

AN EPIC  
OF THE  
STARRY HEAVEN.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

---

"HEREAFTER YE SHALL SEE HEAVEN OPENED."

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FOURTH EDITION.

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1855.

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1854, BY  
THOMAS L. HARRIS,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED  
STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK:

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NEW YORK STEREOTYPE ASSOCIATION.  
201 William Street

TO

M. E. H.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE ordinary and familiar operations of the human mind are generally accepted as the measure and standard of its normal activity and capacity. Accordingly, whenever the faculties exhibit unusual intensity and power, or are exercised on subjects which far transcend the range of Popular thought, even the noblest efforts are regarded as abnormal eccentricities. It was long since proved—*i.e.*, if the vote of the majority can settle a question of this nature—that the multitudes who occupy the plane of the common mind are pre-eminently *compos mentis*. Having no decided mental and moral qualities to distinguish them one from another, they conclude that they are free from angularities, and fire most symmetrically developed. Being self-constituted judges of others as well as of themselves, they assume the right to decide who is crazy and who is devilish. They seldom or never question the senses nor the judgment of those who are free from new ideas; but the man who dreamed last night of the next grand discovery, whether it be a new continent, another planet, or an additional motive power, is treated as a visionary this morning, though the day may realize an that his dream foreshadowed. The world regards its own; and in every age the man who has approved the existing government, however oppressive, who has revered the established religion, however corrupt, and defended the prevailing philosophies and customs, however superficial and absurd, has been the accredited example of human consistency, and, it may be, the oracle of the people. The most devoted worshiper at the shrine of art, the wisest philosopher, the founder of a new science, and the advocates of the latest and the noblest reforms are often treated as mere enthusiasts, and accused of profaning the altars and dishonoring the memory of the dead. Men of sense are weary of the repetition of this solemn,

senseless farce; but it furnishes knaves with congenial employment and fools with agreeable entertainment, and so the play goes on. The inspired teachers of every age and nation—in whose souls the thoughts of angels and the revolutions of earth and time are born—have been derided and condemned, and still the thoughtless world in its rude and sensual delirium scourges, incarcerates, and crucifies its benefactors and its saviors!

The idea is exceedingly prevalent, even now, that the world is chiefly indebted to a diseased action of the human mind for the results which have contributed most essentially to enlighten and exalt mankind. The proudest monuments of art, the discoveries in physical science, and the progress in mental, moral, and spiritual philosophy, no less than the airy visions and ideal conceptions of the poet, have been the legitimate offspring of those who were denominated dreamers, until the great thoughts which eluded the grasp of cotemporaneous millions were simplified and systematized for the instruction of the common mind. Those who give birth to divine ideas are anathematized, while those who incarnate the same in material forms of use we respected. The world is alike stupid in its judgment and blind in its idolatry. The miserable hypothesis by which Materialism attempts to solve the problem before us, lies in our way, but it may be speedily dissected and removed. It is conjectured that a morbid irritability of certain portions of the brain occasions great functional intensity and power; hence the convergence of mental forces as exhibited in the production of the mind's most enduring memorials. Thus it is virtually assumed, that only those who *creep* on the earth exhibit a healthy activity and a normal development. If one has a disposition to ascend into the ethereal realms, or is gifted with a power to unlock the secrets of Nature and unveil the mysteries of the Heavens, he is at once presumed to be physically and mentally diseased. It is *a fact*, that not only the medical faculty, but most men, have been wont to regard the powers of the somnambule and the clairvoyant, whether naturally developed or induced by artificial processes, as the product of existing nervous derangement, or of some temporary cerebral excitement. They attempt to dispose of all modern spiritual experiences in the same manner, and thus strike at the foundation of all revelations, ancient and modern, and at the common faith of the world. Thus the clearest proofs of the Divine origin, creative power, and exalted destiny of the human mind are ascribed to *disease!* But *is* the mind most potent when the whole man is sick? and *are* its highest objects obtained when

Its laws are infringed and subverted? Must it become delirious to solve the problems which mock the calm and orderly exercise of its powers? Is it the prerogative of the mind to *dive* and not to *soar*? And are only madmen commissioned to unfold celestial harmonies and to bring the kingdom of peace on earth? No; *it is not so*. It requires no argument to satisfy the rational mind that the highest achievements of which man's nature is capable will be realized *when he acts consistently with the laws of his being*. The mind can only exhibit its greatest power when left to its normal action, for then there is no resistance, but all its energies co-operate and tend to the same result. We must not abruptly conclude that the ordinary operations of mind, as illustrated in the common pursuits of men, are altogether consistent with the law of its constitution, merely because they are most *familiar* to us. Such a conclusion is conformable to our self-love rather than to the truth. And if we can not rationally accept the familiar operations of mind as indicating the measure and the mode of its legitimate exercise and normal capabilities, away goes the stupid and degrading assumption that its noblest gifts are dependent on some corporeal derangement rather than on God, and its own immortal faculties as exercised in the realm of spiritual relations and divine activities.

The remarkable powers of the human mind, as developed in men of genius, or displayed by the seers and prophets of all ages, may be rationally referred to a kind of natural inspiration and spiritual influence, of which the mind may be, and, indeed, *must be*, receptive in the higher planes of its thought and development. We necessarily derive our impressions from the principles and objects with which we sustain intimate relations. When, therefore, the mind is profoundly engrossed with interior realities, it is proportionably withdrawn from all the objects which appeal to the senses, and as naturally receives influxes from the realms of the Invisible, as at other times it perceives the presence and distinguishes the forms and qualities of more material creations. Not only may this idea of inspiration be entertained consistently with the laws and relations of the human mind, but it can only be rejected at the sacrifice of our better judgment. All original thoughts, and every creation of divine beauty and use, may be supposed to emanate from that ideal realm—*from the Spiritual World*. Else why are they born in moments of profound abstraction, when by intense mental concentration the senses are deadened and the soul is quickened? Will the materialist tell us why the spiritual element enters so largely into the writings of all men

of genius, if it is not that they are inspired? Why does it predominate in the works of Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and all true poets, if it be not for the obvious reason, that in the hours of their greatest elevation they are essentially removed from the sphere of grosser life, and sublimated in thought and feeling by association with the hidden principles of nature and the intelligences of the immortal world ?

These views entirely accord with the actual experience and personal claims of the most exalted minds. Scarcely a great poet, painter, sculptor, or musician has ever lived who was not conscious of drawing his inspiration from the Spiritual World, while many have professed to be directly assisted by Spirits. Shakspeare makes the shades of departed men to appear in Hamlet and Macbeth, and he affirms that

*"Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak."*

Many of the characters and much of the imagery of Milton's great poem were derived from spheres which mortal eye hath not seen; and he thus expresses his faith in the perpetual intercourse between the Spiritual and Physical Worlds;

"God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,  
Delighted; and *with frequent intercourse*  
*Thither will send his winged messengers*  
*On errands of supernal grace."*

The spiritual idea, and the overshadowing presence and influence of celestial visitants gave Coleridge his inspiration, and, in the light of his faith and philosophy,

"The massive gates of Paradise are thrown  
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild  
Sweet echoes of unearthly melody,  
And odors snatch'd from beds of amaranth."

Coleridge attributed his fragment, "Christabel," to a vision. He awoke with the recital of the poem ringing in his ear, and immediately wrote out what his memory retained. The close of the poem is abrupt, showing that but a part of the vision was recollected; nor was Coleridge ever able to extend and complete it, in the spirit with which it was begun and carried, thus far. The poem is remarkable enough to have had a spiritual origin—and Coleridge firmly believed in intercourse with Spirits,

as was some time since shown in an elaborate article published in the "Shekinah."

Wordsworth evidently believed that the spirit of prophecy was given to men in all ages, and that the spiritual senses may be quickened by superterrestrial influence. In the preface to the "Excursion" he thus invokes the Divine power:

"Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspirest  
The human soul of universal earth,  
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess  
A metropolitan temple in the hearts  
Of mighty poets; upon me bestow  
A gift of genuine *insight*."

Michael Angelo employed his genius on religions and spiritual subjects, and the grandeur of his gigantic conceptions was sublimely imaged in the "Last Judgment," and other designs which ornamented the walls of the Sistine Chapel. Raphael, who adorned the Farnesian palace with the "Banquet of the Gods," and other similar works, painted visions which were presented to him by the spirit of his mother, who is said to have hovered over him and assisted in the execution of his work. This inspiration from the Spiritual World has not unfrequently conferred on youth a power which the experience of a long life could scarcely surpass. Bernini, of Naples, who has been called a second Michael Angelo, on account of his eminent success in painting, statuary, and architecture, executed one of his great works, *Apollo and the Nymph*, before he was eighteen years old. The artist lived more than eighty years; but when, near the close of his life, he had occasion to examine this early effort of his genius, he declared that he had made but little improvement in the subsequent sixty years of his artistic experience.

The following account which Mozart gives of his inspired moments, seems to warrant the inference that his grand musical compositions emanated from the Spirit-world:

"When all goes well with me—when I am in a carriage, or walking, or when I can not sleep at night, the thoughts come streaming in upon me most fluently; whence, or how, is more than I can tell. Then follow the counterpoint and the clang of the different instruments; and, if I am not disturbed, my soul is fixed, and the thing grows greater, and broader, and clearer; and I have it all in my head, even when the

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\* "Beliefs Rejected on Realization," by C. D. Stuart, *Shekinah*, vol. iii. p. 69.



piece is a long one; and *I see it* like a beautiful picture—not hearing the different parts in succession as they must be played, but *the whole at once*. That is the delight! The composing and making is like a beautiful and vivid dream; but this *hearing* of it is the best of all."

It is also worthy of remark, that by some occult agency this great composer was informed of his approaching dissolution. It is alleged that a mysterious stranger once visited Mozart and requested him to compose a grand Requiem. The latter signified his willingness to comply with the request; terms were proposed and accepted, and the stranger disappeared. Mozart very soon became deeply interested and absorbed. *He felt that he was composing the work for himself*. At length the Requiem—which had occupied more time than was at first anticipated—was finished; the stranger reappeared, but Mozart was not there. By a celestial gravitation the spirit had been attracted to the invisible source of its inspiration!

Carlos D. Stuart, who is widely known as an eloquent and forcible writer in prose and verse, assures me that all his poems to which he attaches any permanent value, have been composed under the influence of a kind of *spell*, which comes over him at irregular intervals, and subsides when the work is finished. Concerning the origin of this influence he has no certain knowledge, but all the mental effort, of which he has a personal consciousness, is made *at the commencement of the process*. As soon as the poem is fairly started—to use his own significant language—"the whole flows out, seemingly without effort, and *winds itself up*." I can not forbear citing in this connection the testimony of an esteemed correspondent, S. M. Peters, who writes beautiful verses while subject to the influence of Spirits. Respecting the mode and the origin of his poems he says:

"They are written by my bond, but with little or no mental effort on my part. The whole of a poem is before my mind at once, and if any person speaks to me while I am writing, it vanishes, and is present again on a subsequent occasion. That this is a *spiritual gift*, I have no doubt; for I have no control over it. The name of the Spirit-author is sometimes given, and at other times it is withheld.

But the specific object of this essay is to introduce to the reader's attention the grand rythmical composition which occupies, for the most part, the succeeding pages of this work. The "EPIC OF THE STARRY HEAVEN," which claims to have been originated in the world of Spirits, extends to Four Thousand Lines, and is characterized by vigorous thought, glowing imagery, and felicity of expression. But of its intrinsic

merits, as a specimen of literary art, I do not propose to speak. To the intelligent reader they will appear too obvious to require elucidation. It presents other claims, however, growing out of its alleged source, and the peculiar circumstances of its production, which invest it with unusual interest and importance as a psychical phenomenon. These, especially, I design to consider in the remaining part of this Introduction.

The Poem bearing the above title was spoken by THOMAS L. HARRIS in the course of fourteen consecutive days, the speaker being in a *trance state* during its delivery. From one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty lines were dictated at each session, of which there were twenty-two in number, and the precise time occupied in communicating the whole was TWENTY-SIX HOURS AND SIXTEEN MINUTES. On several occasions, while the Epic was being delivered, Mr. Harris was unexpectedly entranced, under rather unfavorable circumstances, and in two instances, as will appear from the Appendix, he was absent from his lodgings when the trance occurred. The general appearance and manner of the *improvisatore* while subject to the influence of Spirits, was much like that of a person in all ordinary magnetic sleep. There Was a slight involuntary action of the nerves of motion, chiefly manifested at the beginning and close of each sitting, or during brief intervals of silence, when some new scene appeared to the vision of the medium. The eyes were closed, but the expression of the face, which was highly animated and significant, varied with every change in the rhythm, and was visibly influenced by the slightest modification of the theme. The voice of the speaker was deep-toned and musical, and his enunciation distinct and energetic. Occasionally he exhibited considerable vehemence, but when the nature of the subject required gentleness, his voice was modulated with great delicacy, and at times, his whole manner and utterance were characterized by remarkable solemnity and irresistible pathos. The writer has been personally acquainted with Mr. Harris for some twelve years, but has never witnessed on his part the slightest attempt to sing previous to the delivery of his Epic, portions of which were chanted in a low, musical voice, and with remarkable effect. Moreover, our friend several times remarked, during the progress of the work, that the invisible powers seemed to be singing it within him, and that all his nerves vibrated to the music.

If the reader will refer to the Appendix, he will perceive that the particular Spirits whose presence was disclosed to Mr. Harris, did not,

strictly speaking, communicate the Poem to or through him. This is not pretended. It is merely claimed that they used their influence doubtless in harmony with existing psychological laws—to entrance the medium, and that when the state of interior perception and consciousness was induced, his spirit—by virtue of this inward quickening or opening of the interiors—was brought into intimate relations with the essential principles, invisible forms, and immortal inhabitants of the Spirit-world. While in this condition it may be presumed that he was as well qualified to obtain correct information respecting the sphere to which he was thus admitted, as men in the external state are to receive reliable impressions from the outward world. Thus the primordial elements or archetypal images of the thoughts embodied in this grand Epic were communicated to the receptive spirit, and the process of their reception was undoubtedly as strictly NORMAL\* as that by which the forms and qualities of outward things are perceived through the ordinary avenues of Sensation.

In the judgment of the present writer, these claims accord as well with the facts in the case as with the principles of a rational philosophy. It is well known that the ordinary somnambule, and, indeed, every person endowed with a faculty of prevision or a power of clairvoyance, is qualified to perceive and comprehend many things which wholly transcend the mind's capacity, while it is restricted to the sphere of its mundane relations. The most startling illustrations of this truth are of daily occurrence. I once knew an unlettered youth; he was totally ignorant of all the sciences, and yet in ten minutes, even by the aid of a human magnetizer, he became a sage—was familiar with different languages, and at home in every department of scientific philosophy. Fools jeered at him, but wise men wondered at his wisdom. Not only did he exhibit a familiarity with the profoundest principles of Nature and the various acquisitions of the human mind, but there was no limit to his vision. The most solid substances were transparent as ether; immeasurable distances opposed no barrier to his observations; the forgotten Past was unveiled before him, and he had power to unlock the mysterious Future, and to read from the page of destiny!

It must be apparent to the philosophic mind that this familiar process of intoreception whereby the sublime realities of the Spiritual World are

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\* We use this word to represent whatever occurs agreeably to existing Physical and Spiritual Laws.

being disclosed to many exalted minds, does not differ very widely from the personal experience and distinctive claims of Mr. Harris. In the lives of the illustrious prophets, illuminated seers, and inspired poets, of all ages and countries, there is much to support the credibility of his pretensions, us set forth in this volume. At the same time I believe there is no recorded instance of the composition of a work of equal magnitude and merit in so short a time. In this respect the present illustration of the power of improvisation is more remarkable than any thing which I have been able to find in literary annals. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," cites numerous instances of the rapid composition of brief pieces by different poets; but none of the utterance of a complete work of any moment. Fenelon wrote his "Telemaque" (prose history of the wandering of the son of Ulysses in search of his lost father) in three months, one of the most rapid performances on record. D'Israeli also alludes to a class of visions or revelations, current in the middle ages, claimed to have been uttered by superior powers, through studious monks and recluses, and adds that Dante's "Inferno," called "*Divine*," has been suspected of indebtedness to a poem known as "The Vision of Alberico." Probably of prose writers and poets, in the ordinary state, no one can be cited equal to Alexander Dumas for rapidity—yet Mr. Harris' composition, setting aside its quality, excels the greatest rapidity of Dumas. The "Culprit Fay," by J. Rodman Drake, a deceased American poet, a production of singular beauty, but more remarkable because, though lengthy, no human character enters into it, was a very rapid composition; but it is less than one half the length of Mr. Harris' Epic; besides, it is far less remarkable in regard to the rapidity of its creation, and immensely inferior in character and purpose.

As to Italian and other improvisatores, it is on no good authority claimed that they have ever risen above brief rhapsodies, generally confined to local and momentary topics—to chivalry and love. The Troubadours were song singers of this sort. The Italian improvisatores are regarded as the very best, and to none of these can we find credited any effort worth remembering for a day improvising of this kind has generally been a play upon the names and peculiarities of persons, or on the incidental circumstances of the occasion. We have heard maudlin specimens at political and other assemblages in this city and elsewhere, but they have been, without a single remembered exception, as ephemeral as the incidents which prompted their utterance. Altogether, the present

work, admitting its claims with respect to the time and mode of its composition, has no parallel in either ancient or modern literature.

What is here and elsewhere stated respecting the time employed in delivering the Poem, can be established by the testimony of witnesses whose credibility can not be impeached, and whose veracity was never questioned. The claims of the Poem, in this respect, can only be assailed by assuming that Mr. Harris had previously and at his leisure, composed his Epic, and committed it to memory, and then went through with the farce of rehearsing it before the witnesses. This would be virtually charging him with a contemptible artifice, which no one will be disposed to credit who has the slightest knowledge of his character. Only those who deem it wise to boldly deny what unprejudiced minds frankly acknowledge, will entertain the assumption for an hour. Nevertheless, to remove the doubts of those who have had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Harris, as well as to silence the cavils of a material skepticism, Several incidental facts and circumstances may still be adduced to show that the hypothesis in question is altogether improbable.

For some days immediately preceding the date of the first interview, the time and attention of Mr. Harris was almost unreservedly taken up with a new invention in the department of mechanical art, which was eminently calculated to divert his mind from its accustomed channels. The subject which occupied his thoughts at this time, being of a purely external and practical nature, was of course ill-adapted to promote the execution of such an ideal and spiritual work as the present volume contains. Moreover, at the very time when the Poem was unexpectedly commenced, Mr. Harris was preparing to leave New York for the South, and the few days that were expected to intervene prior to his departure were, as he and his friends conjectured, to be exclusively occupied in arranging preliminaries for his journey. From Nov. 24th to Dec. 8th—embracing the entire period employed in the composition of the Poem—his mind and time were so far engrossed with the business already referred to, as to leave but little opportunity for other pursuits. It was under these apparently inauspicious circumstances that he was entranced from day to day—usually from one to two hours at a time—and the work was continued to its consummation. Sometimes the mystic spell came suddenly when he was absent from home; or, it might be, while he was eating, or conversing with his friends on foreign topics. Those who witnessed the recurrence of the state were by no means inclined to think that the phenomenon of the trance was, merely *subjective*, or that the

times and seasons were left to the volition of the medium, inasmuch as they did not in all cases appear to be opportunely chosen.

Another fact should be stated in this connection. During the progress of the work H. was on several occasions, magnetized by Spirits, and gave a number of shorter poems, some of which were extremely beautiful in thought and versification; and these, like his Epic, appeared to require no mental labor, nor were they attended by the cerebral excitement which always accompanies and succeeds a voluntary effort of his own. It is well known to the intimate friends of Mr. Harris that he ordinarily finds it extremely difficult, if not quite impossible to sleep for some hours after any considerable, intellectual effort; but, night after night, after delivering some two hundred lines or more of the present work, he would, on retiring, immediately relapse into a profound and peaceful slumber, which usually continued unbroken until a late hour in the morning.\*

But it may be objected—in view of what is said in the Appendix respecting Mr. Harris' vision in March, 1850—that the Poem was first announced nearly four years since, and that this admission is not compatible with the claim that it was produced in a few hours. The writer is of a different opinion; and without presuming to determine precisely how long the invisible agents were employed in *their* part of the work, it may be confidently asserted that the agency of Mr. Harris in its production was limited to the brief period already specified. This conclusion is abundantly supported by the facts in the case; nor is there any thing in the accounts of Mr. Harris' vision which warrants a contrary opinion. An angel appeared to him having a scaled book; and the Spirit presented before him "an illuminated landscape," etc., together with a number of minute hieroglyphical figures," the first of which was understood to represent the present Poem. Beyond this H. received no intimation respecting its significance, as no portion of the same—not so much as the title—was communicated on that occasion.

But there is still another circumstance remaining to be mentioned, which strongly favors the idea that H. had formed no plan of his own, and, indeed, that he had no definite conception of this work up to the time when he commenced its delivery. THE PROEM, which contains some ninety lines (it is not comprehended in any thing that we have

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\* The writer can speak confidently on this point, as he occupied the same Sleeping apartment with Mr. Harris, not only before and after, but during the delivery of the Poem.

before said of this work), was given in a similar trance, several weeks or months before, while the medium was in Virginia. Having no idea of its specific adaptation to any thing that was to succeed, it was given to us for a collection of miscellaneous poems, which will be issued hereafter. We first published it in the TELEGRAPH, and then, at the request of Mr. Harris himself, it was stereotyped for the volume of miscellanies here referred to. It was not until a large portion of the Epic was delivered that our friend ascertained or even suspected that the *Proem* was intended to be used as the rhythmical introduction to this work. With these facts before us, it is supremely preposterous to conclude that the substance and structure of this Poem previously existed in any clearly defined form in the mind of Mr. Harris. He can not be so utterly regardless of his own reputation and interest, to say nothing of honor and conscience, as to willingly resort to the most palpable hypocrisy and falsehood, *merely to deceive his best friends and to ROB HIMSELF OF THE CREDIT OF ITS AUTHORSHIP*. Such a conclusion is improbable to the last degree, and it is not likely that any sane man will cherish it for a moment.

Some days after the Epic was completed, an incident occurred one evening—in presence of a number of persons assembled at the residence of Mr. Partridge—which will interest the reader, at the same time it will afford additional confirmation of the spiritual claims of the Poem. Among the persons present was Mrs. J. R. Mettler, who is distinguished for her clairvoyant and psychometrical powers. Psychometry being the theme, Mr. Harris, in the course of the conversation, went to his room and procured a slip of paper, on which he had previously—during the delivery of the Epic—been impelled to write the name, DANTE. [The chirography, which was wholly unlike that of the medium, was executed, as Mr. Harris firmly believes, by Dante himself. A spirit, dressed in antique costume, appeared standing before him. He felt a strong desire to know something of this immortal visitor, when his hand was suddenly controlled, and the name was written.] Folding the paper into a small compass, and in such a manner as to entirely conceal the name, Mr. Harris, without giving any explanation, placed it in the hands of Mrs. Mettler for her impressions. In a few moments the psychometrist was profoundly entranced.\* At first she exhibited emotions of sadness and

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\* In giving psychometrical delineations of the characters of persons living in the body, Mrs. Mettler is seldom or never entranced, but it is alleged that the written communications of spirits invariably induce this state.

grief. Then rising and walking toward a remote corner of the apartment, her eyes being closed, she appeared to hold converse with invisible beings. She paused, and seemed looking at objects beneath. Her whole frame shook spasmodically, and the muscles of the face were distorted and convulsed, as if the images of the "Inferno" were passing visibly before her. At length she spoke with uncommon emphasis, and we caught the following words:

"No! no! I am not mad! I am not mad! Keep me in bondage, if ye will. Are ye fiends? ye hellish bigots of earth, curses! [a pause] nay, *blessings* be upon your heads. [Here Mrs. M. raised her head, and appeared to be looking, into the heavens; the muscles of her countenance gradually relaxed, a sweet smile irradiated her features, and she continued.] Bright angels hover in the upper air; they smile on me, and their presence gives me peace."

Mrs. M. continued at some length in a strain that led those of the company who were acquainted with Dante's history to think that she was *en rapport* with his spirit, and that visions of his earth-life, and of the *Divina Commedia* were passing before her.\*

An objection may arise founded on the well-known capacity of Mr. Harris. It is readily conceded that he is a poet of very brilliant powers; but this does not invalidate the peculiar claims of the present work. What if other poets have written books of equal merit and greater magnitude, they required months or years, instead of a few hours, to compose them. Further, we do not know that our poetical friend, up to



[footnote to p. xiii]

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\*That all our readers may perceive the relevancy of Mrs. Mettler's words, while in psychometrical contact with the Italian poet, a very brief sketch of his life seems to be required in this connection:

Dante was born at Florence, in May, 1265. His family was illustrious, and after attracting the attention of his countrymen by his own military achievements, he became still more distinguished by the honors bestowed on him at court. At length, by the suffrages of the people, he became one of the chief magistrates of his native city. High places are often the most dangerous, and misfortunes came with the exaltation of the poet. Contending factions distracted Italy. Dante took an active part with one of the rival parties, which led to his banishment and the confiscation of his estate. Some five years before his death, it was proposed by the government to restore him to his country and his possessions on certain dishonorable conditions. He was required to pay a fine, bow before the authorities of the church, and at its altar confess his guilt and supplicate the pardon of the Republic. But the noble spirit of Dante spurned the base proposal. He preferred a life of physical bondage and the grave of an outcast to the freedom of his country, the honors of a court, and the possession of his estate, if these were only to be purchased at the expense of truth, justice, and manhood.

No way was ever opened for Dante's reform which was at all compatible with his own high sense of honor; and after remaining in exile nearly fifteen years, the great poet died at Ravenna, in 1321. When the Florentines discovered the magnitude of the sacrifice they had made. It was too late to retrieve their error. The man whom they had so ignobly driven from his home and country, soon became the object of their highest veneration, and they vainly entreated that they might be allowed to possess all—save his immortal thoughts and deathless memory—that remained of Dante—his ashes!

last November, had ever published or composed a single poem that exceeded two hundred lines; and there is certainly no evidence whatever, derived from existing facts, to prove that he is capable of such unexampled rapidity in composition.

Again, if it be contended that the style of certain portions of the Epic resemble some of the earlier productions of T. L. Harris, in the composition of which no spiritual agency was claimed or supposed to exist, my reply is, it is altogether rational to conclude, whatever may have been the *source* of the inspiration, that it would naturally and *necessarily* accommodate itself to the *channel* through which it was permitted to flow, and that the same is true in its application to all inspired teachings, of whatever nature or kind, not excepting those which possess—at least in the faith of the Christian world—a sacred pre-eminence and a divine import.\*

The great realm of the SPIRITUAL opens around and within us in proportion as our natures are refined and exalted. The thoughts which startle the world with their vastness, power, and beauty are not born of corporeal elements. On this point we must respect the actual experience of inspired minds rather than the skepticism of those who are incapable of any similar experience. The latter class should be reminded that it is as truly the privilege of the eagle to *soar*, as it is the province of meaner things to *crawl*. The dusty speculations of material philosophers, on a question of this nature, are entitled to no credence, since they are obviously as destitute of truth as they are devoid of all incentives to heavenly aspiration and a divine life. If such men have no intercourse with superior intelligences, the fact shows clearly enough that they themselves are earthly and sensual; but it does nothing to prove that others are like them, much less that the common faith of the world is to be regarded as an illusion.

Here we submit the claims of this book to the judgment of the public. No phenomenon of a similar character ever awakened a deeper interest in our own mind, and we feel assured that the Poem will be read with satisfaction and delight, not only by Spiritualists, but by thousands who may hesitate to credit its peculiar claims, and be disposed to accept it merely as a brilliant effort of human genius, excited and exalted by the intense action of its own immortal powers.

New York, *January 25th, 1854.* S. B. BRITTAN.

\* See an article entitled, "Cerebral Influence on Revelation;" *Shekinah* vol. ii. p. 89.

## P R E F A C E .

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### FROM THE LYRICAL PARADISE OF THE HEAVEN OF SPIRITS.

Seven great diversities of human genius enter into the composition of the votary of High Art: the Sacerdotal, the Mathematical, the Synthetic, the Analytical, the Poetical, the Inductive, and the Intuitive. The production of artistic *chef-d'oeuvres* depends upon the happy combination and seven-fold harmony of these distinctive elements.

There is, at the present time, a grand refining process operative from the Heaven of Spirits, and quickening as well as purifying the natural ultimates of human organizations. Organisms, by means of the operation of this refining process, are being prepared to serve as artistic instruments through whom the sacerdotal, the mathematical, the poetic, the synthetic, the analytical, the inductive, and the intuitive revelations, combinations, and productions of Divine Harmony shall be communicated from the World of Causes, which is Spiritual, and gloriously made manifest among men in the World of Effects, which is the Natural or External Earth.

The medium through whom the work of which this is the preface, is given, though still in an exceedingly feeble condition, is inborn into the Spirit-World, by means of which birth he is enabled to occupy a mediatorial position between the world of causes and the world of ultimates. And because his interiors are of a sacerdotal character, he is permitted to be Impressed from Societies of Hierophants who discharge the priestly function in the Heaven of Spirits. And because in his interiors he takes delight in celestial mathematics, he is permitted to receive impressions from Societies of Spirit Men who meditate deeply upon the science of forms, number, degrees, and their correlatives, though externally his knowledge

edge of mathematics is limited. And because of poetic genius of an interior character, which he has externally cultivated to some degree, relations are established between his mind and the children of immortal song, who are known as Lyric Angels.

The work which this statement is designed to preface originated in the interior. It is given through the agency of a circle of Mediaeval Spirits who inhabit a classic domain in an ultimate dependency of the Heaven of Spirits, which corresponds in many of its features to lower Italy.

It is their delight, in that serene realm, to weave Epic Poems, which, while they are divinely true in the internals of thought, are externally beautified with the embellishments of melody, and thus resemble the virgin daughters of the sky, whose spiritual forms are garmented with the robes of light, whose abundant tresses exhale the very fragrance of Elysium, and whose brows are crowned with undying flowers.

It was permitted to a spirit greatly beloved among the inhabitants of that ethereal abode\* to induct the medium into *rapport* with the general sphere of their society, which sphere is extended into all the lovely regions visited by the inmost spirit of the medium, and shadowed in the Poem. Permission being obtained from Superior Authority, the various forms of wisdom and beauty which the Poem describes were imaged, from their varied localities, upon the sensorium, by the process of transition and visitation, and the organ of language quickened and made use of for the harmonic reproduction of these forms of truth and loveliness in the external dialect of earth. This Poem, however, is a production adapted to the spiritual childhood of the medium: and when his interior faculties shall have been more highly vitalized and wore luminously expanded, he is designed as an instrument for the production of works of a nature correspondentially exalted.

Breathe gently, Reader; attune thy heart to pure and loving thoughts while perusing this spiritual utterance, for thus alone the interior life, which is the living soul thereof, shall find entrance into thine own interiors.

\* Dante.

# P R O E M .

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## PREPARATORY VISION.

The inspirations of my youth return—  
Love, Wisdom, Beauty, Joy, and Liberty  
The ashes of my life, requickened, burn;  
Gloom, sickness, years depart. My soul is free

The great procession of the Wise Departed,  
In solemn vision glorifies my sight.  
Though all who live were old and broken-hearted,  
Youth, Love, and Hope would change their hoary night  
To freshest morn, with sun-illumined brow,  
Could they behold and live, as I do now.

Oh, Earth! oh, Time! oh, Man and Woman! ye  
Shall from your wintry dying freshly rise.  
Death's hungry heart, that like the moaning sea  
The freight of shipwrecked life with food supplies,

Cries from its hollow depths, "No more, no more."  
 Death sits, calm brewed, upon the snow-white shore  
 In love with Immortality, whose breast  
 Pillows its form to its eternal rest.

Now Death is pillowed on the lap of Life,  
 And dies in happy dreams. There is no Deep,  
 Hungry and dark, with agonizing strife,  
 To swallow up Love's argosy, and sweep  
 All the great Past into its sunless caves.  
 God smites the tomb, and saith, "Ye hollow graves  
 So still and secret, ope your lips and tell  
 The Nations that My children do not dwell,  
 Nor fade, nor crumble in your drear abyss,  
 But share the vast dominions of My bliss."

God's heavens to earth have spoken. In the glow  
 Of the New Era's dawning it is sweet  
 To wake and see dull Night from Nature go.  
 The cycle of the ages shines complete.  
 Man came from God; he goes to Him again.  
 From Him came down—to Him aspires the flame  
 The friendly Angels ope Love's Eden door;  
 Man enters in—departs not ever more.

The seers and saints of all the centuries past  
 Have set their seal unto the sacred page

That images sweet peace and promise vast  
Heaven's beauty, and the new, delivering Age.  
Hark, music sweet! from yon immortal train;  
They sing—"We hoped, loved, labored, not in vain."

The rocky Patmos where I dwell recedes  
The outward fades. Lo, in immortal trance  
I spring to light. A mighty Angel reads  
My heart, mind, gladness, wonder, at a glance  
"Fulfilled, O Son, thy trial hour," he says.  
Upon my soul the immortal light-beam plays.

Into the Heaven of Spirits I am led;  
On mountain summits they are throned apart.  
The Empires of the Free are widely spread,  
Temple, shrine, palace, angel-peopled mart,  
Where glorious thoughts and mighty deeds are made  
Sky, landscape, city, music, splendor, shade;  
Where the heart's inner loves, in form outrolled,  
Shine amber skies and atmospheres of gold.  
All life to love in light and rapture tends;  
All thought on chariot-wheels of glory runs;  
All sorrows, like the rays of setting suns,  
Are made celestial splendors. Far extends  
The pure domain. Love blends in this bright sphere  
Hope's longed Hereafter, with her Now and Here.  
Here kindred souls who dwelt on earth apart

Blend in the sweet embraces of the heart.  
On the calm shore the happy dwellers throng,  
Greeting each distant bark with sweetest song  
Homeward they fly, by the swift life-winds driven,  
And furl white sails upon the shores of heaven.

The gradual dawn of day upon the earth  
Is wonderful, when from the royal east,  
Attired in Tyrian robes, the sun comes forth,  
Led by the stars to his Assyrian feast.  
My soul is like that day-dawn—like that sun  
Outrolled into a golden orb of light.  
I see heaven's vast ecliptic round me run,  
From its own motion made intensely bright,  
Encircling, with triune Saturnian zone,  
God's inner sphere, perfect, supreme, alone.

Here let me gather thoughts, as heaven for aye  
Ingathers all the stars into its day;  
And let me form from out their sphere sublime  
A glorious Poem, fragrant, pure, divine  
An Epic of the Stars. Be this my theme.  
Favor my soul's desire, O, Lord supreme!  
Give me to breathe a charm, of love so full,  
That Earth shall from it drink the Beautiful,  
As angels rapture from Thy infinite  
Sweet melody of love and love's delight,



And wake to joy, as might a widowed bride.  
Who, startling, finds the lost one by her side  
Immortal life, love, rapture—to her eyes  
A Bridegroom sun-descended from the skies!

AN

## EPIC OF THE STARRY HEAVEN.

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### Part One.

SCENES.—Earth; the Seventh Spiritual Sphere of Earth, and  
the Electrical Ocean of the Solar System between Earth and  
Mars

I AM not used to muse upon my ills,  
Though often troubles on my spirit lie  
Chill as December snows, obscuring all the sky.  
A softened splendor fills  
My mind in darkest hours, and in my breast  
Peace whispers, "Come what may, thy lot is blest"  
Beyond the common fate of man below  
The tides of Heaven's I great purpose in thee flow.  
Yet sometimes all my spirit groweth dark,  
And cold, and desolate. Upon me fall  
Interior pains. My bosom is the mark  
Death aims at. Mournful voices to me call

For strength, love, pity, guidance, and relief,  
As the wild winds call to the autumn leaf,  
And I, alas! am poor and weak as they.  
Thus it befell me this bleak Autumn day.  
Dark seemed my lonely way, And like the dying year  
I saw my life in sorrow disappear.

Like a swift arrow shot toward the sun,  
But curving downward from its golden height,  
And falling low in ignominious flight,  
My upward way seemed closed, my life undone,  
I thought of mighty spirits in their prime  
Crushed by mankind into disastrous graves  
Of gentle goodness trodden down by crime,  
And Spiritual Freemen gyved as slaves.  
I saw in vision vast,  
The moldering tombs of the forgotten past.  
Earth seemed a burning wreck  
Rocking upon a serpent-swarmed sea,  
Despairing nations crowding on her deck,  
Between the wo that is and wo that is to be.

“And what,” I said, “is being but a Sorrow  
Waxing and waning through an endless night,  
Pursuing Joy as night pursues the morrow,  
Haunted from heaven by Love's unknown Delight,

Which it, with wearied hope, forever seeks,  
And finds not on the heights or in the deeps.

There came a Spirit from the World of Souls,  
Like sunrise flashing o'er a wintry sea,  
And I looked upward from my agony  
As a pale Martyr from the burning coals,  
And said, "Bright visitant, too late, too late!  
Leave me, I pray thee, leave me to my fate."  
I wrapped my face and turned mine eyes away.  
"Oh, haunt me not," I cried, "for why should Day  
Mock Night from heaven with calm, triumphant smile,  
When the poor Night grows wan and dies the while."

"I can not leave thee, brother, in thy wo,"  
The angel answered; "while I lived below  
My life, like thine, seemed all a dreary waste  
The cup I drank was bitter to my taste.  
Now I am risen. Wake, aspire, ascend!  
Great shadows all great images attend.  
Mountains, whose peaks in heavenly sunshine glow,  
Cast equal shades upon the plain below.  
Within the shadow of thy own high fate  
Why sit forlorn? celestial friends await.  
Rise! clothe thyself with gladness!" As he spoke  
A, splendor from the zenith o'er me broke.

Earth disappeared, and I arose and stood  
On the bright summit of Earth's Seventh Sphere.  
I saw the spirit-sky—I felt the flood  
Of music lift me to that region clear  
Of endless morning, where the Man of Sorrows  
Shines from the Infinite, and every knee  
Is bent in living adoration there,  
And every face immortal glory borrows  
From His own countenance. The very air  
Thrilled me with ecstasy, for Love Divine  
Flowed in it. Through the vastness of that shrine  
The constellated spirits burned and shone.  
I bowed in worship at the Spirit-Throne;  
And, as I prayed, methought an answer came.  
My heart impuled the warm blood through my frame,  
Till the shrunk channels overflowed, and then  
Celestial voices breathed a low "Amen."

A new-born language trembled on my tongue,  
Whose tones accorded with the singing stars  
A company of spirits, blithe and young,  
From Jupiter, and Mercury, and Mars,  
Drew near and said to me, "Three days, dear friend,  
Thou art our guest; come, wing thy blessed flight  
Through the unvailing ocean of sweet light."  
I saw this language penned

By a bright Angel on a golden scroll:  
 Let heaven be opened for another soul."  
 We passed the sphere with swift and winged motion,  
 And sped above an atmospheric ocean  
 Wherein the planets shone from far to me,  
 Like silver mountains in a purple sea.

Like new-born Thoughts that glow and burn, suspended  
 In the vast pantheon of an Angel's mind,  
 All thought with love, all love with wonder blended,  
 We rest, and lo! with vision unconfined,  
 See a DIVINELY HUMAN FORM who stands  
 Upon the sun, and holds a diamond rod.  
 It is a shadow from the face of God,  
 In-formed in quivering light. Seraphic bands  
 Rise from the sun like many-colored rays,  
 Chanting around it melodies of praise.

"Know ye that Angel standing on the sun?"  
 A ministering spirit asks. That look  
 The very look, the great, yet Crucified One,  
 Divine with love that Evil could not brook,  
 But turned with all its alien hosts and fled  
 Into the dark dominions of the dead  
 That look, whose light o'er darkened Calvary shone,  
 In-streams on me—I know it—know it well.  
 Not in man's heart doth thy dear likeness dwell,

O Lord! alone. 'Tis imaged o'er the dome  
That spans the sun, the bright imperial home  
Of angel-nations, and forever shines,  
Filling with seven-fold light those vast and tranquil climes—  
Forever beaming there, the Day of day,  
Whose glory clothes the orb with Love's perennial May.

Thou Sun, rejoice! Ye goodly company  
That round it throng, and fill with harmony  
Of planetary life, the stellar space—  
Ye too rejoice, run brightening on your race!  
Not from the sun alone ye draw your light:  
    The great Creator's image stands thereon,  
Outpouring from your system's inner height  
    Such floods of glory, that the horizon  
    Rolls back an evening splendor on the morning.  
Cease, cease, oh, mortal man, the idle scorning  
Of the high mystery—God in Christ; for lo,  
Yon sun His image to the stars doth show,  
And all the stars from God in Christ derive  
Their light, and from His life their nations live.

The origin of Beauty, Love, and Truth—  
Of light, life, motion, and immortal youth—  
Of form, of music, sweetness, and delight,  
Flashes from God's own Image on my, sight.

I feel the pulses of the Eternal Soul  
In all my veins. My thoughts within me roll  
Like new-born planets, flushed with happy life.  
My nature is at rest. There is no strife,  
No battle of contending forms above  
Earth and its spheres.

Know ye the Land of Love?  
Its ancient boundaries? the broad extent  
Of its illimitable continent?  
Where'er worlds bloom and spirit-skies unfold,  
Outflow its atmospheres of living gold.  
The Universe is like a silver bell  
The tongue of time such harmony doth tell,  
That worlds are formed within the widening sea  
Of one divine perpetual ecstasy



## Part Two.

SCENE.—The Electrical ocean of the Solar System in close proximity to the Planet Mars.

"THERE are seven degrees in the holy Sphere  
That girdles the outer skies;  
There are seven hues in the atmosphere  
Of the Spirit Paradise,  
And the seven lamps burn bright and clear  
In the mind, the heart, and the eyes  
Of the angel-spirits from every world  
That ever and ever arise.

There are seven ages the angels know,  
In the courts of the Spirit Heaven;  
And seven joys through the spirit flow  
From the morn of the heart till even;  
Seven curtains of light wave to and fro  
Where the seven great trumpets the angels blow;  
And the Throne of God hath a seven-fold glow,  
And the angel-hosts are seven.

And a spiral winds from the worlds to the suits,  
And every star that shines  
In the path of degrees forever runs,  
And the spiral octave climbs;  
And a seven-fold heaven round every one  
In the spiral order twines."

A company of Spirits, whose white arms  
Are twined like lilies, float above the deep.  
Their music lulls my spirit into sleep.\*  
Lo! one most beautiful unveils her form  
My thoughts are drawn to her as dew-drops to the morn.  
"Oh, rose-lipped Seraph, whose celestial charms  
O'ercome my being with a calm divine  
Whose heart of love in love inflows through mine.  
Whose eyes are twin-born spheres that blend together  
As the sweet ocean and the enamored sky,  
Feeling thy presence dear, I care not whether  
My being to its primal life returns. To die,  
To be diffused in love, and made a part  
Of the divinest Beauty which thou art,

\* The word "sleep" is used in this Poem to signify a state of transition, during which the spiritual senses gradually cease to take cognizance of the scene which previously had been sensorially mirrored upon the mind. Through this process the spiritual senses are being subjectively elevated or transferred into rapport with the ensuing locality, its scenery, its inhabitants, its firms of knowledge, states of affection, and general spheres of truth, goodness, and use.

Were better, better far.  
Where is thy home? in what beguiling star."

I hear her sweet reply:

"Brother, I am a Daughter of the Sky,  
And I am sent to be

A Sister Spirit. I will pilot thee—

Where Beauty sits in groves of asphodel,  
And weaves for hearts of love joy's hyacinthine spell,  
Charming her human flock. Seest thou yon zone  
Of roseate light? It is a world unknown

By wisest-thoughted seers of the earth.

Within its fragrant bowers,  
Death withers not the flowers,

And fierce Despair stings not the breast of Worth.

There life is calm and holy;  
The rose and myrtle twine

Round loving brows. The frosts of death and time  
Fall not upon the angel-maidens there;

But Bride and Bridegroom grow divinely fair

Within those bowers of amaranth and moly,  
Counting their years a span,

Tho' centuries have pass'd since their sweet life began.

"Thou happy soul, thou blessed soul,"

The maiden sings to me.

"Come, drink from out the golden bowl  
Of joy, I pledge to thee;  
I drink to thee from out the cup  
Of love and love's delight.  
Rise! these dear arms shall bear thee up  
Let slumber end thy sight.  
In sleep alone canst thou be borne  
To that transcendent Land,  
Where Love hath never learned to mourn  
Or veil her bosom bland.  
In sleep alone canst thou ascend  
And pass the seven-fold gates  
in sleep alone, A spirit-friend,  
Celestial morning waits."

As sink the drowsy billows of the sea  
When Night is in the skies,  
So the long swells of thought subside in me;  
Sleep closes up mine eyes.

## Part Three.

SCENE.—An Eden of Conjugal Affection, situated upon an  
Islet in the Equatorial Region of the Planet Mars.

BENEATH what glowing sky, whose diamond hues  
With thought and life unknown delights transfuse,  
And make my body pure and crystalline,  
As if it were the paradise and shrine  
Of heavenly love and wisdom, do I wake?  
My senses unimagined joys partake.  
The soft air melts like manna on my tongue.  
Fairer than Bard or Prophet ever sung,  
Art thou, young Eden! By what other name  
Than Eden can I call this floral plain,  
Whose azure waters flow like odorous balms,  
Tongued with sweet eloquence? Those trees are palms.  
It is an island in an azure sea  
That I am borne to. Overhead I see  
A firmament of alabaster hue,

Flecked with red rose-leaves, ever falling through,  
And melting on the air in crimson dew.

Within this blest retreat The Muses have their seat,  
And Heliconian fountains flow like wine.  
I see an alabaster shrine,  
That like a fountain changed into a flower  
Of silver light forms an immortal bower.  
Each separate drop is like the whitest pearl.  
I see a fair-haired girl  
Throned like young Rafaele's Virgin, far within.  
Diaphanous vails of light, rose-hued and thin  
As the transparent halo of a star,  
Enfold that wondrous, shape. She calls from far  
With voice like nightingales in bowers of June,  
When earth, and heaven, and man are all in tune.

The shrine she dwells in vibrates from her thought,  
As if its marbles were by angels wrought  
In harmony and union with the life  
    That pulsates in her veins.  
Her nature is unconscious of all strife  
    Smiling she sings the strains  
Of Conjugal delight; and by her side  
Her Bridegroom sits, calm-thoughted, splendor-eyed,  
And inspiration gathers from her song

And wisdom. Overhead a splendid throng  
Of halcyon Spirits who are Inspirations,\*  
Splendors, and Truths, and Joys, and Exultations,  
Voices and choral Thoughts of Deity,  
Dwell in rose-hued pavilions in the sky,  
Whose shafts are spirit-sun light, and whose walls  
Are tempered lightning. Swift upon me falls  
A consciousness that bids my heart disclose  
A mystery of Love. That blessed pair  
So rosy-fresh and fair,  
Dwelling within that crystal-built shrine,  
Have seen the sands of time  
Drop through the hour-glass of the centuries old,  
Yet not a leaf hath fallen from Life's red rose,  
And they forever dwell within their Age of Gold,  
Unwearied of sweet love, forever blending  
Their inmost lives in rapture never ending.  
Their conjugal affection is to them  
A robe of brightness and a diadem.  
And they are one forever and forever,  
In love and wisdom like a blended river

\* Angelic spirits, according to the diversity of their genius, and also according to their Interior degree and variety of Illumination, are types, in a finite sense, of sublime attributes of Love, Wisdom, and Use of the Supreme Spirit. Spirits of the second heaven are called Strengths, Wisdoms, and Splendors; corresponding spirits in the third heaven, Adorations, and Thoughts, and Voices; while spirits in the highest heaven are called Loves, and Charities, and also Innocences, and the highest of these, Perfections.

Of strength and beauty, whose remote extremes  
Are interfused, being bound in tempered beams  
Of God's own brightness; for the living zone  
Of God's own Spirit blends the two in one.

This is their paradise, and, mirrored here  
In the translucence of the atmosphere,  
All angel-forms of innocence appear.  
And, like a crystal river from above,  
Flows down an effluence of immortal love,  
    Encompassing the twain  
With harmonies from God's eternal main.  
For God's great love o'er all who love doth lie,  
And all who love are stars that beam on high,  
Bound in the circle of eternity,  
In-winding till they blend complete, and find  
Eternal oneness in God's heart and mind  
Dwelling as forms of truth-in-love within  
The glory-mantled home of seraphim,  
O'erspanned by God's own presence, rapt away  
    In endless trances, veiled in the pure light  
    Of heaven's all-perfect day,  
Made finite symbols of the Infinite  
Whose love and wisdom in them doubly blends,  
And never, never ends.

"We all are Lovers in this Land of Gladness;



Here discord never grieves the wedded heart.  
No sense of weariness, no breath of sadness  
Darkens Love's home. It is the Eden mart

Of sweet affections, blooming like the flowers  
That shine with glorious hues from God's own face;  
Immortal joys from out the blissful hours  
Come forth like stars from heaven and run their race.

"We all are Lovers in these pure dominions—  
Each mind, each heart, is bridegroom or is bride.  
We soar immortal on ecstatic pinions  
Love reigns in all—Love, Love the glorified.

There is no knowledge save the truth of love;  
Each truth unto its own dear love is wed;  
In dual flight from heaven to heaven we move  
With deathless feet the crystal air we tread.

"Up from our paradise we rise; the gates  
Of morning open, and the shining Fates  
Transform us into children; there we reign  
New-born we live, mature, and wed again.

"The glorious company of angels move  
In dual circles of conjugal love.  
From every world within the stellar space,  
Mind seeks its Heart, and Wisdom finds its Grace."

In strains like these the heavenly choir sing on;  
The tones recede—the shining train retire.  
And now a second choir  
Take up the theme, and chant in unison.

"Star unto star in ethers wed,  
Heaven is to heaven in marriage led.  
All Loves and Wisdoms interflow—  
Goodness and Truth commingling glow.

"And thus material worlds have birth,  
And thus unfold the flowers of Earth;  
And thus the golden East renews  
The glory of its deathless hues.

"Goodness and Truth in one agree;  
The pure, harmonious family  
Of wedded spirits evermore  
The God of Truth and Love adore,  
In endless union rising on,  
Till Inmost Heaven is inly won.

"Lift, lift your raptured voices far,  
Ye dwellers in the solar star;  
Yon sun itself is Love's domain  
Where wedded angels love and reign.

"Speak from your silver thrones, and tell  
Ye planets; ye are homes as well  
Of wedded hearts who everywhere  
Perfume with love your fragrant air.

"This is Creation's ancient faith—  
Conjugal Love o'erconquers death;  
And wedded souls from worlds arise  
To golden nuptials in the skies."

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The Eve of this sweet Paradise  
Speaks. The love-music of her eyes,  
The still, sweet music of her inner thought,  
Reveals unto my spirit. I am brought  
Into celestial rapport with her mind.  
In ivory palaces of memory  
The story of her life I, pictured, see.  
Within that sacred inmost there is shrined  
The image-form of God—the God of Love!  
The Spirit, who, descending from above,  
Outbreathes His essence, shaping spirit-natures,  
Whose pure, immortal features  
Through finite forms reveal the Infinite;  
Who breathe, unfold, and blossom in  
His sight, As roses in the sunbeams of the day.

God's pulses through this human spirit play  
Like fire through light or luster from a throne,  
Brightening from One, who, in Himself unknown,  
Reveals His Being through creative flame.  
A naked maiden, innocent of shame  
(It is the soul of this celestial maid),  
In lily light of innocence arrayed,  
Shines now upon my vision.  
With what serene decision  
She thinks, loves, wills, and turns to God the Giver  
Of life's pure breath—adoring Him forever!  
That calm eternal Presence, shining on,  
Inspires her being as the outer sun  
Inspires the earth. Whichever way she turns.  
Still in her breast the Eternal Image burns.

The dewy chalice of a thousand flowers  
That opens eastward in the morning hours,  
    An urn of joy o'erflowed with love's pure dew,  
Were but the faint reflection  
Of thousand-fold affection  
Unfolding in her spirit to my view.

The streams of diamond brightness  
That from the morning lightness  
    Flow through the firmament with boundless flame,  
ere but remotest beaming

Of the great God-life streaming,  
Through heart, and breast, and every crystal vein.

The voices, that ascending  
From choirs of doves, and blending  
    With summer sweetness, charm the leafy groves;  
    Each to its dearest mated, Each fair one consecrated  
In pure affection to the form she loves,

Brooding in nests of argent,  
Swan-like, beside the margent,—  
    Of azure pools, with lily-chaplets veiled,  
    Or, soaring, lost to vision,  
    Outpouring from the elysian,  
The dews of song celestial roses yield

These are but shadowy dreamings,  
Or distant image-beamings,  
    Of families of loves within her breast,  
    That, like the birds of Aidenn,  
    Thrill that transcendent maiden  
With music sweet, and in her bosom nest.

Each drop of heart that beateth  
    A kindred globule meeteth,  
    In-blending with it in her breast of snow,

And through her veins distilling  
Her loves outflow in willing,  
And veil her nature in a crimson glow.

Ten thousand Graces tend her  
Like morn in its own splendor  
She dwells within her outer form serene,  
Making her body heaven.  
Oh, God! to me 'tis given  
To see Love's empress! Beauty's maiden Queen!

The inner soul of Beauty's life—  
Thy soul, oh! maiden dear,  
Outbreathes with holy sweetness rife  
I drink thy glowing sphere.

Beyond all thoughts in heaven or earth,  
Heart-sweet, my spirit finds  
The thoughts that find their seraph-birth  
Within her blended minds.

Her minds are two conjoined in one—  
The Bridegroom and the Bride,  
As light and heat within the sun  
In blended spheres abide.

And what the woman thinks in heart,  
The man in thought conceives,

And every truth his thoughts impart,  
The woman's breast receives.

'Tis a strange mystery that I behold;  
A two-fold pulse of silver and of gold  
Flows in this pure and happy-thoughted breast;  
Each love by its own wisdom is caressed.  
Her Bridegroom's thoughts within her bosom lie,  
Wedded in nuptial bowers of ecstasy  
To her heart-loves. These loves in turn ascend  
Into the Bridegroom's mind, and in it blend  
With his interior truths, which rise, receive  
Each its own love, and in that union live.

Celestial matrons in the heavens conceive  
Pure forms of soul, that bud, and bloom, and smile,  
Unconscious of a separate life the while.  
These are the germs of spirits, and inflow  
Through father-life and mother-life below,  
And are the inmosts of all children born  
On earths. 'Tis thus the soul hath its first morn,  
And its beginning in the inmost heaven;  
And it descends from out the higher skies,  
And, like a bird, flying out of Paradise,  
And finding homely shelter at the eve  
In some lone cot in the veiled world below,  
From highest heaven to lowest earth doth flow.

Whom God hath joined no force can put asunder.  
Annihilation only can destroy  
The nuptial bower of their immortal joy  
And sacred bliss—that veiled, that hidden wonder  
The Eden of the Heart!  
Their natures blend, and they are made a part  
Of the Eternal Beauty, Love, and Truth,  
Which lives in them, conferring endless youth.

I pause.—A gradual morning on me breaks;  
My soul to more interior life awakes.  
I see why Love is endless—why the twain  
Conjoined in love can never part again.  
God's Truth is in the bridegroom. By its side  
God's Love is shrined within the immortal bride.  
And Truth and Love, with infinite embrace,  
Each other fold, through heart, mind, form, and face.  
Eve through her Adam feels her God descending,  
And truth-embraced, with blessedness unending,  
Finds inspiration in her Bridegroom's arms,  
Who, in his turn, through her celestial charms,  
The Love of God receives in her sweet love.  
Oh, Father Spirit! thou art throned above  
All human thought! yet in the Eden trees  
Of truth and goodness art revealed to these.

Scorn not, oh, mortal men, this mystery!



Ye think the Eternal Spirit in the Past  
Through wood and stone revealed His presence vast  
Thrilled the mute marble with His touch, and shone  
From out a burning bush His servant's sight upon.  
Surely thy God, who stirred the insensate dust,

    And walked amid the billows of the sea,  
Can thrill the sainted bosoms of the just—  
    Ope their interior sight, and make them see  
    Himself descending to the inmost shrine  
    Of mind and heart, in truth and love divine.

'Tis written in the scroll the Heavens believe,  
    And taught in their bright synods, that the Lord  
With wedded souls who in sweet gladness live,  
Dwells radiant, making there His presence known—  
Writes on man's mind the tablet of His Word,  
And forms in woman's heart a seraph-guarded throne.

## Part Four.

SCENE.—An Eden of Maternal Affection, situated upon the  
Eastern Portion of the same Isle.

ANOTHER scene is pictured on my brain;  
A shower of golden rain  
Calls me to outer consciousness again.  
The former spell is broken,  
Once more I am awoken;  
I see the smiling flowers, and breathe the fragrant balms.

A company of Angels,  
Each one of whom resembles  
The Virgin Mary, sit beneath the palms;  
Each nursing in her bosom,  
A bud of soul in blossom,  
Like the Child Jesus in the ancient time.  
Their radiant faces glisten—  
They sing. Oh, let me listen  
To the maternal hymn their voices twine.

"Sleep, children, sleep, young innocent immortals,  
Wafted from heaven into our loving arms;  
Sleep with your faces turned to heavenly portals,  
Lulled by melodious charms.

"We welcome you to our terrestrial being,  
Lovely immortals, veiled in infancy.  
God, Father, Thou our inmost hearts art seeing,  
Lift these young souls to Thee."

The children as they sleep  
Are taken from their mothers  
Angels from heaven's clear deep,  
Like sisters and like brothers,  
Shine through the golden morn, and bear  
The happy infants higher, higher  
To where  
Pale rivers of celestial fire  
Flow down into the natural sky, and roll  
Around the world pure love-spheres that the soul  
Can bathe in. These young infants they baptize  
In the auroral effluence of their skies.  
Each infant now, clairvoyant, wakes and sings  
In the clear dawn, unfolding sphere-like wings  
Of golden flame, instarred with beauty. Hark!  
Each infant spirit, like a glowing spark  
A star of love, whose light is melody—  
Sings, warbling in the ether calm and high

"There are children in the, heaven  
Who on earth were spirit-men;  
Through their love they have arisen  
To their infancy again.

"There are children now descending—  
To their outer life below,  
To receive a joy unending  
As through Nature's gates they go.

    "There are children white and golden,  
    In the heaven of light above,  
In the arms of angels holden,  
And enamored of their love.

"We have fathers and have mothers  
In the spirit and the form;  
We have sisters and have brothers  
Undescended from their morn.

"We are rising, we are rising,  
    To the God from whom we came  
In our innocent surmising  
We have found His inner name.

"Sure the God of all the moving  
In our inner life must move;

And the Father of the loving  
Hath a name—and it is Love!"

Ye infant spirits that in outward shape  
Of sovereign beauty pure and consummate,  
Appear revealed in outer time and space,  
Each an incarnate essence of all grace,  
How angel-wise ye are—how sweet ye sing!

I see them circling in a spiral ring  
Around an Angel-Woman who descends  
Each child another angel overbends.  
The angels lift the infants in their arms  
Their rapt eyes feed upon immortal charms.  
And now they bear the infants tenderly  
To their terrestrial mothers, who have fed,  
Meanwhile, upon ambrosial fruitage, spread  
Before them by young Bridegrooms, who delight  
And rapture in the heart-revealing sight.

"'Tis an ideal picture that we draw,"  
Man on the Earth will say, when this he reads,  
Turning celestial flowers to idle weeds.  
"Nay, Friend! there is no dark, destructive law  
Of malformation in that realm serene,  
Whose image through this epic verse is seen.  
Humanity, that on thy planet lies

Prostrate, unfolds 'neath fairer skies,  
In fairer forms; and love's immortal arms  
Fold noble hearts to unimagined charms;  
And childhood there, through wedded love unfolded,  
Like the Child Jesus, beauty-formed and molded,  
Gladness indraws from the young mother's breast;  
An angel tends, and 'tis by angels blest.

## Part Five.

SCENE.—A Spiritual Temple in the Spiritual Heaven of Mars.

I SEE a flock of silver-breasted doves  
Resting upon a crimson-blossomed tree.

Those doves have human voices—melody  
Expressive of the soul's interior loves.

They sing amid  
The leafy covert, and from sight are hid  
By the harmonious river of sweet song.  
To whom, fair doves, to whom do ye belong?  
"To her," they sing, "who led thy spirit hither."

"Where has she fled?" my spirit cries, "oh, whither?  
Under what happy shade does she recline?"

Beside what blue-veined lake,  
Whose wavelets from her face reflection take  
Of Beauty so complete,  
That the still waters thrill with pleasure sweet?  
Or on what solar Cloud,

Is she upborne amid the sky  
Where angel-hosts triumphant sing aloud  
Anthems of worship to the Deity?  
Or was she but a lovely Exhalation  
Of thought divine, whose veils of amethyst  
Melted away in viewless, fragrant mist,  
Her mission being done?"

"I hear thee call me, thou beloved one;  
Thy sister-angel comes. These doves are mine;  
I am the Spirit of yon rosy shrine.  
Wouldst know my history?  
My beating heart shall syllable to thee  
The periods and the changes of my nature."

Saying this, she called an antelope, a creature  
Thin-flanked, dove-eyed, with hoofs of crimson jet,  
And pointed upward with her moon-like hand,  
And made a circle in the silver sand,  
And said unto the fawn-like creature, "Fly!"  
A golden-sandaled Spirit then drew nigh,  
Like young Apollo of the mythic story,  
Worshiped as God of light when Greece was in her glory.  
A silver crescent on his forehead shone;  
His lips were like a luminous ruby stone.  
His silken mantle, by the wind out-blown,  
Revealed a form of matchless symmetry,



Blue as earth's dome.  
Now smiling turned to me  
My lovely guide, and said,  
"Seest thou yon fields of splendor overhead  
There is my home;  
And I have sent my swiftest antelope,

Whose path is like a sunbeam o'er the foam  
Of the white ether, and he climbs the slope  
Of I the ethereal mountains, and ascends  
Bearing these tidings to immortal friends,  
And tells them thou art coming. Thou wilt hear  
Soon such rich voices in the atmosphere,  
Thy soul will ne'er forget."

"Am I in Fairy Land?" I said. "The nights  
Of the Arabian Fable are exceeded.  
My soul in labyrinthine splendor winds  
And egress nowhere finds.  
Wonder by new-born wonder is succeeded.  
My mind in these far flights,  
Is like an humble sparrow or a lark,  
That, following from below the sun's bright bark,  
Loses itself where rainbows blend, and sparks  
Like fleeting fire-ships glimmering through the darks,  
Sail round the fragile wanderer's unknown track,  
And worlds disclose themselves amid the wrack  
Of half unreal, half immortal shadows.

Yon antelope of thine in these rich meadows  
Pastured a moment since, a dust-born thing,  
Now he through ether flies, yet hath no wing.  
What means this?"

"Brother, dear," the maiden said,

In thine own Sacred Book hast thou not read  
That all created forms in God's first plan  
Were made subservient to the mind of man  
How even the fretted beast of burden spoke

"Yes," I replied. Another wonder broke  
Upon my sight. The antelope drew near,  
Bearing a winged child, a messenger,  
Sent from the heaven, to be the harbinger  
Of a celestial train.

I looked above and saw an ivory fane  
Unveiled amid the firmament serene,  
Like that great temple which young Athens built  
To Wisdom's Goddess-Queen.

Its thousand shafts and sculptured walls were gilt;  
A thousand cressets burned with seven-fold glow,  
'Mid its high portal, waving to and fro  
With alternating flame

Of green, and gold, and crimson. Then a strain  
Of loud and glorious music rose and filled  
The air.

Sharp pangs my kindling spirit thrilled;

For joy intense above my nature's power  
'Streamed through my heart like sunrise through a flower.

With new-born senses quickened I grew strong.  
I heard the inner wisdom of the song  
Which like a river through its entrance poured.

My spirit like an eagle rose and soared  
In the rich sea of music. I ascended  
Higher and higher till my flight was ended.  
In the great temple welcomed, I forgot  
All that I had been—all that I was not.

I stood within the temple, and I thought,  
This is a work of God's divinest art.  
By no created mind, no angel, wrought,  
But 'stablished in the super-stellar mart  
Where angels congregate, to be for them  
As to a king his royal diadem,  
The crown of all completeness.

Then I saw  
A vision of Immortal Souls, and found  
In each a sovereign spirit, throned and crowned.  
Are these the Gods, and this their Pantheon?  
A vibrant "No," full spoken by each one,  
All my nerved being like an aspen shook.  
"Hast thou not read in thy 'Most Ancient Book,'"

A mighty spirit said, "One God above  
Creation reigneth—and His name is Love  
We are the Angels of the lower heaven,  
Unconscious of all guile.

We reign as kings; and unto us 'tis given  
In solemn state, apparent for a while,  
To shine upon thy mind, imprinting there  
Wisdom for thee to breathe.

Our words declare:

Tell what thou seest as to thee 'tis shown.  
The Heaven around thee is a Spirit Zone.  
Within the circle of our ether glows  
A lovely planet. 'Tis the planet Mars."

Saying this he paused; then said, "There are twelve stars  
Superior Planets in the solar scheme,  
Blooming as crystal lilies on the stream  
Of solar effluence. Thou shalt yet behold  
The Silver Heaven and the Heaven of Gold,  
And afterward shalt visit that high fold  
Of Love in Wisdom, whereunto no man  
From thine own earth has risen since time began.  
Meanwhile, from this bright altitude of thought,  
Since thou wast to us for that purpose brought,  
We will instruct thee."

Here the speaker ends.  
Immortal Wisdom with my spirit blends;

I am uplifted bodily; my brain Seems opened—  
filled with light—and closed again.  
Like a clairvoyant angel, I behold  
God—nature—spirit—splendors manifold  
Of archangelic and cherubic form.  
Into immortal wisdom I am born.  
I stand in thought upon a pinnacle  
Visions of deathless love my being fill,  
The snow-white atmosphere of angel-light  
Impermeates my brain and purifies my sight.

There are seven links from God to man;  
There are seven links and a three-fold span,  
And seven spheres in the great degree  
Of one created immensity.

There are seven octaves of spirit-love  
In the heart, the mind, and the heavens above  
And seven degrees in the frailest thing  
Though it hath but a day for its blossoming.

There's an outward, an inward, and inmost shape,  
In everything that our God doth make;  
All outward forms from the inward roll,  
And the inward lives from the inmost soul;  
But the God of the Universe—Three in One—  
Is the Soul of soul and the Sun of sun.

Music and love are but life in motion—  
Truth is the sky of the heart's deep ocean.  
Rapture and mirth and the joy of man  
In the rounded bliss of our God began.

He is the Lover, and loveth all; He is the  
Splendor whose glories fall  
Downward and downward, until they rest  
In the planet's heart and its starry vest.

One is the Cause, and the end like Him.  
He wills, and the worlds from his thoughts outswim.  
And the worlds grow bright  
With a spirit light,  
And they bloom with soul  
As they glimmer and roll.  
And the Eden gardens where lovers dwell,  
Tranced in sweet joys they alone can tell;  
And the kingly states of the free and bold,  
Whose minds are silver and hearts are gold;

And whose thoughts are like horses of white that draw  
The glowing car of the holy law;  
And the pure affections that glow and live  
From the inner life that our God doth give

And the solemn temples that share duration  
With man himself in his generation,

And rise unfolded in sculptures fair,  
Like epic hymns through the fragrant air

And the kingly glories of time and space,  
And the lovely hues of the human face,  
And the solemn swells of the human heart,  
Fired with the presence and theme of art

And the wondrous charms of song divine,  
And the rapt musician's heaven-taught line,  
And the tinted beauties and statues grand,  
From the Painter's eye and the Sculptor's hand

And the high revealments of Sages wise,  
And the vision vast of the Prophet's eyes,  
And the boundless joy that is everywhere  
In the stars, and the suns, and the fields of air

And the breathing beauties of field and flood,  
Outspring from the Mind of the Perfect Good,  
And they blend and shine in the perfect whole,  
And live from the One Creative Soul.

The slightest flower that opes below  
From the smile of our God receives its glow,  
And the highest angel's countenance beams  
From the great Creator's presence-gleams.

Yet 'tis said by the darkened, earth-bound mind,  
That God doth man's freeborn spirit bind,  
And crushes the brain to the narrow thought,  
By the outward senses forged and wrought.

In the great audience-chamber of the Spirit,  
The Inner Temple that the Pure inherit,  
Freedom unlimited, the right of Thought,  
Is God's own mandate, to all spirits taught;  
He who to spectral shadows bends the knee  
Abjures the worship of the Deity;  
And those who kneel to creeds of human thought,  
Deny the faith in heaven to angels taught.

In all the wide ecliptic's golden ring  
"One Truth, One God," inspired archangels sing;  
"One Truth, One God," all spirits pure confess,  
And all the tortured mind's unknown distress  
Comes when 'tis smitten by the burning rod  
Of slavery—forged by man—disowned by God.

Blessed are all the Free.  
Nursed on the mother-breast of Liberty,  
They draw great-thoughted wisdom from her life.  
They learn that Peace is better far than strife,  
And in the silver zone of right intent  
Their ordered lives are intersphered and blent.



Blessed be God for Freedom! without it  
The Universe were but a smoking pit  
Of torture, terror, madness, and despair.  
In the great feast of freedom all men share,  
Whose lives unfold in harmony with truth.  
Joy, beauty, inspiration, deathless youth,  
Pure poet-vision, prophet-sight, and skill  
To shape inferior nature to their will,  
And love so deep the soul may gaze into  
A golden ocean blended with the blue,  
And see therein an endless beauty-maze  
Where the celestial sun reflected plays;  
And gladness, like a rainbow that ascends,  
And all the radiant being overbends;  
And endless-growing virtues, summer-sweet,  
Rich as the fruits immortal angels eat—  
All these to Freedom's followers are given;  
They are the loved of God, and theirs is Truth's own heaven.

When the Great Spirit whom our fathers knew  
Completes man's restoration, earth shall see  
Celestial heavens shine through  
The outer sky's unstained, untroubled dome,  
As, through cerulean veils, a great white throne.  
All forms of life their morning shall renew,  
And men with two-fold vision then shall gaze

On two-fold splendor, and immortal rays  
Of spirit-fire shall thrill the quickened sight,  
And there shall be no Night;  
But when the natural sun descends and fades  
Front the clear west the ebbing sunset gold,  
From north to south the auroral light shall play  
And end the twilight shades,  
And draw around the earth the curtain fold  
Of spiritual light—electric day.  
From north to south the splendor-flame will shine,  
Making the world a spiritual shrine,  
Lit by electric lamps, from God's own Spirit kindled;  
And when the shadowy distances have dwindled  
Between man's outer and his inner form,  
And his cold heart with heaven-born love grows warm,  
The earth itself shall bathe its breast in waves  
Of rich, aromal virtue, far too pure  
For man's existing frame corporeal to endure.  
Great Truths shall rise from their forgotten graves,  
And summon Falsehood to God's judgment-bar.  
No more, from cannon lips, loud-speaking War  
Shout horrently; but Peace, with silver wand,  
Descending from the Infinite, beyond  
All pictured form of seraph fair and grand,  
Unite the severed nerves of brotherhood,  
Till earth becomes one free and happy land,  
Which God shall bless and own divinely good.

More terrible than War is outward Peace,  
Based upon slavery and nerved by crime,  
While Virtue perishes, and like dull slime  
The blood of Nations stagnates in their veins,  
And the crowned Despot reigns  
In all the pomp and pageantry of guilt.  
Ere long such arctic Peace from earth shall melt,  
Such mimic order cease,  
And the vast avalanche come thundering down  
Then wo to every head that wears a crown.  
Freedom shall raise the avenging blade and smite  
Her foe, as morning smites the hostile night.

All forms of doctrine shall be tried by fire.  
Each fallen man shall view some angel-sire—  
Through rapport with that angel-friend shall see  
In heaven the Great Republic of the Free,  
And learn the truth which God himself makes known,  
That Love, and Light, and Liberty are one  
That order blossoms from the tree of love;  
That man alone can rise to realms above  
Through individual growth and inward grace—  
Through love alone behold his Father's face—  
Through love alone redeem his brother lost.

The Earth that now is wrecked and tempest tost,  
And drifts like some red fire-ship through the glooms,

Rocking upon the sea of its own tombs,  
Shall float upon a sea of golden azure,  
With white sails filled with airs of sweetest measure,  
When Christ, again, His promise to fulfill,  
Speaks to the sea of time and says, "Be still."

Thus Inspiration, kindling in my soul,  
Bids me declare. I can no more control  
The mighty Thoughts which visit me, than can  
The dust rebel against the kingly man.  
My nature like a harp is overswept  
By Angel-fingers.

Oh, I oft have wept  
O'er the consuming agony that burns  
Man's heart to ashes, and fills up the urns  
Of the sky's ether with the smoke of grief.  
I've seen great Nations wither as the leaf,  
And poor men perish, pale and stark, before  
The feasting spendthrift's menial-guarded door  
The weakling, beaten, trampled to the ground,  
Lashed into madness, scourged like any hound;  
The pale young orphan frozen into stone  
In wintry streets unheeded and alone;  
And the sweet daughter of some mother dead,  
Forced into infamy for lack of bread,  
Like a fresh flower, plucked, prized, then trodden down,  
Knelled to destruction by the Bigot's frown.

But these shall be no more.

Oh, Lord, thou art

Drawing from Earth's dear breast the poisoned dart.

Thy Earth like Thee hath worn its crown of thorns,

And staggered on its dark and mournful way,

And bared its flesh to feel the lash of scorns,

With none the impious hand of Wrath to stay—

Thy Earth hath been upon its cross extended,

The midnight darkness o'er it hath descended.

The wormwood and the gall its lips have drunk.

The hands of labor and the weary feet

Have been transfixed in agony complete;

And its great Martyr-heart hath never shrunk,

But taken into itself War's burning spear.

Its dying cry hath rent the atmosphere,

"My God! My God! why hast thou me forsaken?"

Its very garments from it have been taken

And gambled for by impious priests and kings.

It hath been buried in the sepulcher—

Fierce warriors placed lest it should quickening stir

And rise again and roll away the stone.

Angels have watched it through the midnight lone,

And starry planets, sleepless, pouring down

Their light, as garlands its dead brows to crown.

The grave could not hold thee, thou Crucified One!

And even so Thy Earth

Shall rise again to an immortal birth;  
In all its veins Thy Inspirations run.

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There are twelve great chords in the Solar Harp—  
One chord alone unstrung;  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And again it finds a tongue. Joy! joy! joy!  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And the Earth grows fair and young.  
There are twelve great Angels above the stars,  
And they sit on their thrones of gold.  
But the throne of one by Death's iron bars  
Was crushed in the ages old.  
Joy! joy! joy!  
For Earth's throne again is among the stars  
And she sits in the angel-fold.

There are twelve great Nations in solar space,  
But one of them sat in the gloom;  
The sun of its glory veiled its face,  
In the darkness of the tomb.  
Joy! joy! joy!  
For the twelfth great Nation lifts its face,  
And glows with immortal bloom.

## Part Six.

SCENE.—The Electric Ocean of the Solar System between the  
Planets Mars and Jupiter.

HELPLESS as any foam-bell on the rivers,  
I am borne breathlessly out where the white  
Sea of eternity rolls on my sight.  
What is a world?  
'Tis more and less by far  
Than men have dreamed.

Each world's a flame-wheeled car  
On the grooved railway of the skies. A dome  
Of sunny crystals flecked with silver foam,  
Spray from the Solar Ocean,  
Whereon it rocks with vibratory motion  
A heart that throbs and quivers  
A lily blooming on the crystal sea  
Of God's creative harmony  
A drop of dew that shines  
On tree-like Nature's leafy top

## A chariot

Wherein the angel-hosts in glory ride;  
 A rosy bower where wedded hearts abide;  
 A living Temple filled with worshipers;  
 A nest—each atom is an egg that stirs  
 With embryonic life, and longs to soar  
 Through the pure ether to the Spirit-shore  
 A drop of heavenly rain  
 That crystallizes as it falls into  
 A diamond orb, out-sparkling through the blue;  
 A procreant cradle, swinging 'mid the skies  
 Waved by the breath of angel-melodies;  
 A fair young Mother holding in her arms  
 Sweet Infants, twins, hued with immortal charms—  
 An Adam and an Eve that fondling lie  
 In the embrace of one humanity.

Strangely it looks to me to see from far  
 The planet Earth like any other star!  
 Once its round sides seemed limitless; but now  
 Its disc is like an apple on a bough.  
 All size is relative, and God alone  
 Knoweth the actual value of each one  
 Of the bright globes that in the ether swim;  
 And worlds, because of men, are dear to Him.

I often used to wish at eventide



I were a spirit freed and glorified,  
Wandering through trackless ether at my will.  
And when the planet Mars shone bright and still,  
I hailed its ruddy flame, and wished I were  
Midst its unvisioned realms a wanderer.

Oh, strange transition! I have left that spark,  
That Earth where I was born, so dim and dark,  
And wander free as any viewless wind.

O God! thy goodness everywhere I find  
The space man thinks devoid of life is all  
One high celestial hall,  
Thronged by the deathless spirits of the free,  
Members of one sublime Humanity.

This mighty ocean whose white effluence flows  
Around each star like daylight round a rose  
In some sweet garden, thrills on every side  
With Spirits, who, upon its radiant tide,  
Tread lightly as on pavements clear as amber.  
Not lonely, not alone, the bright ones wander;  
Divine Societies that seem to be  
Of kindred essence, beautiful and free,  
Yet varying as the colors in the prism,  
All holy, from the planet-worlds arisen,  
With varied motion, everywhere appear.

Again I see that Maiden Spirit dear,  
My sister-angel. Hark! I hear her sing:  
"Unfold, Immortal Brother,  
Thy spirit as a wing.  
Go up toward another  
Bright World! Behold its King!"

I see a Spirit vaster in his stature,  
More glorious in form, attire, and feature  
Than wisest sages of the centuries past  
In vision saw. Around him there is cast  
A three-fold robe of silver, gold, and blue;  
And these his form imperial glimmers through.

He calls my sister-guide and speaks to her  
His words, unknown, my intellect bestir  
With sense of vastness.

Now she comes to me  
And says: "Dear friend, that Spirit great and wise,  
In whose vast thought the light of ages lies,  
Is from the mighty planet Jupiter."  
Toward the Spirit I am led by her.

"Mortal," he says, "the first one of thy days  
Is ended; soon the second dawns with rays  
Of ruby fire upon thee. Come, for I  
Wait to transport thee to another sky."

## Part Seven.

SCENE.—The Electric Ocean of the Solar System in near proximity to the Planet Jupiter.

HE who on earth was known as 'Man of sorrows,'  
Is known in Heaven as the CREATIVE MAN.  
He from the Infinite forever borrows  
A seven-fold form. That form in God began.  
The Spirit of that form is Him who built;  
The form itself the agent. Heavens outroll  
Forever from One God through one creative Soul."

So speaks that Titan Angel. All controlled,  
Each movement, thought, volition of my own  
I am inspired by influence unknown,  
Whose thoughts within my brain take outward mold.  
Great thoughts descend—into my spirit melt,  
As morning melts into some quiet lake,  
And outward image take.  
I am possessed  
As if a sun were germed within my heart and breast.

The highest heaven is like a Saint-like Spirit,  
The daughter of celestial perfectness,  
Begotten from the Father's boundlessness.  
All Angels call that inmost heaven "Mother;"  
As one maternal form the Earths all love her.  
The second heaven within the form appears  
Of a Man-Angel, whose great thoughts are years.  
God's Love and Wisdom shines in dual form  
Through these, and they eternity inherit.  
They blend in one embrace. From thence are born  
    A family of vast humanities—  
Each sphered within a separate paradise.

I lift, inspired, mine everlasting eyes,  
And the slant thought-beams of  
Divinity Form a transcendent sphere  
In which all worlds appear,  
Each in its own degree.

From this high stand-point worlds and suns are but  
As water-drops in the deep ocean's cup.  
I never knew before,  
But now I know, and, knowing, I adore,  
The nearness of our God to every heart.  
No soul from His great love can e'er depart.

God circles round each grain, each viewless breath

Of man's corporeal nature, as He sweeps  
His own pure Infinite round heavenly deeps,  
Girdling each atom with a burning zone  
Of spirit-life, and stamping that His Own

I see the inner being of the world  
From where I have ascended. It is whirled  
So rapidly around the sun—it flies  
Like a swift meteor, yet with spirit-eyes  
    Unfilmed from darkness now,  
And lifted o'er all altitudes of death,  
I see that God possesses it—and how?

He holds it in his hand, as one might hold  
A dying dove, smoothing its feathered gold,  
Touching its filmy eyes and giving sight;  
Touching its torpid brain and giving light;  
Pluming its wings for heaven's immortal flight

Man knoweth not how near God is to him.  
    God's hand is laid upon him. There is placed  
On every brow the signet of God's thought,  
    Nor can that signet ever be effaced,  
    Though it grow faint and dim.

"Not thus hath Earth been taught,  
Oh, Angel," I reply. "Grave prelates say

That God is a consuming fire who burns  
Man's very heart away,  
Till dust unto the primal dust returns,  
Then makes that dust immortal—kindles in  
Heart, mind, and form the blood-red fires of sin—  
Twists the immortal nerves into a lash  
Of coiling serpents, and where fire-waves dash  
On Agony's eternal coast,  
Precipitates the Lost,  
Rolls waves of flame from His revengeful face  
And makes a demon-world the vortex of the race,  
And gloats upon their madness."  
"Listen, mortal,"  
The Angel answers; "God himself shall speak."

I see a Man bowed down and very weak:  
It is a vision of the Ancient time,  
That man—the very Truth of Love Divine:  
I hear Him speak. His calm, sweet smile I see—  
"All that the Father gives shall come to Me,  
The Father gives all things into my hand."

I hear another utterance, loud and grand,  
Sung from the heavenly portal—  
"To Him shall every spirit bow the knee!"

"Angel," I cry, "these gracious words are said,

I'm taught, to living men, not to the dead,  
And I am told that none but those in time  
Who find His grace can e'er in glory shine."

"Crush thou that impious thought beneath thy feet  
God's mercy is eternal and complete.  
What! limit God with fetters made of dust!  
Wear out His goodness with the body's rust!  
I tell thee, No! Jesus shall reign wherever  
A soul has life, and in that soul forever.  
Sin is the canker of the Universe:  
Shall God eternalize that burning curse?  
Make it perpetual as Himself? Not so.  
Ere long the golden trump of love shall blow,  
And seven-fold harmony the world inclose,  
And Earth rise triumphing o'er all its woes.

Wouldst see a vision of the latter day?"  
I hear the Angel say,  
Give me to see it," quickly I reply.

I see a lovely Maiden in the sky  
Holding a mirror. Fading like a mist  
Of silver from a sun-like amethyst;  
The vail that hides it is withdrawn.  
Revealed I see an emerald orb upon a golden field,  
Compass'd by spheres, and like that rainbow throne  
I read of in the vision of Saint John.

Earth is God's throne. The spheres around it turning  
A seven-fold paradise of spirits burning  
With love and adoration boundless, pure,  
Dwelling in God, in His own life, secure  
From Retrogression's dark, disastrous shadow.  
All the wide world is an enameled meadow  
Where shepherds tend their flocks and cities rise,  
Sun-domed and glory-tinted to the skies.  
The heavens and earth are one. The old domain  
Of Death outblossoms, immortal, once again.  
All the fraternal Nations dwell together  
Like flocks of stars shining in summer weather,  
In their harmonious circles, and agree  
As loving hearts that thrill with ecstasy  
From all that gives another joy, and each  
In thought, in beauty, and melodious speech,  
Like a transfigured Angel in his sphere,  
Threads the bright mazes of the atmosphere,  
As Jesus walked of old upon the sea.

---

In the Beautiful Hereafter  
Once again the Eden trees  
Life's undying harmonies  
Shall from mortal dust outblossom,  
Sunshine triumph over gloom.



Man now treads the burning rafter  
    Thrown across the burning sea  
    Hark! the Angel sings to me  
"In the Beautiful Hereafter,  
    Once again the Eden trees  
    Out from God's own harmonies  
    Shall upon the Earth unfold,  
    Blooming through the Age of Cold.

Vain is thy derisive laughter,  
    Critic; can a single sneer  
    Blot out Summer from the year  
In the Beautiful Hereafter,  
    Hark! I hear that Angel-strain,  
    God in man's own heart shall reign,  
    Man become a spirit pure,  
    Earth in heaven's own form endure  
    Seraph hosts shall reappear,  
    Then shall bloom Love's endless year.

---

Lift, lift, oh, Mother Earth, thy crownless brow;  
    Fix on the Throne of Light thy darkened eyes.  
Ere long, oh, widowed Heart of Earth, shalt thou  
    Sit radiant, throned on new-formed Paradise,  
    With all thy Eden trees  
    Around thee full of flowers,

With all thy Eden lovers in their bowers,  
With all thy stately cities full of men,  
Each wearing Truth's imperial diadem.

Forever and forever

Out from thy heart, oh, Earth, shall flow the river  
Of joyous life. Oh, Earth, sweet Earth, arise,  
Sit on thy orb and clothe thyself with joy:  
Love shall be thy beatified employ.

The Planets fair,  
As one declare  
Their Sister Earth shall yet  
In endless pleasure  
Wear robes of azure,  
And all her woes forget.

The woes of time,  
By Life Divine,  
Effaced shall pass away;  
And the Earth shall stand  
At God's right hand  
The daughter of endless May.

---

Like a flower from a tree by the south wind shaken.  
And into the clouds upborne,  
My thoughts from the leafy earth are taken  
To lands where men never mourn.

As clouds that rise, by the south wind lifted,  
My spirit is borne to where  
Great masses of light like islands are drifted  
Around a kingly pair  
Of Planets that swim  
Through the ether dim  
And shine like a vision fair  
Of Beauty and Youth,  
Or of Love and Truth  
I am drawn, I am lifted there.

## Part Eight.

SCENE.—The Planet Jupiter.

VAST Orb out-rolling, garmented with snow,  
Nay, snow-white ether-spheres, and known below  
As Jupiter, I rush to thy embrace!

Out from white light shines a majestic face  
He draws me to his breast;  
His spirit soothes me into dreamless rest.

Winged Pegasus was not all a fable.  
Here are flame-winged horses who are able  
With rapid feet, traversing upper space,  
To fly through heaven like thoughts. They stretch their race  
From level earth to atmospheric belts  
Of spotless lightning, which the Morning melts  
Into thin mists of silver, scattered down  
Like plumes of light from out a feathered crown.

I see a company of angel-men,  
And angel-women 'sociate with them  
White sheep in fields of ether star the meads  
Of chrysolite. Each flock a woman feeds  
With silver lilies, which all radiant grow  
In spiral pathways, where her bright feet glow.

Pale moon-flowers, azure veined, ope crimson lips.  
Birds drink their nectar. Each one, as it sips,  
Draws rapture from sweet fragrance, and upsoars  
Buoyant and warbling to celestial shores.

There are trees of life on the earth below,  
    And each blossom opes with a thousand eyes,  
And the eyes are blue and the lids like snow,  
And the trees through their flowers look up to the skies.

There's a tree I behold which in Earth begins;  
It has pulses of crimson in ivory limbs,  
And its lance-like leaves are transformed, and bear  
Flowers that are lights, and that shine through the air  
Like faces of angels through clouds of fragrance;  
And the leaves are tongues, and with musical cadence  
They utter the secrets of life, and tell  
Of inner virtues in flowers that dwell.  
And birds that are thoughts that have taken wings  
Dive down into snow-white water springs,

And gather electric shapes, and glide  
Sparkling and singing upon the tide.

Upon this Planet Man is King of Nature;  
And every shining creature  
Of air and earth and flood obeys his call.  
A visible spirit-light incloses all.  
The very birds electric mantles wear.  
Like winged souls they float amid the air,  
Warbling their love-songs in harmonious tune.  
The very air with floral wealth is strewn.  
There are electric flowers  
That ope their golden cups for heavenly showers  
That fill with spirit-rain,  
Incline their chalices, and pour again  
The living sweetness to the lower plain.

There are flowers like urns in the ether clear;  
The birds in their hearts as in light disappear,  
And the white, continuous stalks of these  
Are spirals of light that arise from the trees  
Of the lower space. They are rooted there,  
But their life is drawn from the upper air;  
And all the rich sky is a garden of bloom.

I sink as I gaze in a death-like swoon,  
And my thoughts all sleep, and the sense of sight  
Grows dark, overcome by excess of light.

I wake from my sleep in a tapestried room,  
    And the living hues of the upper sky  
    Flash out and each light is a melody;  
    And the music and the burning  
In my heart creates a yearning  
To grow beautiful and wise  
Like a spirit of the skies.  
My brain to a globe of light seems turning;  
The blood in my veins  
Thrills with music-strains  
The harmonic sensations of eye and ear,  
From my former frame forth come,  
And I drink in sound through a golden sphere,  
And I see through a silver dome.  
And the dome of silver wherethrough  
I see Is the eyes' interior lense;  
And the sphere that brings all sweet sound to me  
Is the ears' more inward sense.

And I have not changed,  
    For my heart remains,  
And my mind is still the same;  
    But my heart beats on  
    With music-strains,  
And my mind is a harp of flame.  
And my hands look strange,  
For the nerves are fire,

And the surface shines like the sun,  
And the pulse vibrates  
Like a spirit-lyre,  
    And the fingers every one  
    Are each with a separate sense of feeling  
    Endued; and through each to my heart is stealing  
    A separate touch of Divine sensation.  
    This change is not death, but a new creation.  
    My feet are like rubies commingled with pearls;  
    My head is all covered with flower-like curls,  
    Whose threads are all spirals of golden light.  
    In a crystal glass I beheld the sight—  
    I am in this form, but it is not me.  
"Thus thou shalt yet both seem and be,"  
A Spirit unseen through the silence speaks.  
My heart the charmed quiet within me breaks,  
And I hear my heart with an audible voice  
Speak in my bosom and say, "Rejoice."

---

Man on the planet Earth as yet has never  
    His own great nature felt or understood.  
Joy, joy to thee, oh, Man! the Father Giver  
    Shall yet again pronounce thee "very good."  
    And the Harmonic Man shall walk the earth  
As angels walk the pavement of the sky,



Revealing, human, through immortal birth,  
The Great Creator's seven-fold harmony.

Then the ear shall drink in pleasure  
From the everlasting hymn;  
And the voice repeat the measure  
Of the Song of Seraphim;

And the lips shall feast on gladness,  
And the heart shall drink of love,  
And the mind shall rise from sadness  
Like a white immortal dove.

Man shall float on seraph pinions  
To the Paradise above  
Through the far on high dominions  
Of the stars in rapture rove;

From the sun to where its heaven  
The wide system circumspheres,  
Growing fair, in form elysian,  
Through the bright, eternal years.

---

CHRIST, in externals, was the revelation  
Of the harmonic man.

Ere long on Earth shall rise a Christ-like Nation  
Heaven opened—then began  
The glorious morning of the consummation  
Of God's eternal plan.

The outward with the inward form intertwining  
Shall, Christ-like, walk the earth.  
Great-thoughted wisdoms from that form outshining  
Like stars expanded forth,  
And with the elements externe combining,  
Shall give them spirit-birth.

Man, clothed with immortality, revealing  
Divine affections in divinest deeds,  
Celestial pure in life, in thought and feeling,  
Shall rise at last above all outward needs,  
And hear the immortal trumpet loudly pealing,  
And rise and dwell amid the elysian meads  
Of the serene abode of Angels blessed.  
Then man, star-eyed, sun-featured, golden-tressed,  
From heaven's dear lap outborn,  
In Immortality's white arms caressed,  
Shall win a glorious form,  
Like that wherein the SAVIOR rose to heaven—  
His sorrows all effaced—his sins forgiven.

In form external he shall glow

With love undying; then shall flow  
Heaven through his form into the Earth below.

The dust beneath his feet shall bloom, outwrought  
In floral pictures of immortal thought;  
And where the Arctic snows  
Vail the cold North—the orange and the rose,  
The pomegranate and the vine,  
The oleander and the myrtle, twine.

---

From this harmonic stand-point Truth inshines  
Upon my intellect in its own light.  
Man's intellect on Earth is veiled in night,  
But when God's mighty Spirit recombines  
And quickens all the mental faculties,  
Again man's reason glorious shall arise,  
In harmony with sun and moon and stars.  
His thoughts, like engines drawing freighted cars,  
Shall circle the great railway of the skies,  
And flame-lipped melodies  
Shall sing their choral strain his breast within.  
God shall destroy the dissonance of sin,  
And sin itself—the discord of Mankind.

God's thoughts of love, like steamships filled with food  
Of life, for Earth's despairing brotherhood,

Already touch the shallows; and ere long  
Immortal mariners, with angel-song,  
Shall land, all visible, in eager haste,  
Outreaching heavenly fruit for mortal taste.

Great caravans, that bear all precious things  
Of Love and Wisdom, every moment brings  
Nearer to Earth, and in the streets  
Shall soon appear, laden with living sweets.  
And through blue heaven the spiritual fleets,  
With radiant streaming flag and silver sail  
Shall come to Earth, blown by the morning gale.

All the old graveyards shall be clothed in light,  
And spread with silver carpets, and thereon  
The dearly loved ones, who from sight have gone,  
Shall sit like gods, throned on the dust below.

Lone travelers, night bound, hurrying to and fro  
Shall see bright mansions, built of alabaster,  
Standing in vacant lots, Each with an angel-master  
Standing without and mortals beckoning in, Saying,  
"The marriage-feast will soon begin."

In lone, deserted spots  
Where murders foul have been committed—where

Dark, ghastly terrors haunt the thickened air,  
And the owl hoots, and the bat wheels around  
The festering circle of the haunted ground,  
Voices of angels, singing holy psalms  
And scattering incense of immortal balms,  
Shall sanctify to love and peace the spot,  
And all the dark disaster be forgot.

In lowly cots where poor men dwell  
White angel-hands shall spread the generous board  
The maniac, in his cell,  
Shall wake, with heavenly influence gently poured  
Through the parched sands of his discordant form.  
The booming peals of the dread thunder-storm  
Of madness, and the light'ning bolts that strike  
His quivering heart, be ended, like  
The end of death—in life and joy serene—  
And Love and Wisdom sit like king and queen  
In the fair palace-chamber God hath built.  
The dungeons, that Mankind hath reared in guilt,  
Shall open widely, and the angel-train  
Smite from each fettered limb the iron chain.

---

"When the Perfect Man is come  
Earth and Heaven shall be his home;

In alternate periods he  
In them both shall seem and be.  
Heaven by night and earth by day,  
Shall behold his wonder-way.

"With material senses fine  
He shall dwell in space and time,  
And shall be a separate part  
Of Great Nature's mother-heart.  
In his veins the sun shall glow,  
In his pulse the earth-ife flow.  
Earth itself in contact sweet  
Thrill with life his rapid feet.

"Flower, and gem, and bird, and tree,  
Shall become Society.  
All that lives and all that feels  
Utter to his heart appeals,  
Speaking in a separate tongue,  
Uttering wisdom ever young.

"His great sympathy shall flow  
Through all forms of life below;  
Flowers and birds shall talk for him,  
And the stars that overswim  
Through their heaven-revealing eyes  
Utter speech of Paradise.

"Largely gifted, largely blest,  
Of the world and sky possessed,  
He shall be great Nature's heir—  
Lord of earth and sea and air.  
Like a benediction dwell,  
Doing all things wise and well.

"Love and Wisdom shall impart  
To his speech a natural art;  
Clothing all his thoughts with grace  
Shining, radiant, through his face.  
Like the dew-drop he shall rise  
To the upper harmonies.

"Fairer he than Adam old.  
Earth shall be his Eden-fold.  
Waking life all ecstasy.  
When he sleeps, his spirit free,  
Rising from his outer form,  
Shall anticipate the morn.  
Rising from the body's bars  
Through the silent gates of sleep,  
He the night shall overleap,  
Finding daylight in the stars.

"He shall see that upper fane  
Where the crowned Archangels reign—

Mingle with transfigured throngs,  
Sing their high, seraphic songs;  
Be himself an angel strong,  
Form of art and soul of song;  
Be himself the king of time,  
Lord of every spirit-clime.

"Drink their gladness, cat their truth,  
Wear a form of endless youth,  
To celestial Edens led,  
Find in heaven a marriage-bed.  
There his inward life renew:  
Hence descending through the blue,  
Reappear on earth and shine,  
Clothed upon with light divine.

"There shall be no sickness then;  
Health shall weave her anadem;  
Wisest Wisdom walk the streets,  
Temperance govern festal sweets,  
Wit and Mirth the banquet crown,  
Plenty reign in every town.

"Sinless Beauty through the dance,  
Glide with heavenly countenance;  
Music fall from heaven like rain,  
Birth be free from Mother-pain;



Children with the angels talk,  
Angels with the young men walk,  
Youths grow mild and maidens wise  
From the Eternal Mysteries.

"Earth that now in wide extremes  
Fever flushed or frozen seems,  
Like the human soul shall be  
Modulated harmony!"—

Thus I hear an Orphic Sage,  
Reading from a lettered page.  
Now he pauses, shuts the book,  
Rises with benignant look,  
While I listen with surprise  
To the wisdom of the skies.

"In this Planet calm and holy,  
Wasting care and melancholy  
Are forgotten things that lie  
Deeper far than memory,  
With the unknown forms of thought  
Never to experience brought.

"All men here are inly wise,  
All our thoughts are harmonies,  
Breathed from Love's deep, hidden heart.

Life prevaieth where thou art  
O'er all forms of death and pain—  
Here immortal spirits reign.

"Drink the cup I bring to thee;  
All unnerved thy soul will be,  
But thy waking glorious."  
He extends a luminous  
Cup of crimson, and I drink.  
Now my drowsy eyelids wink—  
Sleep overcomes. Existence seems  
To aspire and ends in dreams.

---

No man who sinks to sleep at night  
Knows what his dreams shall be;  
No man can know what wonder-sight  
His inner eye shall see.

No man who leaves the outward shape  
Knows what sweet friend his hand shall take;  
What soft white breast, what radiant arms  
Shall fold him in celestial charms.

And even so I sank to sleep,  
Like a pale diver through the deep  
But wake where all around expand  
The palaces of Wonder Land.

## Part Nine.

SCENE.—An Imperial City, north of the Equatorial Line upon  
the Planet Jupiter.

TEN thousand radiant streets like rays converge  
In a vast temple like a rising sun.  
Each street is lined with palaces that merge  
In living groves. Harmonious flows OD  
Through every street a stream of spotless white.  
Arches, each like a single chrysolite  
Or a curved ruby, or a sapphire stone,  
Over the broad and shining stream are thrown.  
On these clear streams float gondolas,—more large  
And sumptuous than Cleopatra's barge,  
Or even the grandest steamship on the tides  
Of the Atlantic Sea, that stately glides,—  
Whose sails are silken, and whose sides are blue.  
Each seems to glide the silver water through  
By some interior instrument moved on.  
Immortal Men, each one the paragon

Of all perfection, throng the shining streets.  
Each human form the rapid traveler meets  
Moves like the king of some enchanted realm.  
The forms I see all language overwhelm.  
Oh, for the gift of Wisdom to reveal  
The glory-forms I see, the harmonies I feel!

The streets that I behold  
Are formed of sculptured, amethystine gold;  
The palaces are built of burning gems;  
I see great trees that rise from living stems  
Of jasper. Overhead  
A thousand feet their fan-like limbs are spread,  
Forming an endless shade—a shade of light—  
For the green leaves are luminous to my sight.  
With an alternate motion every tree  
External and immortal seems to be.  
They have a double life and dual form;  
The limbs all palpitate alive and warm,  
As if sensation thrilled in all their veins  
From every pore exhales  
Immortal music-strains,  
And dewy fragrance of Arabian gales.

'Tis twilight where I stand. The glorious Cast,  
Like a fair palace for the wedding feast  
Of some high Potentate adorned, is bright

With crimson banners on each golden height.  
The Lord of Day o'ersteps the horizon.  
Hark! All the city wakes at once:  
I hear Triumphant melodies.  
My spirit-ear Drinks in immortal rapture, and I thrill  
In every pulse. This music nerves my will.

I wake like young Apollo. I am made  
A winged form of music, light-arrayed.  
In this great city, when the morning gates  
Are opened, millions of Immortal Fates,  
Destinies, Glories, Kingly Adorations,  
Ascended Spirits of ancestral Nations  
Form a great amphitheater above  
The holy fane—The City of God's Love!

I see an amphitheater of souls.  
The glory-sphere encircling them outrolls,  
Forming a lesser sky—  
A crimson canopy  
Above the vast, imperial domain.  
Here the Ancestral Spirits wisely reign  
Among their sons and daughters yet abiding  
In outward shape, and on their earth residing

Matter and spirit here are interwed.  
Angels the amber fields of ether tread.

And men below wear such harmonious shapes,  
That each at will the lower earth forsakes,  
And walks amid the atmosphere, and meets  
Father and mother in the heavenly streets,  
That have their center in the Spirits' Heaven,  
And wind to earth through the bright spiral seven

Solid, electric chariots in the air  
Appear, each bearing an immortal pair—  
Father and mother of some happy band  
Dwelling below in that Enchanted Land.  
They come when morning opes her gates, and bring  
Gifts to their children from the Lord, their King.  
Each man below communion holds with those  
Who dwell on high where God's own presence glows;  
Each man above is the inspiring guide,  
Of one below, and each is glorified  
Through mutual interchange.

This doctrine to  
The dark earth seemeth strange, and yet 'tis true.  
Angels their endless perfectness renew  
Only in laboring for the world below.  
Their added labors added loves bestow  
Each impartation of celestial bliss  
Confers a joy, that, like a lover's kiss,  
Thrills on the lips and stirs the bosom-angel  
With new-born joy. Each soul is an Evangel

To kindred spirits of inferior grade.  
Each angel-friend, in blessedness arrayed,  
Is an immortal gospel, ever teaching,  
And wisdom-spheres of blessedness outreaching,  
And lifting up the lowly by degrees  
Till they ascend into the ecstasies  
Of a divine existence.

I am told

That could a high archangel's heart grow cold,  
His wisdom would avail him not, but he  
Would sink into a dark vacuity—  
A hollow shell of being, and no more  
Be visible on Love's illustrious shore.

Heart thrills to heart through all the wide domain  
Of heavenly life. All angels form a chain  
That in God's burning throne begins and winds  
Down to the lowest plane of earthly minds  
And only as each lifts the lower friend  
Can each into superior joy ascend:  
Heaven is the Poetry of Love. To bless,  
To act for others in forgetfulness  
Of separate self is every angel's bliss:  
Angelic life, in heaven, consists in this.

I see it realized in this bright scene.  
Angels of lofty and benignant mien,

Ten thousand thousand all as one, divine  
Employment find, in outer space and time.  
Their lofty inspirations they infuse  
In man below: outshaping into use  
Each precious gift of Wisdom they bestow.  
Immortal germs the angel-sowers sow,  
Scattering in every mind and heart the seeds  
Of truth and love, that ripen into deeds.

Celestial inspirations here prevail.  
Their pure and grand interiors never fail  
    To flow as quickening powers  
Through men below; all these bright morning hours  
The angel-watchers visit their sweet charge—  
The mind, the heart, the faculties enlarge,  
Strengthen the powers, refine the outer form.  
And all the inner intellect inform.

There are Sculptors here who fashion  
    Gem-like marbles in the shape  
Of each high and generous passion  
    For their Art's ennobling sake

And their hands that touch the marble  
    Tinge the veins with light divine,  
Till the lips half seem to warble,  
And the eyes with life to shine.



There are Painters here who picture  
Forms of Beauty on the walls,  
Till they trace an angel-scripture  
Through the glory-tinted halls.

There are Poets here who whisper,  
And their words are like the stars—  
Like the silver light of Hesper,  
Or the ruby flame of Mars

There are Harmonists whose fingers,  
From the pulses of the air,  
Call out melody that lingers  
All along the golden stair

Of the spiral that ascendeth  
To the Paradise on high,  
And arising there inblendeth  
With the music of the sky.

Dark Earth shall be like this; where now expands  
The drear Sahara's barren waste of sands,  
A glorious Nation, called the "Morning Race,"  
Shall build their State.

I see an Angel's face,  
Rose-veined, sun-tinted, white as any pearl;  
I see her form: 'tis a sweet Angel-girl,

Vailed in a robe that like the golden fleece  
Of sheep that pasture in the sun, folds her  
As in a floating mist of gossamer.  
Fair as the Prophet's vision of sweet Peace,  
From the pure heaven-life, beautiful outshining,  
She stands—and now her graceful head inclining,  
And preluding upon an instrument  
Whose chords are silver-fire of light, o'erbent  
By sculptured wreaths of crysopras, she sings,  
And her heart vibrates, chording with the strings  
Of that sweet instrument that seems to be  
Endued itself with immortality.

"Yes, golden bands,  
    Thy desert sands,  
Oh, Earth, shall interfuse,  
    And into thee  
    From heaven shall be  
Inpoured celestial dews

"Of amber light  
    And liquid flame,  
And these in turn shall be  
    Cups lifted for  
    The diamond rain  
Of immortality.

"The sands shall glow  
All rosy white  
And streams of silver dew  
From out the land  
Of morning light  
Shall flow thy heart into.

"Like a charmed maid  
That sleep o'ercame,  
Of old thy desert lies;  
But she shall wake  
To life again,  
Like Eve in Paradise;

"And sit upon  
An ivory throne,  
While all celestial flowers,  
By angels thrown  
Through heaven's blue dome,  
Become terrestrial bowers.

"The brindled lion  
Then shall be  
Mild as the mourning dove,  
And the coiled serpent  
Splendidly  
Become a winged love.

Out from the dust  
The stately palms  
Shall lift their feathered plumes,  
And angels breathe  
Immortal balm,  
Through all thy covert glooms.

There shall unfold from Afric's breast,  
In love and wisdom interblest,  
A youth and maiden who shall be  
Emblems of Faith and Charity—  
The Eve and Adam of a new  
Immortal Race. Thou shalt renew  
Again, oh, dusky Land, the joy  
Of thy most ancient ancestry.  
Thy Golden Age, from heaven outrolled,  
Shall bless with forms of beauteous mold  
All the vast continent, transform  
Thy midnight to perennial morn;  
And beauty's blushing rose again  
Unfold, and thrill with honey dew  
Love's coral lips, and, splendidly,  
Haloes thy pure high brow be-gem,  
Lit by the fire of Deity."

---

Each race of men on our dark Earth possesses

A kindred race of Angels who abide  
In realms of Higher Life. The glowing tide  
Of inspiration flows and life-impresses  
Each National Existence. Every tribe  
Is thereby life-lit through a glorified  
Race of Angelic Spirits dwelling far  
From outward vision on some nobler star.

---

As sheep from snowy Ararat  
Borne to the tropics, change their white to black,  
So the bright spirit-essence, fair and white,  
Through outward form descending into sight,  
Seems dark as ebony; but when once more  
Perfect exteriors, quickened from the core  
With love and wisdom, shall be born for them,  
Where now resounds the slaver's curse, the chain  
The scourge, the fetters for the feet and hands,  
Shall pass away. Then shall thy radiant Lands,  
Dear Africa, all present lands transcend;  
Through thy dark face the immortal splendor shine,  
And all thy families be more than friends,  
Bound in the rosy tie of Angel-life divine.

---

Angels shall dwell where now the serpent hides

In the dense marshes where the Niger rolls  
Where now the spotted tiger fierce abides,  
Shall dwell bright families, whose inner souls  
Are angel-melodies, insphered in form  
And the exterior shape, in likeness born,  
Fair as young Mozart, musical like him,  
Shall, in the cradle, chant with cherubim.

---

There is a Higher Law from heaven descending;  
It hath no stain, no flaw—all men befriending  
It lifts the lowly and abases none.  
All families of earth shall yet become,  
Like flowers in one garden, beautified  
From One Pure Source. The vain, the impious pride  
Of color, caste, and fashion, now adored,  
Then perish, by no angel-heart deplored:  
And North and South like twin-born children rest,  
Drinking sweet life from one pure Mother's breast.

---

Then the Caucasian Race  
The Indian shall embrace,  
And the old lines of Gentile and of Jew  
God's father-hand efface

His mighty heart in gladness beating through  
The millioned veins of our humanity,  
Shall make all nations equal, wise and free.

Then the dark Battle-ship, that floating devil  
Through whose loud cannon speaks demonic Evil,  
As Angels speak through media—but inverse  
Then the fell Slave-ship, like a muffled hearse,  
Bearing the living-dead across the waters,  
Whose foul, black hold is hell, where sons and daughters  
Of God Most High in stifling agony,  
Choked up in living channels, putrefy  
And feel the flesh decaying from the bones,  
While overhead, cold as the church-yard stones,  
The felon-trader sits and calculates  
The price of blood, and coolly speculates  
How much God's Image, clothed in sable skin,  
Will fetch some Cuban sugar-house within,  
Shall sink into Oblivion's unknown wave.

Oh, Earth, the Lord of Life is strong to save,  
And the still whispers of the Eternal Power,  
Shall fall on thee, as falls a southern shower,  
When May comes o'er the mountains with bright feet  
    Then Heaven and Earth shall meet,  
As a sweet Mother o'er her infant bends,  
While the child's anguish on her bosom ends

## Part Ten.

SCENE.—An Electro-spiritual Region above the Planet Jupiter,  
and intermediate between the Surface of the Planet and the  
Spiritual Orb in which it is inclosed.

"RISE, Brother, rise!"

That Angel-voice calls from the crimson skies.  
"There are twelve great nations of Angel Men,  
Each crowned with a separate diadem,  
Each garmented with different hues, each wrought  
After a separate archetypal thought  
Of the Creative Mind,  
And they have their homes in the planet vast.  
The Future is theirs, and the mighty Past  
No less than the present time, for they  
Have minds that are filled with immortal day.

"Rise, Brother, rise!"

I am borne through a spiral  
That upward winds with an inward gyral;



I am borne, as an angel lifts a prayer  
From a worshiping Saint through the shining air.

I am made like a spirit in brain and heart;  
Like a fiery arrow through space I dart;  
And I see the glorious world below,  
In the rich, red sunrise brighten and glow.

My thoughts are all vastness, my pulses thrill,  
And I rise on the wings of the inner will.  
Through the will and its power I rise and soar  
And alight at last on a Middle Shore,  
A sphere of aromas, gold, crimson, and green,  
A world of Electrical Forms between  
A world like heaven below, and on high  
A heaven like a world, outrolled in the sky.  
I stand on this intermediate sphere,  
And with mediate senses feel, see, and hear,

There is an intermediate degree,  
Dividing time from its eternity;  
A middle world that, like a silver urn,  
Is filled with living essences that burn  
With spirit-fire—assume electric shape,  
And an electric life and glory take,  
And rest awhile, in life unfolding o'er  
A music ocean, and a music shore  
Of atoms, each a music-note in-set

In living thought, forming a coronet  
Of beauty on the Planet's forehead fair.  
Thin, moonlit forms appear  
With robes of gossamer,  
Tinted with all the harmonies of light,  
So lovely that they shrink from their own sight,  
Like some pure beauty who the first time sees  
Her glowing face mirrored in crystal seas.  
The souls of all the flowers,  
Hereafter to adorn material bowers,  
Here sparkle, bum like lamps, outbreathing on  
The air sweet fragrance; and a golden zone,  
A vesture of electric light, clothes each  
Like a pure veil of silver lace  
That hides a young bride's rosy face  
Upon her marriage night.

And the spirits of the flowers  
Are like fairies, and they preach  
Many parables of wisdom  
In a half-embodied speech,  
From the bosom-life outbreathing,  
Like the faint, half-uttered "Yes"  
Of a maiden fair, outwreathing  
Her deep being's tenderness,  
When the bashful lover kneeling,  
Looking up in her dear eyes,

Hears the murmured accent stealing,  
Like a voice from Paradise.

This mystic truth but few will comprehend;  
Yet flowers, as well as we, have souls, dear friend.  
They are unconscious Loves,—whose breath so sweet,  
Whose fragrant life, that crushed beneath the feet,  
Ascending in rich balms,  
Like pure, melodious psalms,  
Blesses the injurer,—in their rich excess  
Picture some element of loveliness  
Within the human bosom. Yet all flowers  
Outpoured through this pure world of middle sky,  
Which the angelic Sowers  
Outscatter from their heavenly harmony,  
Are but far-distant emblems,  
Are but the shadow semblance,  
Of that great world of living ecstasy,  
That garden of pure, innermost affection,  
That sacred orb of limitless perfection,  
That spiritual sphere of melody,  
That starry heaven of pure, impassioned feeling,  
That light-dome of God's infinite revealing,  
In one pure Spirit, in yon realm on high.

All things in heavens and planets pure are symbols  
Of forms of love and truth within the breast;

And though the type its antetype resembles,  
Yet still the form within the soul is best.

All things that God hath made are grand and glorious  
According to the meanings they suggest.  
White-thoughted Spirits, o'er decay victorious,  
Risen through perfect love into their rest

Of weariless existence, in the golden  
Spheres of eternity thou seest afar,  
By thy interior sense of sight beholden,  
Teach the great truth—all living things that are

Form outward shadows of a pure ideal  
Fashioned from heaven within man's inner thought.  
Man is himself the actual and real,  
And Nature but a picture-world, outwrought

To image forth in space the tones and numbers  
Of loves and wisdoms that within him lie.  
The worlds and spheres are but the ante-chambers.  
But Man the temple of Divinity.

For ends of use to man were all created;  
All heavens and earths are chords in one bright lyre,  
Which Man himself, the highly, nobly fated,  
Shall sweep with fingers of harmonic fire.

Earth, air, and ocean, planets high in ether,  
Suns and sun-heavens are but the mighty keys  
In one great organ. Man himself forever  
Controls with spirit-will their harmonies.

Sayest thou, oh, mortal Man, these are but fancies?  
Sayest thou the greater subjugates the less?  
Call'st thou our angel-teachings bright romances,  
The musings of a spirit's idleness?

Sayest thou that man we cheat, deride, and flatter,  
Thus guileful, seeking to enslave his mind?  
Say on! but answer first, "What end hath matter  
Is it a substance that doth spirit bind?"

Was matter before all? Did matter make  
God, men, and angels? Is it a great snake  
Crushing all souls within its iron span?  
Did it the worlds, the skies, creation, plan?  
Tossing out spheres like foam-bells on the sea,  
Throwing up water-spouts of Deity,  
Speaking in language, weaving periods, times,  
Angels, angelic heavens, and Poet-rhymes,  
Creating man, then making him a Lover?  
Is matter an iron wrench to screw the cover  
Of death upon a confined universe?  
In one word, positive or negative?

Doth matter motion take or motion give  
Make matter positive to spirit, then  
God, heaven, love, wisdom, souls of living men  
Are the blind vassals of its blind caprice;—  
Its iron hand contracts, and all things cease.

Carry thy faith to its deductions, thou  
Who payest at Matter's shrine thy fearful vow,—  
Blind Worshiper, adoring blackest night.

Not so yon star-eyed children of the Light  
Teach on their lofty thrones.

They say that heavens are domes  
Outrolling from the vastness of the Mind.  
Spirit is limitless and unconfined.  
It speaks and all things are, and from above  
Impermeates its own great thoughts with love.  
Outbreathing waves of life in endless motion,—  
The spiral waves of one expanding ocean,  
Whose every drop contains more solar schemes  
Than Earth's astronomers entranced in dreams  
Of heaven's immensity e'er thought or saw,  
And all controlled by order, love, and law

Hast thou ever thought, oh, mortal Man,  
That the Sun itself in a thought began?  
And that Thoughts are the inner Suns that dwell  
Inspired as minds in each burning shell?

Hast thou ever thought how the Light forth-came?  
I'll tell thee—

God breathed, and a sphere of flame  
Outrolled and enwrapt the Universe.  
Each ray of light was a thought in verse  
From the Poet Heart of our God outsung.

Didst thou ever think of the human tongue,—  
How still in itself, yet speaking the air  
Into music of wisdom melodious and rare?  
Look at it; think of it. Thy tongue can tell  
Great truths, yet itself like the tongue of a bell;  
It thinketh not, and it hath no voice,  
Yet its golden tones bid the world rejoice.

All matter is God's tongue!  
Out from its motion God's thoughts are sung,  
And the realms of space are the octave bars,  
And the music-notes are the suns and stars.

---

There is not a Poet in all creation  
But chants from an inward inspiration;  
Whether his thoughts be in octaves and rhymes,  
Or outroll into eras or seasons or times;  
Or climb through the air with their marble spires,  
Or leap into space from a thousand choirs.  
God is the Poet of poets, and He

Out-sings through their verses the harmony  
Of the one great epic of Truth sublime  
He formed, ere space was, in his heart divine.  
God shines, and He moves, and He speaks, and He sings,  
Through all harmonious winged things.  
They are all the outbirths of living thought;  
Each frailest flower is an essence brought  
Down from the dome of the highest sky,  
Outshining a living entity,  
Whose pulses thrill from God's living Will;  
It is quickened and moved from the Deity.

God is in all things, yet over all,  
Else were creation a corpse and a pall.  
God is o'er all, or there is no God.  
God is in all, else is all a clod.

There's an Infinite Mind that all mind inspires;  
There's an Infinite Heart that man's bosom fires;  
There's an Infinite Breath from the Infinite Soul  
Inflowing through all and beyond control.  
There's an infinite sphere in which all things lie;  
It encircles all skies—'tis the parent sky:  
There's an Infinite Presence everywhere,  
And it beats like a pulse in each globe of air.  
There's an Infinite Will of an Infinite Cause,  
And it twines throughout Nature harmonic laws.



## Part Eleven.

SCENES.—The Middle Air above the Planet Jupiter, and the Imperial City, called "The City of God's Love."

UPON this orb are streams of quicksilver.  
Innoxious, the white waves in music stir.  
These are the pulses of the orb, and flow  
In parallels through the vast plain below.  
    Beneath my feet expands a broad lagoon.  
    Six hundred islands in its bosom lie.  
    Fair as the crescent moon  
    Whose silver bark, outsailing silently  
    From sunset heavens shines from the level west,  
    I see a silver bark glide o'er the breast  
    Of the rich waves of ether, where the lines  
    Of distant crimson mark the Spirit Climes.

It is an air-drawn chariot, lightning built,  
Its burnished sides are stars of crimson gilt,  
Inlaid in sapphire splendors. In its keel,

Shafted with light, appears a spiral wheel,  
Which turning rapidly outrolls, a stream  
Of golden fire tinged with the lunar beam.  
'Tis an aerial ship that sails the sea  
Of the still ether, moved by melody.  
In it a thousand mariners appear.  
One at the prow stands like a gondolier,  
Or like Columbus, when, with kindling glance,  
And all the Future in his countenance,  
He stood erect, leaning from out the bow  
Of his frail pinnace, and the flag unfurled  
Of the Great Future o'er a new-found World.

From what sphered continent, oh, Spirit wise,  
Com'st thou? The heaven-light in thy deathless eyes,  
Where was it kindled, in what vast domain?

I see above me a great lightning train  
Of rapid-moving cars.  
O'er the electric bars  
Of an aerial flame-way they rush on  
Through the vast regions of the atmosphere.

I see a white-winged eagle drawing near.  
Upon it stands a radiant Amazon.  
Around her flows a mantle gold and blue.  
Her form sublime outshines the mantle through,

As if all heaven were interfused a shape  
 Of stars and suns and azure skies to make.  
 Each atom of her form is like a zone  
 Of living, luminous, glowing sapphire stone  
 Holding within itself a seven-fold sun.  
 The stars and sapphires, interfused in one,  
 Garment that radiant Spirit with a form,  
 Like a blue sky, encompassed, filled with morn.

Yet 'tis no Spirit fierce, no type of War;  
 The soul of goodness shines from out her breast.  
 She pauses. From her bosom, their pure nest,  
 A thousand doves come flying toward me.  
 Those doves, outborn from her heart's ecstasy,  
 Are thoughts,—for here all thoughts appear as things.  
 They cluster round me with their snow-white wings,  
 Fix on my heart twin thousand loving eyes,  
 And lift me upward till I touch the hand  
 Of the bright Angel Woman, who appears  
 Empress or Queen of some vast Realm of Spheres.

Her eagle, like a spiritual throne,  
 Moves at the viewless mandate of her will,  
 Rapid as light, and as its dawning still,  
 And I move with her through the ether.—  
 Now  
 Toward the planet's breast our flight we bow

A thousand miles below,—  
Toward that islanded lagoon we go

Eastward I see a million terraces,  
Rising in gradual slopes, and centering where  
A sun-like temple on the blazoned air  
Shines, mountain-high, through the transparent seas  
Of the self-luminous ether, and illumines  
An undulated city which extends  
A thousand miles of light on every side.  
Ten thousand streets, like rays,  
Outglow from that bright center; through each one  
Rivers of quicksilver appear to run,  
And all the streets are lined with palaces  
In vast, continuous lines extending on.  
That central temple, like a Pantheon,  
All blended glories overwreath.

Bright spires,  
Which typify the soul's divine desires  
And wind in spirals, lessening till they end  
In golden flames that into ether blend,  
Are pinnacles around the mightier vault.

Ten million statues, ranged in seven-fold rows,  
Each one of whom a golden trumpet blows,  
Seated on sun-like thrones,  
And two and two, like bridegroom and like bride,  
Each serves the use of a Caryatide.

A vast sun-circle floats above their heads,  
Lifting that vaulted sphere, whose glory sheds  
Divine effulgence on each statued face.  
Ten thousand thousand splendor-forms of grace  
Are imaged in the sun-sphere of the dome.

Above it, seated on a diamond throne,  
Is one Transcendent Image. There is cast  
A blaze of splendor from that Presence vast,  
Whose burning light-beams play  
O'er the great Pantheon, like day on day.

The throne He sits on, like the morning star,  
Is borne by sculptured seraphim. They are  
Flame-winged and burn, like rabies, with a red  
Arterial splendor. And their wings, outspread,  
Upbear a golden pediment  
With silver and with sapphire flames inblent.  
The statue form of WISDOM, God's great Spirit,  
The Word, who doth the Universe inherit,  
Pervading all things and inspiring all,  
Is throned sublime upon that sun-like ball.

The dome itself is like the starry heaven.  
Prismatic lusters, gold and white and green,  
And crimson-tinted like the morning beam,  
And amethyst and purple and pale amber,

Inveined with silver streams of light, meander,  
Like streams of seven-fold spheres through ether driven,  
Through the clear vault, which like an orrery,  
Filled with star-systems of immensity,  
Crowned with the image-form of Truth, shines down,  
Lighting ton thousand streets of that great town  
As the sun lights the universe.

All time,  
All sense of earth, and of its shades of crime,  
Like night-clouds vanish from my memory.  
Gazing in awe and wonder, silently,  
Beholding from afar that temple vast,  
The vail of sleep is o'er my Spirit cast.

## Part Twelve.

SCENE.—An Inner Sanctuary within the Imperial Temple previously described. During this Scene the Spirit is uplifted successively into clairvoyance of the Spiritual and Celestial Heavens.

I AM transported breathlessly into  
A purple chamber, fashioned like the heart,  
And overhead a dome of starry blue,

Out-imaging Creative Life and Art,  
Shines down like some vast Mind. A golden shell  
Surrounds this heart-like Temple. 'Tis a globe  
Of gold and crimson, and its lower lobe  
Filled with red waves which beat with living motion  
On the heart-shrine, and thrill it with emotion.  
The upper lobe is a bright canopy.

All things in heaven and earth grow visible.  
I am the subject of a master spell,  
And, dwelling in this Temple of the Heart,  
My lips are opened with a natural art.

Great thoughts, like silver-footed Helohim,  
Souls of the Second Heaven, around me hymn  
Together, and my spirit inly burns  
For God, and to His wisdom inly turns,  
Drawn by the magnet-power of Deity.

A white-robed Spirit, holding in one hand  
A crimson-blossomed rod,  
And in the other a pure silver key,  
Shines through a silver veil.  
Her face is very pale.  
Such perfect whiteness man has never seen  
Nor Saint beheld it. This is no pale dream,  
No bodiless enchantment of the night.  
Her breath inspires me with interior might;  
I feel as if the world were all a breath,  
And matter but a form of painted death.  
The Suns appear like butterflies or leaves,  
And constellations like ephemeral wreaths  
Of golden daisies, in the meadows low;  
And great Sun-Heavens, each one a silver ball  
Around a universe, seem, one and all,  
Like lily-buds whose golden anthers are  
Suns, and each petal a life-blooming star.

'Tis Mind alone that hath reality:  
All forms of space are seemings that depart



Like evening vapors.

Oh, Eternity!

Like a white Woman Archimage thou art.

Peerless in beauty thou dost sit above

The rolling sun-spheres of the universe,

Chanting forever thine harmonic verse.

Suns, systems, galaxies, great spheres with wings

That mortal thought ne'er emblem'd,—orbs like snow,—

Terrestrial heavens,—from out thy essence go,

Like thoughts unfolding from the human brain;

For thou art Wisdom, and thy thoughts are things

Outfashioned from thy love,

Which go from thee and come to thee again.

Spirit of Light! I pray thee let me go.

Uttering thy truth in words to men below,

They will declare me mad, and I shall be

Crushed like a worm beneath man's heel that dies.

"Nay, brother, nay! for thou art here to see

Truth that shall make uncounted myriads wise.

If thou art faithful to thy noble trust.

Like a white lily blossoming from dust,

Thy memory shall bloom

When kings and hierarchs are lost in gloom."

Flatter me not, oh, Angel; Earth is strong,

Sin-bound and iron-hampered with the Wrong.  
Wert thou on Earth, did'st thou thy Wisdom tell  
To mortals, they would call thee "fiend from hell,"  
And quote from sacred books to prove thou wert.  
And were thy body capable of hurt,  
The axe, the rifle, the assassin's steel,  
The fire, the gallows, or the torturing wheel  
Would be thy doom, or, thy pure lips unfed,  
Thou would'st grow famished for a crust of bread.  
Such is the orb where my external lives:  
He who celestial truth to myriads gives  
Bears on his pallid brow the mark of shame.  
Scorn clothes him like a shirt of woven flame.  
Angel, 'tis so; when I to earth return,  
    Thousands of miles my weary feet must go.  
I have no home, no place to lay my head,  
And drink the cup of wo.

I with the Angel rise, with her I stand  
Upon the margin of a snow-white Land  
Where Truth, in its own light, is seen and known.  
Here thoughts, like seeds, in the white substance sown,  
Rise with great shafts, expand their branches far,  
Bearing vast fruits and flowers like sun and star.  
These are the souls of worlds; within them lies  
The germinal essence of all properties  
Hereafter to assume electric forms

In intermediate spheres. Here nights and morns,  
And noons and seasons shine.

Beneath appears  
A mighty splendor-mine  
Filled with the essence of all crystalline,  
All chemic elements, all precious ores.  
An ocean of white mind-fluid laves the shores,  
And essences that shall hereafter be  
The radiant, sparkling shrines of Deity,  
In milk-white clouds meander as if they  
Were snowy mists in one blest heaven of day.  
In this high Sphere all things originate;  
It is a realm whose vast and solemn state  
In sovereign splendor dazzles, with intense,  
Reflected thought-beams of Omniscience,  
All finite faculties of mind and will.  
Seven separate Thoughts through all my nature thrill;  
These thoughts Superior Wisdom maketh known.

The first great Thought  
Within me wrought,  
I utter though I die  
Tis this: before God made an earth or sky  
Before a single human form had birth,  
He built a heaven and earth  
Of thought-forms, and He said, O, Time and Space  
I will you into being. From His face

A glory-sphere outshone, and 'twas a sun.  
Love, Wisdom, Use, rolled from the Eternal One.  
And, interfused, their ultimates became  
A vortex of heat, light, and blended flame,  
Which was the source of Nature, for all these  
    In three discrete degrees  
    Became less animate, less fine,  
    Below their Cause Divine;—  
Each of these three divided into seven  
Great circles,—Highest the. Celestial Heaven,  
Which God's pure Love-Sphere dwells in; this below  
The Spiritual Heaven, with silver glow,  
Quickened, sustained, pervaded from above  
By the great Sphere Divine of Truth in Love,  
And below these, outrolled in space and time,  
A realm of ether, waveless, crystalline,  
Swimming with suns and vortices and realms  
Of natural fire  
    The subject overwhelms  
My laboring Reason. All things that appear  
All laws, all principles, out-imaged here  
In the vast realm of causes, where Causation  
Itself—God—worketh out creation  
Appear so manifest, that Wisdom finds  
All secrets here: the origin of minds,  
The government, the order, and the end  
Whereto all issues in their movement tend.

Here, visible, the Future and the Past  
I calmly see, with insight pure and vast.  
Thus on the lower earth, terrestrial men  
Upon the topmost peak of Darien  
Behold the Atlantic and Pacific seas,  
The ocean of the old world and the new  
    Swept by the morning breeze,  
And blended in one grand consummate view.

---

The second Truth I must perforce declare  
Is this: God ever worketh, everywhere,  
And everywhere from one Divine decree,  
Urging all forms to one high destiny,  
Shaping all things in wisdom from His will,—  
And oh, how calm He works! and oh, how still!  
And works from centers outward to extremes,  
Diffusing through all forms the tempered beams  
Of love and wisdom perfect and divine,  
Through them outworking through all space and time,  
And everywhere outfashioning the same  
Great purpose into being. His true name  
Is Maker, for He works with master hand  
In every sun and every grain of sand,  
With perfect skill. His work is never done,  
Or, being ended, is anew begun.

The Third great Truth I utter yet shall be  
The theme of poet eloquence, and sung  
With harp, and organ, and the human tongue,  
And melted in the universal sea  
Of human nature, as a pearl in wine.

There is in every soul an inner shrine  
Of love and wisdom, holier than ark,  
Parchment, or written stone, or leafy bark  
Inscribed with wisdom from the golden age—  
A sunlike altar, an immortal page  
Which God hath made to be type, record, shrine,  
And angel-peopled home  
And paradise and sky and spirit-dome  
Of his essential Godhood.

Evermore  
The God whom all celestial hosts adore  
Is working there.  
Were man the burning pit,  
And his interiors hell, the Infinite  
Creator not the less would stand therein,  
With still, sweet music speaking through the din  
Of all tumultuous passions, till the sea  
Of the heart's madness and its agony,  
Brightened beneath the footprints of His love,  
Grew calm, reflecting heavens of bliss above.

In plainer language, doing all things well,  
God's effluence doth in darkest natures dwell,  
Speaking, imploring, blessing them by turns,  
Seeking to cleanse the desecrated urns  
Of thought and feeling, scattering fragrant dews  
Of blessing, choice and frequent and profuse,  
On the parched desert of the worldling's heart;  
Driving the money-changers from the mart  
Of the interior temple, making whole  
The sick, despairing inmates of the soul,  
Cleansing the tainted appetites, revealing  
A heaven of love for every inmost feeling  
Outflowing even to the far extremes  
Of outer sense, outrolling glory-beams  
From the sweet love-sphere of His own pure nature;  
Clothing each wasted breast and mind and feature,  
With heavens of love and light and innocence,  
Quickening the very nerves of outer sense  
For melody and sight and living joy—  
This work is God's employ.

There's not a pirate in the Indian Ocean  
God dwells not in, with tides of pure emotion  
Seeking to hallow, sanctify, inspire,  
And lift him from that hell of inward fire,  
Whose scorching madness desolates, defiles,  
Degrades his spirit.

In those barbarous Isles,  
Where gory cannibals lap human blood,  
And gnash their teeth upon half-living food  
Of men and brothers, God is not afar.  
He worketh there, as where the angels are,  
Seeking to call from out these caverns drear  
Bright Spirits, fitted for the Seventh Sphere—  
Seeking to change the human wolves to men,  
While angels breathe from heaven, "Amen, Amen."

God is no iron bigot who beside  
Some learned divine reposes sleepy-eyed,  
While the grave prelate misapplies the law  
And testimony. No man ever saw  
God in such pulpit or such papal robe.  
He holds creation as a hollow globe  
In his right hand, or like a lily bloom  
Bathing it from the splendor of His eyes.

Creation, like a new-born infant, lies  
Near to His heart. Sight, sense, the inward eyes,  
The Moral Reason—all declare how dear  
Creation is to the great Father Soul.  
Its little pulses from His bosom roll,  
O'erflowed and harmonized. Its lips are fed  
From God, and on His breast it pillows its young head.



The fourth great Truth sphered continents ere long  
Shall witness in their jubilee,  
While Wrong shall vanish utterly,  
From every land and sea.

'Tis this. That God, who doth all Nature fill  
With His own essence, outworks will divine  
Down to the lowest elements of time.

Matter is like a Giant, and it keeps  
High court through all its builded heights and deeps,  
Uplifts its drawbridge, bids its banners float,  
And sits secure within its guarded moat.  
Like Arthur's knights or Roland's paladins,  
    Its champions round it throng  
    With wassail, wine, and song;  
But the stout knights ere long shall not be able,  
To hold with all their might their own round table.

Matter is mighty; so is a young horse,  
Champing his bit, impatient of all force;  
But when his master grasps the reins—'tis then  
He feels that horses must submit to men.

Earth, like a wild steed in the wilderness,  
    Circles around the City of the Sun,  
Exulting in the ether's boundlessness;  
    But in God's chariot-race Earth yet shall run.

Like horses white, with manes of streaming fire,  
The milky planets circle in their gyre;  
While radiant Principalities and Powers,  
Whose thoughts, like lightning through the thunder-showers,  
Stream through the lower space, triumphant ride.  
The Lord of Life, sun-crowned, star-glorified,  
Leads that victorious host.  
They shall encompass Earth; on every coast  
Men shall look up to view the constellations,  
And see the sky thronged with Angelic Nations,  
And the blue atmosphere become like snow.  
From rank to rank the silver trump shall blow,  
And the great army opening its wide ranks—  
Like a bright river that o'erflows its banks—  
Shall intermingle with the sons of men.  
Each Angel shall take his own diadem,  
His robe of glory, and his shining vest,  
And fold them round a mortal's brow and breast—  
Clasping his arms around that brother-mortal  
Whose heart shall open heaven-wide, like the portal  
Of the great city he of Patmos saw,—  
Without a spot, a wrinkle, or a flaw,  
Divine Salvation interpenetrate  
Each willing soul. Then shall the Eden gate  
Re-open, and the Eden trees arise,  
And all the world become a Paradise.

Then shall man's face with rapture shine,  
While from his inmost heart,  
Thy healing hand, O Lord divine,  
Withdraws the burning dart.

Then shall the sacred manna fall,  
And flow the angel-wine,  
And earth become Love's banquet-hall,  
And Truth's fraternal shrine.

Then shall electric splendor-trees  
Wave in celestial blue;  
Electric isles fill all the seas,  
While God makes all things new.

Then shall the stormy winds that blow,  
Like zephyrs fan the air,  
While Beauty clothes the world below,  
And Peace is everywhere.

Then shall the red volcano cease,  
The earthquake sleep for aye,  
And darkness unto light release  
The myriads of its prey.

One God shall dwell in every breast,  
And rule in every heart,

And Angel Nations of the Blest,  
Shall never more depart.

And Earth run brightening through its years  
Those years are now begun  
Till it ascends to heavenly spheres,  
Transformed into a sun

A sun of angels, splendidly  
Attired in deathless white,  
Set in the zenith gloriously,  
A heaven of pure delight;

And every darkened spirit, now  
Degraded into crime,  
In that high heaven adoring bow  
With angel-form sublime.

---

Four great continents divide  
Earth into its separate parts  
Lust and crime are deified  
In their mighty marts.  
Four great oceans roll between  
Fringed with waves of bitter green.  
New-born Beauty Isles lie sleeping

In the silent heart of these;  
Spheres of pallid light are keeping  
Watch o'er them amid the seas.

In the still aurelian chamber  
Of Earth's viewless hidden breast,  
Streams of solar light meander.  
Soon the mighty West,  
To its inmost heart impressed,  
Shall grow pregnant with a new  
Race of Men. The golden blue  
Of the Planet Jupiter,  
And the crimson fire of Mars,  
And the splendid golden hue  
Of the first of all the stars,  
In their living nerves shall stir,  
In their veins shall interfuse.

In this race the Earth renews  
Her illustrious splendor-line:  
And the new-born race shall shine  
Brightening through seven high degrees  
Till the wide world witnesses  
Greece and Ind idealized—  
Earthly Heaven realized.

Triumphing o'er Sin and Death,

Like the Christ of Nazareth,  
This great Nation shall become  
    True and wise, and good and pure,  
    And shall evermore endure,  
Sitting in its Pantheon.

Art and Song shall have their home  
    In their new Atlantic seat,  
And the cycle grow complete.  
Up from Nature's veins shall rise  
Springs of life forever flowing.  
And the rivers of the skies,  
    Through the natural rivers flowing,  
All the healing waters thrill  
With the antidote of ill.

---

    Still my spirit near thee lingers,  
    Brother of my heart, and still  
Presses with immortal fingers  
Silently thy hand and will."  
Thus again the charmed Mars-Maiden,—  
Angel of the rosy shrine,—  
Sings; her song with love o'erladen  
Melts into life's inner shrine.  
Rise, another wonder waits thee  
In the first great heavenly halls

Rise unto the fair and stately  
 World of Inmost Cause." There falls  
 Soft pressure on me from a viewless hand.  
 I see around me a transparent band,  
     A galaxy of light,  
 A wonder-sphere of glory and delight,  
 A Paradise of Pleasure. I appear  
     To be no stranger here.  
     It floats like a pavilion in the sky  
     It is the emblem of eternity;  
     Whoever dwells within its charmed ring  
 Sees the Great Spirit Cause—beholds the Eternal King  
     As One, and not as three.  
     Truth is a Unit—God a Unity.  
 And what is God? According to his height  
 Of goodness, man portrays the Infinite.  
 He is—He is—Himself; and self-possessed,  
 Possesses all things. Worlds of angels blessed  
 Compared to Him are but as painted forms  
 Mirrored within a burning concave lens—  
 Daguerreotypes of Deity that shine  
 As pictures in the palace-hall sublime  
 Of HIM WHO IS. And space is but a mirror,  
 And all its glories that endure forever  
 The waking visions of the Infinite;—  
 Suns, globes of thought from his great splendor lit;—  
 Creation natural is paradise;—

All men the Adam, all their mates, the Eve,  
 Who each from God their all of life receive,  
 And sit together on the fragrant sod,  
 Lovely immortals at the feet of God!

All things appear to me  
 From this high point to form a unity.  
 One center sun rolls out for aye

All globes that move in space;  
 One Father God creates the day  
 All light is from His face.  
 All globes at last are changed to spheres;  
 With spirit-fire they burn—  
 Grow bright through God's eternal years,  
 And unto Him return.

---

Creation first existed in God's thought;  
 Creation then was into space outwrought;  
 Creation now is in a middle state;  
 God doth each moment suns and heavens create.  
 The Universe itself is in its spring;  
 Suns are like meadow-daisies blossoming,  
 And Spirit Globes aromas born of these.  
 Wave upon wave outroll the floral seas  
 Of blooming constellations. There is one



God—Father—preexistent and alone  
And the vast structure of the Universe  
Is His own thought outsung in living verse.

God thought man into being—sent a ray  
Of splendor from His own creative day,  
Centering in that beam all qualities  
From His Divine, all parts, all faculties;  
And man arose where all that light stood still  
Upon the earth, a living form of will;  
Finite, dependent, mediate, arrayed  
In selfhood—'twas the Infinite portrayed  
In lowest, least molecules of space:  
Yet God's own art made man in form and face  
The glorious symbol of the One Divine—  
An ultimate, derived from God, in time.  
This high philosophy o'ercomes my powers  
Of mind; I drop my head upon my breast,  
And my thoughts close their leaves like sunset flowers—  
I tremble into rest.

And in that rest—I rise a new degree;  
Superior images of Truth I see;  
I learn how God possesses all things, and  
Outshapes the vastness of the sea and land,  
And scatters suns like crystals on the floor  
Of the blue heaven, and causes evermore

The suns to blossom and the heavens unfold.  
He plants the suns within ethereal mold  
As one might plant wheat-kernels in the dust,  
And they outbloom through their material crust,  
Open bright chalices of painted gold—  
Outthrow on every side their tendrils fair,  
And then take root amid the living air  
Like strawberry vines; and from each root springs forth  
Another flower, a paradise of earth.

The universes differ in degree,  
In tint, in stature, and in symmetry—  
In varying nature, beauty, light, and bloom—  
In style of mind, in love, and its perfume,  
As all the floral families that rise  
O'er the wide Earth, some in the tropic zone  
And tropic-hued, luxuriant, and vast,  
Some gold and white, o'er the still water strown,  
Some in the North, and delicate and faint  
As the last whisper of a dying Saint.

Wisdom might classify all constellations  
In floral groups and series. Some unfold  
Like the great century-tree, and ages pass  
And cycles of duration, and the glass  
Of time renews itself ere from the mold  
Of the electric space they gather in

Their precious essence. Through the ether thin,  
Long periods of duration these must roll  
All tenantless of Soul:  
Then in an hour they wake, they bloom, they shine,  
They clothe themselves with spherul robes divine—  
Millions and millions of immortal hosts  
Throng radiant on their vast, illustrious coasts—  
Millions of worlds attend them, rolling on,  
Blooming with spirit-life in unison,  
And filling heaven with their arisen Nations.

Each world, created by Almighty Power,  
Is symbolized by some terrestrial flower;—  
The jessamine, the olive, the tuberose,  
The lily with her bridal veil of snows;  
The oak, the pine, the myrtle tree, the palm,  
Each flower of beauty, fruit, or fragrant balm—  
And every flower is in its destinies  
Governed by some pure sun-sphere in the skies.  
Metals and minerals are not less than these  
Subject to heaven's vast, orb-like harmonies;  
And stars there are that correspond to all  
The precious crystals of our earthly ball.

Great suns there are,  
That burn afar,  
Like diamonds in the mine—

Some like the pearl;—  
That angel-girl,  
That spirit-friend of mine,  
Adds to this woof  
Another truth,  
With mystic meaning laden,  
And wisely says  
That different rays  
Insphere in youth and maiden.

There are Suns of Wisdom and Suns of Love,  
That roll in the vault of heaven above;  
And the Suns of Wisdom shine in the brain,  
But the Suns of Love in the bosom reign.

All Angels once were natural men;  
All heavens were natural earths;  
And Angels rise through endless spirit-births,  
To God from whom they came.

This the dark mind of darkened man believes  
In part. What man is there the truth conceives  
That Earths become transfigured; throb with soul,  
Cease to revolve in natural time and space  
And round a Center Heaven sublimely roll  
Brightened from God's own face?  
Yet thus it is. All worlds from dust arise,

And seek in highest heaven bright destinies  
Of love and wisdom. Flower-like they appear,  
Born in the spring of Heaven's eternal year,  
Like violets blooming on the natural sod,  
And their essential life exhales to God!

Yet earths are not destroyed in burning flame  
No meteor garment of red conflagration  
Wraps them in fiery folds of desolation.  
Worlds do not perish by a slow decay,  
But by degrees their dust exhales away—  
Melting like music into golden light,  
Blooming in beauty-forms that thrill the sight,  
    And like essential prayers  
    Rising through twilight airs,  
And in the realms of ether recombined,  
Transformed into the Palaces of Mind,  
And made sweet love-spheres, picturing in forms  
Of skies and seas, and atmospheres and moms,  
Filled with all images that charm the eye,  
And sounds that lap the soul in ecstasy,  
The gradual growth of the interior man.

God's purpose doth with rainbow arch o'erspan  
All realms of matter and all states of mind:  
All matter, glorious, shall be sublimed  
Into a universal heaven, so vast

That every world that bloomed in all the past,  
Within its pure dominion merged, shall be  
A note in the Celestial Harmony.

From this great altitude I now descend—  
The seven-fold Truths here spoken yet shall blend  
And melt like music, and become the faith  
Of a New World, wherein shall be no death.

---

A child-like Spirit takes me by the hand:  
I wake, and round my waking sight expand  
The pictured splendors, the long colonnades,  
The statued glories, the divine arcades  
Of the great Temple, in whose heart-like shrine,  
In trances deep I saw these higher Wisdoms shine.

High in the middle air, like heaven, the dome  
Of the vast Temple, carved of sapphire stone,  
With starlit frescoes glimmering from its heights,  
Trances my soul in wonders and delights.  
Outblazoned there in Heaven's artistic verse,  
The epic poem of the universe  
Appears depicted splendidly and vast.  
From every star a separate light is cast.  
High in the zenith shines a center sun  
Of golden diamond, whose rays outrun

Through seven pure harmonies and interflow  
Through all the dome above and all the shrine below

---

We are rising, we are rising,"  
All the worlds harmonious cry,  
"Up to God's white throne on high.  
Glories evermore surprising  
Dawn upon us while we rise  
Out of lower space and time,  
To the sphere of Love Divine,  
Where the Everlasting Eyes  
Beam upon us, flowing through us,  
And in God's own life renew us—  
Hark! we hear the Father call,  
And we rise as Angels rise—  
All our dust-clouds from us fall,  
All our essences inroll,  
And each world becomes a soul.

"Nor we alone, but all  
Worlds through immensity  
Shall pure world-spirits be.

"Wake! wake! ye Orbs, put on your robes of fire  
Strike, strike, ye Planets, each your seven-fold lyre

"Your great Humanities shall all become  
Statues of light upon the eternal walls  
Of God's own habitation. From His throne  
His voice descends and calls  
You all to Him.

And God indraws the space wherein ye swim  
Into a glory-sphere. Creation's globe  
Changes into His heaven-illuminated robe."

I hear a viewless choir  
Sing this mysterious melody. It flows  
Like summer perfume from a viewless rose.  
The gradual strains retire.

---

Planets are gems in God's eternal crown,  
Each with a different splendor shining down:  
Each is the symbol of a separate thought;  
Each from a different inner form is wrought.

And they shine and never weary,  
For they quicken as they shine,  
And they change, but never vary,  
For they live from the Divine.

And their eyes with beauty glisten,  
And their hearts with gladness thrill,



And their ears forever listen  
To the music of God's will.

And they live because God liveth,  
And His life flows through their veins;  
And the life He to them giveth  
In the great Forever reigns.

---

Christ, in the moment of transfiguration,  
When his external form like heaven did glow,  
And even His raiment glistened as the snow,  
Revealed the destiny of the creation.

The Universe itself shall be transfigured  
When the Indwelling God flows down through all—  
Let no vain critic this false doctrine call:  
From the most ancient time it was prefigured,  
And seen in trance by Moses, John, and Paul.

In their interior life the Ancient Sages  
Saw that all things were by one God created,  
And to one end, like God, were splendor-fated  
They saw beyond the dark and mournful ages  
A Universe harmonious and immortal.  
They saw God, clothed upon with robes of fire,

Standing sublime in the celestial portal,  
Saying to all the planets, "Come up higher."

They saw disastrous Evil drop down dead  
And vanish to its own nonentity;  
They saw the eternal marriage-feast outspread,  
And heard God say to all, "Come unto me."

God cometh now His purpose to fulfill;  
All heaven is vibrant with the expectation;  
Moved by His grand creative word, "I WILL!"  
Earth shall bring forth a new divine creation.

In trances vast,  
On me is cast  
The ancient Prophet vision;  
The fading glooms,  
The deathless, blooms,  
The world of spirits risen

The end of death,  
The living breath  
Of God through all descending;  
The Paradise,  
The new-born skies,  
The heaven with earth inblending;

The vast Republic of the Free,

The Christ-like Nation yet to be;—  
This on my vision burning,  
Thrill all my veins  
With music strains,  
And fill my soul with yearning

For all mankind  
Like me to find  
A glory-fate for Nations;  
And see depart,  
From every heart,  
The reign of Desolations.

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"Here ends thy day on planet Jupiter;  
So speaks that Orphic Sage.  
Ere long another planetary page  
Opens for thee, oh, Spirit-traveler."

## Part Thirteen.

SCENE.—A Garden of Astral Fruit upon the Planet Jupiter;  
the Electrical Ocean of the Solar System, and the Planet  
Mercury.

MAN grows like what he feeds on; hence, in heaven,  
Love-fruits and wisdom-fruits to men are given,  
Formed for the quickening of the heart and mind  
In truth and good; and when Earths grow refined,  
Fruitage of heaven in earthly form appears,  
And the essential virtues of the spheres  
Descend, condense, cohere,  
And like celestial fruit in Paradise appear.

All pure varieties of angel-love  
And thoughts divine, descending from above,  
Inspire the fragrant clusters, and impart  
Immortal virtue to the mind and heart.

Such food each generous bough supplies;  
It lights with love the beaming eyes;

Flows through the veins like spirit-fire,  
And nerves with life each pure desire  
Quickens the powers of mind and will,  
And makes the tongue an oracle  
Whence golden sentences distill,  
And listening souls with rapture fill.

Each varying fruit the Angels eat  
Brings to the soul a varying sweet  
I see upon the tinted boughs  
Rich clusters bright with crimson gold,  
Sweet as celestial nuptial vows,  
And dewy, soft, and cold.  
And I partake, and gladness thrills  
My being to its spirit-core  
Each inward pulse with rapture thrills,  
And joy unfelt before,  
And as I eat, my spirit takes  
From the vast orb its rapid flight.

---

I see afar  
A trembling star,  
Like a pure golden chrysolite.  
On me a new-born glory breaks,  
And like a winged soul I cleave  
The lucid air whose billows wreath

Above my head.

    A new-born day  
Is breaking on me. I survey  
An orb so beautiful, it seems  
Just born from out God's morning dreams.

Shaped like a hollow pearl, it lies  
Where milk-white waters gently flow,  
And music-airs all fragrant blow  
From out the sun into the skies.

All delicate, serene, and faint,  
And lovely as an angel saint,  
Tranced in a vision of God's throne,  
Wrapt, silent, worshiping, alone,  
Stands the fair Planet Mercury.  
And soft, and pale, and dreamily  
The lovely vision dawns on me,—

A world all fragrance and all bloom,  
Of silver morn and seven-fold noon,  
Of amber eve and night that sails  
Out from the west on halcyon gales,  
Breathes heaven-born fragrance on her way  
And seems young sister to the Day.

And such a world, no mortal verse

Hath e'er essayed to paint its form,  
So soft, so clear, so bright and warm.  
It seems an Infant Universe;  
The miniature of all completeness,  
The living soul of heavenly sweetness  
Fair as a boy-god laid asleep  
Beneath immortal trees,  
Whom angel Harmonies  
Forever watch and keep.

An ocean like a golden ring  
Around its bright equator shines;  
Isles crimson-hued and blossoming,  
    Like heaven's own deathless climes,  
Are stars in these elysian waters;  
    And beauty in them dwells  
    Weaving delicious spells,  
Blending in union sweet her radiant sons and daughters.

Near every Islet's marge  
Full many a golden barge  
Appears moved on by wings of lucent snow.  
Like snow-white eagles in their motion, these  
    Flit o'er the glimmering seas.  
    And far, oh, far below,  
Beneath the living ocean, land appears,  
Covered by water as by crystal spheres,

Where forms of Beauty dwell in bowers of green,  
And looking upward through the wave serene,  
Behold bright barks above the surface driven,  
As Alan on Earth shall yet see angel fleets, in heaven.

Love enchanted,  
Beauty haunted,  
Tranced in wonder and surprise,  
All my being  
Merged in seeing,  
I descend from out the skies.  
And the sky is all a temple  
Filled with statue-forms of grace;  
These angelic souls resemble,  
And each hath an angel's face.

And the sky above me glimmers  
Like a cloud of gold and white,  
And an angel empire shimmers  
Through the half-transparent light;—

Faces holy, blessed, glorious,  
Faces loving, pure, victorious,  
Faces varying in splendor;  
Faces soft and calm and tender,  
Looking down in so much love  
From their golden heights above,



That they trance my spirit deep  
In a heaven-revealing sleep.

Eastward, where the holy sun  
Shines above the horizon,  
He appears an orb of angels,  
Each of whom in form resembles  
Christ, the Lord of Nazareth.  
Thrilling with melodious breath,  
All the air becomes a sea  
Of divinest ecstasy,  
For the sunlight is a song,  
And the song-waves interflow,  
Till they bathe the world below  
With the rapture of the throng  
Who appear amid the globe  
Of the sun's translucent robe.  
All the rays of morning shine  
Natural, human, and Divine!

I see a city which the rising sun  
Shines on and wakes; the mighty city lies  
Four square: its gates are pearls; each precious stone  
Is builded in its battlements; they rise  
Like sculptured and immortal harmonies.  
Within the city is a golden ring,  
Where Eden trees all fragrant blossoming

In mystic seven-fold spiral order stand.  
Elysian airs, melodious and bland,  
And cool as crystal snow  
Upon my temples blow;  
    And underneath the immortal trees  
    I see such lovely companies—  
Maidens, and youths, and kingly man and woman,  
    And little children fair,  
    Whose varying faces wear  
A look at once divine, angelic, human,  
    That all my being longs  
    To dwell forever 'mid the happy throngs,  
    To be a little child,  
Gazing forever in those faces mild.

Their forms are perfect symmetry;  
    Each atom is an harmony;  
And through the outer form the spirit shines.  
The outer form the inner soul enshrines  
In loveliness, so perfect that no art  
Can picture it. The form, the mind, the heart,  
The eye, the soul, each separate faculty,  
Blended in one complete Humanity,  
Is like a separate sphere in heaven serene.  
Such beauty never on the Earth was seen,  
    So delicate, so calm.  
The fragrant airs these radiant shapes embalm,

As if sweet odors could alone be made  
Fit raiment for each peerless youth and maid.  
Each being is in its own light arrayed,  
And moves encompassed by a glory-sphere,  
Wherein all radiant images appear,  
Of suns, and moons, and stars, and spheral forms,  
And flowers, and skies, and splendor-tinted morns  
Wherefrom each noble shape shines forth as glows  
The upper heaven with its transcendent shows  
Of angel faces from the mist of light,  
Which, while it veils, reveals it to the sight.

Ere many years have passed, there shall appear  
    A white, electric Island in the seas  
    Of the Pacific, tenanted by these  
Transcendent forms; and voyagers shall hear  
Music outstealing in the twilight dim,  
So sweet that they shall fancy it a hymn  
Sung out of heaven by Angels round God's throne.  
That Mystic Isle shall be  
Encompassed by a luminous, vailing zone,  
    Like a white dome rising from out the sea.  
No man can pass within it. There shall rise  
    A blooming Paradise  
Of spirits pure and wise, and all arrayed  
Like souls in Mercury, and like them made

Harmonic, and each one the sacred shrine  
Of holiness, and love, and truth divine.

And there shall be above Earth's firmament  
Bright sun-spheres, formed of spirit-light, inblent  
With solar essences, and through their light  
Myriads of Angel forms outgleam on natural sight.

Whole companies of men on earth shall grow  
Enamored of the Beauty Forms, that stand  
Revealed in ether from the Morning Land,  
And call these bright ones from the sky with prayers,  
And they shall quite forget all meaner cares,  
Lost in that nobler love. And these shall come  
Nearer and nearer from their distant home,  
Until they float above the streets, and walk  
O'er the bright spires, and men shall hear them talk  
In language audible, whose every note  
Upon the air shall like a blessing float;  
And where these radiant, moving shapes outgleam,  
Floating the Heavens and the Earth between,  
Millions shall gather and shall call to them.

They shall respond again,  
And speak in their love-languaged human tongues,  
And sing to them their pure, celestial songs,  
And say to men, "Be pure, be holy, learn  
To lift the lowly, cease the poor to spurn;

Be just, be temperate, merciful, and cease  
All strife, and let divine and blessed Peace  
Rule your heart's motion; and when this is done  
We will descend, each pure and radiant one."

Ah, me! I see them, and I hear them say,  
"Already dawns for earth the blest immortal day;  
Already opes for Earth Love's endless page,  
And brightens in the new Saturnian Age!"

---

As whitest silver through discordant air  
Seems clothed in black, yet is forever fair,  
So Seers on the Earth, through shaded eyes  
Befilmed with sense, have seen dense shadows rise,  
And, looking outward through this clouded pane  
In the great window of the world, have seen  
Spirits from Mercury, not as they reign,  
Supreme in goodness, with benignant mien,  
And silver whiteness, but as gross in stature,  
Dark in complexion, ignoble in nature.

Few will believe how exquisite, how clear,  
These radiant men of Mercury appear,—  
Statues of diamond, robed in golden flame,  
Single in thought, in speech, in will and aim,  
Emblems of faith and charity, with souls

No base, material appetite controls,  
With hands that call out music, rich and rare,  
From the electric stops and keys of air,  
With breath of hyacinth, and lips that thrill  
The eye that gazes on them, and distill  
Elysian sweetness.  
In a purple chamber—  
Whose roof is formed of emerald vines, that wander  
Out into clearest ether at their will,  
And all the room with summer fragrance fill,  
And every morning glow with added lusters,  
And every eve mature delicious clusters  
Of fruit, each sense with ecstasy to fill—  
    Whose floors are formed of amber,  
    Within whose veins meander  
Swift-streaming currents of perpetual youth—  
    Where golden dew-drops ever,  
    Like mists from Heaven's own river,  
Rise to refresh the vine-blossoms in the roof—  
    Seated upon a dais  
    A bright Maid-"Melotais"—  
For so I hear the maiden called by name—  
    Sits caroling a paean  
    Whose love-notes thrill my being,  
Holding a silver lyre whose chords are flame.  
  
"Hark! hark! through the charmed silence

Listen to my song.  
Hark! hark! In these happy Islands  
    All our lives flow on  
Like the flow of a celestial river  
Through the land of peace and love forever.

"Hark! hark! When the Morn appeareth,  
    Every brow a sun-like emblem weareth;—  
Kindles every mind with wisdom grand.  
    All our minds in union  
    With the Father hold divine communion.  
In the Father's thought we seem to stand  
    An Immortal band,  
    While the glory-sphere of His own Presence,  
    Smiling, shining, fills our hearts with pleasance  
    And we go  
Rapid as the swift-winged Zephyrs flow.

"And our thoughts like doves float on before us,  
And our prayers like angels warble o'er us,  
And our gladness fills the air with sweets—  
Every heart its kindred spirit greets.

Holy lovers interflow  
In sweet marriage bowers below;  
In the sacred sphere they lie  
Of the Lord's Humanity—

Even in slumber worshipping  
Heaven's eternal Father-King!

"Hearken! hearken to my story  
Each one bears a separate glory,  
And all splendors intershine,  
Making all our race divine.  
And our world is all a grove,  
    Even beneath the smiling sea,  
Where immortal angels rove,  
And immortal lovers be.

"Fading, fading, fading bloom—  
    Darkening, darkening, darkening gloom—  
Dying, dying, dying life,  
Burning, burning, burning strife,  
Weary night and wasting day,  
Dull and pitiless decay,  
On our orb are never known.  
Like a lamp before God's throne  
Burns our Planet undefiled;—  
Nay, it is an angel-child  
In serenest ether playing,  
In the Eden gardens maying;  
Beautiful, and wise, and free  
As a thought of Deity.

"Evermore with gladness burning,



Evermore temptation spurning,  
Evermore for heaven-life yearning,  
Evermore to God returning,  
All we blest celestials are.  
And our Planet like a car  
Through the milk-white ether moves,  
Bearing us from loves to loves."

In her hand a hollow pearl  
Takes this blessed Angel-girl,  
Filling it with golden wine  
From the sweet, undying vine,  
Mixed with water, pure and clear.  
Bubbling from the amber sphere.

This the Maiden gives to me;  
"This," she saith, "thy soul will free  
From the shades that intervene."  
As I drink I fall asleep.  
Calm, and still, and pure, and deep  
Is my slumber.

I awake  
Where the crystal morning-beam  
Plays upon a quiet lake.  
Overhead in air is seen  
Palace, temple, shrine, and spire—  
Many a deathless Angel-choir,

Worlds of spirit-beauty clear,  
Mirrored through the atmosphere,

And the radiant visions glow  
In the tranquil wave below.  
For the waters correspond  
To the Soul, that sees beyond  
Outward veils, and in its breast,  
Picturing visions of the blest,  
Hath a deep interior sense  
Inner life's effulgent lense.

On its brink a temple stands,  
And a floral grove expands  
All around the radiant pool;  
And that temple is a school  
    For the heart; and o'er its portal  
Groups of sculptured cherubim,  
    Forms of Truth and Love immortal,  
    Cast upon the fountain's brim  
    Golden light from out their eyes.

Traced in tinted harmonies  
O'er the massive entrance shine  
These interior-thoughted lines:  
"Truth is daylight for the Soul  
Love bespeaks the present God

Through the heart is found the road  
To Perfection's endless goal."

---

"Thought is the Spirit's bread;  
By thought the Mind is fed.  
The holy, wise, and good,  
From Thought derive their food.  
Thought makes the spirit strong,  
Nerves it against the Wrong,  
Turns in its ward the key  
That opes Eternity.

"Thought liveth in the light;  
Thought breathes in Love's delight;  
Thought blossoms in the trees;  
Thought throbs in tidal seas.

"Thought grows complete in man;  
The thinker and the plan,  
The spirit and the shrine,  
The hand and work combine,  
And God, who built the whole,  
Works in the working soul.

"More than the sky and earth,

Immortal from his birth,  
Man doth inherit these,  
Grasping the master keys  
Of all their unknown shrines,  
Of all revolving times.

"The passing centuries  
That saw his form arise  
Die down into the Past:  
His works their days outlast;  
He groweth when they cease,  
And all his days are peace.

"Through man, One Man Divine,  
God made all heavens that shine.  
Through all the angelic race  
God shall the heavens replace.  
Each man shall yet become  
The center and the home  
Of galaxies of thought  
Within his being wrought;  
And God through him shall build  
New earths and heavens to gild  
A mightier, fairer time.

"In man, as in a clime  
Of causes, God works on

Shaping through man his son,  
Creations now and fair.  
Breath is the soul of air.  
The spheres of light men wear  
Are germs of Planets vast.  
In mighty aeons past

"God worked through Christ, the Lord,  
The One, Deific Word,  
And through him made all things,  
The planets and their rings,  
The suns and all their spheres,  
The seasons and the years  
Through Him the Infinite  
Shone with creative light.

"All men shall yet become  
Mind-organs of the Son,  
Heart-organs of the Lord;  
Another, mightier Word.  
This period shall befall  
When God is all in all.

"Then shall the planets end;  
All heavens in one shall blend,  
Forming a glory-sphere,  
Wherein God shall appear.

All souls that ever were  
Burning in that pure air  
Shall reappear as one,  
And this God's Only Son.

"All men to God return,  
With life perpetual burn;  
Finding in God their home,  
Dwelling beneath the dome,  
Dwelling within the shrine,  
Thinking the thought sublime,  
Breathing the holy joy,  
Working the vast employ,  
Wearing the radiant robe,  
Inhabiting the globe,  
And made the sentient form  
Of the Great Eldest Born.

"Then shall a new decree,  
A new immensity,  
From out their thoughts evolve  
A second sun revolve  
In seven-fold spiral rings,  
And all men shall be kings,  
Wearing God's own bright robe  
Throned each upon a globe.

God's joy is to create;  
He makes men spirits great,  
That they may find employ  
In working out His joy."

These mystic words I read:  
A spirit saith, "Take heed;  
Each burning truth inset  
In thy soul's coronet;  
For thou shalt yet bestow  
These truths on men below.

"Thy world shall yet become  
The paradise and home  
Of men, who then shall be  
Symbols of Deity.

"That God, who in the leaves  
Imprints His thought, and weaves  
The purposes of fate,  
Mankind shall re-create.

"Plants in Earth's air shall bloom,  
And each aerial plume  
Distill immortal sweets  
Upon thy earthly streets.  
Instead of clouds outspread

In ether o'er thy head,  
Electric palaces  
Shine from amid the skies.  
And spirit-birds descend,  
Singing in leafy trees,  
Gliding o'er all the seas:  
Their music-notes shall blend  
With birds of lower space.  
The delicate, sweet face  
Of every living child  
Ne'er be by wrong defiled.  
The pure, immortal heart  
Ne'er feel Sin's burning dart.  
The fever and the chill,  
The opposite states of ill,  
The languor, and intense,  
Delirious life of sense,  
All end in calm divine.

"Spirals of light shall climb  
All visible to man,  
To where the heaven's blue span  
Melts in the Spirit Sphere.  
The blood-drop and the tear  
Be witnessed never more.  
The ocean's glassy floor  
Shall be envailed in bloom.



Winter and storm and gloom  
No longer shall find place  
On Earth's immortal face.

"Men shall to heaven aspire:  
Cars of electric fire  
Through heaven shall bear them on.  
Like the white-breasted swan,  
Man shall possess the deeps.  
Where now the thunder leaps,  
From cloud to cloud, shall be  
Celestial minstrelsy.

"Earth's pure, Harmonic Age  
Must come. The idle rage  
Of priest and potentate  
Can not close heaven's high gate  
Above the monarch's pride  
Immortal Angels ride;  
Above the Bigot's frown  
Glow every Angel's crown;  
Above the Atheist's hate  
Is Heaven's eternal state.

Even now Earth wakes from sleep:  
With life its pulses leap.  
Voices of spirits thrill

The ether at their will.  
Man knoweth not how strong  
Is heaven's descending throng.  
It needeth but a breath  
And outward forms expire,  
One pulse of spirit-fire  
And man is lord of Death.

"Fragrant and full of flowers  
The graveyards yet shall be;  
And, blooming 'mid the sea,  
Built by heavenly powers,  
Condensed, electric, vast,  
New Isles shall yet stand fast.  
God hath declared that Earth,  
From this time everforth,  
Shall rise, forever rise,  
Through all eternities.

## Part Fourteen.

SCENE.—Interior of a School of Love upon the Planet  
Mercury.

"ENTER, Mortal, to our school;  
Here celestial Love bears rule—  
Enter, Mortal." Thus I hear  
Warbling voices, calm and clear.

I stand within a marble hall;  
It is like crystal, clear and white;  
In music sweet my footsteps fall;  
Its roof's a floor of golden light,  
An ether-sphere, serene and pure,  
In its own radiance far too bright  
For my thought's vision to endure,

"Brother," a radiant maiden says,  
On whose bright head a glory plays,

"The mighty secrets of the art  
Of Him who built the universe  
Shall here be shown to thee in part."

Again I hear that Orphic verse:  
Man is the Lord of all below;  
Through man God's thoughts, outworking, flow."

The shining Maiden says to me,  
    Spirit, concenter all thy thought,  
And thou shalt see it visibly  
Before thine eyes outwrought."

Up, like an eagle to the sun,  
My spirit rises to God's throne.  
I think of God! my thought becomes a zone  
Of seven-fold light. All glorious, throned therein,  
Shine pictures of immortal seraphim.  
Thus rapt Ezekiel once, by Chebar's bank,  
The cup of inspiration inly drank,  
And the great chariot-wheels of God swept by,  
Pervaded by the life of Deity.

    I see a Form,—I inly see,—  
    Seated upon a diamond globe,  
    Wearing creation like a robe,  
    And like a statue, that great thought  
    Into electric form is wrought.

Again I think. I form a sun  
Of thought within my inmost mind  
Electric rays together run—  
In outward space my thought I find.  
I see a golden orb that burns,  
Kindled from out the morning urns;  
And on my vision while I gaze  
That sun in living radiance plays.

I think again: I think of one  
Who loved me dearly long ago,  
But vanished into worlds unknown,  
While into dust her form was thrown.  
Beneath the winter snow.

My inward thought becomes a shape:  
Exterior form I see it take;  
A form of matron beauty pale,  
Robed in a shining glory-vail,  
While love, amid her azure eyes,  
Shines from Love's inward paradise.

"'Tis thus the Mind outworks in space;  
And image-forms of light and grace  
Creates amid the spherul air.—  
This truth, O Man, to earth declare  
A spiritual voice says loud.

My head, obedient, thrice is bowed.  
"Twas by this power the Saviour fed  
Three thousand with five loaves of bread  
And changed, through truth of love divine,  
The water to innocuous wine.  
The power of thought, outborn of love,  
Superior is to outward dust,  
For matter is but shining rust,  
And Mind is throned its forms above.

"Thy world again shall wonders see—  
The New Creation yet to be  
Electric steeds shall paw the air,  
Electric chariots angels bear;  
Electric ships outsail from heaven,  
By an interior will-power driven.  
Electric cannon yet shall pour  
    Their fiery charge, and change the fate  
    Of lands predestined to a great  
    Free destiny of yore.  
Electric lions, beautiful,  
Shall seek on lower earth their kind,  
And magnetize with power of mind  
    Their earthly mates, till they fulfill  
    The ancient prophecy, grow mild  
    And dally with the unweaned child.  
The firmament shall all become

A spiritual pantheon,  
And every spirit good and great,  
Appear therein with sovereign state.  
No outward language can express  
The joys that then the world shall bless  
But what the lips refuse to tell  
The heart shall feel. All, all is well!"

---

Only, O man, as thou art free  
From pride, and lust, and bigotry;  
Inspired with heavenly charity,  
Can this deliverance come for thee.

Only, O man, as thou dost cease  
Thy civic feuds, and live in peace,  
And give unto the poor release;

Only as thou abjurest self,  
Lovest thy Brother more than pelf,  
And drivest out the impish elf,

Sectarian pride, from all thy heart,  
Canst thou have place, or lot, or part  
Within the Heaven-created mart

Of angel love and angel bliss;

And when thy bosom findeth this  
Thy lips shall feel the Spirit's kiss.

"Love God and man!" This ancient creed  
Must be outwrought in daily deed,  
Or thou art helpless in thy need.

Love God in man. He asks no more.  
He only doth his God adore  
Who loves his brother evermore.

In love all things begin and end;  
Through love man doth to God ascend,  
And talk with him as friend with friend.

Love stands to ope the Morning gates,  
Whence shall descend Angelic Fates—  
The Genii of Fraternal States.

Love lifts her angel-finger high;  
And as she points, the brightening sky  
Kindles with Immortality.

Love hath one mighty end in view—  
'Tis this: God's Eden to renew,  
And make all things divinely new.

And Love shall conquer at the last;



Evil shall vanish like a blast,  
And the disasters of the Past,

Like death-clouds from an Angel Soul,  
Depart; and Love shall all control,  
And Earth itself toward the goal  
Of highest heaven forever roll.

---

Man is the true Republic. Earth shall see  
A New Democracy,  
A New Theocracy,  
The Priesthood of the Free!  
Inspired Lawgivers rise,  
And from sublimer skies  
Receive interior wisdom, and create  
The Universal State;  
And the old Dynasties,  
Like dead Behemoth, petrify.  
All forms of Moral Evil die.  
All equities in heaven originate,  
From Heaven descends the Universal State.

Oh, Earth! there doth even now for thee await  
A fierce, red conflagration, that shall sweep  
All forms of wrong like sparks into the deep.

Thy Robber Titans, Earth, who build on high  
The impious Babylon of Slavery,  
Seeking to 'scape the approaching flood, shall be  
Scattered; their very foot-prints none shall see.  
The flowers of love and liberty shall bloom  
    On their forgotten tomb.

Archangels shall assume electric forms,  
And shine from heaven above the Battle-storms,  
And magnetize the Hosts with charity.  
The banner of divine Equality,  
    High in the heavens unfurled,  
Shall wave above a liberated world.

Men shall be Christians then, in word and act,  
Pledging each other in the solemn pact  
    Of Brotherhood and Right.  
    On every mountain height  
Colossal Images of Truth and Love,  
And Faith and Charity, shall point above  
With angel-finger.

    Man no more shall veil  
His freeborn thought, or bow with visage pale,  
And knees that knock together, when the  
Priest of Rome or Oxford dictates.

    The great beast  
Of Calvinism, born from out the sea

Of the Dark Ages and their tyranny,  
Shall shrink into a spectral cloud, and pass  
From earth like vapor from a burning-glass.  
And the Imperial Harlot of the Earth,  
From whose accursed womb all hideous shapes have birth,  
Of dogma, creed, and mind-oppressing rite,  
Shall veil her face in the last cloud of night—  
    Fall from her seven-hilled throne,  
And her unburied body disappear.  
Then shall arise the glorious Christian Rome,  
    And Liberty renew her Pantheon!  
Sublimely then each Martyr reappear  
    From his Supernal Sphere.  
Then the Free Earth shall bury Antichrist,  
And celebrate the great, fraternal feast  
Where now red Cardinals like adders coil  
    On the Italian soil.

---

So long as human lips remain unfed,  
Men starve their Christ for lack of coarsest bread  
Where'er a single bondsman fettered stands,  
Men chain their Christ and bind their Saviour's hands.  
Where'er a single Orphan inly dies,  
Or grows embruted in their factories,  
Like old King Herod they again condemn  
To death the infant Lord of Bethlehem.

And when they spurn the outcast from their doors,  
While the thick darkness sweeps along the plain,  
They drive out Christ into the storm and rain,  
Frozen, to perish on the barren moors.

Great, wealthy Churches, yet a little while  
Your wealth, amassed by fraud, retained by guile,  
Shall burn within you and around you roll  
With flaming billows of avenging fire;  
While the Eternal Soul  
Of Christ shall summon all the hungry poor  
Whom ye have driven with curses from your door,  
And ye yourselves expire.

Old Frauds shall come to light, and witnesses,  
Long buried in the dungeons or the seas,  
Shall speak out audibly.—  
Great names that now  
Stand loftily and proud with laureled brow,  
Shall shrivel as a parchment cast in flames.

White bands shall then grow red with bloody stains,  
And gaudy dames of fashion, who have driven  
Up the broad carriage-road to Fancy's heaven,  
Shall by the world be known for what they are.  
Their pomps and vanities to dust returning,  
Their robes of state in flames electric burning,

Shall leave them naked, and reveal the sear  
Pride left, when from the cold yet quivering breast  
He tore out Heart, stole all the bosom loves,

And filled with adders foul their rifled nest.  
From every Bigot's breast in that great day  
A visible serpent shall spring forth and strike  
At every thing that glistens fair and white;  
And lizards in his rancorous throat shall play.  
And Statesmen, choked with their own falsehoods, die  
Like Judas, inasmuch as they like him  
Have sold their Christ, betraying Liberty.

Eyes with the bitter tears of misery dim  
Shall weep no more. The Saviour of the  
Poor Shall visibly stand, bowing His sacred head  
Beneath the rafters of the lowliest shed,  
And kiss the pallid lips of agony,  
And smooth the wrinkles of the furrowed brow;—  
I thank thee, Lord, thou comest—here and now!

'Tis all in vain  
To fetter Freedom in the Saviour's name  
He cometh to release  
Earth's captives, and to bring eternal peace.

This is the judgment. Evil builds its tomb

And wraps itself in fiery robes of doom.  
 Evil is like a scorpion—vainly tries  
 Truth to destroy—and stings itself, and dies.

God leaves the Sects like wolves to eat each other;  
 Each Sectary sees in wolf-like shape his brother,  
 And hunts him to the death, and laps his blood,  
 And grows delirious from that human food,  
 Drives his own fangs in his own poisoned veins,  
 And his own life-blood drains.

Evil subsists in ceaseless strife and hate;  
 This is its final fate:  
 Left to itself it shall at last expire  
 Like fire that meeteth fire.

---

'Tis but a little while,  
 And earth again like Paradise shall smile  
 All things must ultimate in good at last,  
 Freedom, and Truth, and Love their glory cast  
 On happy Earth, the fair and love-born child  
 On whose new birth Heaven like a mother smiled.

---

Man, dignified, ennobled, lifted high,  
 And reunited with Humanity,

Shall glow with Rafaele tints in mind and face,  
And vie with Angels in the upward race;  
Think through his heart, and through his bosom see,  
And breathe from heaven the breath of charity  
And his white-thoughted intellect be made  
A crystal glass, wherein shall be displayed  
The reflex image of divine abodes.  
Ancient Parnassus with its mythic gods  
Shall be transcended on the natural earth  
And man's interior worth  
Exterior form and hue shall take, and fold  
His soul in shape more grand than those of old  
That Phidias sculptured, or that Horner sang,  
When the twelve cities with the paeon rang.

All the old legends shall be verified.  
In man such vital influence reside,  
That herbs of meanest look touched by his hand  
Into auroral blossom shall expand.  
And the coiled serpent, quickened by his power,  
Become a winged globe, a spiral flower,  
An animated beauty-form, whose flight  
Shall be like some fair meteor through the night;  
His hiss be changed to tones like any flute,  
And heard through air like an AEolian lute  
Distilling liquid cadence; and his tongue,  
Poisoned no more, shall be to children young

A lovely flame-flower. He shall lick their hands,  
And dwell with doves conjoined in circling bands.

Matter itself shall be renewed with all  
Celestial powers. The dark, earthly ball,  
Like an immortal heart, shall thrill with life  
And love, which is life manifest. The strife  
Of hostile elements, the slow decay  
Of Races, wearing by degrees away,  
Shall terminate, and all the Nations then,  
Like highest heaven's harmonic angel-men,  
Unfold forever, till at last they rise  
Together from the earth into the skies.

Genius shall then pertain to all mankind,  
And inspiration thrill Each human heart and will,  
And Deity pervade the common mind;  
Earth speak from out its depths in harmony,  
And through the tidal pulses of the sea  
Her inward melody  
Outbreathe.

Then Earth shall say unto the stars  
"Listen, bright myriads, unto you I call!"  
And the Star-Spirits, from their diamond hall,  
Shall loving answer Earth; and all the scars



Of desolation, all the accursed Past,  
From her untroubled spirit fade at last.  
Then with their crowns of fire  
The Planetary Choir  
Shall circle with the Earth in music sweet;  
And Earth, with new-found tongue,  
Join their immortal song,  
And the grand solar orchestra complete.

## Part Fifteen.

SCENE.—The Sea of Glass, mingled with Fire, seen anciently  
in Vision by St. John.

I SEE an Angel, holding in his hand  
A mighty volume with a seven-fold seal.  
He touches, and the radiant leaves expand,  
And music from it, like a thunder-peal  
Awful in grandeur, penetrates my breast.

I wake, and oh, how blest!

My spirit rises to a spirit-sphere  
Whose crystal floor is interfused with fire;  
Immortal harpers gloriously appear,  
Each calling music from a heart-shaped lyre,  
All circling round a shrine,  
Filled with ineffable light from One Divine.

Out from the shrine come thunderings and voices  
Whereat the Angel-host, as one, rejoices.

Hark! hark! I hear them sing,  
"Prepare, O Earth, prepare to greet thy King!"

In that great Book I see a vision shine:  
A Spirit, with a countenance divine,  
Touching a planet with a golden rod.  
That orb is earth—that form divine is God!  
A seven-fold shaft of elemental light  
Flows downward from the face of Deity;  
Earth feels the Spirit of the Infinite.  
I view the darkness fade from land and sea.

Earth, Lazarus-like, lay buried, but One spoke  
And said, "Arise!"

Then the last morning broke.  
Earth wears her graveclothes yet—the outward forms  
Of sect and party.

O'er her head the storms  
Are parting. A great rainbow shines above;  
Thereon, entranced, I read,  
Effulgent, the inscription, "God is Love!"

Archangel hands unloose, O Earth, thy shroud;  
Archangel forms shine from beyond the cloud.  
A moment, and Earth shall be free indeed.

## Part Sixteen.

SCENE.—The Planet Mercury, and the Spiritual Paradise by  
which it is inclosed

ON the orb Mercury are gems which are  
Thought-magnets, as the needle on its bar  
Points to the region of the Northern Star;

And as the Spirit flies to its own place  
Where Angels, clothed upon with heavenly grace,  
Move with it in the everlasting race;

The magnet being God's throne, the Spirit Sun,  
Whereto all Angels in affection run,  
And where all varying heavens converge in one;

So on this Planet pure all minds incline  
To crystal magnets, which from Power Divine  
Have virtue in their substance crystalline,

To trance the nature in celestial bliss.  
That Mighty Angel saith to me, "Take this,"  
And places in my hand a gem that is

A seven-fold crystal. Now it melts into  
My hand; now to my heart, as heavenly dew  
Melts in a flower—I feel my life renew.

Pure, diamond thoughts, like crystals, through me flow.  
The River of Heaven, whose waves reflect the glow  
Of God's own brightness wheresoe'er they go,

In spherical music undulates through me.  
The air is filled with Angels, and I see  
A crystal dome, outpicturing gloriously

All forms, all images. It is a dome  
Whose outer concave is the radiant home  
Of Spirits who from Mercury have gone.

It clasps their Planet. 'Tis a hollow sphere,  
And from it, mirrored in the water clear,  
And breathed in sweetest sound, I see and hear

The splendors and the melodies that bless  
That Upper Home with joy and tenderness.  
Angels have human hearts, and they caress

Each other, and each angel-maid is fair  
And sits in heaven's transparence.

Happy pair,  
Descending from your crystal realm of air,

Tell me, I pray, the nature of that state  
Wherein ye dwell? What influence doth create  
The vastness of your empire, wise and great?

Slowly assembling in the air, I see  
A flock of strange, bright birds; the crystal sea  
Of ether vibrates with their melody.

And now the Youth and Maiden on me turn  
Their deep impassioned eyes, that glow and burn  
With love so pure, I feel my spirit yearn

With aspirations for a life Divine.  
Now their full, blended souls inflow through mine.  
My pulses thrill with music as with wine.

I hear them sing, and as they sing, their words  
Like shining particles transform to birds,  
And every bird in shape and song accords

With the interior melody they sing;  
These birds fly forth, in rapture caroling,  
And sweep around with rapid, radiant wing,

And then dissolve like music notes, and pass  
Like sunbeams through the crystal air.

Alas!

The vision ends. The angel takes the glass.

My hand grows paralyzed. I feel as one  
Who sees the full-orbed splendor of the sun  
Eclipse and vanish, just as day's begun.

The Angel opes his lips;  
My soul arises from its deep eclipse.  
"Brother," he says, "incorporate this truth  
Into thy mental nature's warp and woof.  
Stretch forth thy hand!"

He reaches out to me  
The gem-like stone again, and tenderly  
Speaks On—"That stone a talisman shall be,

"Which thou shalt wear when thou to Earth returnest.  
So long as thou in inmost being yearnest,  
So long as thou in aspiration burnest

"To be thyself an Angel, sweet and wise,  
That talisman shall keep thee from surprise,  
And every morn thou'lt see, with spirit-eyes,

"Our planet; and thy inmost heart shall quiver

With solemn harmony, and like a river  
Immortal Wisdom through thee flow forever.

"And when thou feelest it within thy palm,  
Upon thy spirit shall descend a calm,  
Deep influence, thy weary soul to balm

In precious odors."

Here the Angel smiles—  
Pauses—and I arise above the Isles;  
And the fair planet for two thousand miles

In panoramic loveliness outspread Beneath me lies.  
All glorious overhead  
Its spiritual Paradise appears.

Be still, my foolish heart, away thy fears,—  
Thy dreading to return  
Into the outer form.  
Remember thou hast unto heaven arisen,  
And shalt arise again.  
Thou bearest in thy hand a precious gem.

Farewell! farewell!  
Blest homes, where Beings dwell  
Without mistrust, or selfishness, or hate!—  
I to my form return, and to its fate.





## APPENDIX .

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### Appendix—A.

AT the sitting on the morning of the thirteenth day, the intelligence which inspired the Poem signified its willingness to answer any questions which S. B. Brittan might be pleased to propound, respecting its origin and the manner of its production. Accordingly, on Friday morning, 9th inst—the day after the Poem was finished—we submitted a number of interrogatories, which were promptly and appropriately answered. The record of this interview will most clearly exhibit the singular claims of this remarkable Poem, and for this reason, especially, we append it to this volume.

Mr. Harris being entranced at the residence of Charles Partridge and in his presence, at No. 26 West Fifteenth Street, on the morning of Dec. 9th, 1853, an interview, of which the following is a faithful record, occurred between S. B. Brittan and the intelligence which communicated the Poem entitled "An Epic of the Starry Heaven."

QUESTION 1. Has the Spirit or Mr. Harris been separated from the body at any time during the delivery of the Poem? If the answer be in the affirmative, when? how often? and how long?

ANSWER. As to internals, yes; though he will be the last

person to believe it. His inmost was actually attracted from the physical structure. He was absent, commencing at that period at which he is represented as rising to the seventh sphere of this planet, in the first part of the Poem.

Arrangements were made for the projection of the poems into externals in the month of March, 1850. We desire, from the interior, to give a record of an occurrence which transpired in this city at that time. He was then residing in Second Street. The house was visited by certain Spirits, some of whom were members of the society of a poet's heaven (Spirits in whom the lyrical element largely predominates dwell together in lyrical societies). A certain Spirit, who resides in the intuitive region of the heaven of Spirits, and toward the sun, placed him in a trance condition, between the hours of ten and eleven in the evening, at a time when he was still in the state which you call wakefulness, and appeared standing before him, holding in his hand a scaled book, having seven seals, Having succeeded in producing the trance state, he was permitted to view several pages of this work; though he retained a consciousness of one only. This page appeared to him an illuminated landscape, divided into three planes. It was, however, in reality a cosmical diagram. He will himself, in his external state, give a description of it as it appeared to him at that time.\*

The Spirit in question then proceeded to show him a series of books, which, however, in his external condition, he recollected simply as minute hieroglyphical figures, and the Spirit, addressing himself to the internal mind of the medium, pointed to the first of these hieroglyphs—that being the present Poem—and said to him, "Do you comprehend that with all your attainments you have not advanced to the wisdom contained in this?" This question was asked of him as a test for the purpose

\* See Appendix B.

of affording a demonstration of his interior capacity to receive the truth, as knowledge begins in humility. He answered in a childlike manner, after hesitating for a fraction of a moment, "Yes, I do;" and the Spirit said to him, "Be faithful and obedient, and in four years this volume shall be open to you." Be was immediately attracted out into his ordinary state, and imagined that this vision was a dream, and that he was still dreaming. In order to rivet the impression on his mind, the Spirit caused him to resort to a variety of methods to convince himself that he was still in a waking state until he became satisfied. He was then instantly entranced a second and third time, and the vision and the promise, together with the inquiry, were twice repeated, and after each vision he was again restored to the external condition. This was done for the purpose of impressing his mind in the most absolute manner with the reality of the visitation. The present work is given as an introduction to the fulfillment of the promise given at that time, and will be succeeded by others.

Q. 2. When the Spirit left the form, was it necessary for some Spirit from the superior spheres to enter the body, or by some other mode to establish intimate relations with the organism, in order to keep up the vital action?

A. Positive Life inflowed, infusing an active Nature-principle.

Q. 3. Please explain the mode whereby the medium's Spirit was released, and the process by which the communicating intelligence possesses and controls his bodily organs.

A. A Spirit is released by rising above the body. The powers of the Spirit-world, which are brought to bear on the Spirit in the form, are so far superior to all corporeal restraints and earthly attractions as to withdraw the Spirit; but when those Spiritual forces are diverted or withheld, the entranced one yields to sublunary attractions, and returns again to the form.

The inspiring Spirit stands in the Sun-sphere. While the

Spirit of the medium is in the body, he is to that body as the sun to its planetary organization; but when he leaves his body and rises to the Sun-sphere himself, the society of Spirits into whose midst he rises become for the time being the sun of his body, and their will-forces flow down into its ultimates, and the organs are passive to their control; they can not change the organic peculiarities, but must operate through the medium according to existing organic conditions.

Q. 4. Did Mr. Harris, in Spirit, actually visit the planets, and were the localities and scenes described in the Poem disclosed to his interior vision as objective realities?

A. Spirits who stand in the Sun-sphere perceive by means of an odic emanation from the sun. They become negative at times to other suns, and leaving odylic forms, traverse with inconceivable rapidity the region to which they may be attracted, entering into any given solar system. For the moment they are drawn into *rapport* with the intellect-spheres of the inhabited planets; they are attracted, according to a divine law, to those terrestrial habitations from which they may derive increased vigor. By this means their interiors undergo a continuous expansion, and they become instructed. Planets are sub-centers of attraction, and suns are centers.

Q. 5. Did the general influence of the sphere to which the medium was transported awaken germs of images already latent in the mind?

A. The ideas descended into the mind from the individual localities to which he was intromitted, attracted to themselves a verbal embodiment in the seminal chambers of the brain, and were thence projected into speech.

Q. 6. Mr. Harris speaks or having been conscious of a mysterious musical action within him for some time before the delivery of the Poem and during its production. Will the Spirits please explain the *modus operandi* whereby these internal phenomena were produced?

A. All stages of mental development, like the growth of plants, crystals, physical organizations, solar systems, spheres,

and the universe itself, save when dissonances intervene, are attended with melody. Every flower speaks through its pores; all things that live utter speech according to their kind. The internals of this medium have been unfolded through a stream of influx centered in the solar plexus, and the internals through all the spiritual nerves have been constantly vibrated, causing sentient harmony. Laterly, a beloved Spirit, who on earth was known as a composer of music, has fulfilled an important function in connection with his development. This Spirit and his friends have frequently executed airs and symphonies, mainly of an instrumental character, attended, however, with vocalization, and he has sensed this music, though seldom, with much distinctness. He is now to pass more fully into this region of instrumental harmony.

Q. 7. What was the name of the musical composer referred to in the answer to the preceding question?

A. It was ——.

[The name was communicated, but we are not permitted to announce it publicly.]

Q. 8. What name did the Spirits bear while on earth, which Mr. Harris saw during his first sitting?

A. He saw Dante and Petrarch. Companies of Spirits have also gathered to witness the delivery of the Poem, as an interesting objective phenomenon.

Q. 9. Will the Spirits impart to us a more definite Idea respecting the nature of the talisman given to Mr. Harris on his final return to the external sphere?

A. It was what we call a *sun-stone*. It is occult. There is, however, a constant magnetic relation and *rapport* established between his nervous organization and the plane of Mercury in the sun-sphere, by means of it. These terms will be unintelligible to him in the external, and to most others.

Q. 10. Will the Spirits append any explanatory notes to this Poem?

A. No: but the parties present may supply them, if any are deemed to be necessary.

## Appendix—B.

In the month of March, 1850, about ten o'clock in the evening, the circumstance which I am about to narrate occurred, and though it may affect the reader with incredulity, I am nevertheless impressed to commit it to the world.

During the day I had been in a singularly calm and harmonious frame of mind, a state equally removed from exhilaration and depression, and characterized by profound peace. In this state I retired to my sleeping chamber at an early hour, not in a somnolent but rather in a quiet and meditative condition. Having entered my room, I became first of all conscious of a soft white luster, different at once from the ordinary gas-light and from the solar ray, and this light appeared equally diffused throughout the room into which I had entered and the room which I had left. In a moment I was sensible of a mild and tranquil influence, which operated powerfully both upon the cerebral and cardiacal systems, and caused me to feel as if my organism were pervaded by the most exquisite harmony.

I was now impressed to look up, and saw, without any astonishment or without losing in any degree this delightful calmness, a tall and majestic Spirit, apparently in the perfection of manhood. His brow was high and massive, his eyes were of a dark-blue color, his hands delicate and with taper fingers, his lips wearing an expression of childlike sweetness, combined with the strength and vigor of a most positive mind. His person was attired in a garment shaped like the Roman toga. Its color was white, as if woven from a fleece of a silver hue. Upon his brow was a fillet composed of flowers of the lily, and the leaves of the olive and the vine, the flowers gold, and the leaves dark, glossy green.

This Spirit stood before me holding in his right hand a small

book, which appeared to be bound in the ancient Gothic style, and clasped with a seven-fold seal]. Without saying a word he proceeded to open the book, which I at once perceived from its peculiar appearance to be a depository of divine truth and wisdom: for the leaves were white as snow, and the pages appeared to expand as my vision rested on them, till each appeared of a folio size.

I saw the Spirit turn over these leaves with considerable rapidity, as if he were looking for a particular page, and as he turned them I saw that each was illuminated, somewhat after, the manner of an ancient missal, and that exquisite designs, tinted with prismatic colors glittered from every one. I was, unable, however, from the rapidity with which they were turned, to distinguish more than a general and exquisite harmony of tone and outline, without being able to perceive their specific character.

At last the Angel, for so I am impressed to style him, appeared to have turned to the page which he had in view, and the book was widely opened, and the leaf turned directly to my sight. I know not how to describe it. I can say much, but still many of the objects which I perceived in it will be left undescribed.

Upon a leaf which expanded and deepened as I gazed, I saw a paradisiacal city, and the appearance of a world vast and glorious, and exhibiting every variety of scenery, from the most quiet and ethereal to the most grand. The foreground was occupied by groups of human figures clad in robes of purple, violet, and white, but the prevailing hue was purple, shaded with gold. The foliage, the flowers, the tall and stately trees, the gigantic vines that rose above their columns, were apparently tropical in their nature, and characterized by extreme luxuriance of leaf and blossom, by massive strength, and by the most splendid yet harmonized coloring.

The sky which seemed to bend over the scene was of a



delicate wine color, and above it an intense golden light shone from a point in the zenith, and yet above it. This effulgence seemed *living*, and the splendid forms of animated nature below seemed to be merely its receptacles. I observed that all this light appeared to emanate from a sun-like form which revolved with inconceivable rapidity, and in that sun appeared a hieroglyph which denoted the presence of the Lord. Upon the upper surfaces of the clouds or nebula which floated in the firmament above the landscape, and below this Spiritual Sun, appeared silver globes, each of which seemed ascending toward the sun itself, and these globes appeared each to be intelligent.

Below this magnificent vision, at the lower portion of the page, appeared two lines of hieroglyphs, in all numbering perhaps two hundred. Each of these appeared formed of a winding series of involved lines, and each exhibited the prismatic colors, though in various degrees of brilliancy. On inspecting them more minutely, I perceived that these were all emanations of the Spiritual Sun, and that minute vortices of rays were involved in each, so that each was an ultimate expression of that Original and Creative Brightness. I saw, however, that these rays were of the same nature as the substance of the various human and natural objects of the vast landscape and city extended through the center of the page.

While I was contemplating the picture, the Angel spoke in a voice full of expression, and said: "Do you perceive that all the knowledge which hitherto you have attained to, is far exceeded by the wisdom contained in the first and most minute of those hieroglyphs?" The effect of his address was to produce a more interior illumination of intellect, and I perceived, and at once answered in the affirmative.

At this the Angel smiled in a serious way, and said, with increased and even with paternal gentleness. "Be faithful and obedient, and in four years this volume all shall be opened to

you." Saying this he closed the book, and immediately became invisible.

I found myself at once in a state of external consciousness, fully roused, yet with my mind filled with the vision, and could not be persuaded but that I must have been dreaming. I resorted at once to several modes of convincing myself that I was in a waking state, and that I was not spell-bound. In a moment I felt confident that I was in my usual condition, and no sooner was I satisfied on this point than again the Angel stood before me and talked with me, repeating the identical vision, and closing with the same interrogation and promise. I again resorted to ail possible experiments to prove to myself that this was an actual waking experience, and when I had done this the Angel appeared a third time and said, "Are you satisfied?" I replied that I was fully; at this he again opened the volume, turned to the same page, asked me the same question, made me the same promise, and disappeared.

## Appendix—C.

The "EPIC OF THE STARRY HEAVEN" Was chiefly dictated at the residence of Mr. Charles Partridge, No. 26 West Fifteenth Street. As it may be of interest to the reader to have all the facts connected with its production, the following statement, embodying the places at which the several sittings occurred, the dates, names of the witnesses etc., is subjoined.

Mr. Partridge, by particular request, acted as amanuensis during the delivery of the entire Poem, except the portion given at Brooklyn, on occasion of the first sitting, when Mr. Leavitt served in that capacity.

FIRST SITTING.—Thomas L. Harris was at the residence of Dr. Isaac Harrington, in Brooklyn, L. I., on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 24th, 1853, when he was unexpectedly entranced by the agency of Spirits, as was believed, and in the presence of Mrs. Harrington and Mr. Leavitt commenced the delivery of the Poem entitled as above.

SECOND SITTING.—Friday evening, Nov. 25th, the delivery of the Poem was continued at the residence of Charles Partridge, in presence of himself and other members of his family.

THIRD SITTING.—Saturday evening, Nov. 26th, occurred at the same place, Mr. Partridge alone being present.

FOURTH SITTING.—Monday evening, Nov. 28th, present Mr. and Mrs. Partridge.

FIFTH SITTING.—Tuesday, Nov. 29th, present Charles Partridge.

SIXTH SITTING.—Wednesday morning, Nov. 30th, the Preface was given.

SEVENTH SITTING.—Wednesday evening, Nov. 30th, the

interview occurred at the house of C. P.; present, Dr. J. R. Orton, S. B. Brittan, Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, and their son.

EIGHTH SITTING.—Thursday morning, Dec. 1st, Mr. Harris continued the delivery of the Poem at the same place, in the presence of C. P.

NINTH SITTING.—On the evening of the same day the interview occurred as above.

TENTH SITTING.—Friday morning, Dec. 2d, the delivery of the Poem was continued at 56 St. Mark's Place, Mrs. Merwin, her mother, and C. P. being present.

ELEVENTH SITTING.—Friday evening the seance occurred, at 26 West Fifteenth Street; present, Dr. Orton, Dr. Frisbee, H. Hebbard, Mr. and Mrs. Merwin, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Stuart, and John Stuart.

TWELFTH SITTING.—Saturday morning, Dec. 3d, C. P. and Isaac C. Pray were present.

THIRTEENTH SITTING.—Continued at the usual place, in the presence of C. P. and L. Leavitt.

FOURTEENTH SITTING.—Sunday morning, Dec. 4th, no witnesses present except C. P.

FIFTEENTH SITTING.—Occurred on the evening of the same day at the usual place; present C. P. and A. S. Gibbs.

SIXTEENTH SITTING.—Monday morning Dec. 5th, there was no one present but C. P.

SEVENTEENTH SITTING.—Monday evening, Mr. Harris continued the delivery of his grand Epic at the house of C. P., on which occasion Dr. R. T. Hallock and Rev. Mr. Calthorpe were present.

EIGHTEENTH SITTING.—Tuesday morning, Dec. 6th, present C. P.

NINETEENTH SITTING.—Tuesday evening (same day), no additional witnesses present.

TWENTIETH SITTING.—Wednesday morning, Dec. 7th, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partridge and S. B. Brittan were present.

TWENTY-FIRST SITTING.—On the evening of the same day the Poem was continued in presence of the following-named persons: Mr. and Mrs. Merwin, S. B. Britten, Dr. R. T. Hallock, William Fishbough, Prof. Mapes, Dr. L. T. Warner, C. D. Stuart, Dr. J. F. Gray, D. McMahon, jr., Isaac C. Pray, Michael Burke, and Henry Stebbins.

TWENTY-SECOND SITTING.—Thursday morning, Dec. 8th, the Poem was concluded at the house of Charles Partridge, no other witnesses being present on the occasion.

It Was at the close of the session on Wednesday morning, Dec. 7th, that S. B. Brittan was requested to write the general Introduction, which, together with Appendix A and C, was accordingly furnished by the party named.

Note.—It was originally stated in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH that the time employed in delivering the "Epic of the Starry Heaven" was thirty hours and thirty minutes; but on a careful examination of the original manuscripts, it was found that this statement was erroneous, and that the actual time was but *twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes*, as stated in the Introduction.

S. B. B.