

Thomas Lake Harris,

# THE GOLDEN CHILD;

—A DAILY CHRONICLE.—

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## PART III.

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### GIFTS OF INNOCENCE.

Numbers 67—85.

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A Naked Child, on Eden's wall he stands,  
Holding the golden apples in his hands.  
"I cannot come to you," he says, "but see  
This glowing fruit; and rise; and taste with me."

Like spices in some altar's votive urn,  
His words diffuse rich fragrance while they burn.  
Attend the lay, inhale the deep delight,  
Before the cloud invails him from your sight.

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# GIFTS OF INNOCENCE.

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# GIFTS OF INNOCENCE.

## THE FAIRIES' CHRISTMAS EVE.

67.

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"For myself," said Prince Wisdom, "I must say, that I take exceeding enjoyment in this Family."

Aunt Pearl-of-Wisdom sat in her opal chair, nursing her seventeenth baby, a blue-eyed, tiny charmer, resembling her illustrious father, Earl Wing-foot. Looking up she responded;—"The Divine Wisdom will be justified in the offspring of the House."

Lady Precious-Pearl, another member of the household, added—"Many a little makes a mickle. We shall be enough, by and by, to take away Death, as sunbeams take away a mountain of snow. Grandfather Rabbit used to say, that 'it was all bears.' Where bears had their dens and reared their cubs, what do we now see? twelve streets of palaces, built in precious stones. Yes, and I have a house in Music Street; No 14 Paradise Row; 'Happy Villa!' and happy it is."

Sir Sunbeam Courage sent in his card. In walked the stately knight, saying, "Merry Christmas, all!" The Fairies keep Christmas eve as the beginning of Christmas day.

In came the most venerable and beloved of all Fairies; indeed, the very Melchisedec of Fairies, who preserves on Earth the tradition of the ancient Golden Age. He is called the 'Great Phoenix;' and also the 'Wise Phoenix.' He renews his youth at the beginning of every cycle, and so becomes young again. His beard is now white as snow and reaches to his girdle, but his eyes are piercing and brilliant as the rays of the Fairy Sun.

All rose to greet the Phoenix, as children, making reverence. He answered;—"Bless you, my children; my princes and princesses. 'Comfort ye My People,' saith the Lord. I saw the Star in the East to night."

All at once Music began. The angelic fays, in the higher expanses, were heard a-singing, and the melody dropped over them with a shower of precious incense. They opened the windows and went out on the balconies, to hear it better, and sat listening with great joy.

And now the Star in the East became visible to them all: it shone brighter and brighter: it was soon as light as day; transfiguring all objects; glorifying the faces of the Fairies, where they sat, with mild and blessed radiance: but the Phoenix became more illuminated than any of them. You might say, that his body was a lamp of living fire.

Now too they could hear the melody of the song quite distinctly; the trumpeters with their trumpetings and the harpers with their harpings. Thus the music and the song went on, forming themselves at last in words set in a resplendent rainbow, spanning from south to north and quite overarching all the sky.

Soon Father Phoenix rose and floated over them, borne up in the transports of his bliss, while the words in the rainbow entwreathed themselves in this inscription, visible over all Fairyland:—

“THE KING OF GLORY.”

By this time every body was out of doors, beholding the resplendent sight: yes, every body, even to the smallest child. Then appeared a second rainbow, from the East to the West, so that the two formed a flaming and many-colored cross,—a sight never witnessed in Fairyland before; and in the rays of the second rainbow was wrought the inscription:—

“BEHOLD, HE COMETH!”

Then all Fairyland was entranced in joyful and tender adoration, till Father Phoenix returning from his flight, stood amidst them, leaning on Prince Wisdom, as on a son.

All listened, in great awe, while the most beloved and venerable of all Fairies said, in low, deep tones;—“Every thing that has a beginning has an end. I see the End approaching, very nigh: and then a New Creation, wholly in the beatitudes. The stain shall be wiped away from the heart of Earth; the shadow shall be lifted from its face.—Comfort ye, comfort ye My People!”

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## THE VISION OF FEATHERED FOWL:

### A LEGEND OF THE COMFORT FAMILY.

68.

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The Great Bronze Turkey, primate and glory of Farmer Comfort's Poultry Yard, had corn for breakfast; it being the morning before Christmas, and afterward stood on a sunny knoll, with the elders of the village; Quackly, the Drake, Call-crow, the Cock, Parson Gander, and others of his friends.

Quoth Call-crow;—"Dr. Gander, what becomes of a Turkey, when he dies?"

The Parson answered;—"I don't mind telling you. There is a tradition, to the effect, that once upon a time, a distinguished nobleman, of the Gobbler family,—bless me! it was the night before Christmas, to be sure,—had a vision.—A vision, my Brethren, is when a small person, who might live in a corn-seed, strokes a Fowl over his eyes, with a feather from the left wing of the GREAT PHŒNIX, just as he is falling asleep. The effect of the stroking is that the Fowl sees, by a small, new pair of eyes, into the World where we Birds come from; and to which we may all hope to go,—please the Great Phœnix,—if such be our happy fate.

"However, to the tradition. This Gobbler, whose name was Prize-fat, thought that he lay with his head cut off. Joy the first!—A thumb was laid upon his neck. Then it seemed that something burst around him like a pod of milk-weed; and he instantly found himself floating among a lot of jolly little fellows, each bestriding one of the flying, feathery balls, kicking up his heels, frolicking, and rolling in it as it rolled.

"One of these gay chaps said to the Gobbler, 'Brother Turkey, get into your turkey-seed, and bring him out, to sport with us milk-seed boys.'

"Prize-fat said that, in his vision, it tickled him all over to hear of being made a Turkey-seed. He had always heard about

growing big, ever since he chipped the egg, and came out a chick; but this was the first time that he had ever heard about growing little. He had always thought outside, as far as his appetite,—and a fine appetite he had, thanks to the Great Phoenix, as we all have here. Now to find something to think about, inside of his appetite, soothed him wonderfully.

“Soon he began to find himself getting out of his fat, out of his feathers, out of his bill. Then something went ‘pop’ again and up he rose!—‘Bless the Great Phoenix!’ quoth he, ‘I never knew that a turkey-seed was a boy, a small boy, a very small boy, the very smallest of all small boys; but here I am, a boy again, only I have kept my wings.’

“By this time,—so the vision went on,—the milk-seeds had mostly gone bounding over the hill; but one, that had waited to the last, clapped him on the shoulder, crying, ‘It’s prime! it’s jolly!’ Then milk-seed took off his coat, and stood very stately and beautiful in his small size, and said, ‘Come, you strip off your coat too. The littler we get the jollier we grow, If you keep your coat on you may have to go down into an egg again, and be hatched; but if you take it off, as I have mine, where wout we go?’

“Prize-fat replied:—‘*Where will we go?* I have heard of a terrible place called the OVEN, a place where there are dripping-pans, and great fires.’

“Milk-seed at this began to shake his sides. ‘Brother Prize-fat,’ said he, ‘the Fleshly Substance, that you constructed, in your benevolent life, is on its way, already, to the Oven: where it is going to be made Good to Eat. Think of that, Prize-fat,—Good to Eat!’

“The Turkey quaked. ‘What,’ said he, ‘will they eat Me, as I used to eat grasshoppers?’

“Milk-seed answered, with a broad grin, ‘Why, yes! they will stuff your belly with crumbs of bread, and lumps of butter, and savory herbs. They will feel of you, and heft you, and handle you as delicately as if you were a Dead Emperor, embalmed in precious spices. Only the odors of dead emperors are not agreeable to the nose, while the smell of You, as you come smoking out of the Oven, steaming and glorious, will waft

from the kitchen to the parlor, making the whole house glad for it.

“Then you will come on, throned on a platter of state. The ducks and chickens, the ham and tongue, the spices and pickles, the great plum pudding and the christmas pies, and a host of good things, smelling of brandy, and raisins, and sugar, and nutmegs, will be there. But they will all stand below you doing homage: you being the King of the Feast!

“Bless you, Prize-fat! what a noble joy is before you, to stand in your gay dress, invisibly smiling above the table; to see that Mountain of Refreshment, that you built up, in your virtuous life, for the use of that needy creature, Man, carved and served in slices,—here a wing, there the merry-thought,—and so Honored! and Praised! and Eaten! while they crack their jokes, and enjoy the good cheer!!!—I don’t wonder that it puts your modesty to the blush. I am divided in my opinion, as to which I should like the best; whether to be a slice of you, and so enjoy the luxury of being eaten; or to be your small, triumphant Self, presiding like the Good Genius, over the feast that you have made.’”

At this point Parson Gander’s narrative was broken off before he had time to tell the end. Farmer Comfort entered the poultry yard, where he had long dispensed a bounteous hospitality to the Feathered People. The great Bronze Gobbler knew, by an approving and benevolent look in the Farmer’s eye, that his life was about to culminate. Inly he lifted his thought to the Great Phoenix, and was reconciled to his fate. A light dawned upon him that he had never seen before. As he was lifted and carried off, in the Farmer’s arms, he whispered to himself so that Parson Gander heard him, “Prize-fat saw it: and I shall see it too!”—the day after was Christmas, *and see it he did.*

Yes, he did! If ever Turkey enjoyed being eaten, that Turkey did; for he was eaten with pious thanksgivings, charitable thoughts, and sincere prayers, offered to Him who came as the Child, that Christmas, in all its kind affections, might be kept everywhere, by every body, round the Year, and round the world!

In the Comfort Family they kept Christmas always as a very

blessed day. The Farmer was once overheard to remark, that "Christmas was his Religion;—brave thoughts, brave deeds, and plenty of brave cheer!"

You should have seen the Table. At one end sat Father Comfort himself: on one side of him his two small boys Teddie Comfort and Cornie Comfort. Then on the other side of him began another row; Kanaye Comfort and Jamie Comfort leading the file. Then came Aunt Emily Comfort, Aunt Celia Comfort, Aunt Mary Comfort, and then Uncle Samuel Comfort, and Uncle Arthur Comfort in their uniforms, just home from the war; Comforts here, Comforts there, Comforts everywhere! and those who were not at that table had their Pictures on the walls crowned with evergreen, that all might see.

You should know, that these Comforts are the most united family in the world. It was said, of the Great and Ancient Founder of the Name, 'this is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' He was also called by such names as "Help-in-time-of-Need." That is his picture in the Cathedral, where He is represented as a Shepherd, carrying little lambs in His Bosom, and followed by His sheep, whom he is leading into Paradise. The Comfort Family keep Christmas very reverently, because their Great Ancestor was born into the world on that very day.

As I said, this is the most united of families. If you see one of them, all the rest are sure to be not far off; not farther than your heart; in the next room; or on the higher floor of the House: or in the green fields and gardens, by the river of clear water, that runs close by.

There sat the Farmer: at the other end of the table sat the Farmer's wife; Mrs. Lily Comfort—Mother Comfort they called her, and so everybody called her in the land. On one side she had her smallest boy, Usie Comfort, a brave young offspring, and like his mother, with blue eyes and golden hair. On the other side in her high chair sat the baby, Miss Artalilla Comfort, making round eyes, and seeing things, you may be sure. This brings us to the end.

What did Missy see when she made those round eyes? Why did she say, "I ubs oose! I ubs turps!" Two merry sprites, crown-

ed with Christmas colors, stood, invisibly to all but Missy, over the Table. Aunt Bessie Comfort brought in the fat Goose, and placed it before Mrs. Lily Comfort at that end. Then one of the sprites chuckled when he saw it, and tickled the ribs of the other sprite, and cried in a merry tone, 'Ha! ha! Parson Gander, that was You!'

But now entered Aunt Viola Comfort, the stateliest of all the ladies of the Comfort Family: she had on jewels, she had on rings, and flowers at her waist, and flowers in her bosom, and flowers in her ringlets, as being a Bride. What did she bring in, on the great blue platter; something round, and brown, and large, and luminous, and steaming with incense? What was it on that great platter, that she placed with such dignity, before Farmer Comfort, as the pride of the Christmas feast?

It was now time for the other gay and jolly sprite to make his remark. It was now his turn to tickle the ribs of his comrade while his own sides shook for joy. But hear him! What does he say? Say it again my rib-tickler, my side-shaker! say it again. "Ha, ha, it's prime! it's jolly! I see something luminous! I smell something delightful. 'Prize-fat saw it,' did he? Brother Gobbler, that was You."

So did Missy Comfort see it. That is why she said, 'I ubs turps! I ubs oose!' And so she says now to each of us, Comforts large and little, Comforts all, "I ubs oo!"

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## LILY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

69.

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'Tis smaller than the needle's eye,  
The gate-way to the Golden Sky;  
But thy Small Inmost can achieve  
The passage, if thou wilt believe.

Then rise with me, O, rise with me!  
Enter the Land of Infancy.  
Leave the sad ways of mortal men:  
Dwell with the Golden Child again.

Come, place in mine thy little hand:  
I weave thee in my Fairy Band.  
A blithe Immortal, chaste and gay,  
Enter the Palace of the Fay.

Art weary? thine this couch of pearl:  
Here blue-eyed Sleep,—a fairy girl,—  
Shall ope thy inner eyes, for sight  
Of the mild, fragrant Mother Light.

Come, rest thee: soft this downy fleece,  
From the deep vale of Bosom-Peace.  
We are the guests of Gentle-Might;  
He welcomes us, with Stars-by-Night.

I too will rest. Sweet love-dews play,  
From the Queen Mother's fountain-spray:  
They charm the quiet senses so,  
That folding hearts by music go.



Here we are safe from all our foes;  
 Safe, by the walls of Love's-Repose;  
 'Neath starry wings, y-pointing down,  
 Under the holy Silence Crown.

God bless thee, in thy fairy bed!  
 Here shall thy heart be comforted.  
 Say with me now thy fairy prayer:  
 Breathe the sweet Mother's blessed air.

Now draw thyself, infolding so  
 As Fairies who to slumber go;  
 And rest in peace; till sun-beams fall,  
 To wake thee, in the "House of Call."

## HE CALLS HIS OWN.

70.

Two dew-drops of the morning hour,  
 Shone sparkling in the sun:  
 Touched, when the faint winds thrilled their flower;  
 Then orb'd themselves in one.

The Golden Child, in Paradise,  
 These words He gently said,  
 "Nought but a shadow meets the eyes:  
 Chrysanthems is fled.

"Men see the shadow glide or creep,  
 As day its duty brings;  
 But he is now enfolded deep,  
 Where the Heart's Angel sings:

"And I have drawn him, as a bird,  
Who leaves the infant shell,  
Deep, in the Everlasting Word,  
With Me and Mine to dwell."

Then came two little ones, and knelt,  
For worship at His feet:  
Each, in the other's bosom, spelt  
Its own dear name complete.

Then spake the Child, the Golden Child,  
"No more be dew-drops wán :  
Beam in your bridal star instead,  
Henceforth as woman-man.

"No longer, where the gifts bestow,  
Shall men my servant see.  
The shadow shall appear below:  
The two-in-one with Me."

And afterward, for preciousness,  
The Golden Child he said,  
"My fays that shadow shall possess:  
Chrysanthæus is fled."

They veiled the shadow with their wings:  
They smoothed it with their hands:  
They swathed it in their comfortings:  
They clasped it with their bands.

They kissed and closed the bosom's door;  
They kissed and closed the eyes:-  
Men see our two-in-one no more;  
They dwell in Paradise.

Therefore the fays, they come for glee,  
 And sing such verse as this,  
 "Beyond the shore, beyond the sea,  
 Beyond the Planet's bliss;

"They wing their flight, their happy flight:  
 Forever, meek and mild,  
 They worship, with a fay's delight,  
 The Lord, the Golden Child."

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## HE SEEKS HIS OWN.

## 71.

"Child with the royal diadem,  
 What seekest thou, in Jerusalem?"

'I seek my Father's House: it grieves  
 My heart, to see it cursed by thieves.

'It was a House of Love and Prayer:  
 Now it is cursed by Crime and Care.'

"Where is thy Father's House, thou Child!  
 So holy once, but now defiled?"

'Within the Ruler's brain it stands:  
 'Tis in the bowed Mechanic's hands:

'Tis in the bruised and bleeding breast:  
 'Tis in the heart, by grief opprest:

'Tis in the loathsome face and feet  
 Of yon poor Wanton of the street:

'And I must journey here; till when  
 My Father fills His House again.'

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## THE HOLY NAME.

72.

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Father and mother, these the first  
Names of the Babe's delight!  
On the kind bosom, where it nursed,  
It learns to say them right.

Father and Mother, One-in-Twain!  
God is our Mother dear;  
And God our Father: when we gain  
The love that slayeth fear.

And men, when they pronounce aright,  
Shall leave the Tiger's cage,  
As Lambs, by rivers of delight,  
Fed, in the Golden Age.

Dear Father-Mother, Two-in-One!  
Swift by the Holy Ways, ;  
Our little feet for thee would run,  
With all the smiling fays:

Till, on our Mother's bosom clear,  
Each sparkles by its gem,  
Keeping the year, our blithe new year,  
In New Jerusalem.

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## NEW DECEMBER.

73.

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The silver fountain playeth,  
    White in the pale moon's shine.  
The mild south wind delayeth,  
    Caught in yon fragrant pine.  
The golden jasmine bloometh;  
The violet perfumeth;  
The garden space assumeth  
    A mystery divine.

After bright rains the roses  
    Reopen, freshly fed.  
The calla's lip uncloses,  
    Acacia buds dispread.  
Reborn the verdure springeth:  
O'er meadows where she wingeth,  
The lark delighted singeth,  
    To raptures caught and wed.

Is this the pale December,  
    Who, in the Frozen Lands,  
Weeps in her widowed chamber,  
    With deathly lips and hands?  
Crowned with the Solar Powers,  
Robed all in pearly showers,  
She leaves her budded bowers:  
    A Bride, a Bride, she stands.

Heart, pining in the old-time,  
    A promise take from this!  
By silver-time, by gold-time,  
    God cometh, with a kiss.

Changed Age, with blessings laden,  
Glides forth, a white-robed maiden,  
To lead thee to her aidenn;  
The New Creation's bliss.

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## THE BOOK OF PARADISE.

74.

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I sat with Lily in her blossomed nook:  
The Mother-light, that plies  
O'er the bright Heaven, came forth, on me to look,  
Through her enchanted eyes;  
And there she opened her illumined book,—  
The Word of Paradise.

I read of Angels in their hymning spheres:  
Inorbed, infayed, they roll,  
Folded in soft and fragrant atmospheres;  
Evolving, soul by soul;  
Till each, wrought to the other's form, appears,  
Glowing, in God, their goal.

I saw the Angels, with their slanting wings,  
Formed in irradiant bands.  
I heard their music of sweet carolings,  
Borne o'er the balmy lands;  
The Summers in their bosoms, and the Springs,  
By flower-wreaths, on their hands.

Then Lily said,—“ This book is all for thee;  
’Tis in thy bosom sown:  
Thou art infolded in its form of glee,  
And clasped in its bright zone.

Many the bridal gifts thou hast by me;  
Thou Patient One, thou Own!"

Thereat a joyous murmur through my breast  
By innocence began.  
My Love into my innermost I prest,  
And knew myself a man,  
Of the primeval heritage possess,  
The Golden Hindoostan.

'Maid of the Lotos Flower,' I said, 'thou child  
Of Morning and of Mirth,  
The Heavens in thee stoop down, all reconciled,  
To kiss the lips of earth;  
While Man goes home, from deserts bleak and wild,  
To gardens of God's Worth.'

She caught a chaplet from a glowing bough,  
Blossomed, with fragrance rife,  
And said, "Receive the lyric garland now.  
I crown thee,— I, the wife!  
This wreath of melody, above thy brow,  
Bloomed on the Tree of Life.

"Till men shall sing with us, they cannot rise,  
Into our Garden Bower:  
By harmony in harmony, the skies  
Evolve their wondrous power:  
By harmony in harmony, the dyes  
Of Helios tint the flower.

"I weave my life in thine, by all the words  
Whereto our lips unite:  
I move in thee to Earth, by all the chords  
Of minstrelsy and might.

By one pure energy, the song affords  
Uplifting and delight.

“By the free motions of the Muse, are wrought  
The spells that free the mind;  
Till the soft frame is in the vortice caught,  
Where Heavens their force unbind.  
Deliverance by the Muse to man is brought;  
A swift, melodious wind.

\* “The respirations that the bosom lift,  
Move in a rhythmic play:  
By harmony in harmony the gift,  
That overcomes decay;  
Till solar beams dissolve the wintry drift,  
To feed fresh blooms of May!

“By harmony in harmony, shall fall  
The temples and the towers;  
The frosts disperse, and Man’s funereal pall  
Be made his couch of flowers;  
And rise the diamond roof and jasper wall,  
Inclosing Eden’s bowers.

“By harmony in harmony, we lead  
Our own to that sweet place:  
By harmony in harmony we feed,  
And solace and embrace;  
Till Earth’s illusions, that from sight recede,  
Leave God, for time and space.”

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## THE END OF DAYS.

75.

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They reared their towers on hill-sides of the Land,  
Between the mountains and the western sea;  
And there the stately Angels met their band;  
Fed them for power, and compassed them for glee.

They bade a last farewell to mortal strife:  
God's New Creation blossomed in the wild:  
They drank the raptures of reviving life,  
And worshiped, two-in-one, the Golden Child.

This was the end of long, unrestful days,  
And solitary nights, to suffering wed.  
No human frame in this mild clime decays;—  
Death is no more, for those who leave the dead.

They tasted Paradise, in fresh delight;  
And there they sang, "Rest waiteth for the brave,  
Who lift their standards on the Solar Height,  
That crowns the world, and overlooks the grave.  
Rest waiteth for the brave!"

They mingled not with mortals any more,  
But cast their thought upon the Earth afar.  
The wisdom of Eternity they wore,  
For garlands, like the rays that wreath a star.

The fashion of their speech was altered then:  
Deep grew their words, oracular and wise;  
But borne for bliss, to grieving, mortal men,  
As songs of Infancy in Paradise.

There was a Garden, in that sacred place,  
Aerial, floating, transterrestrial so:

Creatures of blithe and elemental race  
Adown the fragrant ways did come and go;

And, all the day and all the night, by choirs,  
Such blissful melodies inwrought, as move  
The brain and bosom to divine desires,  
Evolving immortality by love.

The Lord and Lady of the Universe  
Made moon by night, and sun by glowing day;  
And there they wrought the high, impassioned verse,  
Or wove betimes the mild and tender lay:

And set their purity in pearly doors;  
And builded wisdom, rising, gem by gem;  
And laid their blessedness in golden floors;  
Till God was glad for New Jerusalem.

Within their city was a wondrous shrine,  
Formed in the art and virtue of the sun.  
And there, on fragrant trellises, did twine  
The Tree of Life, as an immortal vine,  
Wreathing the bower of the Two-in-One.

"God is our dwelling-place," they sang, "for bliss  
Of slumber, and for joy of waking sight;  
Instilling wisdom sweetly, by a kiss,  
And forming strength and virtue by delight."

'Tis there Chrysanthæus dwells; by wings on wings,  
O'ershadowed, veiled with many a nuptial screen;  
One with the Angel of his comfortings;  
Formed in God's likeness, with his Lily Queen.

If ye would taste the waters of the well  
Of their full life, by melody that flows,  
Leave them in God's kind bosom, where they dwell,  
And trouble not their calm and chaste repose.

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## THE SHEPHERD'S SURPRISE.

76.

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The Fairy Shepherd winds his horn,  
When morn makes balmy weather;  
And, lo! a Golden Lamb is born,  
Amid the fragrant heather.  
Sings he; "This is a sign of peace,  
And love's repose, and joy's increase.  
Now men, clad in such shining fleece,  
Shall dwell, by loves, together.

"The Poet now shall find his song,  
The Lover find his Maiden:  
This golden lamb shall bound along,  
To lead their feet to Aidenn.  
Now joy to thee, now joy to thee,  
Mild Genius of the blossomed tree!  
Thy boughs with immortality,  
For bliss shall soon be laden."

The Fairy called the little men,  
From mountain, glade and hollow;  
And, where they gathered in the glen,  
Blithe Pan was glad to follow.  
Quoth he; "Well pleased, well pleased I am.  
This morn the Golden Age began.  
When Earth beholds the shining ram,  
'Twill brighten for Apollo;  
The swift and strong Apollo!"

Pan shook his sides, his jolly sides;  
Then hugged himself for laughter.

Quoth he; "This ram betokens Brides,  
 And bridal sports hereafter.  
 Where long I held my wintry fort,  
 I shall behold the elfin court,  
 And see the Goddess kiss, for sport,  
 The wingéd loves, that waft her."

He shook his honest sides amain.  
 Quoth Pan; "The day is jolly.  
 Soon shall the Earthling cease to drain  
 His blood-rimmed cup of folly.—  
 Here they are coming! bless my eyes!  
 My heart, it grows to double size.  
 'Tis Innocence that maketh wise.  
 Away with melancholy!"

The Fairy blew his horn again:  
 Then shone the elfin lances.  
 An hundred gleesome green-cap men  
 Drew morn-light by their glances.  
 Sing, "Io, Pæan! let us bring  
 Our praises to the Joyful King."—  
 They rose in splendors, wing by wing,  
 As when the sunbeam dances.

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## PETER IN PARADISE.

77.

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This pleasant tale we may record,  
 Of Peter, who was with the Lord.

When he first drew to Paradise,  
 He saw it through a mask of ice.  
 The ice, when it dissolved away,  
 Left, round his frame, a coat of clay.

The clay, when it to dust was blown,  
Disclosed a shell of solid stone.  
The stone, that vanished scale by scale,  
Revealed a web of iron mail.

Then, when the iron exhaled by heat,  
Peter beheld a field of wheat;  
Where many larks made marriage-glee,  
And fed the air with melody.

A bird, one bolder than the rest,  
Pecked at the dazed Apostle's breast,  
And from it drew a crooked worm,  
Coiled where he had been most infirm;  
Then dropped the creature at his feet,  
As being too impure to eat;  
Flew to the wheat, and thence, amain,  
Laid on his lips a tiny grain.  
This grew as the disciple fed,  
Till he was filled with precious bread.

While Peter ate, and wondered so,  
A voice, a-near him, whispered low,  
"Hadst thou but eyes, by love to see,  
Thou wouldst behold the form of Me."  
Now rose in air a blossomed wand:  
His eyes were touched, and then his hand:  
He saw the Lady of the Land;  
Robed in the rainbows and the showers,  
The leaves and blossoms of the flowers,  
The starlight and the dawn of day,  
The opal-tinted evening ray.

For all the splendors that She wore,  
A something he had seen before  
Touched him, as light breaks o'er the sea,  
With many a haunting memory.  
The words fell from his lips unsought,

'Christ, as this Vision, met my thought.'  
And then he turned, and veiled his face,  
Wrapt in some dream of mortal space.

"Peter," she said, all vocal now,  
As birds that carol on the bough,  
"On Earth thou didst the Form behold,  
Wherein this Beauty made Her fold.  
Thy Savior thou didst part possess:  
This day, behold thy Savioress!"

The Jew revived in Peter then.  
He answered;—"Man redeems for men.  
The man of miracles brought in  
Light, and deliverance from sin."

Gently She murmured;—"Peter, nay!  
God is the Two-in-One alway.  
Within Our Likeness man is wrought;  
The creature is God's two-fold thought.  
Wouldst thou again thy Master see?  
Thou canst behold Him, but by Me."

His heart broke in a storm of tears.  
The sorrows of the lonely years  
Vanished, as when the Night is past,  
And perfect Morning beams at last.

Then Christus shone,—not as of old,—  
All splendid with the morning's gold.  
Inwreathed, irradiant, King and Queen,  
Each in the other's glory seen,  
Jesus and Yessa met his eyes,  
With welcomings to Paradise.

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## AVE CHRISTA.

78.

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To Gentle-Might came Stars-by-Night,  
And clasped him by the hand:  
"Behold," she said, "for full delight,  
The Lady of the Land;  
Beaming as when the moon is bright,  
Orbed in her sister-band."

O, Lady of all Loveliness!  
Now in the garden maze,  
Now in the sun's resplendent dress,  
Now in the zone of fays,  
Thy loving kindness we possess,  
For all our human ways.

If, in the sun's pavilion, we  
With solar angels blend,  
Thy splendor forms our canopy,  
Thy beams our path befriend.  
Time folds into Eternity;  
Thy Bosom is its end.

If we are drawn into the heart  
Of heaven, the angel host  
Meet in the Loveliness thou art.  
The Bridal Holy Ghost  
O'erflows each spousal counterpart,  
From Thee, Heaven's Innermost.

If to the Earth we haste again,  
Earth vibrates for Thy Power:  
Round the small innermosts of men,  
Thou formest, as a flower,—  
A many-blossomed, bridal glen,  
A paradisa! bower.

Thou movest through mysterious aisles:  
All seas, all deeps are Thine;  
The wonders of the mountain piles,  
The secrets of the mine.  
Through the Orb's innermost, Thy smiles  
Evolve, by gifts divine.

Sweet Mother! nearer, nearer still,  
Thou weavest, where we stand.  
Thou formest, by Thy loving will,  
Round us, Thine Eden Land.  
We are as buds that rise and fill,  
And blossom to Thy hand.

Nought shall divide us from Thy sight,  
Or from Thy love divide.  
By harmonies of day and night,  
Thou dost within us glide;  
Till we are formed in Thy delight,  
And worship God the Bride!

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## WHY WE SUFFER.

79.

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“Why suffer we, in God’s advance?”  
We are as men who wake from trance;  
Yet bound within the coffin’s shell;  
Jarred by their own dread burial knell.

“Why does Christ’s coming make us pain?”  
We rise upon the Battle Plain:  
The air is dense with mortal steam;  
Through it, the blood-wet sabres gleam.

“Why suffer we, in Life’s uprising?”  
The avalanche on the bosom lies.  
Through mountain weights of moral cold,  
Dimly we see morn’s distant gold:  
By every nerve the ice-points run,  
As we toil upward to the sun.

“Why are we troubled, with the kiss  
Of Heaven upon the lips for bliss?”  
Earth’s combat narrows to the close:  
In quickening flesh contend the foes.  
Here Death and Life fight, hand to hand:  
By one we fall; by one we stand.  
Atom by atom, as we change,  
The senses take a widening range.  
Each circle to the contest adds  
New friends; but foes by myriads.

“Why the dread anguish? being wrought  
Newly in God’s eternal thought.”  
The bay of the Infernal Hound  
Grows louder, as the Hart is found.  
We stand, by all the deeps assailed,

Where all, who strove before, have failed.  
 Through larve and spectre, fiend and ghost;  
 Through all the Doomland's shadowed host;  
 Foot-point by foot-point, we ascend;  
 And conquer, as we touch the end.

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## TRANSFORMATION.

80.

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In the stormy Earthland ranges,  
 Sorrow moves by many changes;  
 Cruel Age the frame estranges,  
     From the house of its first glee;  
 Till the strength of Self-denial  
 Grows by suffering and trial;  
 And we hear the harp and viol,  
     In the Land of Infancy.

Then the memories of sorrow,  
 In their faded cloudland, borrow  
 Golden splendors from the morrow,—  
     All dissolving by the sun.  
 Through the mortal pains and rigors,  
 Youth re-enters us by vigors,  
 And the thought, for joy, prefigures  
     Of the Coming Two-in-One.

Not the frame; 'tis death that, dying,  
 Leaves the heart free for enskying.  
 Lo! the swift affections, flying,  
     Glance like Eden birds on wing.  
 Then the heart bursts into flower;  
 Then the frame is all a bower,  
 Where the Two-in-One make power,  
     For the endless, bridal Spring.

Then we rise, by levitation,  
Sweetly ruling the creation:  
All our work is renovation,  
    By the splendors of swift bloom.  
In the fiery consummation,  
We are lifted by translation;—  
We, who wrought through desolation;  
    We, who dwelt as in the tomb.

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## THE CHOIRS OF HELIOS.

81.

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“He stands at last beside the Sea;  
    Afar the purpling hills!  
No more the fountain’s infant glee,  
    The prattle of the rills.  
He feels the might and mystery,  
The triumph and the ecstasy  
Of the celestial harmony,  
    The Ocean’s Heart that fills.”

Thus murmured low that agéd Seer,  
    The Prophet of God’s rest,  
Bringing release from fraud and fear.—  
    Irradiant, in the West,  
Moving by crested billows near,  
He saw that Ocean World appear,—  
That Sea of Light, whose waters clear  
    Enfold the Planet’s breast.

Electric, darting, swift in flight,  
    As glances of the sun,  
The choirs of Helios touched his sight,  
    And many a wingéd one  
Wrought in its vortice, for delight,  
Songs of the glory and the might,

Wherein th' Immortal Loves unite.  
His bosom rose by song and sight:  
He knew his goal was won.

The splendid choirs their voice uplift:  
The End speaks by their voice.  
"O, man! God's heart was in thy gift;  
His purpose in thy choice.—  
No more the deserts round thee sift:  
Out of the tempest's polar drift,  
Out of Earth's gloomy cavern-rift,  
Rise, with thine own rejoice!

"A moment, pause! the sun declines,  
Yet floods the landscape vast.  
For thee the lingering beam, that shines,  
Illuminates the Past.  
Gardens, where flowery verdure twines,  
Rise to the glowing hill-side vines;  
These to the stately mountain pines;—  
Such seeds thy life did cast.

"A moment, gaze! 'tis good to say  
'Farewell!' when all is well;  
To vanish, not by slow decay;  
To leave no ruined shell;  
All phoenix-like, thy form to ray  
In splendors of the new-born day;  
Borne in thine own sweet bosom-play,  
With Helios to dwell."

The Prophet heard, as through a mist  
Around his bosom wrought.  
He stood irradiant, crowned and kissed  
By sunbeams of God's thought.—  
Let the wild winds blow as they list:  
They who for God's great ends persist,  
Shall float, through heavenly amethyst,  
Up to His Bosom caught.

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## THE SONG OF PRINCE INNOCENCE.

82.

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When Father Phœnix wears his golden coat,  
Fairies find voice for glee;  
All worshipping, as they behold him float,  
High in the Music Sea.  
The shepherds see him, as they tend their sheep,  
Far on the grassy downs;  
And all who dwell where star-lit fountains leap,  
And blossoms fold the towns.  
God's glory is a pleasant sight to view,  
Whether we tread the stair  
That winds to heaven, or stand in drops of dew,  
Kissed by the sunbeams there.  
God's goodness is a pleasant thing to feel;  
By melody it goes,  
Now as the trumpets of the morning peal,  
And now as silence flows.  
God's mercy is a pleasant gift to take;  
In peaches from the boughs,  
Or perfumes from the lilies of the lake,  
Or kisses from the spouse:  
But Father Phœnix tastes, triumphantly,  
God's mercies made so fine,  
They wreath about his lips for melody,  
Distilled from Lord Christ's vine.  
If you should see him rise, and float, and stand,  
On air-points of the space;  
Proclaiming, Golden Morning for the Land,  
Whose change draws on apace;  
You would prepare for that mysterious hour,  
Wherein the world shall burn;  
And God's dear Heart shall open as a flower;  
And men to it return.

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## FATHER PHŒNIX:

HIS VISION BY THE RIVER.

83.

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“There is a River,” Father Phœnix said,  
“That through our pleasant Fairyland is led;  
And afterward, majestic strong and free,  
Through vallies of the groin, it finds the ‘Wee.’”

“This is the River, that for gladness goes,  
Encircling all the Town of Heart’s-Repose:  
A thousand silver springs to it are wed;  
Myriads of water-ways are by it fed,  
For the Great City of the Holy Things,  
Wherein abide the ancient fairy kings.  
Prophets and warriors of the earlier time,  
Bathe in it daily, to renew their prime,  
Or take sweet pleasure on its bosom clear.  
Sometimes the Ocean Girls therein appear,  
Rising for joy from its delicious breast,  
In colors of the solar people drest.”

“This River winds where sacred Fairies, those  
Who lead the inspiration where it flows,  
Keep their enchanted court, whence, for delight,  
They rise, in airy throngs, to songs by night;  
Weaving, in many a blithe and choric lay,  
Joys that invite us to our bridal play.  
These are the Fairies who, by sweet embrace,  
Uniting in the bosom’s inter-space,  
By myriads lead their songs in the bright Word.  
Their land is called, ‘the Land of Love-the-Lord.’  
If you should see that River, where it runs,  
So deep, so cool, under the midnight suns,  
Eternity is mirrored in its glass:  
The Past and Future change and interpass.”

"There I beheld this vision!—There I saw  
 The Earth consuming as dry stubble-straw;  
 The cities of the men of pride and lust  
 Changing to mounds of ashes and white dust;  
 The lords of London, and the lords of Rome,  
 Seeing their splendors fly, as yellow chrome,  
 Or red vermillion, or green vitriol cast.  
 A mighty fire-wind in my vision passed,  
 And where it touched all perished; naked then  
 The great ones lay, forlorn as beggar-men;  
 And the proud ladies, for an only dress,  
 Had terror wound about their loveliness.

"I bid you all with Innocence repose;  
 Safe in the foldings of God's pure, white rose.

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 THE BRIDE.

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 84.
 

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"Come forth from my bosom, my Bride, my Bride!  
 'Tis Innocence weaves our glee.  
 I feel the rise of thy bosom's tide,  
 The lift of the bridal sea.

"Enfold my frame in the snow-white flower,  
 The bloom of thy being's charms."—  
 She answered;—"Nay, but I come by power,  
 The bride of the man-at-arms!

"I weave my will in a robe of mail,  
 For still in the fight we stand;  
 But slip at last from my bridal vail,—  
 Thy Love in the Garden Land.'

She wove her will in the battle-robe;  
 Her voice in the trumpet's tone.  
 'Twill thrill and burn, when the flying globe  
 Is made as the Great White Throne.

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## LILIA ANNUNCIATA.

85.

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If, in the Vallies of the Night,  
Thy Bride, perchance, should bless thy sight,  
Thou shalt not to the Old return;  
But all thy substance, for delight,  
Transfigured shine, as morning bright,  
And with Sabean spices burn.

If thou should meet thy Lady gay,  
Upon the Mountains of the Day,  
She will not lose thee from her arms.  
Her loveliness she will array,  
To veil thee from men's eyes away;  
And thou shalt vanish, in her charms.

Though Evil may my course resist,  
God moves where Heavenly Powers presist:  
I must not, will not, cannot fail.  
Where God the Bride has claimed and kissed,  
All Heavens, by one, her child assist;  
Till Helios for the change prevail.

For healings long my charge I bore;  
For vigors, in sad years of yore,  
The storm to meet, the tide to sway.  
God makes my breast a pearly door,  
For Innocence, that shall restore.—  
By Innocence we glide away.

By Innocence thou shalt return:  
Yea, as the sacred phoenix burn,  
By spices of my love's desire.  
I will o'erbrim the golden urn:  
The flames shall kindle as I yearn;  
And lips of joy shall fan the fire.

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MEET US IN THE MORN.







# THE GOLDEN CHILD;

—A DAILY CHRONICLE.—

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## PART IV.

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SUMMARIES AND CONCLUSIONS.

Numbers 86—90.

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## **SUMMARIES AND CONCLUSIONS.**



# SUMMARIES AND CONCLUSIONS.

## THE SECRET WAY OF WOMAN.

86.

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Man is not immoral, by original structure, in his passional degree, for the reason that he is not a form of passion, but a form of rationality. Woman, by opposites, is not a form of rationality but a form of passion, a form of will. Let us, once for all, attempt the statement of the doctrine of the relations of the sexes, and bring the long controversy to a close.

I am not, and never have been, a Misogynist. I was the first-born of a young woman, mild, modest, charitable, exemplary in all the relations of life, uplifted, in a high degree, above the tendencies of her sex; visited, in the hour of my conception, by the High and Holy Two-in-One. She perished, leaving me in tender infancy. I was subjected then to the tyranny of a base woman, at once a pietist and a fierce virago.

From a child, the sight of a little maiden recalled in some way the mother's image, and moved my infant bosom to an ideal sentiment. Love came to me in youth as an Ideality; to be chaste, intrinsically and absolutely, I recognized as the point of supreme excellence, the crowning honor and attribute of man: infested by passions, I fought them on the ethical ground,—fought them for my soul's life.

In my young ministry, I was not a Pharisee. The sight of woman, abandoned to prostitution, or sinking into its infamy, called forth unutterable pity, agonizing compassion, as for a sister perishing. My sympathy did not expend itself in lamentations; it was shown in practical service. I have stood between woman and her ruin; between woman and insanity; between woman and obsessions; between woman and poverty; between woman and despair; between woman and the grave. Thus, by a long life-labor for woman, her sex has been opened to me, so far as she opens it to any man; though, except as God lets down

the counterpartal life, she never opens its deep ground to any man. No man can penetrate mentally into the secret interiors of the sex: notwithstanding this long experience, I never beheld the interiors of the natural womanhood, until my love was given me: then gradually my vision opened through her eyes.

To man, however intimate and long-continued may be the relation, woman remains an unfathomed mystery. Man by structure is rational, and he thinks that woman is like himself, by structure rational. This is his first mistake: but woman is not rational by structure: she is passional. The apparent rationality is but formed upon her surface: she takes thought by impression: she draws to her mind the intelligence that is formed in the human atmosphere about her: but her intellect is not conceptive. She is incapable of originating or giving birth to seminal ideas; she may be the conduit of an inspiration, in the technical or mediumistic sense; but truth with her is never evolutionary; never springing and germinal and fruitful.

The brain of man holds occult mental ovaries: the brain of woman is without ovaries. Were this so, she would be man, as well as woman: a separate entity of the universe, impregnating and bearing in itself: a creature foreformed and foredoomed to infinite isolation. Woman is by origin a form of passion, whose fruit-bearing is by the womb; she is not man; but the passional part of man. We but state and extend, in this formula, the doctrine of the older and more sacred inspirations.

Woman a form of passion? She denies this: no creature, till overcharged, is conscious of its own aroma. What she is conscious of, secretly, is this; that she exercises over man a ruling power, by persuasion; and that the hold of her sex on men is by means of a sexual fascination. We say of the eminent man;—‘He is commanding, logical, moving in rational force.’ We say of the woman;—‘She is charming; she is fascinating.’ She draws, so to say, the heart out of man’s bosom, till he desires and loves and moves in her. She takes him, as he takes the fishes: she rules in him, as he rules over the objective world.

Man, by his intellectual desire, explores the universe; but the desire of woman is toward man; he is her universe. Of course there are hybrids, women cross-fertilized, surfacely, with



men: in the sex there are thus apparent exceptions. This also is antiquity restated. Woman, in these times, begins to think that she is man, more perfect in development: 'the cocks are so many imperfect hens.' So there are male writers, who hold that woman is man in a state of arrested development: biddy is chanticleer not quite perfected. Hybridized creatures, male or female, tend to this vein of speculation.

Man is never so much himself, never so in the plenitude of his manhood, and the splendor of his genius, as when he rises by virtue into his intelligence; and the universe opens to his touch; and the laws, that are the reason and the harmony of things, reveal their action. All men who become genuine thinkers are in search of one thing, as the end of all research, the logic of the universe. But woman is never so much a woman, never so in the plenitude and potency of her sex, never so in its vitality and freedom and splendor, as when she pours her being, with a full abandonment, into the bosom of man: she lives all over: she is herself: she finds her own forces, by the evolution of her delight.

Hence man is the hunter of the universe: but woman is the hunter of man: and woman enters into man, and explores man, and is drawn into man, as he enters, and explores and is drawn into the universe. Hence too the world, being reshaped and modified continually by man's action, becomes a revelation of man's action in the world. If we would know what man is, by character and conduct, we have but to look into the world, and see what the world tells of his history.

The Earth has undergone gradual waste and deterioration, since man began to modify its surface. It discloses an immense industry, a prodigious building of intelligence; but civilization tends to a barbaric cataclysm. We behold vast areas of virgin woodlands, disforested, then devoted to a systematized cultivation, made gradually sterile, and at last abandoned to the desert. The planet proves to us, that the human race, upon its surface, has pursued an improvident, quarrelsome, ostentatious, dissolute, and finally suicidal existence. Babylon the great once flourished in a land of gardens, watered by abundant rivers: its ruins lie to-day in sand-heaps, reaching to the horizon. The zone of civilization gradually becomes the zone of ruin.

But man is woman's world; the manhood of the race her world. So man's history is a revelation of woman, because woman, entering him by her passion, shapes and modifies his habit to her tendencies. There is one absolute exception: woman did not enter, to possess the visible person of our Lord. There are illustrious partial exceptions, men who have maintained a firm grasp upon the private personality, and held the intellect uplifted, and retained at least the remains of the original structure of their genius. There is still another class;—men who, while subdued by woman intermittingly, have risen by vigorous reactions, and held the inner walls of the organism against the armies of her enchantments: but the masses have always been borne along in the magnetism that is her element.

When cocks fight, the hens are delighted to follow the victor. When stags and bulls fight, the hinds and cows are obsequious and submissive to the conqueror. But male birds and animals rise to their battle-moods, when the magnetism of the sex inspires their rage. So women heap their favors on men, not for virtues but for success: they crown the conqueror: "the brave enjoy the fair." Women crave men of power, who coin ability into fortune.

Woman, in all ages, holds sway over men, by means of her reservations, and a certain occult deceit. There must be some ground of recognized honor, even among thieves. If a man is tricky with his fellows, he finds himself passing out of society; "sent to Coventry." For man to be a liar is held as something inexpiable base. Brand falsehood on the great writer, or statesman, or orator, and the shadow of it eclipses and effaces the splendor of his history. Falsehood, with man, implies the final ruin of the intellect, the extinction of its humanity. But the natural female is a form of artifice: she masses her powers, to pervade, to fascinate, to charm: and charming, and fascination, and persuasion, are closely allied to subterfuge, to dissimulation. Fascination implies an unworthy suppression and subjugation of intelligence.

The fisher takes fishes, by means of a deception practiced upon their appetite: were it not for the appetite they would not be caught. Man's appetite, on his milder ground, is for endear-

ments, for soothing, for repose; and woman baits him by his appetite. In beauty of form, in graces and accomplishments, man enjoys an intellectual pleasure; so woman clothes her marble *proprium* with a radiance that belongs to goddesses; till he takes the stony image to his bosom, and draws in the mortal chill. Man, in cohabiting with woman, makes his dwelling with a subterfuge; she is made up of dress; hers is the modesty, not of the form, but of the fig-leaf. Men never behold their wives; they perceive merely the illusions, that their wives present to the vision.

Certainly there are partial and notable exceptions: this ocean of persuasiveness and fascination, surcharged with magnetic heats for men,—here black with ignorance, there clad in vapory deceit,—is still penetrated from on high by mild splendors of the heavens. There are women reluctant to the practices of their sex; women whose life is one long protest and battle against these practices; but such will confirm the statement, and verify it by means of terrible illustrations.

The sex has to be carried. The wise and experienced Man of the World divines the quality of this frail flesh, and looks upon its general movement as upon a spectacle or a play. The Physiologist knows, that here is a carnivorous creature, like all the carnivora, with an instinct of cunning, with treachery inwrought in the forms of the structure, and with a blood-thirsty tendency, modified and restrained, but uneradicated by civilization. The Parson is aware, that the female devotee still has the flea's instinct, to skip, and move by dark ways, and draw blood, and elude and hide; aware, finally, that females will be females, in spite of sacraments.

The Poet, by glimpses of an arch-natural thought, conceives of woman in the loftier ideality; and glorifies the sex in its inverse state, while she, in her self-flattery, appropriates bodily the splendid picture, and worships herself, in the image of that radiant loveliness; whispering;—"I am all this,—and more!"

What said the mature, worldly devotee, when she tried her enchantments upon the Seer? "Do I look old? To the man whom I adore, I can renew myself, night and morning, and make myself a maiden of sixteen. I am an ocean of unexplored

delight; an inexhaustible and perpetual Beauty: but where is the lover who can comprehend and receive this passionate perfection?"

"Where is the man?" sure enough. Such creatures exhaust the neighborhood where they dwell. They suck the brain-life of men, in the congregations where they worship, and in the social assemblies where they fascinate, as weasels among the poultry-nests. This pulpy flesh, white and carmine, is not their own: these swelling breasts, these decorated bellies, have absorbed the substantial virtue, failing in which strong men dwindle to weakness, and wise men shrink to inanity. Their life is a conspiracy against the nobler virtue of the race.

Woman draws man by means of an occult vortical structure in her frame; a form of hell; the infernal-vortical: but he would not be drawn in to her, were it not that the passions of the sex from infancy have entered into him, and impregnated him by her desire, and vitiated him with her disease.

How sorrowful is this! who can resist the pressure of such merciless depravity? Her supreme crime is not when she says;—"come, lie with me;" for that is honest, even when it is immoral: her crime is, when she enters secretly into man's body and penetrates his breast, till he weakens, and is self-lost, by the infusion of her passions.

But this natural female answers;—"I have no passions, none to speak of, till I am inspired by man." Shall we disclose the occult, organic fact? Man carries invisibly, in the center of his bosom, the form that woman carries visibly, where the fig-leaves were given for a shield: but woman has, formed in the occult passion-structure of her frame, an organ of potency, like that hidden by the fig-leaf of Adam, that she can make projective, at will, and effect conjunction with man, occultly; as if he were feminine, by his valley of the breast. By this organ, as to her interior femininity, she approaches man: often he is unwilling; but she violates the resistant Innocence; and deflours the nobler nature; and rends apart the curtains of the Intellectual Holiness; filling him with her fiery element, that generates the final cold; and finally abstracting from him the very essence and substance that make for his deep existence.

As a man, I charge, before Most High God, that my sex, from immemorial ages, has been interiorly subjected by woman; and robbed by woman of its interior quality, by a process of secret visitation, and violation.

We are as cocks and he-goats, as apes and asses,—we who were created men,—because Circe has first ruined and then embruted us, in her enchanted isle. Are men animals? these animals all began their life, in the awful similitude of Man. We who escape are a feeble folk, bearing the marks of shipwreck and long captivity; and scarcely surviving the disasters of the sea.

Woman's passion moves deep, in a profound sub-consciousness: she carries the secret organ of its force in her invisible degree: it is a more potent organ than that by which man evinces passion in his visible degree: it knows neither conscience nor remorse. There are women who violate men by hundreds, in this mystery, yet who appear outwardly as virgins and matrons and saints. Tasting this subtle pleasure, the more gross and obvious delights are surrendered to their victims; or they are abandoned, to wander from fatuity to fatuity, in mazes of hallucination.

This violation destroys the centrality of intellect, the vigor and harmony of virtue. It lays the frame open, by its results, to every enormity of spiritual obsession: it sows the body, for long successions of disease: the violated woman is not so deeply invaded as the violated man.

There are ladies with whom we have conversed, who are fully conscious, that the sex possesses this occult organ in the breast; there are those who consciously cultivate and employ it. What worlds of magic open here! the mysteries of the human frame are without bound; though only the surfaces are generally known or publicly revealed.

Woman, locking in her secret mind the secrets of her power and the ways of its ability; the magic of her sex having slain hitherto each one who might have become the revealer of its infernal secret; we stand upon the extreme verge, where it is possible at once to penetrate the life-secrets of the race, and to hold the organs of the frame in such a posture as to communicate these truths to the external world.

How is it possible then for man to contend with woman, successfully, for the freedom of his own absolute life? It is impossible, so long as he is surrounded and pervaded by the ocean of her magnetic element. His only escape is, to fly to the mountains; to the high places of fraternal fellowship and arch-natural visitation. Those who linger in the plains of her habitation must perish, without remedy, till God shall pass through the world by a final breath of purifying fire.

With the creation and extension of an artistic literature, the idealisms of the Poet, that are true in the higher and immortal realms of Womanhood, have been perverted to the service of this shallow creature, shallow in all but the clairvoyant cunning of her instinct,—this creature whose flesh is a compound of animal bloat and masculine fat; whose beauty in youth is that of the morass whose surface is veiled by transient flowers; and whose vigor, as she ripens to maturity, is a pestilence that springs upon the victim, and slays him unawares.

A few ladies have arisen, like Mrs Lewes and George Sand, who apparently vindicate the claim of the sex to intellectual creativeness, and to an identity with man in his distinguishing qualities. We see others acquiring a certain distinction in the pulpit, and in medical practice; and still others who find a congenial field in political discussions and in the practice of law.

For the Novelist, woman is well calculated: she is at home in the field of the passions, both in the dissection of her own and those of her sex. Woman is a novel, a play, a comedy, a tragedy. If one of them would but unvail, and show the cunning hand that moves the slides of the phantasmagoria, her work would be of eminent and permanent value. But the female who lives in the brain, absorbs the creative element from many men. So the eminent authoress who died the other day, first fed her body by means of elements drawn from the masculine vitality of a succession of refined, artistic, intellectual lovers, the finest organisms of the age; and then wrought out the fruits of their culture, the varieties of their genius, the qualities of their intelligence, in characters that she made instinct with life. She first consumed her lovers,—Jules Sandeau, Chopin, Alfred de Musset, all that shining train,—and then reproduced them

through her brain, in half ghastly, half splendid resurrection. Alas, Aurora!

The capacity of females of a certain magical intellectual nature, for absorbing the vitality of women as well as men, whose element is adapted to serve their magical and mental processes, is simply incredible. I knew of one who entwined herself, by most consummate arts and by the assumption of a *naïve* and virgin innocence, about the affections of a lady, who by sympathy and contact with the New Life, had begun to experience a great and wonderful bodily transformation. This parasite, twining about our friend, reduced her in a few months, from being magnificent in physique, balanced in mind, positive in will, and affluent in a rich vitality, to an emaciated, ghastly, nerveless shadow of her former self. I traced the devious course of this creature afterward, from family to family, and discovered that she left traces like fire over mown grass, or the trail of the snake over flowers, upon almost every person of refined mentality and constitution whom she met, exercising a subduing fascination. Finally I met her, in a moment of fear and remorse, and she confessed among other terrible revelations, that, by the practiced absorption of these abundant elements, she enjoyed sexual intercourse, three times a day, in the arms of an Infernal Spirit, to whom she had unveiled her body by magical arts, forcing open her interiors. This female, if not deceased, is now probably somewhere in society; faultless in outward conduct, most refined, most elegant; subduing men and women by the simulation of innocence,—talking as the cat did, who declared, that she had never heard that there was such a thing as cream.

This is the downright black art: the world is full of it; the worst feature of such cases being, that the sirens and sorceresses appear charmingly unconscious of evil; clothing themselves with the substance of innocence, that they have abstracted from their dupes and victims. The jewelled, caressive hand, the dreamy, brilliant eyes, the soft, peachy flesh, dimpled and without a wrinkle, Murder conceals itself behind them; Murder, most foul, most horrible, insulting the purity of Heaven, and destroying the remains of innocence in men.

At one time I received a series of letters, written by a female, apparently far advanced in the experiences, knowledges and virtues, both of spiritual and physical regeneration; letters earnest, intelligent, chaste in spirit, finished in style, dignified in all womanliness. Yet these epistles were written for a purpose of deceit, by a dirty, quarrelsome, lascivious cat, reeking with sensual and mediumistic depravity, but absorptive in a high degree, both of the brilliant ideas of the advanced ethical literature, and the brain-essence of the masculine frame; a woman of the black art, the conscious paramour of spirits, as well as an habitual prostitute with men. Since the advent of spiritism, there are many women, with higher crest of pride, and keener eyes of subduing magnetism, and more subtle brain, and more gross and venomous belly, and deadlier sting, than Religion attributes to the vile old Snake. Thank God! there is preparing for them extinction, down to the inmost germ, that the inmost principle may be liberated from a personality utterly and hopelessly accursed. Order could never be formed and perpetuated on Earth, were such devilesses permitted to go down to Hell, and there perfect their art, and thence evolve, by magical processes, into the bodies of a new and innocent and tender people.

"I will cast the wicked woman into her own plagues," said our Divine Savioress, of one of these artful and abandoned ones. There is a sin committed by such, that is past forgiveness, because it is past repentance. Examples like these admonish us, to strengthen our walls, and guard the entrance to our Social Paradise; standing before it in our two-in-oneness, angelic, with sword of fire.

Ladies whom we have every reason to esteem, as upright by intention and virtuous by conduct, ask to enter into closer association with our people; but we dare not receive them: we know not what they are, in these last hours of an old race, when sorceresses walk the world, almost as angels of light; and we can not explore their deeper interiors, having no present warrant for that service from Almighty God. Even could we explore, and did we discover interior excellence correspondent with exterior appearance of uprightness, it would not be proper to admit any to closer fellowship, till the disgust of the natural female, and



the horror of her element, combines with the appreciation of truth, and the zeal of service, and the affection of unity, and the living worship and reception of the All-Holy Two-in-One.

We can only say to such; watch and pray; love and labor; keep out of the spheres of men; hold yourselves, bodily and mentally, from the magnetic world of women; demagnetise; energise; claim and exercise the binding power; avoid discussions and controversies; conquer familism; hold up the life into the bosom of Savior and Savioress; economize your elements; waste no resources.

In the nature of things, this terrific and unprecedented combination of Magical Powers cannot long be permitted to endure. Our Lord has said to Lily;—"Inform your sisters, that the End draws nigh." That end must come soon, or the breath of God with man will cease, by the perishing of the organisms that receive it, and the race be abandoned to the reign of magical illusions.

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## THE QUESTION OF RIGHTS.

87.

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The truth of Man being rediscovered; his archetypal, bi-sexual, true rational, innocent and immortal state being made known, the question arises, Who is entitled to hold and possess the Earth, these filial offspring of Most High God, or the present dissolute, quarrelsome and unwholesome tribes? It may be queried, whether the Earth, being a form of nature, does not belong to this apparently human animal? he being also a form of nature: the question is entitled to consideration.

The sun is a form of arch-nature, of the luminous world, as is demonstrated elsewhere. The planet is vitalized wholly by means of arch-nature: of itself it is a mere mass of inert remains, incapable of supporting a blade of grass: without the operation of God, by means of arch-nature, all life upon its surface would cease.

Thus the natural or seeming man is in debt to arch-nature, for every element by which he nourishes his evil life. He is a rebellious mendicant, who poisons the king's household, who insults the king's order, who transgresses the king's law, while he is dependant on the king's bounty, for every gift that prolongs his existence.

We term him 'natural,' but the phrase is used as a mere accommodation: he is not natural, he is phantasmal: he is not man, but the effigies of a man, who has filled himself with animal interiors instead of divine interiors; who lusts with the ass and ape; who ravins with the wolf; who deceives and bites with the hyena; and who corrupts the element of the world, by evolving through misuse a substance of infernal depravity. Man, considered in his lusts, is the condensed vileness of the brute creation: not that the brute creation is vile, but man makes himself over to vileness, by taking the mere appetite-life of

the animal into himself, and adopting it in the room of his true humanity. The ape is good in his degree, but the man, by adopting apehood into himself, does not make himself mere ape, he becomes lower than the ape.

Considered separately from his fay inmost, and the living remains, the natural or seeming man is a monster, a creature of swollen growth, evolved abnormally; no true creature of nature at all, but a diseased parasite of nature; a lust, in the human image, upon the skin of the universe: but he possesses that small inmost, and for this, and by reason of this, he is called, man.

It is for the sake of evolving this form of innocence, till all his structures are conformed and coördinated to it, that man upon the orb is visited, and borne with, and even suffered to exist. For all things excellent, for all things noble, for all things beautiful, he is indebted to arch-nature. He is indebted to arch-nature, as an inspiration and inflowing from God, for the understanding that he perverts, for the reason that he debases, for the freedom that he demoralizes, for the genius that he adulterates; yea, for the humanity that he dehumanizes. Whatever virtue exists in his institutions, his customs, his thoughts, his feelings, his literature, is an infused virtue; an arch-natural radiance, shed abroad upon his darkness.

This creature talks of the Earth, as being 'his'; inferior in aptitudes for orderly association to the pismires in an ant-hill, he assumes the right to quarrel and butcher on the orb, till it reeks like an abbatoir, and is an offense in the nostrils of the universe.

This race, whose history is made up of frauds, treacheries, disputes and murders, from the beginning of historic times; it may claim the prescriptive right of possession; that is all.

The men who, after being put out of the way, the race claims most proudly for its own, and whom it appeals to for evidences of its intrinsic nobility, are men who absorbed the preëminent quality of arch-natural virtue. Is a fire-place an inherent form of heat, because it gives out heat when fuel is heaped and flames kindled on its hearth? Is the clay of a grain-field corn, because grain, by virtue of solar heat and moisture, will grow there; when planted there? Is the mirror on the wall a man, because, when

✓ a man passes before it, it reflects the image of the man? The flame, the germ, the image, these things are from on high: the planting, the quickening and ripening, these are from on high. Subtract from man, on earth, as an evolving creature, his vices, diseases, depravities and abnormalities, and all that remains is the pure gift of the Arch-natural. It is the good in all of his affections: it is the truth in all of his opinions: it is the use in all his deeds. The natural man is a mere satyr, upon whom Apollo shines; and his breast a cold, dark cavern, that gathers light and heat from the visitation of the benignant and bounteous effulgence.

One says, sneeringly;—"Well, grant it; it is written in the scripture of the prophet and apostle Tweed, 'what are you going to do about it?' Possession is nine tenths of the law."

The natural man has no argument, but that of the burglar, who subsidizes the police; no argument but that of the Vandals in Rome; that of freebooting bands, who take possession, and plunder, and burn; who commit rape and murder and sacrilege, in some defenceless city.

The processes of the Universe are slow processes, measured by man's insect scale of time. We can return no answer but this; Wait and see! Nine years ago apostle Tweed ruled the metropolis: he thrust his hand into the treasury and took out millions: the courts, the legislature, the police, were all his own. To those who lifted feeble voices of protest and reprobation, he answered, insolently and with a sneer, 'what are you going to do about it?' To-day he is a pauper, a convict, within prison walls.

The abnormal, so-called natural man, so long the autocrat of the planet, is simply a larger, more enduring Tweed, with a wider range for conspiracy and robbery; requiring, for his end, merely a greater circle of duration.

The only question is, the time allotted for him to run his course; the day appointed for the great assize, when the judgment shall be set, and the books opened, and that just doom awarded, from which there is no appeal and no escape. Till then, endurance, holding as for life! till then patience, and watching for the end!

## SEPARATIONS: SUFFERINGS.

88.

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The arch-natural woman is, in all respects, the opposite of the natural female. Hence there exists between the two a mutual repulsion; but the natural female, having a foot-hold on the earth, evolves a serpent-like fluid, which, when the arch-natural woman approaches, discharges venomously from her frame.

To resist this fluid would be easy for the arch-natural woman, were it not that the natural male element is blended with it, and that it is surcharged with the virus of the under world and the deepest natural hell.

Lily said;—"How is it possible for me to maintain my social place? I see but one method; and that is, to institute an absolute separation between the sexes, where friends receive our direct ministrations.

"The pains that afflict Chrysanthæus, at the present time, result from the persistent effort of females, by their projective senses, to violate the persons of the brethren who are here; to penetrate their breasts while they slumber, and to defile them by their lusts.

"The passion of the female in hell culminates in the lust of the violation of Innocence. As, therefore, the state of Innocence, the affections of innocence, and the sweet ways of innocence, begin to be declared and manifested, the infernal will in the natural female, and the natural-infernal female, is aroused to fevers of insanity.

"We pass from one to another of our people, as the night moves on its weary way, dissipating the infernal vapors, by means of which the wicked ones benumb and stupify before they invade; and, when morning returns, we are exhausted and loaded with pains. Every night witnesses a battle, wherein hundreds of those who attempt to violate are taken;—not to be cast again into hell, whence they arose; but into Ni,—total extinction; final death.

"The Lord is drawing very nigh to us in these terrible last hours. 'Comfort ye my people,' saith the Lord."

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## THE LAST STATEMENT FOR WOMAN.

89.

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"Woman holds in her own hand the destinies of her future. As man enters into the New Life, he comes at last to a guarded passage: this barrier he cannot pass, till he leaves woman to herself, absolving his conscience from all individual obligations to her service, until, with him, she becomes arch-natural and immortal.

"Woman, during the epoch of her changes, must stand by herself; must unweave from man: the sex must order its own habitations, cultivate its own qualities, and carry on its affairs, as if man did not exist upon the planet. This seems an unguarded statement; but it needs no qualification; requiring only to be set forth more in detail.

"Woman, in her present abnormal condition, is the parasite of man; she can disroot herself from him, only as she forms associations in her own kind. She murders man, by the coalescence of unfit elements, generating death: she can only cease to be a murderess, as the sex draws to its own centers and revolves alone. She may interchange commodities and obtain service, by means of representatives and agencies; but she must cease to depend on man, and supply herself from her own resources, inexorably and absolutely: otherwise her calamity can never cease."

Thus Lily wrote. Ailene said; "My Queen, how do you propose to arrange those Ladies who are at present connected with the earthly form of your Society?"

Lily replied; "I propose to leave them just where they are; for they are not connected with man; they are separated, or in process of separation. I propose to leave them to do just as they please, subject to the general law; for woman is peculiar."

Ailene laughed, and answered; "If a lady applies to enter one of their households, what would you do?"

Lily replied; "I would not do anything: let them receive guests, or not, as they prefer. If they choose to add to their resources in this way, it is for them to take the initiative, and the responsibility. Woman is peculiar: her genuine quality tends to thrift: she accumulates: still, there are certain laws that our matrons should know, and be governed by: of these I will specify. This service to Woman is internally a pure charity: outwardly it is pure business; and no business person will carry on business, otherwise than on business principles. If ladies, in this great emergency, apply for shelter, there should be one uniform charge; all the income and service of the applicant."

Ailene answered; "I do not know of any woman, with a liberal income, willing to pay this price."

Lily replied; "Neither do I; and I state the law, simply; not expecting that any will conform to it at present. But the great thing is done when the law is expressed; a new force is liberated by the expression."

Ailene said; "What should the matrons do when ladies apply who have no means of support, but who express themselves to be able and willing to render compensation by services?"

Lily replied; "There are none who are able to compensate by services; because the labor of no natural woman can return an equivalent for a tithe of the vital energy of the household, that she absorbs and consumes in her depleted and infested body. It is impossible for the ladies to organize their households without abundant means, beyond those which they now possess. Therefore, engaging in this charity, they can only receive those who are able to return material equivalents, far beyond the small item of personal service."

Ailene said; "Sweet Mother, you have blocked the way."

Lily replied; "Yes, so far as law blocks disorder, and justice prevents illegal appropriation. How can a Providence organize itself by means of improvidences? When a Family of Woman becomes rich, it can then commence to minister from its abundance, receiving the poor.

"Again I would specify: such guests should be received only for the day, the matrons of the household being at liberty to request their departure at any time."

Ailene answered; "Woman, in her natural state, likes to feel, that she may come when she will, do as she will, stay as long as she wills, and go when she wills."

Lily replied; "She cannot do so in my house. She comes, when those in authority permit; and she goes, when they see it no longer in order for them to extend their courtesy. She may depart at any moment by her own choice; but, doing so, the doors are henceforth closed against her return forever. Such ladies, becoming guests, are not made members of my Society; they merely have the advantages of trial and preparation, under favorable and lawful conditions. My Society is Heaven; but the guests are received into a state that corresponds to the spiritual world."

Ailene said; "What would you do, in a case like that of one who applied recently to be received into the family of those matrons.?"

Lily replied; "If they were so disposed, and saw reasons for it, they might receive her, on trial, to see if she would abide by her pledges and conform to the law. Law is absolute: they would soon know, whether she was coming out angel or coming out fiend.

"Again, I specify: a house like this is actually, though not apparently, of the spiritual world. Applicants come as spirits, to be ministered to as spirits, by those who represent angelic ministrations in the world of spirits: hence the laws of the world of spirits are operative and inevitable. They must conform to the regulations appointed for the test and discipline of spirits; they must dress as they are permitted, labor as directed, observe the rules, and keep within the boundaries. There is no compulsion; their stay is by an act of grace: if the regulations do not please, they are free to vanish.

"My husband closed his labors for woman to-day; he is now relieved from that most unpleasant duty. He represented, in his services for them, the separating force; the unweaving law. I represent the unwoven state, the separated state, and the laws which follow. He completes his labor: I continue with mine."

Ailene said; "When will woman, on earth, be gathered visibly, in splendid social order, and preparation for heaven?"



Lily answered; "I am not concerned about the gathering: that is sure, if there is only a preliminary preparation. As a sufficient number are prepared, they will gather, one after another: but women are looking to be prepared through the agency of man, and preparation cannot come in that way. The unweaving processes have been carried on for them, for the past eighteen years; but they can only be rewoven, into the form of their own order, by action among themselves: therefore we move invisibly among them, serving the Savioress. Great, self-supporting, wealthy societies must begin from the germ-point, in one or another of our little womanly families: I see no other way. The law is here stated, and from it there is no remission. The door being opened thereby, those who are willing and able may enter, through the door: but there is no easier door and no other door: neither is there a broken wall, or a gap, where they can force entrance: there is no other way for them to enter, than by the door."

Chrysanthems said; "I deal with man, in the house of manhood, in his just reasonableness; and seek to do by him, as, were I in his place, and he, by the Lord's ordering, in mine, I should like him to do by me. I say to one whom I think is ready, 'Come and serve with your brethren. Live by the law that they find blessed.'"

Lily replied; "There is in man a rational principle, which woman does not possess; and hence a preparation for order, in which she is deficient. As man disencumbers himself of her passional magnetism, the arch-natural life commences to flow into his plane of order, by the rational faculty. Besides, he feels and thinks, that you desire nothing of him, but that he should hold himself in the right relations and the tender loves that are the means for leading him to the state of the angel. Woman is different; I cannot explain her to you.

"Dearest Own, you are blessed out of yourself; I am blessed in you, as my outness: you are the form sensitive of my delights. When you approach men, with whom we are in the unities of service, I draw out through you; but when you approach women, though we are in sympathy with them, they are so cold in their nature-bodies,—inconceivably colder than men,

—that, but for my trained holding power, my flesh would chill, till I could no longer energise, and you would suffocate. They occasion me, then, excruciating pain: my ability to supply your body with arch-natural warmth begins to leave me, and then your body suffers like mine.”

Chrysanthæus answered; “I wait upon my service.” Lily replied; “These mortal women, at every point, obstruct your service. Now the chill is coming on you again: for weeks it has been almost continual.

“How shall I say that which I desire to? the beast in woman’s mortal structure, rises against me, like a dragon from the frozen sea. I form my thought in your semi-luminous body; but the deadly vapor, that rises from her by opposites to resist me, dissolves the thought, before it evolves to the surfaces of consciousness.

“Little by little, we approach the end. The thought, becoming transubstantial, leads on the transubstantiation of the flesh. The clear, transubstantial thought, that you present to the world, grows, ripens, and is wrought in language, only as the body moves on, in its processes of transubstantiation.

“The mortal woman, by her deadly vapor melting away the forms of the arch-natural ideas, continually persecutes, almost to the death. I tell you, as plainly as I can, ‘absolve yourself from supposed obligations to her, or she will destroy you.’ I will stand between you and the mortal woman, as long as my power remains; but I cannot endure much longer.”

Chrysanthæus answered; “The grass cannot prevent itself from being eaten by the kine: my flesh is as the grass.”

Lily replied; “Unless woman is bound by rigid rules, she destroys the arch-natural element of every one who ministers to her: I cannot submit: she absorbs this element, even from a distance of thousands of miles, as you well know. Cut her off utterly.

“I will tell you how to begin it: first, say publicly, in these words: second, concentrate all the ladies, in our different families, in their own houses: third, confine your charities of the books entirely to men. If any ladies desire them sufficiently to make sacrifices for them, let them apply by letter to Emily, my

sister, whom I permitted, in the divine ordering, to take your external name, that she might fulfill her use, in such important and sacred services as she has rendered heretofore. Publish this: it will help to cut off parasites, and call out the womanly virtues of those who are not parasites. God will save us for His service, if we can only keep within the line of arch-natural law."

Chrysanthheus answered, "Dearest Love!" Lily replied, "I am your dearest love: you were going to say, what I can express more fully: it is almost impossible for those whom you have served so long, and for those who are freshly drawing your life, to realize, but that you can continue to bear and bear, until the world ends. Some of them are like branches on a tree, and some are like the tree's parasites: but the great oaks die at last, by the absorptions of the parasites. So far as our households are concerned, the work of unweaving ends, in the full establishment of separateness. — If a man applies, what would you say?"

Chrysanthheus answered; "Now that events have so far ripened, I should refer him simply to the knights, my sons, in authority in the households." Lily replied; "I should say the same thing: what more?"

Chrysanthheus said; "They might answer the applicant, and if they thought there was place, and worth, and preparation, they might say to him, 'Come and try.' I should leave the whole matter, under supervision, that the Brethren might see, if the man was brotherly." Lily replied; "This is all that you can do: no man should approach you, directly, as you enter this last state."

Chrysanthheus answered; "No man, from this time, shall come to me directly; but if one applies who is esteemed worthy, for whom a place is ready, my sons can receive him as their guest, subject in all respect to the laws of the kingdom."

Lily said; "Husband, there is one thing more. Can a man catch great fishes, who gives his bait to feed the minnows! You were sent to take the great fishes, but the letters that you write consume the bait: you must reserve the bait for the great fishes, or soon you will not even be able to take the minnows. The hours are brief that remain for your great intellectual service,—

brief at the best. Your sun touches the line of the horizon: soon it will be night. The pressure of so many craving needs forces you to correspondence: you know this, feeling the compulsion that is put upon you. It is necessary to break the *rappport*, or the line of your life, now becoming daily more attenuated, will be broken."

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How just, how timely and necessary, these utterances were, none can perhaps realize. The leaning wall at last overthrows the strong pillar: for more than twenty years I have been as a pillar, propping up a leaning wall. As the years become more terrible, I see that if I would survive in my use, and have my use survive in me, a final separation must be made, and that I must desist from all labors, excepting those for which I have a special authority; in order that I may concentrate the remainder of my energies upon those appointed labors, that remain unfinished.

Thus I bring to a close all direct relations, both by word of mouth and word of hand; requesting my dear and loving friends to accept this farewell; till my final services are terminated, and we meet for happy greetings amid the unvailed splendors of the kingdom of God.

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#### NOTE.

The successive numbers of the Golden Child, from 1 to 90 inclusive, were written during the interval between November 10th and December 26th, 1877., and appear in print, with possibly one or two exceptions, in the order of their composition.

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## THE SUMMING UP.

90.

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What is Christianity, as the world at present admits and possesses it? It is, first, the mythos, that has formed and accumulated around the Divine Man of history; and, second, the institutions, that have formed and accreted around the mythos: thus it is made up of two elements; the cloud and the shell.

What is Christianity as we have received and taught? It is the Divine Man of history, made for us the Divine Man of bodily and mental consciousness. Instead of the mythos, we possess the living ideas of His intelligence, deploying in the consciousness: instead of the accreted institutions, we receive the elements of His perpetually generated substance, working for the renewal and transubstantiation of the frame. Thus, for the cloud, we receive the radiance of His intelligence; and, for the shell, the form and substance of His humanity. This, then, is the distinction between an old church, and one that is perpetually new.

But more: the ancient mythos was formed about the Divine Man in the image of His appearance,—the apparition,—not in the likeness of His reality. It was a mold that took an impression from the covering of the seed, without affording any suggestion of the structure of the Tree of Life that was implied in the seed, present in its matrices, and waiting to be known through evolution.

We behold, not the wrappage of the seed, from which the mythos takes its impression, but the Tree of Life, whose branches extend over the arch-natural expanse, with glowing fruits for the immortality of the nations.

Hence it is, that our Christianity touches us at every point of organism, by every nerve of consciousness; instilling, by every touch, at every nerve, vigor, virtue, potency of intelligence, plenitude of light; lifting us out of traditionalism into actual-

ism; growing in us, growing through us, day by day; liberating the faculties, enlarging them; till the whole being moves in rythmical response to the vibrations of the divine harmony; and instilling into us that harmony, so that we meet God as we meet the day, and touch the forms of His apparent Loveliness, as we touch the flowers; while sleep and waking are made, alike, intelligent and virtuous, active and divine.

The great Seer of the past age lived in an epoch when the heavens and the hells, opposing each other with our orb between them, were at a dead-lock in the world; while humanity was held, by the equal pressure of these opposite energies, in a state, rigid, corpse-like, mechanical and obsolete. He called it 'equilibrium'; and, in a sense, it was so.

It was the equilibrium of the man and the serpent: the great reptile coiled about the man's wife; the man unable to detach the reptile, without at the same time destroying his wife; and the monster unable to destroy the woman, lest, while relaxing himself for the purpose of deglutition, he should be slain by the man. Equilibrium! Nevertheless the Seer beheld the fact, though unable to grasp it in its relations, antecedents and sequences.

What do we see now? Nothing in the universe is stationary; the hells have overflowed the world: the serpent has literally placed himself outside of the world: It is snake-time! Loathsome and odious spirits, magical and persuasive spirits, enchanting and materializing spirits, most unclean yet brilliantly deceptive spirits, who, in Swedenborg's day were interior to the human race, and whom he supposed to be restrained by the eternal law of order from becoming exterior to the race, swarm upon the superficies of mankind by myriads.

Mankind is becoming spiritistic; enveloped in the folds and windings of the under world, now becoming, to it, an upper world. Debauched by ages of contention and corruption, the grosser body of the race is in a state of magnetic and phosphorescent decay, and men mistake the gleaming and glittering phosphorescence for heavenly illumination.

The woman, (earthly humanity) is visible no more to man, (the heavens) by the naked eye. She is buried in the snake's

body, (the enclosing hells.) But now the man strikes at the snake. Meanwhile the serpent, covering the body of the woman with his slimy and heated exudations, discharges from his glands the gastric juice, and so commences to dissolve and appropriate her elements.

The woman cannot extricate herself, unaided, from the reptile's body; for she is so diseased that she sympathizes with the passions that consume her; so feeble, that it is pleasant to relax and drown in the deadly magnetism that floods her brain: or she is superstitious, and thinks that the snake is her god, who is interiorating her, through trance and progression, to his 'seventh sphere.'

It is now, on earth, the equilibrium of the immoralities; evil balancing evil from land to land; the equilibrium of competition; the dead-lock of warring self-interests; usury against productive capital; productive capital against labor; labor against religion; religion against science; science against spirituality; spirituality against movement; movement against authority; authority against freedom; freedom against society; and society moribund, rotting, crumbling away.

The body of humanity, in its baser part, has commenced to be digested and assimilated by the hells: the processes move on, by incredible and accelerating velocities. Equilibrium, as Swedenborg beheld it, exists no more: the dead-lock that then existed is at an end. The angels of our planet, possessing hitherto no objective bodies, are obviously unable to maintain a balance of power on the orb, against natural-infernal spirits, who have carried the out-posts by storm, and arrayed themselves in elementary structures, woven from the elements of the bodies of the earthly race; and who pass over the Earth, everywhere, from brothel to bride-chamber, from church to battle-field, from lazaretto to nursery, from birth-couch to death-bed, with no effective resistance. The 'god of this world' seems about to make good his insolent and boastful assumption, 'all these things are mine, and the power of them, and I give them to whomsoever I will.'

Humanly,—that is, creaturely,—there is no escape. As individuals, we are shut in to an immoral condition, fixed upon the

planet: objectively, devils are everywhere, and angels nowhere, so far as appears. The snake having swallowed the woman, to her dazed sense the snake is everywhere, and the man nowhere.

Human corpuscles, homunculi, in the woman's body, resisting the dissolution that menaces at every point our kindred corpuscles, our kindred homunculi; enveloped in the steam and smoke of the devourer, it well may appear, that the snake is everywhere and the man nowhere. Yet this too, like all conditions, is transient: it has an end.

We are asked, continually, and with a touching importunity, 'why we do not proceed, from a formative germ, to organize and extend Society, in the order of the heavens?'—We are waiting but for one event: till the serpent is slain, and the woman lifted from its body, in her surviving remains, and restored to her resting-place, in the bosom of the Man.

When we began to issue these recent publications, they were sent forth by means of energies, moving in the mighty stream of the Lord's advance. Soon we encountered the recoil, as the advance met the counter-movement. We stand now in the whirlpool made by the forces, where they are locked as for the end: but this, also, is no final condition. It is now a question of the ability and persistence of arch-natural force, entering the elemental body of the world, to meet and overwhelm and dissipate the natural-infernal force. The question for the future is, shall human life, upon this orb, be made infernal-natural, or divine-natural; that is, arch-natural?

The triumph of Christ is, what? Is it merely the pressing back of the hells down from the ground they have conquered in objective nature, to their subjective or interior operation? Is it, thence, the reëstablishment of equilibrium between heaven and hell as between two opposing nationalities, leaving the human race, subjectively, to be explored and visited and influenced by each, as a neutral ground. God forbid! if this be the plan of the eternal order, then the creator of the universe is both god and devil.

The victory of Christ implies a new creation, wholly in the sweetness and sanctity of His own exhaustless attributes: not truce with Evil, but deliverance; as we pray, 'deliver us from



Evil.' Therefore, as a solitary bi-sexual man, at once one-in-twain and two-in-one, appears upon the planet, and the nature-organism is evolved to the arch-natural, and the substantial rises to the transsubstantial,—as the earthly, in fine, puts on the likeness of the heavenly,—one beholds the door-way opening, for the long predicted, long anticipated emancipation of the race.

This is the method of law: the law stands, and in it stands the universe. We are not, then, going back, to justify our ground by the mythos, or to build by fragments from the petrification. In this Bounteous Fullness, the Archetypal Genius of the race of man, who rules us by instilling into us his own rich nature, and who visits us by opening and enlarging the faculties that are made for chambers of visitation,—in the Divine Man, one with the Divine Woman, Savior and Savioress of the world, we take our stand; children of their Divine Humanity, servants of its blooming and fruitful and deathless evolution.

The kingdom of God is here! its life implies perennial growth, its growth power, its power victory and its victory perpetuity.

The end draws nigh! Hours of suspense are hours of agony. Flesh and blood cannot long endure the alternations, between the summer warmth of the arch-natural atmosphere and the deadly cold of the opposing, malignant influences; the bodily incoming of the beatitudes, and the torturing counteractions of the invasive hatreds, insanities and lusts; the nuptial aroma from above, and the brothel stench of Earth, reeking with perdition.

The question admits of no debate. Earth must receive its arch-natural investiture, now or never. Let us be calm and patient, firm and resolute, in these fateful hours!

With these words we close. All that remains beyond seems to be, to put in order and commit to the press the various writings, in which we have endeavored to record, the laws and processes of divine order; the stages of our arch-natural experience; the sacred and occult truths involved in revelation; and, especially, those pertaining to the incarnation and the glorious and final coming of the Lord, the Two-in-One.

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THE  
GOLDEN CHILD;

—A DAILY CHRONICLE.—

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PART V.

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THE CONCEPT OF THE  
WORD.

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Numbers 91—104.

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*PRIVATELY PRINTED:*

1878.



**THE**  
**CONCEPT OF THE WORD.**





# THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

91.

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1. THE Procreative and Conceptive Spirit exist, in the Divine Infinite, as Bridegroom and Bride: as One-in-Twain, and as Two-in-One. Paternity implies Maternity.

2. The conception of the child Jesus did not proceed from the masculinity of God, but by the procession of the wedded Infinite; implicating within the finite, child-bearing form of Mary, their own objective and projected image.

3. Even though Joseph and Mary had entered into the unities of marriage, this need not, necessarily, have prevented the ingeneration of the Divine Humanity. The truth of the incarnation does not stand, or fall, with the virginity or wifeness of Mary; assumptions to that effect being merely figments of the sects, or conclusions of the abnormal, natural mind.

4. Dealing broadly with divine historical events, from the ground of the upper race-consciousness, we find no need of confirmations, drawn from the fragmentary records that literature provides. Still, by a wonderful and occult process, those events, in themselves, and in their laws of sequence and antecedence, may be drawn, by a peculiar method, from the brief and obscure memoranda, made by those who lived as contemporaries. The records of an age are impregnated with its especial spirit: so the record of the epoch and history of Jesus, holds, as a precious infiltration, the peculiar element of that epoch and that history. It holds, in a word, for those who can find it, the sphere of Jesus; the element of His diffusive Personality.

5. Books are peculiar. Kant, Spinoza, Shakespeare, Swedenborg, by means of a diffusive mental substance, are present in so many veins of literature, each with his own. If one is in

sympathy with the mental-humanitary, or moral-humanitary condition, that existed in the author, and that made him the author, the volume is a revelation; a word, a form of words, in which we find, no vacuum, but the man's creative consciousness. He stands there, and opens to us his thought. We are taken into his mood, into his very state, so far as we yield to the influence and are ductile to its laws. Man touches man, and the text is but the electric wire, for the transmission of sympathetic vitality. Man touches man; not necessarily the individual author, but the authorial realm, that province of the world of ideas, that society of the world of ideas, whence he draws down the fertilizing element, the constructive models of his intelligence.

6. Again, books are peculiar. In a book that is the man's own,—a reality, not a shadow,—the author marries himself to the reader, to all time: weds his energetic reason to the human race.

7. And again, books are peculiar. One book is a man's very own: forever he will be found by it: he is there. But here is this old record, known as the gospel according to Matthew. If we could imagine a simple, honest, virtuous, sober Boswell; open-eyed, believing, innocent of guile, writing from memory of words heard spoken, events witnessed, as he followed a Man, of whom Samuel Johnson was not worthy to unloose his sandals, we shall gather some idea of writer, and gospel. Simply it is the record of a stupenduous Personality, by one drawn by its immense attraction to move in its orbit. The sun sets, in blood: the loving, worshipping, simple soul lingers there in the gathering twilight, and tells what happened, while it was yet day. Yet not Matthew's story at all! it is the song of the sky-lark, that holds, not the sky-lark, but the dawn.

8. Critics dispute as to the authorship of the synoptical gospels. It is no matter who wrote them. In one sense no one wrote them; they were the events, surviving and arranged by a consensus in the memories of lovers and believers. In a far deeper sense Lord Jesus wrote them. He was the arch-dramatist, the Shakespeare, not of the pageant, but the Event! His life-drama,—He wrote it, not in letters of ink, but in letters of blood, of fire. When all was over, and His Eternity Form, that

so transfigured common things where it shone that the commonplace was lost in the miraculous, was vanished, fled, lost from vision,—then the spectators of the tragedy talked of its events, till verbal narratives became written histories. These little sketches, more or less confused, grew out of the village talk, the fire-side talk, of the simple folk, who believed in the Arch-Genius, yet in their own simplistic, limited, uncomprehending way.

9. Yet again, books are peculiar. Here is this record of Matthew; which Jesus wrote, in the processions of His beautiful and overflowing humanity; and of which vestiges remain, in cloud-pictures of some poor mortal pen. Jesus, himself, as to visible form, a Word, a Symbol, an Arch-Event, a Projection into the created from the Creative, moves through history by means of an evolving symbolism. Let us trace one of these symbolic lines, by means of the arch-natural gift and function. As we proceed, the formulas, at first perhaps dry as those of algebra, will open worlds on worlds; as when, from the calculations of pure mathematics, the astronomer discovered a new orb, and verified by the eye at last what was first a perception of abstract intelligence. It seems pedantic, and an affectation, as it certainly is ungraceful, to number the paragraphs; but this we are compelled to do, as we are going to show mere words, descriptive of events, fitting themselves to describe larger, prior, successive bodies of events: entering so by the form of Man into the human form of history and of the race. The numberings will be found to serve the reader in good stead, as so many spires that indicate the villages; as mile-stones by the way.

10. We are not pleading a case: far be it from us to apply to any writings, forced constructions of our own. But as we read this ancient gospel, lifted measurably out of all mists and shadows, where the sunlight, whose rays are pure intelligence, entered and vivified the brain, the Living Word, that we thus beheld, clothed His Form, for a specific purpose, in these simple phrases of the written page. The dry bones, in our vision began to live. Series by series, immense trains of statement, forming in the mind by involution, came forth by evolution, weaving themselves at last into verbal declaration, by text after text and epithet after epithet of the old-time story.

11. In fine, the World-builder, who is also the Word-builder, and who constructs thoughts in the mind as sea-shells on the shore, builded by us. Not substance here, but shadow! yet the Divine Humanity is glorious, even in its shadow; and the shadow may, in some sort, reveal the substance; for even its shadow is impregnated with life.

12. One, an arch-natural man, an angel, said to Chrysanthemus;—"O, king! Eternity is implicated in time, as the vital form in the natural structure of a seed: you deal with phrases of thought, expressing facts, as the sun plays with the germs in the meadows."

13. Chrysanthemus replied;—"The Creative Genius plays through me, but for one purpose; to show how, and by what process, and for what evolutions, He was and is present in the gracious form, by which He dropped himself, as a seed, into the bosom of the human race."

14. Chrysanthema added;—"Innocence divines all things, by entering into the specialties of the germs. This is the book of innocence, and by the innocent alone, or by those who are striving for innocence, will it be rightly understood."

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# THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

92.

MATT. CHAP. I. 18. — "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise : when as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost."

15. Arch-natural thought proceeds from a conception of the God-man who is also God-woman, Two-in-One, One-in-Twain; the ever-blooming and ever-fruitful Infinite; the Father-Mother; the Lover-Loveress; the Truth-Goodness; the Goodness-Truth; the I Am; the Everlasting; the Encompasser; the Indweller; at once Fruitfulness and Fruition; the Harmony in Melody; the Melody in Harmony; the Absolute Life; the Incomprehensible Perfection. To this we add nothing, because these phrases are almost too much for man, till he enters into his original and normal state. God dawns upon the soul, as it enters thus-wise into innocence.

16. There is a region, positive and primitive to the sun; arch-nature in superiors and antecedents, which serves as the sun of the sun. The solar elements thence derive vitality and potency.

17. Our solar globe forms into an inconceivably magnificent world, of which the visible orb is the center, coëxtensive with the system. The inhabitants of this luminous expanse, in one degree, are the ripened and translated men and women of the peopled planets.

18. Objectively they are in times and spaces, but subjectively out of space and time. In this latter they were visible, by their interiors, to the wise and virtuous Swedenborg, who saw them by the opening of his interiors, and was with them by the *rapport* of interiors with interiors. Still, having no arch-natural basis in his earthly constitution, he was unable to divine or cognise the Luminous World; unable, in a phrase, to realize Heaven by its objectivity. The present writer, after being for many years opened into the subjectivity of Heaven, received the arch-natural investiture, and thus entered the luminous world, the arch-natural abode; two-in-one.

19. It is impossible for man in his present state upon this inversive globe, so much as to dream truly of arch-natural realities. The light is hidden, while it makes all objects visible. The dwellers in the light are viewless, but to those who penetrate the light by a three-fold sense of perfume, melody and nuptial innocence; one sense in fact, for innocence clothes itself by divine odor and song. To live in Heaven is to live in innocence, and to live in the objective spaces of the heavens is to live where innocence is formed into time and space by its own attributes.

20. Man may live at once in as many degrees of nature or arch-nature as there are correspondent degrees formed in his composite and structural objective person. He may live in as many degrees out of time and space, subjectively, as there are degrees formed in his subjective person. Thus he may live in time and out of time; in one time and another time; in space and out of space. This statement serves as a preliminary.

21. God lives, by one proceeding manifestation, the Word, or Divine Man, in all spaces and out of all spaces, in all times and out of all times. Hence He lives, in His Divine Humanity, as the Divine Man of the sun of suns. Out of that superior degree, He comes forth, without leaving the superior, as the Divine Man of our sun and its luminous world.

22. Our Solar Christus, without leaving His solar degree, ingenerated Himself into an egg of the mortal, earthly race of this planet. By means of the Form, evolved in this process, the Divine Man was incarnate on this orb for its necessities. "The birth of Jesus was on this wise."

23. Thus the evolution of the Christ-form here, was from the unity of the Godhead and in the processions of the Infinite Conjugal Life. "Joseph" signifies, the procreative ability of the natural man. "Mary" signifies, the conceptive ability in human nature, which lies open to the Conjugal Infinite of Deity. "Mary was espoused to Joseph," signifies, that the human conceptive element, however formally contracted to the natural generative element, is not conjugally pervaded by it. "She was found with child of the Holy Ghost" signifies, that the matrix of the conceptive element in human nature is impregnated from

the Divine Conjugal Principle. "She was found with child of the Holy Ghost," also signifies, in this specialty, that the woman, Mary, had received in her natural womb, in first principles, the germ of the Divine Humanity.

## THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

93.

CHAP. I. 19. — "Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily."

24. "Joseph her husband" signifies, in universals, the mental procreative principle in man, before he becomes divine-natural, and while he still remains in natural good. "Being a just man" signifies, that the mental procreative principle, in the man who is in natural good, is conformed to an apparent order in that degree. "Not willing to make her a public example" signifies, that the mental procreative principle, thus conformed, dwells in the charity of that degree. "Was minded to put her away privily" signifies, that the mental procreative principle, in its good and consequent charity, desires to separate itself from the mental conceptive principle to which it imputes adultery; but with no infringement of the law of natural mercy.

CHAP. I. 20. — "But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost."

25. "While he thought on these things" signifies, interior meditation, by the procreative principle, during which the mind is being prepared for interior illumination. "The angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream" signifies, that man, in his procreative intelligence, which begets natural ideas, may, when prepared by the life of good and the service of charity, be opened, through interior meditation, to the perception of this truth, that the mental conceptive principle may receive conceptions of ideas from the Divine Conjugal Spirit.

26. Between the mental procreative principle and the mental conceptive principle, as between man and woman who are legal consorts, springs incredible antagonism, proceeding from the former, when it is found that the latter has received superior conception. There is warfare in the breast, and the procreative principle accuses the conceptive principle of adultery; till afterward, being illuminated, there is perception given to the procreative principle, that the conceptive principle is pregnant with Divine Ideas, generated from on high. "Fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife" signifies, that though the womb in the conceptive reason is impregnated thus with divine ideas, it is still in order subsequently that it may be impregnated with natural ideas, by conjunction with the natural procreative intelligence. "That which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost" signifies, as explained, that the natural conceptive reason, which through its counterpartal procreative principle is afterward impregnated from nature, is first in order impregnated from the Word.

CHAP. I. 21. — "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins."

27. "And she shall bring forth a son," signifies, that there is, in actual ultimates within the frame, the impregnation, quickening, formation and evolution of an organic form in the organism; and, in the inmosts of this form, the Divine Infinite. It is to be understood, that the conceptive reason in the individual man is impregnated from on high in the process of regeneration. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins" signifies, ('Jesus' here denoting central authority, leadership and power) that through the presence of this living, created form of the Word in the organism, all of his people,—that is to say, the faculties, intellectual, volitional and passional, are in the due course of regeneration rescued from their inversions and established in their harmonies.

CHAP. I. 22. — "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,"

28. "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled," signifies, the eternal order of Word-generation. "Which was spo-



ken by the prophet," signifies, the prediction of Word-generation ; which is the unwritten and ineffable hope, expectation and prophecy, implanted by the Lord, from the beginning, in man. "By the prophet" signifies, the prophetic voice, within the human breast, by means of which the prediction is made known. The indwelling of God, by the Word, in the personal fullness of the frame, is the hope of Humanity.

CHAP. I. 23. — "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

29. "Behold, a virgin," signifies, the virginity of the mental conceptive principle in human nature. "Shall be with child," signifies, that the conceptive reason shall be impregnated from above. "And shall bring forth a son," signifies, the birth, from the conceptive reason, of an organic form within the receptacles of the will, the understanding and the sense. "And they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us," signifies, that the Conjugal Infinite dwells in man, by means of this outbirth of the form of the Word, through the interiors of his frame.

CHAP. I. 24. — "Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife:"

30. "Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him," signifies, that the natural procreative intellect, after being illuminated through interior meditation, with perception as before stated, bears with it into ordinary and outward thought, knowledge of the high truth so communicated, and practices obedience to its order. "And took unto him his wife:" signifies, that the natural procreative intellect, delights henceforth to be united to its conceptive intellect, as a man with his spouse.

CHAP. I. 25. — "And knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son : and he called his name JESUS.

31. "And knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born son:" signifies, the subsequent impregnation of the conceptive intellect with the natural forms of ideas, which serve as auxiliaries of the indwelling Word. "And he called his name

Jesus." signifies, that the divine ideas are recognized, in their collectivity and unity, henceforth, not as mere servants or slaves of the natural ideas; but as marshaling them by interior potency into their respective uses, and reigning thence in all the thoughts and issues of life. Man is saved through obedience to the inborn Word.

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## THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

94.

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### ILLUSTRATION I.

32. Wives are regenerated through husbands, who have preceded them in the quickening of the spirit, and the consecration of the life to ends of service. In like manner husbands are regenerated, through counterparts, who have gone before them in the renewing and uplifting of the essence. This is the case, even though they have not known each other outwardly by name; when both have remained single; or when one or both, in the permissive providence of God, have been led to form other marital associations in the natural world. Especially is this true, when one of the pair has deceased in infancy, the other still remaining in the natural world; for education in the heavens is more rapid than it is on earth, entrance into order full and complete, and the removal of evils absolute.

33. Chrysanthus saw a youth, to whom he was present, by exteriors, on earth, and also beheld his counterpart, with whom he was present, by interiors, in the heavens. In the conceptive region of her intelligence, the woman-form of the Word-concept had descended, being clothed with exquisite elements of harmony and beauty, and was formed through all her frame. In her hand appeared what resembled an emblazoned missal, opened at a service in celebration of the marriage of Good and Truth.

34. When his vision was made more interior, he perceived, that the missal in her hand was an appearance or visual projection, from the externals of the form of the Word-concept within her

bosom. There were also doves about her bosom, sportive, intertwined as in pairs by chaplets of miniature flowers, delicious in odor as they were lovely in shapes and colors; but in a similar manner, he discovered that the doves, with their chaplets, were manifestations in the outer air of heaven, from the affections of divine good and truth in that sacred bosom-sanctuary.

35. Again he saw fluttering, aerial infants, creatures of the element; some with harps and other instruments of music, some bearing emblems of royalty and dominion; all at first clothed with exquisite apparel, but becoming gradually naked innocences. While he gazed upon them he discovered, that while they appeared to be sporting in the aerial space, they were mirrored there from the heavens of innocence, the shrine and substance of the Word, wrought into the structures of that virgin's breast.

36. The virgin then said to him;—"As I am now, so, as I fondly hope, my beloved, shadowed one will be hereafter. With me the concept of the Word is an organic structure, inter-involved in all my structures of brain, bosom, hands and feet. With him there is but a beginning of regeneration, and the Word-concept is swathed, as a babe, in his deep interiors, menaced by all the evils in his mistaught mind, and impeded by his hereditarily diseased organization. The inward Christ is born in him as the Crowned One of Bethlehem." Then she commenced to sing:

"Love is coming home to dwell  
In the world He loves so well.  
In the bosom-space forlorn,  
Lo, the Infant Savior born.  
Lo, the flower of Jesse's stem.  
Lo, the Babe of Bethlehem!"

37. It is not pretended that more is given than the merest verbal shadow of the melodious canticle: its spirit alone is thus expressed, but not the variations of its ideas, which were manifold; nor the deep, interior meanings, such being ineffable.

38. While the virgin was singing, three ladies approached, who were introduced respectively by flower-names, and who appeared with her as if they might have been Graces from some real Olympus. They said, speaking as in one voice;—"Our counterparts are all below, and we keep bride-watch for them evermore. Re-

generation, from its beginning to its consummation, is all a bridal mystery of God." Two of them came afterward and talked with the narrator on separate days.

39. The men who are marked with sorrow from birth, and consecrated to high thought and daring achievement, not with but against the movement of the times wherein they live; the men nearest and dearest to the World's heart, who uplift the race through the adoption of its griefs and miseries as their own; the men through whom the chaste purity of the Ideal Life shines forth, now fitfully, as when the rays of a star are seen through breaking and gathering clouds, now luridly and terribly, as when the beams of the sun pervade the smoke of battle;—these often appear in an exceptional and solitary mood, because their counterparts, removed in infancy from the natural earth, inflow into them with a secret pervasion; making them pilgrims and strangers in the terrestrial places where they abide.

40. Chrysanthus conversed with one whom he had reason to believe was the celestial counterpart of Joseph Mazzini: wise, eloquent, serene, hovering over him in his terrestrial career like the fairer genius of that Italy, on the altar of whose freedom, unity and brotherhood, he was pouring, as an oblation, the rich currents of his life. It was the full-formed Word-concept, in her inter-penetrating and pervading intellect and will, operative through the incipient form of the Word-concept in him, that sustained and bore him on, in his long, lonely and terrible apostolate. More than ever Peter, he was a rock!—Throughout all the walks of life, among the scarred legions of Earth's earnest, patient, sorrowful, valiant men, hoping against hope for the realization of fraternity, may be found souls of this peculiar class, charged with inspiration,—Word-concept flowing into Word-concept,—through counterparts who are above.

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# THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

95.

CHAP. II. 1. — “Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.”

41. “Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea” signifies, the descent of the form of the Word, that is generated in the interiors of the human personality, and in the chambers of its conceptive reason, into the inmost or first region of the natural consciousness, and so into the first beginnings of the external consciousness. “In the days of Herod the king” signifies, a point in individual experience where the dominant power over the personality is from the inherited lusts, fantasies and darkneses of the natural man. “Herod the king,” signifies, the empire of these lusts, fantasies and darkneses.

42. “Wise men from the east” signifies, in this connection, ideas of the remains of ancient good and truth, in the mind, who interrogate the reason, that is natural but inverted into a form of darkness and fantasy, to know in what region of the organism the Word has appeared. “Jerusalem” signifies, the natural religious idea, and the province in the organism wherein the forms, effigies, semblances and remains of the ecclesiastical idea, which is formed in the mind of the natural man, have their seat and center of power.

43. The man in whom there begins to be quickening from the descent of the Word within his breast, feels, in other words, that there is a something of God and of the Divine Oracle struggling for organization and expression within his interiors and entering into the religious province of his natural mind. So he inquires of the supreme thoughts and powers, enthroned over that religious province in himself, Where, when, how, and by what process the descent of this Divine Oracle within is to be accomplished? How it is to be approached, welcomed, understood, and acknowledged as divine? Or the one in whom this

quickenings is begun goes for information to his mere natural sect; which, being ruled by lusts, fantasies and darknesses, he seeks direction from powers hostile to the Word.

CHAP. II. 2.—“Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.”

44. “Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews?” signifies, that there is throughout the universal expanse of the human personality, a desire on the part of every natural principle and power of good and truth to receive the inborn divine Word, and to enthrone it as the acknowledged ruler of the life; “For we have seen his star in the east,” signifies, a radiance of illumination throughout the subjective provinces of the personality, from the light of All-Father and All-Mother, in the germ-form of the Word. “And are come to worship him.” signifies, that there is a desire upon the part of the universal forms of good and truth throughout the organism to be arranged in order and initiated into harmony by the Word.

CHAP. II. 3.—“When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.”

45. “When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled,” signifies, that the lusts, fantasies and darknesses which represent, within the breast, the disorders of the world, shocked by the quick, electric darts, that presage a coming ruin of their usurped dominions, experience tumult, distress and anxiety. In other words, the organized body of inversive thoughts, passionized imaginations, and impure, ferocious appetites, that have usurped dominion over the will and the intellect, and hence over the life, now tremble, at the omens of their overthrow.

46. “And all Jerusalem with him.” signifies, that the struggle of the quickening powers in the natural rationality, to find, own, and adore the Word, disturbs and harasses whatever there is in man of the nature of fantasy, grounded in the seemings of religion, and built up as an ecclesiastical authority. The inversive sect or church in man, centered in and dominated over by the inversive state, or secularity in man, and holding its place and power through the suppression of the Word, is filled with consternation when there is an inquisition in the quickened ra-

tional principle, for the place and presence of that superior and supreme Authority, whose tenets they have perverted, and whose embassies they have suppressed.

## THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

96.

### ILLUSTRATION II.

47. Chrysanthus was present, by the opening of his interiors, in a synod or gathering of Presbyterian divines, in the World of Spirits. The edifice where they were assembled was oblong, and presented the appearance of an ecclesiastical edifice, arranged in conformity to the usage of that persuasion. An angel, who was invisibly present, whispered in his ear; "These are Calvinists and entertain, at present, terrible abominations, drawn from the perversions of the Word in their creed." The synod was presided over by a man of venerable aspect, clad in a Genevan gown, and with a countenance marked by inexorable severity. On the right of him were arranged spirits who in their fantasy were prophets, and others who imagined themselves apostles. A spirit who by magic had formed about his person a winged, floating object, hovered in the air above the seat of the Moderator, and was believed by them to be the Holy Ghost. Other spirits, representing Calvin, Beza, and the eminent Protestant 'reformers', occupied honorable places; grave, clerical personages, exuding a cadaverous odor, a noisome, bitter, deadly effluvia, which the baser ones snuffed up eagerly, whispering that it was 'the odor of sanctity.'

48. The object of the assemblage seemed to be, the trial of one of their number for heresy and blasphemy. The counts against him were three; the assertion of the unity of the Godhead in the Two-in-One of the Divine Humanity; belief in the identity of the saving principle with disinterested virtue and benevolence; and belief in the indwelling of God in the human breast, by the Word, in all men with whom the spirit of charity finds an abiding place.

49. The man on trial wore a more youthful look. He was evidently one in whom the divine sphere of good and truth, formed on Earth, and long overclouded by such baleful superstitions as he had imbibed by his sectarian education, had commenced to shine forth, dispersing the fantasies from his intelligence. The accused rose to his feet, answering to the charges, and admitted that he had received and did receive the tenets alleged against him. Whereupon the 'Holy Ghost' immediately screamed; the fictitious Prophets cried out, 'let him be damned'; and the Apostles pronounced him 'accursed'; while the synod solemnly ratified their judgment.

50. Then a second culprit was brought before the tribunal, also a young man; but with him came a marvellously attractive, modest, gentle girl; who seemed there, rather for a purpose of illustration, humoring the fantasy of the would-be persecutors, than from any compulsion of their authority. The charge against this young gentleman was, to the effect, that "absenting himself from Public Worship, he had been found by the Elders, in a reclining posture in the arms of the maiden, whom he declared to be his affianced wife; but who had previously been noted as an improper person, walking and conversing in a loose manner in a grove to the east of their Town; who had profaned the Sabbath by carnal songs, playing also upon an instrument of music; who was an idolatress; having been detected in laying votive offerings upon an altar of the Cyprian Venus in said grove; and who had by her presence grievously offended the Holy Ghost in the bosoms of certain of the godly, inciting them to lascivious desires."

51. "Eh, Sirs," broke forth one of the Elders in his zeal, "I doubt not she is a harlot!" another cried;—"Let her be stoned to death; as is written in the law." The young man, being asked if he could justify himself, replied, with dignity and mildness, "that he prayed the Lord, while on Earth, that if it were in the order of providence, he might be espoused to a pure virgin; but that his petition, in any outward sense, was not answered there; that since his physical decease"—

52. When he said "physical decease," a commotion arose, some in the assembly denying that they had deceased physically,



but others demurring, and crying that they had met the 'unexpected change.' Modifying therefore his phrase 'physical de-cease,' to the term 'unexpected change,' he resumed, saying, "that since the change he had been in the custom, at times, of retiring from the assemblies, and conducting his private devotions in a secluded place; that once, when in great sorrow, and wholly bewildered in the confusion of his religious thoughts, a Personage stood by him, or seemed in the distance to stand over him, who resembled a Divine Shepherd, carrying in his bosom a lamb; that he was drawn in his affections to worship, believing that he saw the Lord; that scales seemed to fall from his eyes while engaged in adoration; that his bosom then began to heave with a sense of freedom; and that, as the vision became more radiant and ineffable, the Personage vanished in infinite light, but the lamb still remained visible; and that, drawing near, to his surprise the form of the lamb merged in the form of the maiden, with whom the elders had found him, according to their charge." He concluded by saying that "he was in anticipation that she would be made his wife, and that they had exchanged pledges of betrothal."

53. One of the Elders then arose, crying;—"To the law, and to the testimony!" Another rejoined that, "in his judgment the youth had added blasphemy to his other offenses." He said also that "to a young man found in his condition the blame was comparatively light, because the wanton had evidently beguiled him; but that for him to lay the charge of the appearance of the young Jezebel to the incarnate Son of God, the second Person of the adorable Trinity, was abominable; and that he ought to be burnt alive." He concluded by remarking that, "as all well knew, and as the Scriptures plainly taught, in heaven there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage; but that each of the elect took such a sister as reverently conformed to usage; grave decorous bodies, concubines, such as were permitted to David and other holy men; while they were waiting for the Lord to appear, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on the ungodly heathen and children of the world."

54. At this the 'holy ghost' in the air gave another scream, while the apostolic and prophetic impersonators signified their assent.

55. But now the young man became righteously indignant, and cried to the Elders, who were approaching;—"I proclaim that this is my affianced. Still more the scales fall from my eyes. I have remained too long in the fantasies of Religion, in which I was indoctrinated from childhood. I declare, that your doctrine is a doctrine of devils."

56. In another moment darting fire-flashes were seen, penetrating the atmosphere. Then the virgin mildly said;—"It is fitting that you should hear the truth. I was withdrawn in my infancy from Earth, and assigned to the charge of maternal angels, till I was led forth to womanhood and the Word was fully formed within my bosom and throughout my frame. During the latter part of the earthly life of this, my dear friend and counterpart, I was employed, to my unspeakable delight, in the holy charge of nourishing and preserving the divine principle of charity within his breast, in calling forth his heavenly desires and cherishing his noble aspirations. Since he has been in this Earth of Spirits, I have appeared at times, on this mission, in the borders of the place. Your 'holy ghost' image is an old Calvinist. Drop, bird! show yourself, priest!"

57. Saying this, the virgin extended her hand, when, with a terrible scream, the fantasy-form of the bird fell headlong; and, as when a player puts off his disguise, a wizened and spiteful old man struggled out of the apparent web of membranes and feathers, and commenced to hiss like a snake; while the pretended apostles and prophets, one after another, slunk away, and the great assemblage tumultuously dispersed, their countenances becoming mere effigies of foolishness.

58. Thereupon appeared an Angel, who was the guardian of the peace, and invisible agent of Divine government in that place. Turning to the first heretic, he bade him be of good cheer, and invited him to ascend in his company, to a Society composed of those like himself in course of preparation for the heavens. But the virgin, taking the youth by the hand, said;—"Come with me, my Beloved!" So they vanished from sight.

59. Chrysanthus beheld afterward, on the borders of this place, a little retreat upon ground somewhat elevated, a bowery seclusion, fragrant with odoriferous plants. Here he perceived

a number of youths, Calvinists on Earth and of that class who are foremost in the pious clubs known as 'Young Men's Christian Associations.' One was saying to the others;—"I am in a strait between two. The teachings are, that, if we leave the church in this place, we shall go to hell, proving ourselves to be of the seed of antichrist, and no better than Unitarians, Socinians, Atheists and Jews. Then again, who can tell? There is a principle in my natural rationality that craves to find and know an inward something of God, that seems deep within the heart. Yet when I take counsel of my formed religious opinions, and begin to inquire of them, as to this something within, there is trouble."

60. One answered;—"When the wise men from the east inquired where Christ should be born, king Herod was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." A second said;—"I have hinted of this very thing to our Elders, and they have referred me to the great rulers, to whom they are conjoined in our Presbyterian government. Such inquiries cause confusion: there is no reply: but I am going to force a reply, if I perish for it."

61. Another then observed;—"I am told that witches and sorcerers broke in upon the Synod, and by force delivered the two we know of." "Yes," cried out an associate, "you saw that girl!" Here another and another replied;—"Yes, we saw her," and a modest youth added;—"I spoke to her. I found her in this very grove, a little farther on, and was drawn courteously to make a friendly greeting, to which she replied like a dear sister. I could tell you more."

62. At this they pressed him, and he went on;—"I am awfully foolish and bigoted, or I am profoundly devout and wise. I come into this grove and pray, and then I think the former; I join in the sacred exercises of the Elders, and then I think the latter. At the time that she appeared and I addressed her I was much humiliated. I half wished to turn heretic or infidel,—to get away, I knew not where,—to be myself,—to think out my thoughts though I were damned for it,—to give up my trust in the blood of Christ; which certainly does not cleanse from all sin, as we know by what goes on among the Elders. Then I queried, What is Religion? and I answered,

secular service; ceasing to work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; and giving yourself to whatever helps the neighbor, with painstaking yet humble thankfulness and joy. She spoke, in response to my salutation, words that were unutterable, like music remembered in a dream, but the import of them seemed to be, that there was a Society of ladies like herself, who were virgins, who had been taken from the earth in childhood for education in the heavens, and who finally became wives; and that I too should find a beloved one, and pass into a society of youths, also being educated for angelic service. But instantly I feared to believe; I turned in thought to our creed, our confession, our strict observance; and lifting up my eyes again, she had vanished from sight."

63. The young men at this smiled and commenced severally to consider. Then one began;—"I wish to make a confession. Where are we? Dead or alive? What undetermined state is holding us? What superstition? I sometimes think, even at the risk of perdition, that the religion that holds us is a bloody blasphemy. Let us"—

64. He said no more, for at this juncture appeared the heavenly virgin of whom they had spoken, in company with her affianced, who smilingly greeted his friends, and severally made them acquainted, by name, with the young lady, his promised bride; who was now apparelled in exquisite costume and adorned upon the bosom with the emblem of her Society in the Heavens, a crimson dove.

65. In a short time the young men began to glow with animation and to converse, cheerfully but with seriousness. They proposed to the affianced bride three questions, of which this was the first: Whether all young men, of virtuous inclinations and correct principles, when delivered from ecclesiastical institutions by which they had been held in slavery, might be adjoined by the Lord to celestial virgins, in preparation for nuptials in the heavens. She answered: "Some of you are interiorly adjoined thus. Some perhaps may have those who are of counter-partial nature still remaining in the natural body. The unities of others may be young ladies who are held in religious slaveries resembling your own."

66. After this answer they propounded a second question, namely; How is it possible that there are marriages in heaven, when the Scriptures declare that there are none? She replied;—"I have never heard that there are divine scriptures that thus deny. I am told, that such inferences have been drawn from certain words of our Lord. But what did he say? He told his disciples,—if they had only heard Him,—that they might become angels; and the angels all are two-in-one. He told them many things that they did not receive. Speaking from out of the depths of infinitude, His utterance failed to reach them, because they had not ears to hear."

67. One of the young men now cried, sadly;—"I am unworthy: tell me how to become worthy." To this she smiled sweetly and, in a speech that thrillingly touched the internals of the mind, replied;—"The Spirit and the Bride say, 'come.' There is no absolute unworthiness, unless there is willful rejection. He who receives in his bosom, solely and practically, the desire that others may be made good and wise, receives the Mother." At this word, 'Mother,' the group of young men startled, electrified. "Yes, Mother," she continued. "You have been educated to the worship of three men gods: we worship One God, the Father-Mother, Two-in-One: but I must talk with you no more at present, for I am called away."

68. When she had departed, a serious youth of the circle, after a little silence, began to speak, and his first words were;—"On Earth we should have considered this damnable heresy, and though one had confirmed it by signs and wonders we should have held that he had a devil. The Holy Scriptures, as interpreted in our confession, take opposite ground." Then one added;—"The Scriptures, as interpreted by some whom we were taught to reject as heretics, teach very much the same. I remember to have heard it stated, that those who are saved, even though they departed the Earth as old women, entered Heaven with the freshness of youth, that children there grew up to the splendor of maidenhood, and that all women in heaven became wives and lived to eternity in a charming and magnificent loveliness: so I take what we have heard as a confirmation." Thereat the young men all smiled, being inwardly rejoiced;

and as the time approached for them to leave the grove, they saw a path leading upward, and entering it, they did not return to the Calvinistic City.

69. Shortly afterward Chrysanthheus was again introduced inwardly into that stronghold of ecclesiastical and social Calvinism; and this time into a gathering of female devotees; whose hands were employed in what resembled patchwork, while their tongues were busy with outrageous scandals. The leading topic of conversation was, the inroad of sorcerers and witches into the assembly of the Synod, the apparition and disappearance of the mysterious maiden, and the departure of the young men.

70. The females wore, upon the whole, a somewhat comely appearance, and looked like thriving, well-to-do bodies, whose religion was rather the *sauce piquante* than the staple food of life. However, as notable exceptions, were certain old crones, snuffy, canting, sinister in aspect, spiteful as cats, and sneering covertly at every one. Here and there appeared a pale, broken-hearted looking creature, suppressed, pining, obviously enslaved; haunted by night-mares of terror and weary of existence.

71. Two of the gossips, pale, sorrowful ones, were busy with a private conversation. One said to the other;—"I pray sometimes, my dear, to God the Father, and sometimes to God the Son; but when my prayers don't get answered, I try the other Person of the adorable Trinity." The other whispered, first looking round as if fearful of being overheard;—"Peggy, did ye hear about the downfall of the Holy Ghost? They try to keep it to themselves; but I just overheard that he was made to come down and shed his feathers." "Whist woman," came the quick, low reply;—"Ye'll be overheard. Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost can have no forgiveness; neither in this world nor the world to come. Perhaps he was only moulting after all. These are mysteries that poor unstable creatures pry into to their soul's destruction. Ye know, there's no redemption from hell-fire."

72. Two of the crones were whispering in a corner. One said;—"The great St Paul dined with my Elder, and I heard him say, that these were the last times; that he felt his old bones begin to shake down yonder; that the trumpet was about

to sound, and that he now expected to put on his resurrection-body. He said too, that he had been down a-rapping, with the rest of the apostles."

73. "A-rapping did you say?" answered the gossip; "can you rap?" "Yes, that I can," came the sharp, quick response: "and O, but it's grand to tip tables." "What is a rap?" queried the other. The reply cannot be fully written, but it was in part like this: "a blast of the bowels, with a godly sifflication." At this one nudged the other and the two began to titter: but now a third queried them, a wiser head apparently, saying,—"It's weary work, putting so much of your speretual essence into a creature, who sits grand at a table, and gets the material recompense for your pains."

74. In another part of the room, or suite of rooms, a favorite Elder had taken his seat amidst a bevy of the more comely of the flock, and was discoursing familiarly about the distinguished personages who had favored him with their acquaintance. "You'll be knowing, Sisters,"—for thus the discourse proceeded,— "that king David is waiting for the resurrection, in a neighboring town; but he drops in, in a friendly way, and we compare the scriptures. I take the epistles, and he the prophets and psalms. He is quite confirmatory; and is pleased to say, that 'Scotland is the second Canaan, and our kirk the one that holds the marrow of the Word.' Uriah's wife keeps house for him; but I'll be bound to say, that any one of you that I might name is more of the woman; as well might be." He went on:—"There's Habakkuk, and Malachi, and the rest of the minors, to say nothing of Jeremiah and Daniel, but they can't quite agree in the interpretation of the prophecies. They need a Calvinist among them to set them to rights."

75. Here a special sister asked the Elder, Whether king David yet wore his crown? if he still played upon the harp? and if he ever danced? but received the answer, that David considered that dancing was a carnal practice, since the types and shadows had been done away and the saints had come into the full blaze of gospel liberty; that he sometimes sung a psalm; but, for the same reason, had abandoned his harp practice; and that all the crowns had been called in, for they were all to be made over and the

jewels reset, for the wearing of the saints on the day of resurrection, when also they were to have the harps for a great triumphal procession. He then engaged in conversation about Antichrist, saying, that "Antichrist had been seen in the neighborhood, and that there was great danger, for all but the truly elect, who kept the faith once delivered to the saints, and held to the law and the testimony."

76. But now one of the ancient crones approaching the Elder, and whispering in his ear, he rose in haste, making his way to an inner room, where two of the sorrowing creatures lay in a swooning condition, surrounded by a group of the more ancient females. The cause of the swoon some averred to be heat, others cold; but when the Elder approached he pronounced it to be a visitation of God, adjuring them by awful names, and in various ways endeavoring to recall them to consciousness.

77. While he was thus engaged, appeared in the room, as from some invisible place, the celestial maiden, whom the Elder and his confreres had wished to consume by fire, and with her the affianced young man. One of the fainting ones now began to speak as in a trance, partially reviving, and her first words were:—"You know that I was right about the 'holy ghost.' Poor fellow, he has been cast down, and now lies under a dunghill; but he is only a scornful imp, and no more a god than his next neighbor." But now the other sorrowful one, speaking also in a trance, answered;—"The blessed Jesus is my trust forever and ever; but do you know, He is not God the Son." Then more solemnly came the words;—"The God whom I worship in my heart, is both Father and Mother."

78. Still reviving, the two pale, desolate children of sorrow began to look about them, but were seized with terror, fearing cruel punishments for the heresies that they had spoken. But the excitement commenced to spread, and in a short time most of the women had left the place, through fear, while the few who still remained sat listening, or knelt in groups around them, or reclined in postures which indicated efforts for internal recollection, struggle and strife, and terror mingled with dawning hope. Outside, in the street, meanwhile, clamors had risen and strife of tongues, here and there a priest declaring, that the



house had been taken possession of by Evil Spirits. When the narratives of the sisters had been finished, and each had declared what she had seen and heard, they were tenderly lifted in the arms of angelic ladies, who with their spouses came forth, and removed them from the Calvinistic Society, and with them the other women, who from sympathy of affections had remained after the dispersal of the others.

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79. An arch-natural man said;—"O, king! the chattering of magpies, the hooting of owls, the whirring of bats, and the flapping of the wings of buzzards,—such sounds are in our ears: and on the other side the voices of melodious singing, when we attend to this narrative. Why do you intersperse such things in such a serious and holy volume?" Chrysanthus replied;—"This illustrates for many minds." Chrysanthia answered;—"All Jerusalem was troubled when inquiries were made for the birth-place of the Holy Child. The persons mentioned here are typical of classes, not only in the Sects of one but of all Religions. There are Jerusalems in Buddhism as well as in Calvinism: a Jerusalem in the sect of atheists; priests of the no-god and prophets of the nowhere, as well as priests of the sepulchral effigies of god, or phantasms of a trinity. There are young men, yes old men, who have kept their youth, in all such cities. You have but slightly to change the phrases, and you have the outline of the troubles in all such Jerusalems, when the internal form of the Word begins to be evolved in any who are subject to their jurisdiction."

80. One of the arch-natural men answered;—"Yes, there are fictitious prophets and gods, who sit with the elders and secretly preside over them." Chrysanthia replied;—"Everywhere the heart rebels against the pressure of the dogmatic form, that is insufficient to meet and answer its conceptions. People, when they so begin to feel, have a concept from the Word, in the conceptive intelligence, and this is in a struggle to evolve, and become a knowledge of consciousness."

81. Chrysanthus said;—"This work, with its illustrations and appendages, will stand as my final testimony. These nar-

ratives will then have an historical value, as relating to a transitive condition in the life of the race, that even at this time was about to pass away." Chrysanthea said; "Final words are precious words. While a man lives upon the mortal plane, in mortal conditions, he excites an inevitable opposition, if he presents truths of wisdom, that by necessity imply a superior teaching authority: the world is jarred by his utterances. But when he is withdrawn beyond the reach of the earthly-dwelling man, disappearing as in the sunset, gradually he begins to be considered as no longer intrusive upon the natural plane of existence. Henceforth he operates from above, and is a part of imperishable History. When one who bore the life of God in his bosom presses no more by his gifts upon men, the opposition to him, that grew out of the pressure of his gifts, commences to subside. While he spake as from the surface of time, the unfamiliar speech in a certain sense caused oppression: it is far otherwise when he is withdrawn into the bosom of Eternity: the pictures that were first seen as raw and new, or painful by their intense light, toned and mellowed in the mind are treasured in the future as the property of nations. Gifts that, when first presented, were considered almost as an insult, are held in far other regard when the giver is withdrawn into that splendid region where the Genius of the Gift makes his eternal court."

82. The arch-natural man answered;—"I perceive that it should be so. O, king! it is not much longer that you have to remain in the opaque visibility." Chrysantheus replied:—"Therefore I am desirous to give all that I may, from the stores accumulated in my illuminated experience; for after I am uplifted, I shall not unfold again upon the plane of such affairs."

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# THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

97.

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CHAP. II. 4.—“And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.”

83. The Infinite Creator makes manifestations of Himself throughout the regions of the universal heavens,—not in time or space,—so that to the eyes of angels He is apparently visible in lucid objectivity. He appears sometimes in the resplendency of Manhood, while all know him to be the one and only God. Again He appears in the unities of his Manhood and Womanhood, as Two-in-One; All-Father in All-Mother, All-Mother in All-Father, while there is instantaneous knowledge that this is the One God. These appearances of the All-Good are revelations from the subjective to the objective, either through the Word formed in the interiors of angels of a superior degree, or through choirs of angels each in its nuptial series, or through elevated kingdoms of angels in a loftier expanse, or through the form of the Word in the very interiors of those to whom such blessedness is communicated. It is in this manner,—though there is another,—that the Creator is universally present with His people and walks amidst them.

84. This objective manifestation of the Infinite, in heavenly subjectivity, whether effected through one angel, or a series, or a kingdom, is accomplished by means of that organism that is formed by the divine generation in the conceptive intelligence; and which, in a relative sense, is called ‘the Word.’ The Divine-human Lord is the Word in potency and absoluteness. The form which is divinely generated in the conceptive intelligence of man is most appropriately styled the Word-form, or Word-shadow, or Word-concept. The statements that are wrought into holy books or sacred scriptures of races, of heavens, and which are embodied in external language, written or symbolic, by means of the positive or reflex action of the Living Word, may appropriately be called Word-expressions.

85. The difference between the scriptures of the arch-natural world and the scriptural records of the natural world is so radical, that the former can only fall on the latter as the solar light on a wavering mass of cloud-shadows.

86. An arch-natural man said;—"O, king! a Scripture ought to be as intelligible for those to whom it is written, as a work on optics to an optician, or a treatise on botany to a botanist." Chrysanthus replied; "Scriptures in the natural world are chiefly unintelligible." Chrysanthus said; "How can they be intelligible, while the classes whose profession it is to interpret them are the constitutional enemies of the arch-natural life? Scriptures are such by reason of the inter-presence of an arch-natural idea." Chrysanthus said; "The foundation of Scripture, as to its arch-natural substance, is in the bi-sexual truth. The Word, in all its forms greater or lesser, primitive or derivative, superior or inferior, is in that idea and structure. So long as man is in the sexual he cannot be made bi-sexual, and so long as he remains in the sexual idea he cannot understand religion, which is wholly, as to essence and substance, in the region of bi-sexuality. He is led however by the shadows of religion."

87. These sacred Scriptures, Word-visions or expressions are especially holy, for three great reasons. This is the first; the spirit of a writing lives in its contents, and these writings, being from the word-acts of the Holy One, hold a spiritual life which penetrates to the spiritual, and an arch-natural element which flows to the material ground in which they are visible. This is the second; because the Divine is present through purpose, in a special manner according to the specialities of purpose, and in a centrality of manner according to the centrality of purpose. The object of the Divine Providence being, not merely the salvation of an individual soul, but the gathering of an whole people of an orb into universal order, and the perpetuation, evolution, and perfection of that order to eternity, therefore this purpose, descending into and working through the written or pictorial medium, that is its continent, causes a special holiness therein. This is the third reason: that neither men upon our inversive planet or throughout the harmonic earths of the universe, can become angelic, without spiritual combat; warfare

here against inversions; warfare there against possibilities of inversions, or against inferiorities; warfare here against antagonisms, ecclesiastical and social hindrances; warfare there against limitedness, and for the evolution from incipient conditions; and this warfare, being effected only by means of the Energising God, the holiness of that divine energy is present, even to the outmost of each Scripture, as a quickening, searching and strengthening fire.

88. The Word-expressions, which fall into and form sacred Scriptures, are according to the genius of each humanity or angelhood, and therefore diverse. The Scripture of a race in its incipency is gradually succeeded, through periods of ascent, by the Scripture of its manhood, and so onward to the Scripture of its final age. The Scripture of an infantile people is infantile, that of a youthful people youthful, that of a mature people mature, and glorious according to the style and structure of its maturity. The gospel of simplistic nations is simplistic, and that of composite nations composite.

89. By a sublime law of arch-natural generation, Scriptures are born, and by another law of removal, when the uses for which they were given are fulfilled, they pass away. Whatever is to constitute the Word-expression or Scripture of a people, is first inscribed in the Word-concept, which is let down and formed within the conceptive intelligence of that people; this being a law of universals, applicable to the evolution of arcane writings. When higher or more composite forms of the Word-concept are to descend, and take their place as Word-expressions, in written or pictorial books, the prior, lesser or less composite scripture commences to recede from the affections of that people; still however holding sway, till all of the vestiges of the former state are in course of removal from the internals of the corporeal and rational mind; and being gradually succeeded, in the substitution of supplementary series of ideas, by the superior and forthcoming divine record. Throughout the long epochs of an harmonic people, the good is supplanted by the better, the better by the best; the wise by the wiser, and that by the wisest; the fountain flows into the rill, the rill pours into the river, while the river disappears at last in the fullness of the sea.

90. The Word-shadow, expression or scripture, on our orb, partakes, as a literary form, of the desultoriness, the infirmity, the partially savage, and in some respects the immoral character, of the general race-mind, the specific tribal minds, and finally of the exceedingly limited individual and personal minds: being race-like, tribe-like, and person-like. The Aryan Word-concept, one Book internally, is outwardly distributed in fragments or remains, swathed in the envelopes or foldings of the vedantic literature. The Word-poem, picture, or vision, which remains to us in the earliest fragments of the Pentateuch, is the out-cropping of a primitive Word-expression or Word-formation, of which the last faint vestiges are retained elsewhere as broken relics of traditions, so worn, so wasted from their original, as to escape the investigations of the most profound adepts in philology. The sacred literatures of the Hindoo, the Parsee, the Israelite, contain the same ancient Word-expression, here as shadows, there as the shadows of shadows; the broken waves of individuality, tribality and nationality refracting, at so many varied angles, the prismatic beams of the One Word, in man, throughout man, but above man.

91. Light, heat, and their beneficent or terrific operation; life, death, and their startling phenomena; the visible processes of Nature; trance, dream, spectral, intra-natural and spiritual sight; the complex phenomena of mental, moral, physical and psychical experience; the passion-play of the senses,—to say nothing of the interaction of ghostly agencies,—the sword-thrusts of spiritual attack; the under-tone of a mysterious, impersonal, yet conscious life, that sensitive natures may hear even now through all the outward silence of the world;—these things, becoming formulated into somewhat of an apparent order in the minds of men, laid the foundations of a universal literature.

92. The Poet was of old the maker; so the first scripture was the child of the Muses. Theology in its origin descended as a song, and the beginning of revealed religion came as a poetic vision of the Creative Man. The child could not comprehend its Father's thought, but it was blessed in the vision of its Father's face. In brief, the process of Life, in a scientific form, as we now understand science, was then unrevealable: because, in our

sense, there was no scientific culture. Science, as at present defined, is man's after-knowledge of the constituents and combinations of things; the correlatives of forces, which can only be attained, by creatures of our type, through an immense and long continued custom, experience, handling and analysis of subject elements. Otherwise with Revelation, which, in the beginning, is the manifestation of the Divine Personality: this commences when the primitive impulse to love and to adore, mounting in the quickening of the individual life, and taking expression in the solemn adjuration to the felt Invisible for communion and communication, clears the field of the sensorium from lesser, lower, earth-born images; and God shines down, and becomes, however subjectively revealed, still, to the seeing eye, the objective Divine Man.

93. This revelation is to the Poet, first of all; because the basis of the poetic faculty consists in a certain fineness of organization; the keenest sense of personality and individuality; an electric sympathy with Nature, in all her processes; a deep, sure sense that things are born, and are alive, and grow, and not that they are merely made, and thus mechanical and artificial and dead; a consciousness of rhythmical movement throughout Creation, as of a deep under-song and choral dance; a yearning to be evolved into this living harmony and to yield the soul to its expression. This is the basis of the poetic state, and, in its growth and ascent, the effort for lyrical creation trains and educates the conceptive intellect; the form or forms described before under the symbol of 'Mary the virgin.' This conceptive intellect is thus advanced from infancy to a state of mental puberty, and it shall conceive, if God so will, of the Holy Ghost. The vesicles of the mental ovarium are impregnated from on high with the form that is generated by the Living Word, and by that form of the Word within are evolved successions of divine ideas. So, when the Poet sings, these ideas coming forth in their maturity, clothe themselves with language through his lips,—a winged, fiery utterance.

94. And the Poet never comes alone, to inhabit a solitude. By virtue of his sympathetic, more centrally insphered organism, he becomes a channel, an organ, through which express themselves

the longings of his simple people; the longings of those among them who hunger and thirst for the speech of Deity. Hence, as he chants his lay, he finds an ever-increasing audience, growing rapt to his moods, and sympathetic to his inspirations. Each of the listeners, according to his state of incipient regeneration, and hence of receptivity, has similar rudiments of the Word-concept formed in the conceptive intellect, the 'Mary' of his own organic interiors.

95. But the primitive Poet is especially the verbal interpreter of God to his race, because, having thus in his conceptive structure the concept of the Word, he is by its genius a word-builder, a plastic intelligence, through whom language itself is being advanced, by evolutionary growths, from the vehicle of the child's incipient thought to that of the man's ascending culture, and so made at last a medium for the expression of the Divine Humanity. The Poet is obliged to create, from the few and rude materials of earthly speech, the terms that shall be expressive of divine-human thought; its holiness and sublimity, its justice and mercy, its wisdom and love and service, its infinity and eternity. Not only has he to evolve the ideas of the Word, born within the conceptive intellect; he has to expand, unfold, uplift, order and illuminate the speech of his people; so that these ideas may be made intelligible to the earth-bound yet heaven-aspiring multitude. So he leads new bands of worshipers, advancing by a new culture, to worship at a new and holy shrine.

96. And the Old in like manner passes away. Among inverted races, the sheaths of the ideas are preserved with a traditionary reverence, but the ideas themselves are lost, because the customary and formal devotees are persons in whom the conceptive intellect is either barren, or wedded merely to its natural procreative reason, which generates conceptions that are only of a corporeal and sensuous, or ghostly and spiritistic character. But one age is never identical, in its desires, circumstances or necessities, with any preceding age. In some of the devotees of the better type the concept of the ingenerated Word is starved, suffocated, imprisoned or held perpetually in embryo, in the conceptive womb: a child that cannot be delivered, first, because of obstructions that have been organized by means of the hard-



ening letter of the preceding scripture or Word-expression and record, because that scripture itself, having been projected in a different and narrower epoch, is too strait to serve for the liberation of the coming, unborn scripture, to its appropriate intellectual and social expression.

97. But when at last that new and greater unfolding of the Word has woven for itself a fitting verbal garment for its structural harmony, for the communication of its doctrine and for the shaping of its truth in human service, so filling to full measure the minds of the people of the new type, who stand prepared for its reception; then the wise and upright say, 'the old was good, but the new is better.' The New does not come to destroy, but to fulfill the Old; and so, in due course of events, all those who have ingenerated, in the conceptive intellect, the new concept of the Word, are evolved in its own orderly and majestic processes, and so rooted and grounded in the New; whilst the Old, after remaining for awhile among the barren, or the sensuously impregnated devotees and pedants, takes its place among the things that have fulfilled their functions, and so must disappear.

98. Yet each succeeding expression or picture of the Word is prophetic of an ampler and more glorious succession; even as, according to the Jewish writer, the law of Moses was a shadow of good things to come. Every prophecy is the avowed harbinger of a loftier prophecy; every fulfillment, of a more complex and ripe fulfillment. Thus now the Son of Man, preparing to be glorified in a new and divine-natural humanity, seeks to fix the attention of those who are in travail for His appearing, not upon the memorizing faculty, but upon the conceptive intellect; until even that conceptive intellect is made the fitting symbol of the whole body of living believers, which is called 'Mary' and 'the Bride, the Lamb's wife;' and which is to be visited and perpetually made prolific by the Bridegroom, the Lord from Heaven.

## THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

98.

CHAP. II. 4,—“And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.”

99. By “chief priests” is signified, the faculty of interior divination. By “scribes of the people” is signified, the faculty of interior memory. In the decline and final days of a religious epoch, the records of its scripture are preserved with pious care. When a scripture is new, the Faith derived from it is seen, symbolically, as in the image of a Youth, wedded to his Virgin, both of whom are in the flower of their age, and moving with choral dances over fields adorned with the loveliness of spring. But in the senility of a Faith, founded on an old scripture, it appears,—because now unwedded from the universal charities of life, and so destitute of the principle of nuptial love,—as an old man, an ancient pontiff, associated with the keeper of the archives of his temple. Both of them are hoary, forbidding and severe: they bear mouldering parchments and the implements of sacrificial rites, and move with a slow step, in which are the remains of majesty. Their eyes are filmy and dim, and their movements uncertain: above them hover the birds of night: the ground beneath them is heaped with decaying leaves, strewn by the eddying autumnal winds. The song and the dance are ended, but still are preserved the divining faculties, by which, amidst effacement and loss, keen and vivid impressions are retained, of a long-closed plane in the organism that once made a natal chamber for the concept of the Word; and prophetic intimations are gathered of the renaissance of that Word, in an age to come.

100. “He demanded of them where Christ should be born.” signifies, that in the decline of a faith, when the social bond is one of artificiality and misrule, when all things of Society forebode their own dissolution and destruction, there is a trembling

eagerness in the secular powers, both of the individual and social man, intent upon their self-preservation, to search out all those matters that may throw light upon the dangers of the times which menace authority; and especially to inquire into the operations of the latent elements and forces in human nature, by means of which prophecies and inspirations have issued in former epochs of religion.

101. Unregenerate old age, when the preservation of its life is involved, is cruel to the last degree. So a Faith, in its unregenerate old age, when it has become one monstrosity of egotism and self-conceit, stands ready to extirpate the descending form of the Word, its foe, even in the chambers of nativity. Thus also, the Social Man, in the last times of an epoch or condition, when secular authority has become merely a figment of the letter, because divided from spiritual authority, which latter has sunken into a usurpation founded upon the letter, is jealously inquisitive of each new, divine idea. It is the anomaly and misfortune of an effete Priesthood, that it, for the security of its emoluments and prestige, must maintain alliance with the atheistic principle; which has become organized into a universal form in the law, custom and action of corrupted Society.

102. All social disorders, in the last times of a religion and its scripture, like ulcers in the body of an aged man, are gathering to a head. The final function allotted to the sacerdotal powers, is, so to ally themselves with the secular potentates as to hinder for a period the breaking forth of these ulcers upon the surface, and the organic cataclysm that must thence ensue. Society is never so magnificent, and Sacerdotalism never so demonstrative, as in their closing hours. But all things are hollow: it is the apotheosis of Cant. The gorged, plethoric Society pets and pampers the sacerdotalism, that it uses as a supple instrument for the defense of its usurpations, and for the exploitation and suppression of Humanity.

# THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

99.

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CHAP. II. 5.—“And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea : for thus it is written by the prophet,”

103. “Bethlehem of Judea” signifies, the chamber in the will, and in the new natural soul of the will, into which the divine ideas from the concept of the Word descend, from the place of their ingermation in the conceptive intelligence. Those through whom, in the renaissance of scripture, the new forms of the Word in evolution proceed, are never passive men: hence non-resistants, or sects of non-resistants, never originate the new ages of religion. They are never conformists: hence among men addicted, from education and by a certain acquiescent principle, to conformity with the religious and social institutions of an effete era, the first new utterances in which the Spirit of Truth clothes itself seem a flagrant imposture. They are not time-servers, nor expediency-mongers: hence their declarations are in the outset rejected both by men of the world, and men of affairs; because the new manifestation of Truth from the Spirit is always by ways and means, and times and seasons, which to the men of practical worldliness appear inexpedient and inopportune. They are never mere logicians and grammarians; because the Spirit deals with a logic that springs from a fore-thought instead of an after-thought; which snatches up language, for its necessity, into which it must interfuse deeper meanings and ampler significances. They are never of the servile race; whether as ministering to parties for the ends of any special secular interest, or to sects, clothed in the ecclesiastical liveries, pledged to dogmas, and obsequious to carnal authorities; because the Spirit will not be bound; and because it comes, not to renew the Old by a fresh lease of power, or to enhance the prestige of the Old by any increase or revival of its organic vigor; but since it appears to sit in judgment on the Old, and to remove it from its place.

**CHAP. II. 6.**—“And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.”

104. “And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah,” signifies, that the receptive chamber in the will, and the new natural soul,—into which the ideas of the concept of the Word descend from the conceptive intelligence, proceeding thence to expression and activity,—is made, by means of the potency of the Word, the ruling province in man. The Word governs through its form in the man: it comes to rule, and to divert to its own purposes every issue of the life.

105. “Out of thee shall come a Governor,” signifies, that each new expression of the Word, when it comes forth in the new time of a faith, comes to make its own epoch, and to stamp that epoch with its own individuality. “That shall rule my people Israel” signifies, that the law of the Word, wrought out in individual, nuptial and social life, shall supplant, in the organism, character and conduct of those who shall grow up to be a New People, by means of its principle and operation, all previous ecclesiastical and social statutes. For the old the Old: for the new the New!

**CHAP. II. 7.**—“Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

8. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

9. When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

10. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

11. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.”

106. The individuals of the new type of man, that is awaiting evolution at the end of an old epoch, for whom the new concept of the Word is prepared, and into whom it is descending, form collectively the germ of a New Heaven. In that new heaven, though only as yet extant as a germ, the especial angels who have it in charge are seen, employed in the various formative and constructive processes, that are to take shape finally, in a degree below, in soils, atmospheres, birds and animals, crea-

tures of the air and the deep, and also those lovely creations symbolized of old as the oread, sylph, dryad, nymph and fay.

107. While the new concept of the Word begins to be formed in the conceptive intelligence of a People, however few, the correspondent, *a-priori* concept of the Word above, which is in the form of a Heaven from the Divine Humanity, begins to be enwombed in the conceptive intellect of the Universal Heaven. But when at a subsequent stage, afterward, that new concept of the Word on earth commences to be as an ultimate fact, whence result acts of power and grace, in the birth-chamber of the will and the new natural soul of the will, which is called, symbolically, 'Bethlehem of Judah,' there is a correspondent *a-priori* descent of the great concept of the Word, which is also the germ-point of a New Heaven, into that greater 'Bethlehem of Judah,' the birth-chamber in the will-form of those Heavens, and in their collective arch-natural soul, the objective, arch-natural expanse of Heaven. Thus the processes are by universals to universals, and borne from particulars to particulars. At the same time that new, germinal Heaven intercompasses and forms a sphere, pervading, shielding and defending the new concept of the Word on Earth, and hence the new kingdom of heaven on earth, that they may be protected against their foes.

108. That germ of the New Heaven, when it appears as born from the will-chamber and arch-natural matrix of the Universal Heavens, assumes discreteness and separateness, and is visible, to angelic vision, both subjective and objective, as a star. This is visible moreover in the east, as in the place of newness, of dawn, of beginning, of nativity: and so as "the star in the east." Further, when the new concept of the Word is let down through the will-chamber and new natural soul of the individual and thence collective person who is to constitute the germ of the new-natural society or kingdom of heaven on earth, it is visible in its ultimate birth-place as a little child; living germs of intelligence from the Word-concept forming the brain, those of affection forming in the lungs and heart, those of conjugal love in the face and lips and thence to the bosom and nuptial ultimates, those of mercy in the bowels and viscera, those of powers in the hands and feet, and so through infinite particulars. This

form is ministered to by its own new-created and germinal Heaven, which as an orb shines above it. So the star in the east shines over the place of the nativity of the young child.

109. The spirits in the world of spirits that is remote from good and truth, and the infernals who are in the opposites of good and truth, and who constitute in their entirety, in alliance with their earthly associates and subjects, the falsity and evil, and hence the madness, hatred and murder, whose overthrow is presaged in the birth of the Young Child and in the advent of the Star;—these behold in its appearance the omens, both of the ruin of their terrestrial empire and its spiritual and infernal dominions.

110. The spirits who are in the upper spiritual earths and those who are in the twilight or border-land between the good and evil, the true and false, the real and fictitious; the inquirers, the seekers, solicitous for the advent of a light that shall dissipate the shadows with potent beams, increasing to all-pervading day; these behold that New Orb in the expanses above them. They follow it with eager inquiries of thought, until they discover over what province of the natural globe it rests, and into what people, or what individuals of a people, its conjunctive beams descend, and over what especial minds it stands for illumination and defense. So, in the Spiritual World, those who are wise by heart-desire are seen following in the pathway of the star, as wise men from the east. At the same time, the ruling genii of wickedness, from their subterranean abodes in the fallen and sunken Jerusalems, where the falsehoods and depravities of the allied ecclesiastical and social state have their temple and throne, by means of occult avenues and approaches, follow, with an inquisitive and yet jealous, distant sight, the processions of the heart-wise and desiring spirits.

111. When the place of conjunction is discovered, and it is seen that the star is a new, germinal Heaven, formed by a new concept of the Word in Heaven, resting above a new concept of the Word on earth, and hence a new, germinal kingdom of truth and righteousness on earth; the processions of the heart-wise and seeking spirits, who are symbolized by the 'wise men from the east,' bring forth from the interiors of their affections

gifts,—energies of power, balms of repose; whatever, in fine, the heart stores up within its cabinets, and the mind holds gathered in its treasure-chambers; oblations of pure love, thanksgivings infinite, and adorations unutterable. And thus, ‘When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother and fell down and worshiped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.’

CHAP. II. 12.—“And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.”

112. In the world of spirits, those who are heart-wise, and who, in the birth of a new concept of the Word and its new heaven, have sought and found the place of its earthly nativity, are invariably transferred, through the reception of this incoming light, into new conditions and locations; change of state ensuring change in appearance of place. But such spirits, in the advent of the new Word-concept, are made keenly alive to the circumstances under which it is manifested in the natural earth. Therefore their first care is, to elude the inquisitions of the Herodians, the infernals, who seek its destruction. Hence, ‘they departed into their own country another way;’ that is, they secrete the knowledges that pertain to safety, throwing up obstacles, by means of which the malice of the enemies of the kingdom of God in its new birth may be evaded.

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# THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

100.

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CHAP. II. 13.—“And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.”

113. By “Joseph,” as before stated, is signified, the natural procreative intelligence, which is now reconciled to its conceptive intelligence, called “Mary.” The two in conjunction now protect the Word-concept, the “young child,” now in the chamber of its nativity. The natural procreative intellect in the unregenerate man generates, through its conceptive intellect, falsehoods and impieties which make war upon the divine principle of religion; but the procreative intellect, as man becomes regenerate, receives as its own the truths that have been sown in the world by means of previous scriptures, and commences to confirm its virtue and wisdom by means of them; overshadowing, so to say, its conceptive intellect with protection by means of them, and so shielding from injury the Word-concept, now established in the birth-chambers of the natural-intellectual frame. This is the signification of the words, “Behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream;” the “angel of the Lord” denoting, in collectivity, the appearance of Divine Truth from the heavens of previous revelation.

114. The procreative intellect of man is, in outmosts, a strong, masculine reason, at once by its office fatherly, that is, charitable; and cognizant of higher inspirations, that is, rational. It protects, provides, and is, in fine, the head of the bodily household. It becomes cognizant of the windings of providence: it senses the approach of disorders and hence dangers to the living forms that are structured within the bosom and the brain. Intensely secular, its genius is of such a nature, that, while on the one hand it endeavors to ward off menacing dangers, on the other hand it labors to promote a constant equilibrium between

faculty and faculty; as those who analyze its operations may perceive. "The angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream" hence also signifies, that the secular reason, through its higher inspirations, is made cognizant of things that pertain to it, as the head of the household, in its province and service of defense.

115. "Egypt" signifies, all that there is in the world of scientific knowledges; whether of the science of the individual or the universal human organization, or of the natural social organization; whether of arts, languages, histories, philosophies, of mundane creations, or of purely immaterial things.

116. "Take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt," signifies, that there is no defense in that first chamber or soul of the will, that is the birth-place of the concept of the Word, for any continued time; because the Word-concept, not being built up into its external forms and vigors by means of the constituents of external wisdom, must there remain helpless, being infantile. The secular understanding, conscious of a divine form or ideal of Truth within the structures where it abides, conjoins itself most closely to its conceptive intelligence. So the two, the Procreative and the Conceptive, Joseph and Mary, lead forth the Divine Ideal, not yet built up or arrayed in those forms of human social and natural sciences, whereby it may be made at last divine-natural.

117. The Divine Ideal in man must incorporate into itself all of the substantive and ultimate truth that belongs to the plenary fullness of the world and of humanity, before it can rule with power over the nations. If it is to come forth, in the Manhood of the Word, to order and regenerate peoples who have passed beyond the epochs of childhood and youth, it must appear, not in style of childhood but in that of ripe maturity. It must enter into the realm of Art, and clothe itself with artistic knowledges; that it may speak divinely in the realm of Art. It must incorporate into itself the scientifics of theosophy, if it would pronounce authoritatively where theosophy has become naturalized in the province of theology. It must be perfect in the science of conjugal or bi-sexual life, if it would evolve, to rational comprehension, the infinite social and personal arcana of a wedded

order that is conjugal love, bi-sexual life, in eternal evolution. It must take upon itself the vast and complex *technique* and scientifics of sociology, in order that it may lead forth man, from the obscure and deadly labyrinths of social iniquity, oppression, imbecility and ruin, initiate him into series, and so establish, in place of the social horde, the universal choir of youths and maidens, wound by pairs into the choral harmony of the heavens. So, in fine, "Egypt" signifies, secular education.

118. It is here that the great mistake of ecclesiastics and devotees stands forth conspicuously. Until it comes forth to the universal and ultimate scientific plane, and is materialized there, the Word-concept in man cannot find access to the rational judgment of mankind. Until it arrays itself in social rationality and humanity, it can win no access to the social wisdom, prudence and confidence of nations. The Divine Ideal must continually be established, more and more, in the divine-practical, the divine-rational, the divine-natural. Even if the race be first brought to its footstool by means of catastrophe, it must then be throned in its just order, and educated to its magnificent and righteous service, by means of the Word-concept in perpetual evolution.

119. "And be thou there until I bring thee word," signifies, that the regenerate and therefore enlightened and rational practical understanding, must remain with the concept of the Word, in this great realm of the practical, the rational; till the natural procreative intellect itself is made aware, that the period during which the Word-concept was in peril, through its infantile incapacity for self-care or expression in the language of external rationality, is over, and the incipient state outgrown. "For Herod will seek the young child to destroy him," signifies, that the dangers that imperil the concept of the Word in man are when the concept is in its state of childhood. These dangers, however varied and complex, may be traced to the incitements and infestations of the inversive principle, described as "Herod" heretofore.

CHAP. II. 14.—"When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod:

120. By "death of Herod," is signified, that in consequence

of the evolution and expansion of the Word-concept within the mind, the will and their dependencies in the frame, consequent upon the embodiment of the ideas of the Word-concept in the universals of scientific knowledge, the preconceived opinions of falsity and evil, which have been enthroned as rulers over the natural life, are destroyed.

121. The Historical Christ, by reason of his nativity in Judea, was born subject to the tyranny and caprice of an odious despotism. In like manner, the individual and hence collective man, in whom a new concept of the Word is born, whatever be his nationality, or his position in that nationality, is born subject to that especial form of social misrule,—in alliance with the world's universal misrule,—in which such nationality is established.

122. Religious terrorism is the interior and spiritual element of every social despotism. It is in the interiors of the allied or concordant Church and State, opened to the infernal world, that the greater and collective Herodian principle, in the fullness and intensity of its malignity, holds, and thence deploys its forces. Every new concept of the Word, entering the Earth, is menaced and assailed by its own especial opposite. The most powerful of all antichrists is that which is developed through the dead ecclesiastical and social body of a corrupted Christianity.

123. "By night and departed into Egypt" signifies, that the processes, by means of which the new concept of the Word is clothed successively with its adjoined knowledges, and especially those knowledges that pertain to the social care and ordering of humanity, are necessarily hidden. A universal espionage is maintained from the invisible seats of the Infernal Power, and, from the time that it is divined that a new concept of the Word is about to be evolved through men in the natural world, such men are beset by occult dangers. During the incipency of the new concept of the Word in man, individual or collective, and while as yet that concept is in its illiterate natural infancy, every effort is made that it may be suppressed, and that those who possess it may be overcome and destroyed.

124. It is difficult for those in whom the Word-concept is born so much as to breathe natural air: their bodies are oppressed by unknown, inexplicable agonies. Their oppressions common-

ly begin in childhood; first, because the Old is by the very structure and movement of its organism the enemy of the New;—and, second, because, being preconceptively determined to this end by the Divine Providence, they possess both forms and energies in their structures that oppose the efforts of parents and masters, who endeavor to model them into conformity with the ruling forms of religious and social authority. As a general rule they are considered, by pedants and conformists, as, however brilliant and promising, exceptionally the children of the devil.

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## THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

101.

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CHAP. II. 15. — “That it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.”

125. “Son” in this verse, signifies, the man of the new age, after the Word-concept has been fashioned in his interiors and clothed with appropriate rational and human knowledges in the exteriors of his mind, and after he has arisen, by means of the dissipation and removal of the antagonistic errors and depravities denoted by the Herodian principle, to accept in its fullness the Word-concept as the Divine Oracle, and to order his life in conformity to its processes. Others think themselves the sons of God because of the figment of baptismal regeneration, the magnetic fantasy of sect-conversion, or the revelation in themselves of some special favoritism upon the part of Deity:—others again because they have the assurance of faith, that they are of the limited number of mankind elected to be saved from eternity; others because they have concentrated the energies of mind and will in the strained and agonized life-effort to work out their own salvation, shaking off the helpless, human sufferers, and letting who will perish around them, while they flee personally from the wrath to come. Still others think themselves the sons of God, because they trust for salvation implicitly to the merits of an objective Savior, whose righteousness is imputed to them through the blood of an atoning sacrifice; yet

others, because they hold that provisions are made, by the interposition of a Savior, for universal salvation; and finally others, because, in their theory, the selfhood of man is a son of God or a spark of the universal spirit.

126. Here is one who considers himself a son of God, because he is convinced that men are saved through dogma, and not through character; while his acceptance of the dogma has conferred upon him, not the filial character, but the base fraud of the falsely assumed filial name. Infinite are the varieties of religious imposture and delusion; inconceivable the fantasies by which men consider themselves, for ends of private and special salvation, the sons of God. But the man in whom the concept of the Word is formed, manifested and made absolute, does not call himself privately a son of God: he calls himself a sinner, till he enters into his last state, the state of innocence. It is God who says of him;—"He is My son."

127. "Out of Egypt have I called my son," signifies, as is explained in the following statement. The concept of the Word in man, and the ideas thence evolved, are during the earlier educative period veiled by, or immersed and hidden in, the humane knowledges that are in process of acquisition. The man in whom the concept of the Word is being evolved is, according to his specialties of gifts and functions, thoroughly practical; absorbed, concentrated, for the time, in the special pursuits by means of which he is, by the same acts, performing useful services and forming planes for the manifestation of the Word-concept from within. His is a strenuous and consistent life-purpose: the days are linked together in one golden chain of service.

128. The sensuous man lives for the gratification of appetite: the mere intellectual man for the satisfaction of mental curiosity: the perceptive man, like the traveller, to see and compare: the æsthetic man for the indulgence of the luxury of his tastes: the mystic for his long swoon: the voluptuary of prayer for the delight of an opium dream, in which he seems to himself to be the biologized subject-favorite of his peculiar deity. Men, in short, live for the leading appetences of self-desire.

129. Otherwise with the man in whom the concept of the

Word is in process of education or evolution: he has an End, to which all seeming ends are relative and auxiliary. That end is not, and cannot, be personal. With him both the claims and the intrusions of personality become less and less, whilst more and more increase the presences and the potencies of the forms of truth from the Divine Ideal, till that ideal encompasses the man, and becomes his all in all: "Out of Egypt have I called my son." There is thus a gradual coming up out of "Egypt;" for, as the educative process proceeds to the first stages of its perfection, the universal knowledges that have been taken in begin to be apparent, glorified, and ranged in order, and wholly as it were transmuted and transubstantiated. The thoughts of the natural intelligence have become irradiant, from the indwelling lustre of the Divine Intelligence. The man at last perceives the resplendent likeness of the Ideal, within, yet above himself, serene as if poised in atmospheres of infinite tranquility, strong as in possession of illimitable power, all-comprehensive in its purpose, and all-benignant in its elements and attributes.

130. "Spoken of the Lord by the prophet," signifies, that the march of the Divine Ideal through the soul and mind of man is invariably in the fixed order and with the concurrent forces of universal law. There is not one law for the Mussulman, and another for the Christian; one law for the Buddhist and another for the Christian: all men from the beginning to the end are subjects of one law. The concept of the Word is formed, and wrought forth to verbal expression, for all in whom there is a turning from the worship and service of the selfhood, and a turning to the worship of God, evidenced and realized in the service of the race.

131. Especially is this true of the concept of the Word, now descending for the beginning of a New Time. There is one law of the concept for all men; one method of its ingeneration in the conceptive intelligence; one process of its descent into the chamber where intellect opens forth to will; one method for the clothing of its abstract divine ideas with concrete intellectual-natural knowledges; and that law is inwrought, for its operation, through all the structures of the frame. The subjective in man continually puts forth and tends to be made the ob-

jective: but the concept of the Word itself, in the individual and unitized social man of its own form and end, puts forth and tends from subjectivity to objectivity. In other words, the concept puts forth, from ideas, through attendant and subservient knowledges, to universal uses; till, in the vast embodiment of Social Use, the race beholds the concept publicly revealed, in form and stature, in power and glory, according to the likeness of the Divine-natural Man.

## ILLUSTRATION III.

132. To the vision of the arch-natural, angelic men, the inhabitants of this mortal world, so far as unregenerate, are at first not distinguishable as human creatures. They classify them as reptile inhumanities, animal inhumanities, and ghostly inhumanities.

133. An arch-natural man said to Chrysanthus; —“O, king! one of the inhuman reptiles was entwined around one of your distant people: a female of the old saurian species. Her motions were sinuous like those of a water-dragon with paddles. A few of this old type remain: a wicked and cruel generation may revert at last in such developements of atavism. Such essentially were the females of that strong and wicked race, which existed at the epoch of the pre-historic breath-deluge, by which almost all of mankind were suffocated. What muscularity; what snaky fascination by the eye; what subtlety; what ability to simulate; what genius for the magical arts; what ability to corrode and consume the fine elements of the human frame, and to construct flesh and blood more by feeding through the pores upon contiguous bodies than from the viands of the table!”

134. Chrysanthus said;—“By two-in-oneness we met and overcame this person, in the Invisible World.” The arch-natural man proceeded;—“If one lives in an age when magic is practiced, ungodlike persons, with organizations of this kind revert, by the bias of the heredity, to the magical practices of that ancient period. They were able, at that time, to evoke phantasms through their bodies, and to make the phantasms become corporeal. They could retain these phantasms for days, when



so made corporeal, and sleep and cohabit with them; men magicians with female phantasms, and women magicians with males. It was when these arts had attained to their supreme height, that the cataclysm occurred which destroyed the former vestiges of mankind.

135. "Magic began to revive, from the time when the interiors of the Word in scripture, and the divine knowledges, commenced to be expounded, in the foregoing century. The growth of magic, from India to Great Britain, of which Spiritism is a manifestation upon the surface, goes on with more rapidity than any other disorderly movement of the human race. It is confined principally to the serpentine and ghostly species, the animal type of mankind being constitutionally deadened and inept.

136. "The ability to evoke phantasms and to clothe them with corporeality is yet limited. Were this to advance, till the phantasms could be fixed permanently in corporeal substance, our function would be at an end; for the cataclysm would follow, by a final law. This is the great and humanly-alarming fact that is before us. Already the ways of communication on the Earth are so controlled by magical processes, that those who are tending to become arch-natural in virtue and structure are obliged to journey as through paths infested by assassins. The world is very ripe

137. "You cannot make use of any Printing-press, besides the one at your own residence, because the proof-sheets that are struck off elsewhere, when you touch them, inflame your body with an infernal-natural poison. If your sons who discharge this function were not held in the element of the heavenly counterparts, they would be unable to follow the manuscript, or to set a page in type. We energize continually in our band, that these writings may be transferred to the printed page." Thus spake the arch-natural man. This is an illustration of the extreme workings of the principle that is called 'Herodian,' in the symbolic phrase; the magic of the Hells, evolving by means of persons of the reptile inhumanities, to suppress the kingdom of God, as it is being set forth in ideas from the concept of the Word.

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## ILLUSTRATION IV.

138. The Word-concept, in its complete structural form, is in the likeness of the Divine Humanity, evolving organ by organ, through each degree of the human structure; a form within form, pervading the form and utterly including the form. This divine concept is two-fold by structure, man-form in woman-form, woman-form in man. It is composed, in the subjective region, of pure substance, formed through the heavens of the Lord's body, and of the virtues of His body: it is formed objectively out of the ultimations of the arch-natural person by which He appeared on Earth, and re-appeared from the sepulchre, and ascended to the luminous immensity. Commencing from a germ-point, or cell, inconceivably minute, it is in this wise a structural edifice of the Lord God, builded throughout the human frame. In this Home of the Word, the Lord himself, the Living Word, evolves processions of divine ideas, which, after being inseminated into the matrix of the brain, are perceived as truths of the divine wisdom and order, in the rational consciousness. "The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the Earth keep silence before Him."

139. Man, whether as to his natural or spiritual structure, is a mere shell. So far as he lives and operates in the selfhood, he thinks and wills as a man-animal, in rapport with the animal creature, and infused into by the passions and subterfuges of the infernals. Man, considered by himself, is emptiness and nothingness: he is no more a form of real or substantive existence than is the human image, projected upon the surface of a mirror.

140. Into this shell, the Lord, the Only Man, involves Himself universally, and by means of a reflex action, from His own Freedom, creates the freedom of the creature; thus the rationality of the creature, and thus the affection of the creature. It is by means of the universal life-play and interplay of the One

Man that the human universe subsists in the consciousness of personality.

141. When therefore man thinks against divine truth and order, it is in the self-obsessed action of free rationality, in which God upholds him by the reflection of His own infinite Freedom and Truth. When he wills against the sovereign order, it is by the self-abuse of a faculty in which he is formed and sustained by the reflex play of the Infinite Good-will: and the Infinite upholds him in that freedom, even while he abuses himself in it; for God will not exercise compulsion as by arbitrariness even upon a shadow.—We are shadows: God is Light.

142. The human universe is upheld in the majestic freedom of the Divine Infinitude. With God there is no pressure: it is all uplift; uplift to eternity. But, even in the uplift, God is so infinitely Man, so infinitely courteous, so delicate, so unobtrusive upon the privacy and freedom of the sphere in which He has formed the creature; that He woos the affections to evolve, from an appearance of distance, as the vernal heats and moistures invite the buds in the wood of the tree to germinate, and swell, and break to blossom.

143. The seeming compulsion upon man in the mortal world, so far as it is exercised from within and above, to restrain him from self-injury, is the result, not of Divine action, but of the shadow-action of creatures, created like himself, moving in their universal concord of fraternity, and seeking to prevent the frail human germ from committing suicide, upon its freedom, reasonableness and virtue. The sufferings to which such mortal creatures are subjected result from the violation by the race, as a race, of the laws of the universal order.

144. When, therefore, the pains and miseries of the sublunary existence press upon one, he is under the weight, by which his race thrusts him downward: but when he commences to realize the freedom and intelligence of virtue, it is because the uplift of God is befriending him, and aiding for the rise. God is thus our stairway, and at last our realized home, our abiding-place forever. We are in God: where else can we be? only God for the present veils His presence from us, till we can behold Him in the relations of a ripe and fulfilled existence. He

will not intrude upon the privacy, even of a shadow. Thus far, Chrysanthens and his wife.

145. One of the arch-natural men said;—"O, king! We are in God by reason of the concept of the Word, which has become established in our shell-formations, as a building of crystal, within a structure of rain, of ice and stone. I am luminous, from head to foot, yet I am sensible that this luminosity is not in the structure of me, nor in the 'me' of the structure; but in God, the Lord."

146. Chrysanthea replied; "A wife, when she becomes pregnant with a babe, knows in a moment when the germ slips into her lap, by an expansion of all the faculties: the joy of God is in her, till she breaks like a flower to become impregnated for the human fruit. But, when my spouse, in our unity, opened, in the interiors of personality, to be impregnated, in the conceptive intellect for the new Word-concept, the frame, as to its fine structures lay open, glowing in the beams of the Divine Sun: then the lap of the mind received the germ, as the lap of the wife's body receives that other germ." This serves as an illustration of the reception of the concept of the Word in the human shadow-land; and of the reality of the concept, as compared with the seeming reality of the creature, in whose darkness it is set for light.

#### ILLUSTRATION V.

147. There are three classes of men who, at the present day, exclude finally from themselves the possibility of becoming impregnated, in the conceptive intellect, for the ideas of the Word-concept. These are, 1, Spiritists; for they allow the conceptive form of the mind to be forced open and violated by devils, or by such natural spirits as are the intermediate agents for an infernal infusion. These are, 2, the Materialists, and especially the Scientists, who deny that there is any property or potency of life superior to that which is found in the natural element of the universe;—for they invert the posture of the conceptive mental organ, and turn it toward the coldness and death that are inherent in the shells of things. These are, 3, the loose

thinkers and loose livers of all sorts;—for they pollute the womb of the conceptive intellect, and open it to become gorged, and alive, and rotten with maggots, ingenerated by a promiscuous intercourse with the diffused sexuality of the animal and reptile world. Such creatures, in the evolution of their state, must finally become extinct: for it is by the indwelling of the Word-concept alone that the seeming man can be made relatively a real, or living man. The grounds of immortality are laid in the structures of the concept of the Word.

148. SPIRITISTS. An arch-natural man said;—“The Word alone makes life to vibrate in the human frame. By means of vibrations from the Word, consciousness, freedom and rationality are maintained in the creature. I have seen fellows, who, in the mortal world, professed inspirations; perked up in their self-conceit, but subject to the vile magnetisms of these familiar and personating spirits. They lose, after a while, the ability to breathe from above downward; but puff up wind from the infernals, through the anus; and this takes the place of their former natural respiration. They lie at last, as rows of organized stench, in the filthy excrements of the Pit; and are seen afterward, when they come up, as blackamoors, with the faces of apes. They infest the excrementitious passage, and obtain refreshment, through the nostrils, from the smell of decayed meats and stale urine.”

149. SCIENTISTS. A second arch-natural man said; “The men of your planet, O, king! who become wise in the mere superficial appearances, are brain-bladders. After one of them comes into the spiritual world, and his brain-bladder is punctured, his brain collapses and becomes like a dried mushroom. I have seen them as bats, clinging by their hands, that had become like bird’s claws, in fetid and sooty caverns. If they are disturbed, one of them will give a hoarse cry, ‘I am wise!’ The others join in the chorus, ‘wise, wise!’ till the sound drowns and drowns away, while their heads hang downward in a stupid sleep: they are so many irrationalities.”

150. LOOSE THINKERS AND LOOSE LIVERS. A third arch-natural man said;—“The loose thinkers unjoint themselves by the sutures of the brain: the loose livers unjoint themselves by the

ribs, rib from rib. When they have travelled their course, they lie at last in bone-heaps and are heard calling from under them. Snatches of obscene songs, blasphemies, impieties, filthinesses, break out from where they lie under the bones."

151. By this illustration is shewn the qualities of the three classes who especially form themselves in the impossibility of receiving the Word-concept; thus also an outline is given of their infernal fates. What shall it profit a man, if he gain a formula, an obsession, or a vice, and lose rationality, freedom and virtue, in the final loss of the concept of the Word?

#### ILLUSTRATION VI.

152. All seemingly human creatures, in whom the concept of the Word is not present, either in its germ, by implication, or in evolution, are mere fatuous appearances, without constituents. They have as their basis of sensation, a gnawing, unappeasable appetite, which expresses itself by specialties, according to heredity, education, circumstances, association, and the periods of life. To appease this hunger is the dominant desire: thus the devil is essentially a mere inverted gut; a maw; the insatiable emptiness.

153. One of the arch-natural men said; "O, king! you observe individuals whom you can never really find, however deeply you explore them: you are never able to touch them by a substantive reality. This is because they have no reality. If once the series of shells were broken they would puff away like smoke: they are mere layers of skin, skin upon skin: they will stand if you prop them up, but if you cease they fall. If it is for their convenience they will affect to serve: the inconvenient is a great power, in restraining folk from evil, as well as from good. Devils are restrained by the fear of pain: I will call one."

154. Being summoned, a fellow entered, whom we are instructed to call 'Snodge'; a Surgeon Dentist. He approached crying: "Hell-fire! — oh, no! oh, no! — God be with you, gentlemen. I was soliloquizing; just remarking to myself, that the torments of hell-fire are a just reward for the ungodly."

155. The angel, who appeared to him as an objective, inter-

nal man, said, greeting him;—"We are free-masons here and you may let yourself out freely." Thereupon 'Snodge' gave a whoop like a Mohawk, erected his \*\*\* and cried;—"\*\*\*\*\* God! d——n him: who's afraid?—All men are elected to be saved.—Let us pray.—What an ass religion makes of a man, to be sure." Thus he went on, blew off at last like a steam-whistle and exclaimed; "Gentlemen, I am ventilated. I have let off my state."

156. The angel said;—"You feel better for letting off your state?" The devil replied;—"This is equivalent to an evacuation of the bowels. I digest such food as I take, and pass off the remains through my mouth. In that other world they void down; but we void up:" and more he repeated that is not proper to repeat.

157. The angel said;—"Mr. Snodge, were you a dentist in that other world?" "No," he replied, "I inspired there: that is, the dentist fellow was my journeyman, pulling, filling, plugging, from the love of lucre; palavering and praying as a tickle. I called him, 'pious,' and he thought he was pious, because I told him so. He used to pray to Me! I was his Christ. By Jesus, what a d——d fool he was. Cruel? Snodge cruel? no, not a bit of it! He touched his patients gently and made himself exceedingly agreeable; sucking at their magnetism as boys suck oranges, while he fiddled at their jaws. But, O, my! didn't he pile up the expenses? didn't he?"

158. The angel said; "How did you compensate yourself, when your journeyman received the recompense?" The devil replied; "Under the rose, mates, I lived off him. Beef, turkey, oysters! whatever Snodge took, I, the Snodge of snodge, drew through his belly. I was his shepherd: I ate him: he was my sheep, my mutton." The angel replied; "Did no one push you away by internals? had he no guard?" The devil answered; "He pushed his guard away: he took me for his guard"

159. This is an illustration of the processés whereby familiar spirits assimilate with their subjects in the natural world; men who in their interiors deny the Word, and who prevent the Word-concept from being formed within, by insinuating themselves into human employments for mere lucre. The name, alone, is obviously illusive.

160. The arch-natural man said, after the devil was removed; "Who can bring order into a world, where one goes to have his most sensitive nerves exposed to the manipulations of a surgical operator, who is himself a tool, by which a devil operates on the human frame? Who can bring order into a world where every profession is organized in the love of lucre? How is it possible for the arch-natural race, which knows not the love of lucre, to be manifested there?" Chrysanthus replied; "It is impossible, except among the few, by whom the love of lucre is regarded as filthy and abominable."

161. The arch-natural man rejoined; "He who serves for an end of lucre serves the devil, succeeds in the devil, and stands in the devil: he also stands in Society as a representation of the devil. O, king! it is sweet to serve God; but, if the thought of lucre entered into our thought of service, where would we be?" Chrysanthus answered: "We should be in hell; for, the love of lucre being an infernal love, we should by it be conjoined to the infernals."

162. Another arch-natural man said;—"You may settle this, as an axiom,—If a man's loves are infernal, his physical body, absorbing the element, tends to become infernal-natural: if his loves are animal, his body tends to become animal-natural."

163. Another said;—"O, king! how is it possible for a man, in whom is the love of lucre, to become, as we are, conjugal, in the bi-sexual life, that is formed by the concept of the Word? When I draw nigh the atmosphere of the Earth, that is pervaded by man's universal love of lucre, my lady draws into me, for she cannot bear the excruciating cold that emanates from the breasts of men. But when I ascend into the Luminous World, where there is no love of lucre, she begins to evolve; weaving raiment for her loveliness from the substantiated affections that are in the air, by means of the joyous vigors imparted to her from that delicious heat. When she comes into lower objectivity, clad in garments of defense, that are made so far as possible non-conductive, and stands with me over against the natural men, her splendid beauty gradually is overcast as by a vapor. It is utter, starless night where those men abide, who are not illuminated from within by means of the light that irradiates



from the Word-concept. We are only able to see each other then by the Word-lights, that play and glimmer through the Word-concept in our bodies. It is very dark in this region." Chrysanthus replied;—"I am as one who lives in a cave, so dwelling amidst natural men: but I hold here, till God shall be pleased to release me to the freedom of the atmosphere where my loves abide."

164. Afterward Lord Jesus caused the wife of Chrysanthus to stand before his eyes; a woman, a bride, clothed with the sun, and with the moon beneath her feet, and holding in her hand a crown of stars. And the Lord spake these words;—"I have caused the Word-concept, by its womanly representative, to evolve, through the form of thy love, from the Form of My Love. This is the crown of life, that thou seest, that My Love will give to those who receive Us hereafter, in our Two-in-One." And the Lord called Lily, in that appearance from the concept of the Word, by a new name;—"the daughter of the Morning Star."

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## THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

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165. "The involution of the Word-concept in man, and hence of all divine ideas, precedes the evolution. Genius in man, however debased, perverted, misled or oppressed, surely indicates that in that one organic preparations were made, even from before natural generation, for the insemination of the truths of the Ideal, in the conceptive intelligence, by some imperial and resplendent fashion.

166. "The minute structures that are wrought into the body of the Word-concept exist as leasts of microcosms. The *aura seminalis*, the divine river of life, flowing through the Heavens and their objective luminous immensity, which is the essential element and interior continent of the divine-natural fluid of ideas, that descends into the conceptive intelligence of man; and which

is, so to speak, a water-fall, whose vortices are composed of myriads of infinitesimal winged infants, is one stream of these least of concepts, evolved creatively from the bosom of the Divine Humanity. Man, by original plan, is a human multiplicity, holding in its structure, continent of degree within and above continent of degree, multitudes of human simplicities. These are sometimes called 'vestiges' and 'remains'; though the phrases are barbarous and far from indicative. So receive the illustration.

## ILLUSTRATION VII.

167. "Consider the human child as a two-fold form, cold from a rational and fervid from a volitional structure. This is the form of the man seed, let down from Heaven to orb itself in the spermatic germ. Consider the two forms of the seed as being elaborately constructed into their outer principle; so being three principles in one identity; a little child man or child woman, as the case may be. This is the human inmost, incapable of being other than a child, in some guise, in one sweet innocence to eternity.

168. "In this eternal child, God the Word makes play-time, rest-time, use-time; manifesting Himself in that least of His bridal chambers, its little bosom, as by a Presence adapted by smallness to its leastness: God, condescending to the finest minuteness of infancy; God, known to it as the Infinite, but present to it as the Infinitesimal Divine Man; by infinite and exquisite modes folding it in the light of His joy and the warmth of His regard. The human universe thus pivots on so many minute points of infantile individual innocences; while all in one compose one universal Orb of Infancy, wherein as a sun the Lord God gives Himself for light.

169. "Consider, second, that each of these smallest ones holds God always before its mind, and lifts its little hands to worship in the divine ray; that it knows God by His Name, and stands in His Form and rejoices in His element. The wisdom of innocence touches this wondrous land.

170. "Consider, third, not only that Lord God is presence, but also habitation; forming about each innocent a minute orb, its paradise, filled with all beautiful delights.

171. "But come! I am standing with my husband, two-in-one, by our luminous bodies: I am standing in the Word-concept; and the concept, as an orb involving orb, two-in-one, is englobed about us and so encompasses.

172. "Now behold! we see in the Word-concept, by a sight that is divine-natural, divine arch-natural, in minuteness: we see through the eyes of our inmost infancy. From our pivot point, the whole land of the Word-concept, that has grown throughout our luminous frame,—through the human multiplicity, ourselves,—is one Multiplicity, peopled by harmonic nations of human simplicities, who have remained in the primeval littleness; and the lucid Word-concept is a sphere that encompasses, and a continent that holds and upbears this planet of a minute human universe.

173. "These gay and charming habitants are our little people. We were chosen from their number to be built upon, and on, and on; to descend into the human natural germ; and so, by the assumption of successive structures, to appear as what the world calls 'woman,' and 'man':—to be finally, as God now calls us, 'woman-man,' two-in-one. Now, that which you perceive, by thought, through our eyes, is our personal world, that is in and of the concept of the Word; and these innumerable human innocences, bridegrooms and brides, loves and lovers all, are the living ideas and affections that inhabit that Word-concept." Thus Lily said.

174. Lord Jesus spake these words;—"Child, you have done well. Add, that I am in each of these little ones, by means of My concept, in which I created them, in My Two-in-One."

CHAP. II. 16.—"Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men."

175. Lord Jesus, as to his infancy, came in Bethlehem of Judea. "Bethlehem," signifies, innocence; and "Judea," signifies, God by his Protective Form, that encompasses innocence. "Children that were in Bethlehem," signifies, the forms and principles of the innocences. Early infancy is the period wherein the forms of the innocences, who are made as adjuncts to the

innocent first germ of the man, still maintain a rhythmic movement in the open structures of the frame. In every age of the Word, there are adjunct men, gathered about the pivotal man in whom the concept of the Word comes forth. These also are signified as "Children that were in Bethlehem," because it is by the attraction of innocence to innocence, moving forth through the Word-concept, that the human adjuncts are gathered to the chief.

176. The careful reader will thus perceive, that symbols are employed, in order that the divine forms of truth, in their series, may be carried down from the superior to the inferior degrees of existence and consciousness. Man is instructed, universally, through the agency of symbolic utterances in the Word. The universe itself, with all its exquisite representations, is a pictorial scripture of the Infinite.

#### ILLUSTRATION VIII.

177. An arch-natural man said;—"O, king! your love represents the Divine Lady, one with our Lord, and you represent the Divine Lord, one with our Lady. By two-in-oneness, you represent the unities of Divine Good and Truth in the Divine Humanity. By the pivotal position in which you are enthroned, in the germinal form of the new kingdom in the subjectivity of heaven, and thence in its objectivity in our luminous abode, you represent the King of Glory, one with the Queen of Beauty, the Loveliness of Holiness in the Radiancy of Perfection."

178. Another said;—"Chrysanthus and Chrysanthea, two-in-one, symbolize the new form of the Word, evolved in its concept from the transterrestrial to the terrestrial degree. The concept being evolved through them, we behold them in the resplendency of innocence; and amidst the concept we perceive processions of the divine ideas, and the affections of the divine ideas, as the Bridal Holy Ghost."

179. Another said;—"In the most remote degree, the lowest degree, the concept of the Word is as yet enveloped in the physical remains of the former structure, which our king received in the processes of corporeal generation; but the remains are in course of dissolution, this being the last time."

## ILLUSTRATION IX.

180. The conceptive intellect of man is visited by the Lord, prior to the inception of the Word-concept of a new time, by impressions made upon its fine surfaces; and these impressions, though containing no seminal ideas, revive in the natural consciousness, though dimly and in a fugitive way, trains of impressions that have passed through the interior substances and channels of consciousness in its subjective and superior degrees.

181. The man of genius as distinguished from the man of talent, the man of originality from him of prescription, the man of high susceptibility from him of impassiveness, the man who hopes, loves and dares from him who chills, fears and hesitates;—such a one is touched, without being impregnated; is wrought upon, by a movement that originates from the Word's indwelling harmony. Thus the world everywhere is full of snatches, glimpses, touches of the Master's art; but all confused, wavering, broken;—sparkles on the crest of the cold wave, that holds in its bosom the bodies of the dead.

182. There is no man, in all the race, but that at some time is touched, thrilled, lifted; swept to the verge of a loftier consciousness, by the impressions of the moving Host of God. The altars where they burn strange fire in their customary oblation may be kindled, in some gathering of the elements, by a flash from Heaven.

183. What then is the distinction between the impression and the Word-concept? The impression is, as when the lover's voice is heard in the serenade below the maiden's balcony by night; or as when she thrills beneath his tender and worshipful glance by day. The concept is, as when the two are made two-in-one, as counterparts united in God, and the bridal Holy Ghost visits the bride through her bridegroom, and she conceives a child. Each human frame receives a visitation, each mind an impression, each heart a vibration from the Lord God; who seeks that all men should find Him, and dwell forever within his chambers of delight. But, as may be clearly seen, the reception of the concept of the Word implies other processes: it is ingenerated, not impressed: it is a reality, not a description. All men may re-

ceive visions,—even divine visions,—but the vision is in all respects different from the concept of the Word.

184. An arch-natural man said;—“O, king! when I look into the concept of the Word, that is formed of God in you and your own, I perceive the moving harmony of the Kingdom. Then, were I a poet, I should be exalted to lyrical composition; were I a painter or sculptor, I should hardly rest, till I had begun in my art to express these splendid visions. Thus it seems to me that a man of genius and art is touched from afar, by direct or reflected images, that have been borne from out the Word-concept, from ages on ages. The impression that he receives is not itself the concept; but from some opening, that was in the great concept of the Word, he has been touched to receive his impressions. So Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, drew their fire.”

185. It is the Living Word, wrought in its concept, and made representative through living man, re-formed in the fashion of its genius, that lifts the orb from lethargy, and re-orders and organizes the crippled forces of the nations. Abstractions win converts only from the abstracted classes: metaphysics confine their conquests to the few, who are constitutionally metaphysical. The pining, suffering, human creature craves, in his hunger, not bone but pemmican: not the mere story of sacrifice, but sacrifice: something that shall warm him from the abnormal cold that makes his days one long swoon, one agony of the innocent affections, freezing as babes in their beds, to whom the dying parents can no longer give warmth or sustenance. God is the Arch-Fact, the Fact of facts, and those who would help the race Godward must stand in, and represent the Fact.

186. The great power of the representative religions of the world consists in this, that they were propounded by men who were, themselves, the religion. Mahomet was Islam; Moses was Israel; Sakya-Muni was Buddhism. Lord Christ, could He have remained to evince and reproduce His own arch-naturehood, would have been Christendom.

187. As the Mussulman incorporates into his personality the principle of his faith, he puts on Mahomet, from the daring

hand to the fiery heart, and the fatalistic brain, and the poly-gamic ultimates. He bears the banners of the Prophet, through life, down into the valley of death; persisting in his force to the Islam that is beyond the grave.

188. An arch-natural man said;—“O, king! it is always so. The man who carries himself through to a state of absolute, fixed concentration, re-organizing himself, to bone and sinew, in the consistency of his ideas, converts to his ideas the great masses of humanity, who, by latency, are in the same vein of tendency. Mahomet was the magnet that drew the iron of men.”

189. A religion is nothing, so long as it is confined to a statement. The difference between the great Founders of Religions and the Philosophers, is the difference between one who projects a formed substance, fiery with his life, and one who leaves on the wall the image of an incorporeal shadow. Yet the supreme philosophers are passives, who, had they been actives, might have been made the living germ-cells of stupendous religious systems, more vast than Islam, more benignant, more fruitful, more plastic for the incoming of the final religious state.

190. Each illustrious Founder of a Religion wrought in the abstract, not less but more than any mere philosopher; seeking to penetrate where they were content to rest and speculate; seeking to overcome where they were content to acquiesce. They wrought in the conviction of the great fact, that everything is plastic, and can be changed, in any direction, by the operation of latent forces, that may be made energetic through the souls of men. Religion is philosophy, alive, and seeking to evolve in the integrity and consistency of its opinions. Philosophy, so far as worthy of the name, is religion in its incipient mental state.

191. So, in another illustration, the Founder of Buddhism revealed a profound philosophy, but was more than a philosopher. He grew to be himself the arch-buddhist, passing organically through all the states, and experimentally constructing the disciplines to which he invited his disciples. States and disciplines are the distinguishing constituents of each religion. Sakya-Muni appeared at a time when the crowded masses of the

East were tired and hopeless of the world's long, fruitless effort to conquer any good, by the action of the agonized passions, and the fierce competitive struggle of external life.

192. He concentrated his personal forces in one long life-effort, to open a way for the nations, by which they might find relief from their misery in a state of interior and eternal quietude and rest. He opened the Nirwana, to which he thus explored the way, by such immense discip lines, to his followers. Patient, benignant in sorrowful sweetness, the Victor of Agony, what a life was this! Victories are proportionate to the overcomings of resistances. So Buddhism grew, because the founder became Buddha.

193. One of the arch-natural men said;—"Yes it is so: the Buddhists multiply, where the nations are crowded together, because the man opened the way, by demonstrations, to a final state that is supposed to hold tranquillity and peace."

194. The writer continued;—Lord Jesus left incipient disciples, but no representatives. His followers divided upon the meaning of the traditions, because no man among them carried the divine-natural state, that the Lord wrought out in His Divine Humanity.

195. Afterward the Lord spake, saying;—"It is not possible to build Order, merely by describing it in words to men; but, if I build Order livingly in a man, it grows by him."

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196. It is easy, when one, by an illuminated and happy thought, touches upon the key-note of an allegory, to stretch out the line of discovery till it dwindles away in miserable iterations; as we know by a very illustrious instance. The door to all divine symbolism is in the human breast, but that door is unclosed by the Hand that 'opens and no man shuts,' and that 'shuts and no man opens.' Often the door is shut, leaving the recipient in the possession of a certain limited knowledge; yet then it is not to be supposed that the cabinet is exhausted of its contents. Still the student can go on, applying his key, his 'spiritual sense' or any other sense, till what began as inspiration oozes away by dribblets, and the reader is left to wander in an arid wilderness of iterations, a landscape-mirage.



197. Will not the Divine Genius, who opens the door for a glimpse of wonderful and ineffable secrets, preserve the beholder from subsequent errors; and, beyond all, from degenerating into a mere organ-grinder, endlessly churning his little round of tunes? The great body of sound thinking men distrust the healthfulness of the mental state which characterized the most interior and profound of all symbolical interpreters of scripture; because, however august and fruitful the quality of his earlier productions, the mass of his subsequent volumes is in great part mere word-play: the turning of scripture as a kaleidoscope. The wheel of the mind kept on revolving, after the intellectual grain had passed through the hopper and been made meal.

198. The mechanical habit of composition, in certain lines of thought, and especially of symbolic thought, becomes fixed, unless there is some strong, practical end in life; in which latter case indeed the body, by joyous and enterprising action, compensates itself for its long service to the abstract, intellectual faculties, and finally restores the intellect to a new and splendid usefulness. A writer may find his mental creativeness renewed time and again, during the course of an heroic and serviceable life, balancing great abstract by great concrete activities, passing from the noblest thought to the most strenuous and valiant service. He then will return to his intellectual fields, not as 'a giant, refreshed with wine,' but as a ripened man, refreshed, reëdified and re-illuminated by means of the productive works that he has wrought out amid his toiling fellow-men. And God, who loves the thinker in the doer, and the doer in the thinker, enjoys the delighted surprise of His faithful servant, who finds himself enlarged and infilled by vast accessions of powers, when in turn the abstract and concrete cycles of duty are at their close.

199. These symbolic openings need not be continued: the reader has them in the freshness of their inspiration, fruitful from impregnations of living ideas in the concept of the Word. Use governs! We omit long series of consequent statements, making volumes, and which might prove valuable for instruction in ordinary times; for these are closing hours, and we must hasten our labors to their end.

## THE CONCEPT OF THE WORD.

104.

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200. After the foregoing statements had been written and prepared for the press, Lord Jesus appeared to his servant and said; "I do not desire that men, in this time, should seek me in the disguise of an Israelite. I prefer to be known as I appear to you, and through the Word-concept that I have caused to be evolved and organized about you; and I ask no man to believe in me as I was in the past, in Judea, who will not gladly believe that I am here in California."

201. The servant replied; 'My Father, I have labored upon the symbolisms of the ancient narrative, in great weariness; in the hope that some might be led to the opening of Truth by that process, who are not willing to be led in a simple and direct way.'

202. The Lord answered; "Had my servant, who taught before by correspondences, been so structured and accomplished that he could have told a plain and straight story, there would have been no need that he should have constructed a maze of words, and led men through that maze in weariness. Go you straightly to your ends; for the shortest methods only afford free play to the harmonies that I evoke."

203. Chrysanthus replied; 'Now I am at home again. It is sweet, my Father! to find Thee in Thy joy; but agonizing to enter into the past sorrow, and Lily cannot bear it.'

204. Lord Jesus answered; "I am not to be found in the past sorrow, but in the present joy. Seek not, my son, to lead men to me by exploring the phases of that sorrow. I have a better way, and, when it is finished, thou shalt behold it with thy love. Nevertheless, what is written is well, for it shows how I am coming by my concept, to fill the world, not with the memories of me but with the energies. Therefore let these words of mine stand, as the conclusion to that labor, and let it be published hereafter as the preface to these other works that

I shall give by thee; for I have many things to say hereafter, when thou shalt be gathered into thy own abiding place with thine own. All these things serve as the ante-court to that building, that I am preparing through the concept in thy mind and frame."

205. Afterward Lord Jesus spake again and said; "This is as I would have it: all things set in order for me: my house prepared, my servants ready, and the others removed as is fit." The Lord said also: "I do not come much, as manifesting myself to you, in these hours: therefore occupy yourself, as pleasantly as possible, till I am ready."

206. Chrysanthus replied; 'My Father, I know that my days are brief, and I was desirous of leaving my testimony finished and complete; lest I might not be able to return in such a manner as to continue.' Lord Jesus answered; "Leave that to Me!"

207. Afterward one of the arch-natural men who was with Chrysanthus said; "OUR KING has spoken! our King, the Lord of the Luminous Immensity! I love my wife exceedingly because of this. I spring in fire-fountains from head to feet. Great joy is in my heart." Then all the arch-natural men who were present worshiped the Lord in unison, rejoicing that they had been present when He thus came forth by visible appearance.

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208. On the ensuing, Lady's day, Lord Jesus came to Chrysanthus attired as a carpenter, and said; "A workman to his tools; the tools to the wood; the wood to the building, and the habitation to those who love the Lord! These are correspondences; yet what advantage shall it be to the employer of the carpenter, if the plane represents this thing and the wood that thing? Let the carpenter be employed in the building that is his craft: his religion is in the work, and the work, when it is finished, is the revelation of his religion. In what were you employed during the night, my son?"

209. The son replied; 'My Father, by arch-natural presence I was building a house, superintending a group of carpenters in the land of Lilimola, in the conjugal province of the king-

dom.' Lord Jesus answered; "What else?" The son replied; 'I thence went home, took a bath, dressed and played in the tennis court with the Chief of the Host, that the organism might be relaxed from a certain strain. There was then a supper-party; my Love entertaining the guests afterward with cards, music and a little dance. Then I returned to the natural world to resume my labors, much refreshed.'

210. Lord Jesus replied; "How much better it is to tell your friends this, than to dilate on the significance of potsherds or the correspondence of jezebel! Yet this is all correspondential, if men will have it so."

211. Chrysanthus answered; 'My Father, I have a very dear old friend in England, named Robinson, a sincere and just man, much immersed in correspondences, and he thinks that my Love is only a correspondence.' Thereat Lord Jesus beamed, very fatherly, and said; "Little son, that just man is a correspondence also: yet these are correspondences that repose not in leaves of paper, but in good linen sheets; that rest their heads not on type but on pillows; and that are set up in houses, and not in leather bindings on the shelves. Said I not, I have come for joy?"

212. Afterward our Divine Lady came forth, this being Her day, bearing in her hand a bouquet of flowers, early flowers of Spring. She was dressed apparently as a peasant girl for a holiday, in gay clothes, seeming wholly as the sweetheart of some noble young artizan of the upper expanse. As she approached Chrysanthus her lips parted, showing pearly teeth, and the dimples formed about her mouth as she greeted him tenderly, saying, 'one for you and one for your love,' as she drew two flowers from her nosegay. Lord Jesus then spoke saying; "Tell them that God's Wife gave you a flower, and let them make similitudes of that if they desire. Rest yourself, my son, rest in Me." Chrysanthus answered; 'Lord, I do rest in my affections utterly, and I am as full of joy in this Presence as the flowers in the morning are full of sun: but what shall I do for my poor people?'

213. Lord Jesus replied; "Diffuse the joy abroad upon them all. And now I tell thee, whenever I make an objective dem-

onstration through my son, whom I have made to be a king, I have made a subjective demonstration in the secret places within the consciousness of every one of those in the unity of My service with the king. If they will but make my words, that I say through this actual process, their lesson, that which I have planted in them will be called forth, to refresh their minds, and to comfort them from their afflictions. Thus also is it when my Love is manifested; and the concept of the Word is formed as an organ of demonstration, that we may establish conjunction by it, between the earth of man's outer nature and the heaven that is being made in his inner nature. Thou art the organ of the concept; that men may have direct access, according to the order of the orderly creations. But come! here are not thy poor people but thy rich people: what will they say?"

214. Chrysanthus answered; "My Father, they will not address you directly, for they are in the order of the universe, and hence, when they behold a Manifestation in the place of the throne, they are hushed in great stillness, as angels bowing, with their faces veiled because of the glory."

215. Lord Jesus replied; "They do not stand about with books open, comparing scripture with scripture; and exalting the verbal phrase, that it may sit in judgment on My Appearance?" Chrysanthus answered; "No, my Father, this is what the sectarists do."

216. Thereat our Lady said; "Little son, inhale forgetfulness from my flowers,—the forgetfulness that revives joy from breast to breast: it is better to forget that there are sectarists, and foolish persons of the shadow." Then Chrysanthus inhaled with great delight.

217. Afterward the Divine Mother said: "I come to-day in this costume, because I would have the women who seek me make themselves representatives." Chrysanthus began to laugh and the Mother said; "That is good: I am fashion: whoever dresses after me puts on a chapter of correspondences."

218. Lord Jesus then said; "Your Mother wishes these poor women to be dressed as she is, in simplicity of attire suitable to their occupation. She does not wish them to be arrayed as shakeresses or nuns, unless indeed they think those costumes becom-

ing to them and useful. Dress is for three things; first, comfort, which implies health; second, use, which implies convenience; and third, beauty, which implies refreshment and joy."

219. Afterward Lord Jesus called Lily and said; "Daughter, where is the kingdom of Lilimola, after which you have named a province in your land, where the delights centre, and where your husband was last employed?" Lily answered; 'Where there are fig-fruits; where the germs are for their proliferations.' Lord Jesus replied, smiling; "What, correspondences again? but come, you brought no leaves from those fig-trees for apparel, golden girl." Lily answered; 'I am wreathed for the zone to-day with garlands, for it is my Lady's day.'

220. And the Lord kissed Lily and said; "Behold, O, men! and harken to my words: listen, O, Earth! and be instructed in my commandments. Wear no more the leaves of the fig-tree for the sphere of innocence that is withdrawn from you: be ye innocent as children, even as these babes."

221. Afterward Chrysanthus said; 'Lord, how shall a man enter into innocence from his defilements?' Lord Jesus answered; "Let him forsake his defilements. A man is defiled when he touches a woman, when he touches money, and when he touches the world, that is destroyed by the love of lucre and the love of sex. A man who has no wife till I shall make him as thou art, and a woman who has no husband till I have made her, in my Love, as thy love, are pilgrims to the land of innocence, where We abide. Moreover, the man who has no money, till he has Our kingdom for money, and the woman who has no money till she has Our kingdom for money, are pilgrims to the land of innocence, where We abide." Then the Lord said blessing, and so departed till another time.

222. Afterward the Chief of the Host said; 'O, king, let us rejoice!' The king replied; "We will rejoice." Then the chief said; 'With God amidst us we shall not be removed forever! What did you understand by the Lord's words?' Chrysanthus replied; "This I understood; that were it possible, the people should receive almost every day the printed transcript of the gospel of the kingdom, as it is wrought forth, with the illustrations." The Chief answered; 'The Press is the king's

right hand, whereby he gives: this gift is the sunshine for the people's eyes.'

223. Ailene, the wife of the Chief, said; 'It is even so. What a man loves is, the refreshing that makes him glad for the joy of his eyes and the delight of his bosom; and every word of the Lord by our king, as he takes it in, opens him nearer to his counterpart, for eyes' brightness and bosom's joy. The fluid element of wifely kisses flows in the enchanted composition.' Then the Chief said; 'O, king! live forever: let the house of the High God be established in the building of thy hands.'

*Lady's day, Jan. 9th, 1878.*

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THE END.