's life.

“ Nothing but books ! I shall go mad before
I've time to glance their very titles o'er.
Help ! help ! Unlock the dungeon. If this be
Three days of Heaven, what is eternity ?”

His friend, of creature comforts fond, was placed
At a rich table, with all viands graced.
He ate and drank with infinite good will,
And held his cup for every Grace to fill ;

But soon a surfeit came; the luscious fruit
 Palled on the palate; nectar followed suit;
 Ambrosia grew distasteful, wit and wine;—
 And yet the cry rose, "Brother come and dine."

Fine robes, rich viands, music, endless mirth,
 Gay jests, and all that seemed like Heaven on earth,
 Sufficed him not, tormented him at last,—
 But still the call was to a fresh repast.

Meanwhile their friend, of theologic lore,
 Entered within a grand cathedral door,
 First seized a harp and smote its tuneful strings,
 Then looked around to find his crown and wings.

Quoth he, "This is the place of all for me,"
 Nor noticed that the sexton turned the key,
 And, grave and reverent, thought he heard his own
 Election argued, in a godly tone.

'Twas sweet to think, that, with the favored few,
 Elect and precious, he was to review
 His own theology forever o'er:—
 But soon he found the services a bore.

Psalm followed sermon, sermon followed psalm;
 He dozed, woke, sighed, and nibbled at his palm;
 Felt on his shoulders for the wings to grow,—
 But still the sermon rolled with endless flow.

At last, forgetful that his Heaven was found,
 His doleful voice both psalm and sermon drowned:
 "Help! help! I stifle! Cease this horrid din.
 Eternal preaching is eternal sin."

Then, when the door was bolted found and fast,
 His form full length adown the aisle he cast,
 And begged and prayed some so!ace for his pain,—
 For good, old, homely weck days once again.

The trance was over. Each awoko to find
 Himself in earthly matter still enshrined:
 But, unto each, an Angel said within,
 "Celestial joys none but the toilers win.

"'Tis Heaven to live for others; to awake
From vain self-service for the Master's sake.
And Heaven unfolds from joy to joy above,
Through nobler ends of self-forgetful love.

"Books, sermons, pleasures, all in Heaven have place,
Heart blends with heart, and friends with friends embrace.
Each nobler instinct finds eternal play,
And ages pass as glides a bridal day."

"Fudge," cried the three, "we have been there and know,
'Tis all a bore after a day or so."—

"Exactly," was the answer, "as I said,
Book, sermon, pleasure, must to use be wed.

"Had you but gone, intent, in sweet employ,
To bear from Heaven some pure and holy joy,
Some word of cheer, some comfort, rich and rare,
To souls, oppressed with all a mortal's care,

"Each would have found the joyful spirit soon
Rounding and brightening like the crescent moon,
While the pure bliss its perfect circuit ran,
And glory closed the hour that peace began."

**THE NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING
ASSOCIATION.**

This Association has now completed its organization in compliance with the general act of incorporation.

The position of Secretary, heretofore occupied by JOHN W. NORTON, Esq., who has devoted his valuable services in the most self-sacrificing spirit, having been unavoidably rendered vacant by his withdrawal into other avocations, Rev. M. C. C. CHURCH has been elected as his successor. All business letters, and also communications, should, therefore, be addressed to him, No. 42 Bleeker Street.

GLIMPSSES OF THE NEW AGE--NO. 1.

BY MARGARET LEFFINGWELL.

THE LION AND THE DOVE.

A little time ago, a "great revival" passed like a searching wind through the length and breadth of our land, leaving scarcely a heart untouched by its mystic influences. Within the last few years, Spiritualism also,—with its living light and scathing fires,—with its hand of good and hand of evil,—has swept from extremity to extremity; social order has been rudely jarred to its foundations; a mercantile crisis has occurred for which, in extent, duration and remarkable consequences, history furnishes no parallel; terrific events by sea and by land, that have shrouded many homes in anguish and poverty; dread domestic calamities; hideous crimes stalking abroad with unblushing notoriety!

Are these things finalities, without definable cause or end? If not, *what do they portend?*

As the Incarnation of our Lord was announced in many ways, and through messengers of all degrees; as every revolution or great movement in the earth has had its sure prophets and indicators, so the wise and far-seeing are now looking for the great Event of this Period, of which these "signs and wonders" are but the heralds, the solemn warning notes of preparation.

Though the masses, blind, deaf and sin-encrusted, notwithstanding all these jostlings, are clinging with death-grasp to the old track, it gladdens the good soul to know that thousands, scattered here and there, are setting their houses in order, and amid such trials and purifications as the Lord appoints, are steadily watching and assisting the incoming of the New Age. Already, on the silent breeze, is borne the joyous birth-cry; already are some prepared to act as efficient helpers; already are a few spiritually armed to meet and resist the gathering hosts of Infernals.

All Christendom has professed to believe in a great final battle between the Church and Satan. The subdued and bleeding agonies of that conflict are now straining many a nerve to its utmost tension, and proving whether faith in God is an available reality. And is this conflict the less real because the demoniac foe steals in at midnight and wrestles in deadly combat till early morn?—when he who wins

the victory in Jehovah's name, goes forth to his daily labor, uttering no word, giving no sign. Through hundreds of these silent battles is the New Age being born; through hundreds of human channels, which the Lord has prepared, is descending that true CHARITY which is to be its prominent characteristic.

There are gleams of this coming age in Wallford, which, though humble, are cheerers and inspirers of hope. A backward glance over some twenty years, shows us a demure village, with two churches, known by the distinguishing appellations of "White Church" and "Chapel."

In narrowness and severity of doctrine, in strict adherence to hoary usages, in scrupulous exactness of forms and ceremonies, the former certainly bore the preëminence. But, in point of popularity, they were difficult of comparison. For, if the sexton of the White Church opened its doors to moderate numbers of the elderly, the fastidious, the richly dressed, the monied aristocracy, the Chapel was crowded with the younger, the active, the cheery part of the community, whose souls were ever peeping out from their eyes, and who went thither not so much for custom's sake as through attraction. There was always some word spoken that repaid the listening.

These two churches, similar in construction and size, occupied the extremities of Pleasant Street, rightly named, and not over long; upon the two central lots of which, separated only by contiguous gardens, stood the Parsonages, which, through a singular coincidence, had both been untenanted for a time, the preaching having been done by transient clergymen.

It was now announced that the Rev. Hezekiah Chester would officiate at the White Church: a man of medium height, complexion dark and colorless, eyes and hair jet black, features sharp and decided, brow broad and projecting, with a personal sphere that plainly said, "My abode is in the intellect; affections are worldly things, to be trodden down, crushed. Upon the firm foundation of science, I will erect a temple where truth shall dwell alone, supreme. Whoever will come down into Egypt and gather vast knowledges, will find in me a guide and helper."

As a philosopher, a walking Biblical Concordance, a delighted historian, a living compendium of scientific and rational treasures, he quickly assumed, by right of superior merit, the leadership of Wallford intellect. Seldom emerging from his study during the week, ever reading and writing laboriously, he arose before his well-or-

dered congregation on Sabbath morn, so thin and care-worn, so burdened with human lore, that the prevailing sentiment towards him was commiseration. Instead of bringing strength from God that his hearers might go away refreshed, he compelled each one to bear the burden of his overtaxed spirit. Nevertheless, his sermons contained many truths carefully elaborated from and thoroughly substantiated by the letter of the Word; the style was elegant and concise; they were delivered with acquired grace and faultless oratory; no secret or open sins were touched, no lurking enemy disturbed; pride and self-love were satisfied. What more could be demanded? Was the great end of preaching and Sabbath ministrations to arouse slumbering consciences, to point out evils of heart and life, to present the unbounded love of God, to lead weary, earth-bound souls home to heaven, accomplished? Time will prove.

The Reverend gentleman had been accompanied to Wallford by his wife and only child. This occurred prior to the promulgation of those sentiments which tend to separate the wife from the husband in parochial labors; and Mrs. Chester was old-fashioned enough to fancy that in the exercise of a diligent and heart-loving charity, in visiting the sick and comforting the distressed, in very tenderly advising and praying with the wandering, she was doing the Lord's work and making amends for the Pastor's unsocial habits.

Still youthful, fair and delicate, there was in Mrs. Chester a shrinking from rough humanity, a general unbelief in its depravity, a chastened spirit of hope and gentleness, which, while it was a mantle of protection in world intercourse, prevented her enjoyment of that higher degree of charity which peculiarly belongs to women or to that class of men in whom the feminine element is very strong. We refer to the celestial charities, those that have to do with the regeneration of the life through the heart, through love. Hers was a trembling, tearful, half-withholden affection, both towards God and man, which scarcely sufficed for herself, with none to spare; a winding, hidden rivulet that sparkled at rare intervals beneath powerful sunbeams; not a deep, ever-flowing river, bearing limitless burdens on its broad bosom; not the wakeful, watchful, soaring, active love, which, self-forgetful, will penetrate the darkest corner and give its entire light to lead an erring one back to the Lord.

Such outflowing love for humanity, with one foot in Heaven and the other on earth, impossible to be overcome or deterred by any human obstacles, was the Lord's gift to the gay, healthy, impulsive

child at her side, whose indiscriminate benevolence no rebukes could circumscribe, whose elasticity of spirit no coldness of offended dignity subdue. Inflowing and outflowing love made her daily life one prolonged jubilee.

"Everything is so beautiful, and I love everybody so much that I am dancing and singing and talking loud before I know it. I forget myself," was her invariable reply to lectures on decorum in general, and the exclusiveness demanded of a clergyman's daughter in particular.

"It is just that *forgetting* which makes all the trouble, my child," would the gentle mother plead. "You *never should* forget your papa's sacred office nor your own social position. Soon you will cease to be a child, and then it will be improper for you to love every one, it may bring you into great difficulties."

"Mamma, does the Bible mean precisely what it says?"

"Certainly; why do you ask?"

"Because I have read to you, Love one another, and it seemed to me so nice to find *that* in the Bible. I thought God might be pleased with me, after all, though I am giddy. But I want to please you too, dear mamma," and so, with tears, kisses and half-promises, these almost only shadows on the child's life floated by, leaving no traces.

Trust thy little one fearlessly with God, dear anxious mother, for within every stream of imparted love, He hath planted the seeds of a high and holy mission to some needful soul; dare not to check that love's outflow, lest some unconsciously waiting spirit be thus deprived of a ray of recipient brightness, of some sacred truth of which that love was the winged messenger. We know not what mischief we may do in striving to bend and shape the uncorrupted love of childhood. Instead of cramping and clogging it with earthliness, let us yield up the tender plant to the Lord, and in due season the fragrance of its flowers shall linger in many homes, and its golden fruit be gathered wheresoever He wills.

In the spring of the year following the induction of the Rev. Mr. Chester into office, preparations were evidently being made to reöpen the Chapel, which had been closed for an indefinite period, and in April there were landed at the vacant Parsonage innumerable boxes and packages, marked for the Rev. Samuel Lyon, the contents of which were arranged by kind, expectant friends. In due season the owner arrived, fresh from a bridal tour.

Young, too young to have been long drilled in theological dogmas, of towering height and corresponding giant-like proportions, with the graceful sincerity and dignity of a true gentleman, his crowning attraction was his face; eminently human, very far from indicating perfection, plain in all its features, it nevertheless cheered one's heart to look upon it. And having seen it once, you turned to scan it again and again, reading there his inmost character,—honest, upright, un-comprosing, willful, sometimes rudely perverse, yet deeply, tenderly loving; convincing you that within all those rugged elements, underneath those glaring imperfections, was concealed the capability of becoming a true heavenly messenger, and at last an Angel. But not yet. A long and narrow road the prophetic thought travels in anticipation ere that height is attained, a proud, obstinate human will is to bow passive and child-like to the Father; passions to be checked, then purified and made God's servants; the lofty citadel now armed for self and consecrated to ambition, dismantled, cleansed and opened wide for His fullest entrance.

It is an iron character and not easily wrought; therefore the more powerful the furnace, the sterner the hand that re-models it. Nevertheless, there are deeply-bedded veins of silver and sprinklings of gold gleaming ever and anon through the rough exterior. Love is its impelling force. You feel it in the warm, tenacious grasp of the hand, you see it mounting in crimson tides to his cheek and brow, and streaming from blue eyes of womanly depth and softness; it kindles in your bosom the glowing fires of his own; it pervades you with a living fervor; its sphere envelopes you like a sunny mantle; deeply attracted, you pass the hour in keen social enjoyment, spiced with a little learning, a large share of common sense, many anecdotes and more mirthfulness, and go away loving and beloved.

But if you are reflective, if accustomed to read something of the interior life, you will say, He is yet but a child; he lives from unre-generated impulses; this broad and genial affection may be the ladder on which he will climb to the highest Heaven, or, inverted, it may impel him to deeds over which demons shall triumph. He is not one to rest. Within, there is waging the great life-battle. As God or self eventually reign, so will be his future. For him there is no medium path; life is a series of intense realities; philosophical abstractions and speculations are so many cobwebs; living, preaching, praying, all are attuned to the same high key; his years are as the days of ordinary men; he will soon arrive at the parting of the ways.—

God guide him on that untrodden course, and protect him from the foes of his spiritual household!

The quiet bride, almost lost beside such a bridegroom, was a refined, and well educated young lady, with reserved manners and cultivated dignity, a guarded eye and well-measured words. Evidently, whatever might be *her* sins, they would have the sanction of order and prudence. It was difficult to see how two so opposite lives should flow smoothly in one channel. She had been the useful and well-respected Schoolmistress of a rural neighborhood where he had been itinerating the previous winter; and joyous enough at finding some one to love *especially*, had persuaded her that she was created for him; and he thoroughly believed it. Time will reveal. If there is a mistake, she will bear up with silent pride, grow colder with passing years, and cover her disappointment with manifold subterfuges; but woe and anguish to the great heart that longs for and hopes to have clasped its mate.

Mr. Lyon was neither too studious nor too idle to neglect his garden, his flowering shrubs or his vines; all were put in the nicest and most thrifty order, far outshining those of his clerical neighbor, who entrusted all worldly affairs to hired hands. And, next, his wife should have a splendid flower garden.

"But I do not want any," she said, slipping away from the arms he was continually throwing about her and the kisses that he almost wearied her with; a flower garden is a bore, because one must weed it continually; there's no end. I'd rather read."

"But you *shall* have them in the house, fresh ones morning and evening, to attract the fairies, you know; and we must have them for the children, and for all our sick friends, to say nothing of well ones; so I shall make a garden," and to it, nothing daunted, the beautiful May mornings were devoted.

It was approaching the completion. Already had he erected and crowned with a white rose-bush, the beautiful circular terrace, a trine in height, from which the flowers were to nod and wave in joyous recognition of the more humble occupants of the triangles, rectangles and circles below. Pausing to inhale, by anticipation, a draught of that happiness which the fruits of his work would communicate to others, he peeped slyly over his right shoulder, silently wondering if little angels ever came in loose brown linen wrappers and sun-bonnets, watching human labors, day by day, with soft, loving, blue eyes, and lips gently parted, and curls that stole out from the ging-

ham cape, gleaming in the morning sun like burnished gold? To have noted these particulars proved that he had not been unmindful of her presence, sitting always on a large stone just the other side of the dividing fence. And he had stolen many a glance, silently displayed many an attraction, only too glad to have her near him, only fearful that by speaking or other demonstration he might frighten her away; he had a peculiar habit of talking, as he worked, to invisible hearers; and now his vivid imagination served him a turn for fairy tales and gipsy stories truly remarkable, which, with snatches of songs, gay and tender, he strove to beguile her of any weariness. Leaning upon his garden shovel during this slight reverie the song lingered and finally paused upon his lips. Instantly a sweet voice had seized the air and melodious strains were poured forth that irresistibly drew the listener to her side.

Catching the welcoming smiles of the little stranger, whose face he had not yet distinctly seen for the depths of sun-bonnet in which it was hidden, he asked,

“Who taught you to sing, Miriam?”

“No one, if you please, sir. I know of myself. I learn whatever I hear. But who taught *you* to call me Miriam?”

“No one, my little lady. I know of myself. I learn names by intuition.”

“By *intuition*, sir? I don’t understand.”

“The same as you learn songs. God teaches us privately.”

“O, sir, do you think *that* is the way? I am glad to know it. I love God so dearly. But you are wrong now, I am Maud Chester.”

“No, it can’t be I who mistake. I always call people correctly when I first see them. Doubtless you were christened Miriam, but your mamma concealed it for some private reason and called you Maud. So you must be Miriam or nothing to me, my dear. Shall we agree to these terms, or shall I go away?” he demanded affectionately.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The HERALD OF LIGHT for the present month is sent to all our subscribers, as usual; but as our terms are in advance, those who do not receive the June number will understand that it is in consequence of their subscriptions not coming to hand.

EXTRACTS

From the Minutes of the Church of the Good Shepherd; giving the Letter of Resignation of REV. T. L. HARRIS; the reply of the Church; tender of Pastorship to REV. M. C. C. CHURCH; His Acceptance, &c., &c.

On Sabbath morning, April 17th, 1859, Reverend THOMAS L. HARRIS, Pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd in the city of New York, read to the Congregation the following

LETTER:

NEW YORK, April 9th, 1859.

To the Trustees and Congregation of the Church of the Good Shepherd:

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE FELLOWSHIP AND SERVICE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST:—It becomes my duty, under direction of our common Lord, to announce in this more formal manner, that, on and after the first Sabbath in May, my present use as Teacher in your Society is at its termination. Coming to you in the Lord's name, delivering according to the light and opportunities afforded the blessed message of His Word during my sojourn, I commit to you, as acceptors of that message and receivers of that Word, this parting exhortation.

The eyes of many, whether in the Old Church, in the New, or disconnected from both, are fixed upon your action. As you maintain the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, the sacred movement in which we are engaged, will, in a great measure, be justified; while any disruption in the sphere of Christian Fellowship in your midst will be followed by painful consequences, not alone to yourselves, but to these multitudes of anxious observers. Recollect, dear brethren, that, as a body, you are under a most special protection; that your spiritual foes, so long as you remain in the perfect blending of faith and charity, will have no power to induce dissensions; that, knit together by ties which the Lord's own blessed hands have fashioned, so long as you maintain those ties unbroken, you inhabit a strong city,

whose defences cannot be overcome. Love each other, then, with pure hearts, fervently: each in honor esteeming the other better than himself. Guard and keep inviolate your spiritual freedom; for without liberty there can be no internal order, no real prosperity. Judge of the truth of all doctrines presented, in the light of an internal consciousness and by the guidance of prayer and of the Word. Regard yourselves, whether as individuals or as a body, as but parts of that true Christian Church which includes all the good in all communions. Remember that the New Church is based, doctrinally, on the three cardinal tenets,—a belief in the Lord; in His Word; and in Regeneration through uses, exemplified in a life in strict consonance with all the commandments. Thus shall it be well with you; with your families; with all to whom you bear a love or sustain a use. And thus shall be in your midst continually a more direct presence of the Lord, a more glorious manifestation of the Heavenly City, New Jerusalem.

In the choice of a brother in the priesthood to be your minister, be guided by considerations of fitness, looking inwardly in prayer to know the Lord's will. Choose one, who, *First*, is sound in the three great essentials of the faith of the New Church; who, *Second*, is open and humble and teachable, and conscious of our Divine Redeemer's interior and guiding voice; who, *Third*, knowing by experience the sufferings of spiritual combat and temptation, is qualified in the Lord to hold up the weak hands and strengthen the feeble knees; who, *Fourth*, shall be conscious of a Divine call to labor with you, and who shall accept the office tendered in freedom, contented and willing to receive at your hands such voluntary contributions as from Sabbath to Sabbath you may be in a condition to bestow.

Having thus sought and received of the GOOD SHEPHERD, remember, beloved, that it is not by argumentative might, or rhetorical power alone, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that the priest fulfills his mission. Keep in mind that as you preserve sympathy for him, and charity with each other, the conditions under which preaching becomes continually more sweet, tender, wise and heavenly, are maintained. Look rather to be fed in the heart than charmed in the imagination. Words spoken in God

from the soul, rich with the unction of charity, you will receive. Be kind to him, as to one who bears, for your sakes, the weight of many responsibilities, the assaults of your own spiritual foes. Avoid comparing him with others; remembering that the gifts of the Spirit are various, and that each faithful servant has his own peculiar treasure. Profit by that treasure, whether it be conveyed in an earthen vessel or one of gold.

I am about to go upon a long and painful journey. To live and die in your service would have been sweet to me and to my beloved companion, had it been our Master's will. He orders otherwise; but be assured, that no ocean will ever roll, no foreign land be interposed between our hearts and yours. And if, for a time, we vanish from your sight, we know that still and forever you are present with us in the spirit. According to your ability, and with an ungrudging spirit, you have shared with us in those things which the body needs, doing it verily as unto the Lord. In the Lord we have received your kindness, in Him acknowledge and remember it; and if we in spiritual things, have ministered to you, trust us it has been a welcome burden, lightened by deep and solemn joy.

Farewell! May that Great Shepherd of the sheep, who has both sown and watered the seed, bring it in your midst to an abundant increase in eternal life, while we, united still in the service of the same Lord, press onward, through all the uses of our pilgrimage, to that rest in full regeneration which awaiteth the children of God.

(Signed.)

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

After the reading of the above letter, the meeting was organized by appointing a Chairman and Secretary. The Trustees were directed to draw up a suitable reply to Bro. HARRIS's letter. A Committee was appointed to carry out the points in the letter respecting the choice of a successor to Bro. HARRIS. The meeting then adjourned to the following Sabbath, April 24th, immediately after the morning's services, to hear the reports of the Trustees and the Committee.

At an adjourned meeting of the Congregation of the Church

of the Good Shepherd, held on Sabbath morning, April 24th, 1859, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, Our esteemed Pastor, the Rev. THOMAS L. HARRIS, feels it to be the Lord's desire that his sphere of uses should be removed to another land and another clime ; and

Whereas, In pursuance of this guidance he has tendered to this Church his resignation as Pastor thereof ; therefore be it

Resolved, That we recognize in this the Lord's Voice calling upon us to testify, by our action, that we have perfect trust and confidence in Him and His ability to supply the place He makes vacant.

Resolved, That the resignation of the Rev. T. L. HARRIS, as Pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, be and hereby is accepted.

Mr. NORRON, on behalf of the Trustees, then read the following letter :

NEW YORK, April 23d, 1859.

REV. T. L. HARRIS :

DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST :—Your letter resigning the Pastorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, read by you to the Congregation last Sabbath morning, was subsequently formally acted upon by the Church. On that occasion your resignation was received and the undersigned were appointed a Committee to inform you of its action thereon.

In discharging the duty imposed upon us, we are frank to say that it is one from which our hearts instinctively recoil,—a duty which brings with it the associations of our present and former heart-relations, so sweet, so tender and so holy. There is nothing that can reconcile us to the apparent sundering of these relations, but the Divine call which is placed upon us as a Christian people, and upon you as a Christian Pastor. We feel, with you, that all personal predilections and feelings must give place to more self-sacrificing, heaven-consecrated uses ; that each and all must do the Master's will, must obey the Divine Voice when heard as a sacred monitor within, calling for the exercise of charity, the fulfillment of duty, and the discharge of the imper-

ative obligations which Heaven demands. Never before have we felt so fully our responsibilities to the cause we have espoused, and in the maintenance and furtherance of which we stand ready, in the Lord, to do service wherever He leads the way.

We would love to linger over the joy-scenes you have so touchingly alluded to; we would love to enhalo with celestial light the tear-bedewed hours we have enjoyed under your ministrations,—ministrations, which, fired into intense ardor and conscience-arousing eloquence by the Divine Spirit within,—we hold as the most sacred of life's blessings; we would love to present each heart's beatitude encased in its own casket as an offering to the Great Giver; but these must be reserved for some future occasion when the soul is less burthened, when the cares, and anxieties, and sorrows of our common lot are swallowed up in the great ocean of our Lord's love. Although the full expression of our tender regard and sympathy for yourself and your dear companion is denied us here, we may be permitted to assure you of our warmest affection, of our entire confidence and esteem, and of the delightful pleasure it will afford us to coöperate with you in any good word or work which our dear Lord may have for us to do. Feeling thus, individually and collectively as a Church, we wish you, when the burdens of life sit heavily upon you, to look to our hearts and homes for comfort, and rest your wearied spirits, in the calm haven of our welcome.

The suggestions you have made in regard to the choice of a successor, meet with our cordial appreciation, and, we doubt not, the Committee to whom they were referred, and the Church, will give them proper attention. Although we may not succeed in filling *your* place, yet we will be content with our Lord's selection. His will be done!

We cannot say farewell! We are one in work, one in spirit,—our Divine Lord who watches over you and all will care for us, and the tender ties formed between us cannot be withdrawn or sundered: Spirit is the annihilator of space: Love the eternal chain which links all as one in God.

Accept this feeble expression of our sympathy, gratitude and affection, and live in the continued assurance that they will never

be withdrawn or abated; but increased, we hope, in time, and fully consummated and more perfectly realized in eternity. .
 - That the mercy of the Lord, the blessings of angels, and the communion of the saints on earth and in Heaven may be yours, is the sincere and earnest prayer of your brethren in the love and labor of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Truly, your brethren,

(Signed.)

HENRY J. NEWTON,
 HORATIO FOSTER,
 JOHN W. NORTON,

Trustees of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

On motion of Mr. REQUA, it was

Resolved, That the foregoing letter be accepted as the exponents of the feelings of this Church.

The Committee, to whom was referred the choice of a successor to Rev. T. L. HARRIS, made their report, wherein it was

Resolved, That an invitation be extended to the Rev. M. C. C. CHURCH to become—should he conceive it to be the Lord's will—the Pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

On motion of Mr. NORTON, the report of the Committee was accepted; and on further motion of Mr. NORTON, Dr. H. G. COX, Mr. G. W. SMITH and Mr. H. FOSTER, were appointed a Committee to wait on Brother CHURCH, and acquaint him with the action of the Committee, and report at an adjourned meeting.

On motion of Mr. NORTON, it was

Resolved, That if Brother CHURCH accepts the position of Pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, that Brother HARRIS be requested to preach the installation sermon next Sabbath evening.

On motion, the meeting was adjourned until next Sabbath, May 1st, directly after the morning services.

(Signed.)

H. J. NEWTON,

Chairman.

(Attest.) E. D. HAMMOND, *Secretary.*

On Sabbath morning, May 1st, the Congregation of the Church of the Good Shepherd met in pursuance to adjournment, Mr. H. J. NEWTON in the chair.

On motion, the reading of the minutes of the last meeting were dispensed with.

Dr. H. G. Cox, on behalf of the Committee, appointed at the preceding meeting, reported that they had informed Bro. CHURCH of the invitation extended to him to become the Pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, and that he had signified his acceptance of the same.

On motion, the report was accepted.

The meeting then adjourned, *sine die*.

(Signed.

HENRY J. NEWTON,

Chairman.

(Attest.) E. D. HAMMOND, *Secretary*.

REV. THOS. L. HARRIS.

Bro. HARRIS sailed on the 5th instant for Europe, where he will perhaps remain for some time fulfilling those duties and performing those uses which our dear Lord has placed upon him. His absence will make no difference as to the editorial management of the HERALD OF LIGHT. On the contrary, its readers may expect to find an increased interest in the variety and sterling worth of the articles from his pen. Placed at a point of observation, amid the whirl of the breaking up of the religious thought in the old world, the inspirations which flow through him may give some insight and explanation of the anomalous conditions of affairs there, especially as these conditions have their primary plane in the cause-world. c.

SONGS OF FAIRY LAND.

FAIRY NIGHTINGALE:

Where English roses scent the air,
And daisies in the meadows grow,
I bid the nightingale declare
The bliss that stirs his bosom so.

The moon is in a tender haze;
The air-white stars are in a dream;
The silver fount in music plays;
The dimples darken on the stream.

'Tis night! 'tis night! the Poet wakes;
The poppy dews of slumber fail: †
The soul its dusky shell forsakes,
And listens to the nightingale. †

Sing sweeter still, thou tender bird!
With bridal rapture in thy lay;
The Poet's heart is inly stirred,
And soon the world shall hear him say:

"Deep in my heart a garden grows,
Meet for thine eyes, my Love, alone;
Within it blooms the fairest rose,
And sings the bird of sweetest tone.

"The bud begins its crimson leaves
To open, with a fond delay;
The nightingale is glad, and weaves
A lyric for our wedding day."

THE LIBERATION OF THE INTELLECT.

The first care of a New Church must be the renovation of the heart; the second,—and only second in importance to the former,—the emancipation of the intellect. Philosophy, the boasted liberator of the human understanding, but takes the mind from the frivolities of the senses and the domain of an uncultured ignorance, to bind it the more hopelessly at its own pagan altars. The mere philosopher, boasting of freedom, is the slave.

“The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom and the knowledge of the holy understanding.” “The pure in heart see God.” Knowledge, upon the basis of the unregenerate selfhood, is like those dark pyramids, reared by the ferocious Aztecs to their sanguinary gods. However high may rise the culture of the self-worshiper, its topmost shrine is desecrated by the colossal image of his own depraved interiors: the services before it are borrowed from the sorceries of hell.

But culture based on the regenerate heart, and in fact the crystalization of its pure and tender affections in the harmonious forms of knowledge,—that, like the aerial gardens of the Oriental King, blooms forever, watered by the sweetest dews of Heaven; while, from its elevated summit, nothing less pure than the native-born aromas of the skies is wafted to the gazing and delighted multitudes.

The liberation of the intellect can only be effected through regeneration. The mere philosopher can deliver his pupil from the chimeras that awe the vulgar; alas! he cannot deliver him from an evil selfhood; cannot free him from the master passions which domineer alike over the learned and lowly,—self-love, the love of pleasure, of possession and of rule. Before the intellect ever can be made a pure, transparent lense, reflecting accurately the images of the Divine Ideas, the heart must undergo a revolution: self-love must die.

Until a man is born again, in the Divine quickening of every truly noble and human love, he is intellectually insane. The disease of the intellectual world of the present day is a veiled and disguised lunacy. The grandest of intellectualists, when

the spiritual degree of the mind is opened, unless the heart has been made right, are but so many gibbering and shrieking demoniacs. We crave attention to this view. The interior and real mind, the mind of the spirit, when the heart has become a mad-house of evil passions, repeats, as wisdom, their ever-changeable fantasies. Evil in the heart inextricably connects itself with falsehood in the mind: hence the culture, which enriches man with all that science, art, history or philosophy, in our world's acceptance of these terms, can furnish, but affords him, in the next theatre of action,—deficient in the one thing needful, a new heart,—the materials to feed the fire of an internal delirium.

The unregenerate man, therefore, can only preserve an appearance of sanity by shutting himself within those more external forms of knowledge which are the property of the mere natural understanding. Here, it is true, an ample ground is afforded for the display of the natural reason and the technical and verbal memory. Hence the devotion of the savans of our age to merely material researches; hence their instinctive dread and shrinking from those which are divine.

It is only as the Spirit of God takes possession of the heart that man can reason rightly from spiritual causes to natural effects. It is, therefore, only among the regenerate that a true culture is possible. Yet here we approach a field of thought which compels us to expose the grave mistakes, the sins against the understanding, into which large bodies of religious minds have ever fallen. Assuming that the regenerate heart is incapable of forming for itself, in the light of the Holy Spirit, and with the assistance of the Divine Word, a true and real knowledge, they have systematically labored to keep the intellect in leading strings; to hoodwink the spiritual vision.

The young heart receives the Divine Spirit; is quickened by its Heavenly Father to a pure and generous love; for the first time is in a state to grasp the central truths of the great universe of truth in which it lives, as the Divine radiance beams splendidly upon the unclosing faculties of the understanding; is translated out of darkness into this marvellous light. But what then? Alas! that it should be so: The church itself, the kind mother, who has borne this infant spirit to her Divine

Lord, in short-sighted ignorance feeds the craving soul with an intellectual opium; starves or stupefies its powers; until, at last, the intellectual condition of the masses of young converts may be characterized but by one word,—stupidity. Finally the organ of spiritual perception is to all present uses obliterated, and her disciples swim in the icy pools of a technical theology, like the eyeless fishes in their dark chill river of the Mammoth Cave. Fear seizes them; fear of excommunication in this world and damnation in the next, should they dare to question an article of faith. If even the potato vine finds the air of a cellar uncongenial, and palely vegetates toward the day; how much more shrivelled and shrunken must be the human spirit, which, in the dark bin of some stifling creed-house, remains often for half a century without manifesting in the intellect as much of interior unfolding as is exhibited by the potato.

The thinkers are outside of the church,—driven out. The history of Protestantism has exhibited the deplorable fatuity of persecution for the sake of doctrine, without, so far as we know, a solitary exception upon the part of any of its bodies. The thriving men, the safe men, are the dullards and the drones.—Reasoning is conducted within a vicious circle: a creed is devised by each seceding body, and then enforced with a procrustean tyranny. The church ignores thus the splendid possibilities of the regenerate understanding. Men know more, in the church, about fossils and chemicals, than three centuries since, because, providentially, the fathers did not include these mundane matters within the catechism: But Theology has stood still in the church. Look for a moment at some of the consequences. The SPIRITUAL INTELLECT, arrested and kept in puling babyhood, exists but as a shrivelled dwarf, within the material understanding, which has grown shambling, ape-like and hideous, because the spiritual intellect, which should be its informing soul, has vegetated in obscure seclusion. Material science absorbs into its ranks the most amply endowed and highly gifted of human beings, while the animus of the enormous body is perpetually to exalt the physical side of life and to ignore the hyperphysical. The dark ages reign as despotically in the Protestant pulpit as they ever did in the medieval schools of Paris or Sa-

lerno. The ghosts, the forlorn ghosts, of Aristotle and Augustine, inspire the preachments of the mighty sects that dared in their origin to brave the thunders of Papal Rome. A subtle and impalpable Jesuitism stalks through every institution where their young men are educated for the temple. Genius is repressed, originality silenced, inspiration rendered nugatory, and premiums afforded to slavish and impious conformity: a terrible condition of affairs! The youth, accustomed to hear his own deepest and holiest intuitions derided as vagaries or blasphemies, grows distrustful of all that is God-like in his inmost being; and, at last, becomes the pedant or the martinet, breaking in the coming generation to the slavery against which he once in secret repined and rebelled.

The remedy for this condition of affairs is obvious. The philosopher fails to emancipate the understanding of mankind because he ignores regeneration. Hitherto Protestantism has failed to bear the noblest fruit, because, while it asserts the necessity of the liberation of the heart from sin, it fails to provide for the emancipation of the intellectual powers. The New Church meets the issue and opens the door into the Golden Age of universal inspiration; first by insisting on the entire surrendery of the individual will to the Infinite purposes of the Creative Spirit, and, secondly, by holding the intellect free to grow and to thus become the reservoir of the descending ocean of that truth which has its fount in Heaven.

REMOVAL.

The office and depot for the publications of the New Church Publishing Association has been removed to No. 42 Bleecker Street. In thus transferring their place of business, the object of the Association has been to provide rooms less exposed to the noise of a crowded business thoroughfare and the confused spheres which accompany it.

THE BALLAD OF ROSABEL.

"It is lonely, it is lonely, in the cloister where I dwell ;
Let me journey to the Earth-Life," said the Spirit Rosabel.
"Let me veil my form and features, that he once accounted fair,
In some dusky shape that pagans, who are sold to bondage, wear.
By the thousand vows he proffered, by the sorrow when I died,¹
He must surely sit in darkness, mourning ever for his bride."

"Nay, thou fond and trusting Spirit," cried a Demon-voice below,
"He hath found another maiden, as a solace for his woe,
And he woos her in the gardens, where the stars alone may see,
With the voice that won thy being, with the vows he pledged to thee :
For the man but loves the woman as a plaything at the best.—
So the lips be fresh and rosy, 'tis enough, and they are prest.
Doth a rose outlast the summer ? or the foam outlive the wave ?
Lover's vows are painted bubbles, and they break upon the grave."

"Nay, thou Demon !" was the answer, "in my spirit I divine
That the tears of holy sorrow on his dreaming eye-lids shine ;
That the golden ring I gave him glistens yet upon his hand,
And he hopes again to find me in the blissful Sabbath Land.
I could see truth's living jewels in his mind's pellucid well ;
I could almost hear the love-birds in his faithful breast that dwell :—
He is waiting, surely waiting, with a heart that seeks its love,
Growing fairer, growing purer, for the bridal torch above."

High above the Earth of Spirits, where the Holy live alone,
In the far Celestial Heaven, rang a lyre of tender tone,
For the youngest of the Angels, with a new-found voice and sweet,
Poured his heart, in honied raptures, at the great All-Father's feet.
Then a Voice, in tones the sweetest, all his soul with music fed :
"Haste thou back to earth, beloved," thus the Lord of Glory said ;
"Find a soul who fain would journey to the land where mortals dwell
To the very room she died in, lead the Spirit Rosabel.

Swiftly sped that loving Angel, with the Spirit, all unseen,
To the very room she died in ; 'twas the haunted Hallowe'en.
Pacing slowly, pacing saintly, with a sad and solemn tread,
Through the midnight watched the bridegroom ; knelt at last beside
the bed ;

From his breast drew forth a ringlet, treasured there with pious care,
 Fondly gazed, and pressed close kisses on the twining golden hair ;
 Breathing only, " Father ! guide me through this cold and weary life,
 In the paths of love and mercy, to my dear departed wife :
 Let me lean upon Thy promise ; thine Evangel doth foretell
 That, in some far shining mansion, waits my blessed Rosabel."

Then a light of softest glory lit the darkness of the room ;
 And an Angel stood beside him like a lily in its bloom ;
 With a branch of dewy myrtle touched the widowed bridegroom's
 eyes,

And he saw, for one sweet moment, with the vision of the skies.
 Like a maid of sixteen summers, clothed in robes that virgins wear,
 With a jewel on her bosom, and a white rose in her hair,
 With her pale hands folded meckly, and the smile that told of rest,
 Stood the living wife before him, soothed the tumult of his breast,—
 Whispered, " I am waiting for thee ; let thy heart its bliss foretell.
 Oh ! I knew that thou wert faithful to thy faithful Rosabel."

THE ROSARY.

I.

The flower that gives itself away,
 In fragrant airs, to Heaven that rise,
 Though still the calyx must decay,
 Blooms on, to grace the skies.

So humble hearts, on earth that made
 A self-forgetful love their choice,
 Dwell, with celestial bloom arrayed,
 In Heaven, and there rejoice.]

THE STUDENT'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "NESTLE-TALKER."

We were visited, one fine September day, at Grimesby Park, by a youthful student, who, after his matriculation at one of the German Universities, was enjoying the successful conclusion of collegiate life, and building up a constitution, somewhat overtasked with study, by a ramble over the isles. Deeply read in the peculiar philosophy of Hegel, and not without an admiration for the refined idealisms of Fichte, he still seemed unconsciously to have wrought, from his own consciousness, many of those truths of the New Church which are supposed by some to have been vouchsafed to none others than the Swedish Sage. He amused us by narrating a tale, not wholly as fact nor yet entirely as fiction; to which the reader may attach whatever importance he pleases, though to me it was not without a rich significance. However, without preface, to the story:

"Thou must know," began the animated and friendly youth, "that in Germany are the remains of extensive forests. In one of these my grandsire resided; his employment being that of a superintendant or steward of a wild woodland district belonging to the Elector. It was in one of these solitary dingles, as tradition avers, that, sleeping at the noon-day hour, beneath the shade of a spreading beech, he met with an adventure which not alone produced at the time a deep impression, but, by its consequences, affected all his subsequent life.

"He had gone out for the purpose of levying the tax upon a party of charcoal burners, and was returning home bearing in his girdle the gold. He sat down, somewhat fatigued, for his morning journey had been over hill and dale for several leagues, and, soothed by that concord of agreeable sounds which makes the forest an orchestra and every leaf a musician, sank into a light, and, as it seemed to him, a brief sleep. On awakening, the sun had gone down. The dim and dubious glades were lost in the vague uncertainty of star-light. It was equally impossible for him to retrace with certainty his path to the village of the charcoal burners, or, what would have been more pleasant, to the

rural chateau in which his residence was fixed. There were out-laws too in the forest, and if, being of a stout heart, he feared not the risks of the encounter for himself, he still was not without anxiety for the safety of the tax money which he carried. Something there was, however, in the soft rustle of the beech tree, something in the quiet friendliness of the secluded scene, that made him almost content to make the green, thymy sward his couch, and, wrapt in his good cloak, to pass the night in quiet. Commending himself therefore to Him whose Heavens above declare His glory, it was not long before my grandfather had forgotten, in a pleasing lethargy of the senses, that he had for a place of slumber no spot better than the wood.

“He woke at midnight. The wind had gone down, yet, from afar, a sound of aerial laughter was borne, growing clearer and yet more strangely musical and ethereal. Suddenly there was the rustling of pinions, the gleamy light and dancing motion of ethereal beings, and then a song, in which he could not help joining, for it seemed as if the melody woke some latent spirit of music within his breast.

“Scarcely had this airy throng vanished, which they did with great rapidity, than, gliding with a graceful motion, a green snake dilated upon the emerald sward till she lay at length upon a bed of wild Anemones, gasping as if for life and convulsed with ineffectual struggles. At length the skin of the serpent parted, and, to his astonishment, a graceful, modest maiden stood in its place. Light wings, airy as the pinions of a butterfly, played upon her dimpled shoulders; her abundant tresses flowed in sparkling waves till they met the golden girdle at her waist.—Her robes, almost impalpable, yet exhaled an intense fragrance to the night; and the radiance of her veiled bosom burned alternately with an amber and emerald flame. Her features were noble, and, while the cheeks were pale as those of a marble goddess, the lips were crimsoned like some newly-opened rose-bud or oriental shell. But that feature which was most noteworthy, and indeed which eclipsed all others, was the eyes. Large, dark and dreamy, and full, as it seemed to the gazer, of a bashful, maiden light, to look upon them was to yearn hopelessly, to be

filled with strange, impassioned longings, to wish to live and die at the fair enslaver's feet.

"The lady turned, hearing the suppressed sigh, and, for my grandsire was then a noble, comely youth, looked as if not displeased to find a mortal the witness of so wondrous and lovely a transformation. She reached out her hand with a friendly gesture, whispering, in a voice of thrilling sweetness, 'I am the fairy Preciosa. I possess the power of making those who love me, wise, fortunate and happy. Know that it was I who caused thy noonday slumber beneath the beech. This gift of causing sleep at will I am also enabled to bestow on others. Earth is my play ground, but I reside within the soul of the atmosphere. By the law of my being, if I would pass from the one to the other, I must assume, during the transition, the form of a green snake. This, however, is but momentary. Say, Beloved Youth, canst thou love the fay?'

"With these words she fixed upon him a penetrative and tender glance, and he was about to exclaim, 'A thousand-fold better than any mortal woman,' when a wood pigeon flew in circles around the spot, and then seemed, by every effort, endeavoring to attract the attention of the fascinated youth. At first the feathers of the bird were of a soft and glossy brown, but they gradually became of a vivid scarlet hue. Still uttering its melodious voice, the winged flutterer pursued its airy circles, wholly bent, apparently, on drawing the mind away with its own mysterious motions.

"The dark eyed maiden, beholding the bird, frowned and cried aloud, 'Karl, I know that thou dost love me. Learn that the pigeon conceals the form of a Magician, the most cruel and dangerous enemy both of thee and the fay. By means of magic he is enabled to becloud the senses, to cheat the fancy and to produce upon his subjects incurable hallucinations. I can defend myself against his arts, and thee too, but thou must sleep while my fingers are laid upon thine eyes. Thou wilt awake endowed with more than human powers, and one of them will be the ability to resist his arts.'

"Saying this she glided toward him with an airy grace in which the very poetry of motion seemed to live, while at the

same time the light of her profound eyes became more soft and ardent. Determined, apparently, to resist her approach, the dove at length spread its wings and flew as if to dart into her breast, whereat the maiden, shrinking and receding, was lost once more in the form of the green serpent, and in that image glided away.

“The crimson dove now seemed delighted, and, fluttering upward, disappeared in a rosy cloud, which overhung the forest glade. In spite of his vexation, the young man, drawn by an irresistible yearning of the heart, was compelled to gaze on this new wonder. Beyond it lay the blue Night with its innumerable stars, and, from its bosom, emerged a pearly chariot, drawn by swans, and seeming to glide over the bosom of the tranquil ether, as if upborne upon the waves of some ethereal and gently swelling sea.

“In the chariot appeared seated a radiant young man, wearing a purple vesture, starred with gold. His brows were crowned with silver laurel leaves, gemmed with amethysts and rubies.— Wonder was lost in a sense of deep delight, too exquisite for the mortal senses, unassisted, to endure, when, instead of the beaming but lovely stranger, two appeared in the chariot emerging from one, the bridegroom and his bride. They were affectionately engaged in reading from the same Book, which lay between them, and, pronouncing the words together, while the sentences formed themselves into embodied thoughts in the atmosphere, scintillant with the bright hues of paradise, and imaging delicious fruits and odoriferous flowers. The crimson dove, at this instant, reappeared, and the young man now perceived it to have, for its abiding-place, no less sacred a spot than the bosom of the beautiful, matronly form, becoming still more angelic in a superhuman loveliness as the organs of vision grew accustomed to the sight.

“The voice, proceeding from the chariot, seeming to reach the heart by a process wholly its own, and to awaken there a response in the very language of the first-born affections, thus addressed the astonished, bewildered watcher:

“Young man, learn that Heaven, from the moment of birth, bestows on every human spirit Angelic Guardians. We are thine; our office silently to watch the unfolding affections, to

quicken the conscience into a noble activity, and, without trespassing on the domain of the will, to nourish the germ of every latent virtue.

“The phantom from whom thou wert attracted by the dove, is one whose dangerous arts have ruined many like thyself.— Learn that she but personates a gentle fay, a race incapable of guile; as she is utterly devoid of any element by which to honor God or serve mankind. At once a demon and a haunter of the earthly world, she assumes a shadowy and impalpable but material form, supplied by the life which she absorbs from human beings in their sleep, the better to obtain the confidence of those whom she designs at last to make her slaves. Had you been permitted to become a captive, reason would have left you,—that better reason which discriminates between the Beautiful in thought, in feeling and in action, and its base, repulsive opposite. Absorbing into yourself her own forever burning passions, your peaceful life would no more have sufficed as a means of happiness, nor would the calm delights of the domestic circle have fed the heart.

“‘You shall have, ere many days, an illustration of the lesson which we would now enforce. When thou returnest to thy home thou wilt find there a missive, from the Count of Odenheim, requesting thee to visit him at his castle. On doing so thou wilt find two maidens there, one in the image of the Siren who has endeavored to delude thee; the other of humble birth, the daughter of the forester, and only beautiful to the inner eye, which, penetrating the mask, discerns the soul, forever young. Take thy choice, for both will be presented, by those circumstances which are rightly called the ways of Providence. Yet remember that with the former thou takest the Siren, with the latter the Angel,—that the proud beauty hides the serpent in her bosom, while the humble damsel nurtures the dove within her heart.’

“The rest of the narration,” continued the student, “is only of value as affording a singular corroboration of this mysterious and two-fold apparition. Arriving in the early morning at his residence, my ancestor found there a missive inviting him to the castle of Odenheim without delay. A niece of the Count, a lady of singular beauty and amply dowered in her own right,

met him as with the very smile and voice of the phantom who had called herself Preciosa. Despite the warning, he had well nigh succumbed to her charms. The deep magnetic glance, in particular, was possessed of a power not far short of enchantment. This dangerous creature, as he learned afterward, had driven one noble knight to suicide and caused the madness of another.— Her glances seemed to possess the power of inducing a frenzy in the brain, while her singular demeanor, now bold, now bashful,— to-day warranting the wildest hopes, to-morrow blighting every tender affection,— served to produce at last a state bordering on despair. Ere many days, he beheld the Serpent Phantom, in the twilight, hovering over her, and saw the green viper nestling apparently in the folds of her dainty robe.

“Recoiling at this fearful confirmation, he sought the forest-er's daughter, and found her a plain and unpretending girl, with no claims to beauty other than those which light up even the irregular features of the good and innocent with a something holy, inexpressibly attractive for the incorrupt. Her he married. Perhaps the most singular portion of the legend is the conclusion. In her sleep she seemed transfigured. Often a rosy lustre played upon her face. The melodious language of some Celestial Country dropt in gentle murmurs from her lips, and a radiant, fluttering visitant, visible sometimes as a dove, with plumage of a bright crimson, was observed disappearing in her breast.

“They lived long and happily together, crowned with nuptial felicity such as few enjoy; and, over the old lady's death-bed, in her departing hour, was heard the rustling of invisible pinions and the chorus of celestial voices; while more than one present beheld, as the eye closed and the bosom heaved its last sigh, a splendid light, which, arising from the breast, receded from their vision, wearing the likeness of the crimson dove.”

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