



G5622

MARGATE.

DEAR GERTRUDE,—

As you press me so earnestly, to tell you my thoughts on religious and social questions, and as I think that some of my ideas may console you in your deep, deep sorrow, and even prove to you, perhaps, the source of returning joy and strength, I will endeavour, as I best can, to comply with your request. The task you have set me will be a delightful one, I assure you, probably not only enabling me to see more clearly what is at present but dim and shadowy, but, perchance, opening the way to more light beyond; for the logical expression of our ideas conducts ever to new ideas, as the Seen is ever suggestive of the Unseen.

First among your inquiries is, what do I think of Marriage? Do I believe it to be a great spiritual and eternal reality, or merely a conventional contract, which death puts an end to and the civil law can annul?

“Who would not see bridal rose
In the angel gardens ope?
Who would not love deathlessly?
Love is long,
Love is strong,
Heaven is Love's eternity;
Love is wise,
Walks the skies,
Beautiful immortally.”

Dearest Gertrude, from my earliest girlhood I have ever clung to the belief—wild, shadowy, and incomprehensible as

it long appeared to me—that marriage is a spiritual reality, a joy and a blessedness for ever.

But before proceeding further on this point, let me tell you my thoughts of God, of the human soul, and of the relationship which exists between them.

To borrow the expressions of Swedenborg, I conceive the soul to consist of, as it were, two organs—"the will" and "the understanding"—organs constantly in reception of sentiments and ideas: of selfish sentiments and their corresponding erroneous ideas, arising upwards out of our animal nature; and of disinterested sentiments and their corresponding true ideas, flowing in upon us from above, even from the infinite love and the infinite intelligence of the motherhood and the fatherhood of God.

God is the only being; the soul is but a form, receptive of divinity, and capable, through virtuous action, of rising upwards, and ever upwards, through beatitude, towards the eternally Unapproachable and Inexhaustible. God is the only being. All spiritual creatures may be wise and loving, but God alone is love and wisdom; all spiritual creatures may be beautiful, but God alone is beauty. Oh! what is beauty? Is it an existence or but a name? It is the harmony of love and wisdom. It is the marriage of God. It is the veil before the Holy of Holies. It is the blissful medium of Divinity for evolving love and light to angel and to man.

"Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

I have often spoken to you, dear Gertrude, of what I conceived to be the triune nature of God; but a deeper study of the subject has illumed and rearranged my views. Let

me, therefore, explain, that although I am conscious, as formerly, of three distinct yet inseparable sentiments and ideas—the sentiment and idea of the good, the sentiment and idea of the beautiful, and the sentiment and idea of the true—I now perceive the sentiment and idea of the good, and the sentiment and idea of the true, to be sentiments and ideas of two divine elements or first principles of the one existence—God; while the sentiment and idea of the beautiful I perceive to be a sentiment and idea, not of a third divine element or first principle, but of the Divine Marriage, or eternal inseparability of divine goodness and divine truth; as effect to cause, as ideal to real, so is beauty to love and wisdom, even “the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.”

Astomy ideas respecting Society—the relationship of man to man—I find it most reasonable to believe there was but one primal pair, as in this case the whole human race is indissolubly linked together by the adamantine chains of consanguinity and spiritual affinity, whose omnipotent influences in the glorious future which, by the grace of Heaven, we will win, will be most loyally asserted.

And as regards marriage, by which I would express the spiritual union of one to one, and of one to one only and for ever, conceiving it, as I do, to be a fact in God, I hold it to be a fact also in every human soul. But, apart from arguments educed from the conception of marriage as a divine fact, if God created but one man and one woman, does it not follow indisputably that not only is one husband or wife at a time of divine appointment, but that one husband or wife ever is of divine appointment also? For in case of the death of either of our first parents, with whom could either of them have been conjugally united, no one being in existence but

their own children? And, further, if God created but one man and one woman, does it seem at all unreasonable to believe that for each man and each woman throughout the world there is one divinely-ordained marriage, which true love should seek after, and having once found should cherish inviolate for ever?

“No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own.
 Responds as if, with unseen wings,
 An angel touched its quivering strings;
 And whispers, in its song,
 ‘Where hast thou stayed so long?’”

As regards the spirituality, the divine guarantee of the eternity of marriage, I believe woman to be the primal recipient of divine love, man of divine intelligence, and that the celestial and eternal marriage which all should aspire after, and which, when universal, will banish sorrow and suffering from the earth for ever, consists in the ceaseless blending and reciprocating between man and woman of these constant inundations from on high.

I believe divine love and divine intelligence to be indissoluble—that where one is not the other cannot be; so that only in the degree that each woman opens her heart, or, in other words, subdues her will, to the celestial influences of divine love, or to the holy spirit of disinterestedness, can an irradiance of divine intelligence penetrate and illuminate the understanding of him who is spiritually and eternally her divinely-affianced husband, and through whose error-enfranchised intellect is to emanate that supernal “knowledge

which is the wing on which together they shall soar to God!"

Swayed by the scriptural assertion that "in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage," there are those who deny emphatically the sex of soul.

But imagine the recognition of two sexless souls beyond the grave, who on this side had been man and woman. To the soul who had been man how contemptible for past effeminity must appear the soul who had been woman; and to the soul who had been woman how revolting for past masculinity must appear the soul who had been man. But admit the spirituality, and consequently the immortality, of sex, and, lo! where contempt would be, there is love; where revolt, worship!

Oh! who would relinquish for immortality the charming contrast of sex? Who would barter for heaven the bliss it inspires? Hear Milton sing a song of Eve's in Paradise:—

' Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
 Or glittering starlight, without Thee, is sweet."

Oh! no; it cannot be that sex is carnal only; it is of the soul; not only is it human, but divine. And before its spirituality its carnality must wane, until divine love and divine intelligence, its eternal prototypes, in harmonic affiance throughout the spiritualised humanity of our sphere, shall be its only sign "on earth, as it is in heaven;" or, in the language of the poet,—

"Till oft converse with heavenly habitants,
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal. If this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble."

Thus, you see, my dear Gertrude, how fully I must sympathise with all the deep affection of your true, womanly nature; and how unwavering must be my faith, that your mourning will ultimately be turned into joy. But even whilst sorrow weighs upon you it is not altogether uncompensated, filling a heart so true and pure as yours, for what says one of our favourite poets?—

"Would'st thou see through the riddle of being
 Further than others can?
 Sorrow shall give thine eyes new lustre
 To simplify the plan.
 And love of God and thy kind shall aid thee
 To end what it began.
 To Love and Sorrow all Nature speaketh;
 If the riddle be read,
 They the best can see through darkness
 Each divergent thread
 Of its mazy texture, and discover
 Whence the ravel spread.

Love and sorrow are sympathetic
 With the earth and skies ;
 Their touch from the harp of Nature bringeth
 The hidden melodies.
 To them the eternal cords for ever
 Vibrate in harmonies !”

But to return to my theme.

It is still considered an open question, I believe, concerning free will and necessity. Now, according to my views, as you may have perceived, all that can be said for free will is true as regards woman, and all that can be said for necessity is true as regards man. So there may be more allegorical truth than Theists have been inclined to admit in the tale about Eve and the apple. And does it not account altogether for the seeming injustice current in the world of allowing the immorality of man to pass with less censure than that of woman ?

Unless admitting the pre-eminence of woman to man in the matter of freedom of volition, she must be acknowledged decidedly his inferior, for he is undoubtedly her equal in affection, and in intellect how incomparably her superior ! To all those women who know what it is really to love there is nothing dissonant to their nature in admitting their inferiority to those they love ; for, spiritually, their attitude is one of worship and total abnegation of self. But in the light of reason God is just, and He would not have created a being physically and mentally so helpless as is woman in the presence of man, without having endowed her with an inward strength, a power which, in the presence of her consort, should be her safeguard when in the right, and which would only abandon her to his oppression or to his righteous displeasure when in the wrong.

All this being true, as I feel so very sure it is, what a responsibility rests upon our sex—a responsibility which is at once our glory and our shame!

In deepest sorrow and humiliation for all the evil our unworthiness has wrought, may we evermore ceaselessly aspire after those celestial influences whose immaculate presence within our hearts will cause the dayspring of divine truth to arise upon our race, kindling it into angelic loveliness, and making earth scintillate with more than Eden's beauty, making it resonant of more than Eden's ecstatic joy!

“Order is Heaven's first law.”

I hold the order of humanity to be dual, in correspondence with divine love and divine wisdom, the two first principles or elements of Deity.

I, therefore, believe our First Mother to have given birth to two sons and two daughters, and, as the incontrovertible fact, that, through a necessity caused by God, brother wedded sister, in the family of our first parents, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, that such marriage was the holy one, the immaculate, and the true: I further believe the immaculate marriage relationship to have been marked by the divinely affianced wife and husband having been twins. Had man not fallen, these divinely-ordained relationships would have been enduring, each pair at divinely-appointed seasons giving existence to two pairs, in immaculate and symmetrical succession.

What harmonic families, communities, and nationalities unfurling everlastingly, individually, and collectively, and generation after generation bearing aloft the immortal banner of the divine duality in unity—the God-given symbol of the beautiful, eternally emerging from and evolving the

good and the true! But man did fall; spirituality waned; the fabled serpent, sensuality, gained the ascendant, and the divine marriage was violated—its laws desecrated and forgotten—until eventually all trace of it was lost amid the discord, confusion, and chaos that ensued, and which remains, alas! until this day.

But, dear, dear Gertrude, though desecrated, violated, and forgotten, this marriage spiritually exists; though profaned, it may become reconsecrated; though lost, it may be found! Priests cannot make it; the law cannot annul it; God alone is its author, and on His eternity doth it rest.

Must not Bessie Raynor Parkes have had a deep though transient feeling of much of this when she wrote the following lines, in her beautiful poem of "Gabriel"?

"Deep within my heart it slumbers,
All my verse will ne'er reveal;
I shall never sing in numbers
Half the passion that I feel.

Hidden in far founts of being,
The keen fire which thrills me lies,
Hidden, save for thy sweet seeing,
In the calmness of my eyes.

But it flows in subtle thrilling
Through my voice, and smile, and touch,
Gives a potence to my willing—
Wilt thou not confess as much?

Eye to eye a moment linking
Drew thy nature into mine,
Lip to lip a moment drinking
Measures of ethereal wine;

Voice with voice in untranslated
Music sweeter than a rhyme,
Heart with heart a moment mated,
Crown'd a love unborn of time.

Did I truly live, my dearest,
Ere I saw thee—truly live?
Yes, for thou no less wert nearest;
Time to us could only give

Outer tangible revealing
Of that love whereby we are;
So strikes light, the first faint feeling
Of a long-created star,

Shining with a silent beauty
Far in its appointed spot;
Swaying by inherent duty,
Us, although we knew it not.

Lo! thou wert in every shadow
Cast at noon upon the sea;
Each green sunlight of the meadow
Trembled from thy heart to me;

Every pain was some dim shiver
Of thy spirit caught by mine—
Thou no less the sharer, giver,
Of my love and life divine;

Double-wing'd my prayer ascended,
Double-thoughted strove my brain,
Soul to soul for ever tended—
Tell me if this kiss be gain!

If the deep heart's inmost passion,
Leaping from my lip to thee,
Hath no subtler sign to fashion
Each apart and silently."

To the question, "How shall I my true-love know from many another one?" I reply, "Seek, and ye shall find." "The eye, by long poring, comes to see even in the darkest corner." This I hold to be absolutely certain, that every divinely-affianced wife and husband must be of an exactly equal age (for how can one exist without the other?), and that they must bear precisely the same individual characteristics and mould of mind. "As each note in music echoes its diapason," so must each wife echo her husband's thought—each husband echo his wife's feeling.

If each woman is virtually heart to her husband's corresponding mind, each man virtually mind to his wife's corresponding heart, each must indissolubly inhere within the other; the seemingly two must be really one—one being, one individual, one indivisible and inseparable soul.

As no two particles of matter, however near their neighbourhood, ever touch, so no two human souls, however close their relationship, ever mingle. In the conjugal relationship alone is spiritual contact; for it is a relationship within the soul, whilst all others are relationships without it.

To the end that each man may rationally and unmistakably recognise his wife, each woman her husband, it is of first importance that all women as well as men should be earnest and unfettered thinkers; for if, in the case of any particular man, his divinely-affianced wife must be she whose thoughts always exactly echo his thoughts; and in the case of any particular woman, her divinely-affianced husband must be he whose thoughts always prove themselves to be the prototypes of her thoughts; how, in cases where a woman's thoughts are not her own, but the blindly accepted thoughts of others, by this test can she recognise her husband, or by him be recognised?

The feelings, as tests of conjugal relationship, can be only infallible guides to the perfectly unselfish; for the disinterested will always love the disinterested; but do the selfish affect the selfish? Do they not rather seek, for selfish purposes, alliance with those less selfish than themselves? But in a divinely-affianced pair the husband must necessarily reflect the feelings of his wife—must be selfish or unselfish in measure and manner as she.

Therefore, not only is disinterestedness a *sine quâ non* of conjugal recognition through the test of the affections, but only in the degree in which we are disinterested will alliance with the divinely-affianced one, when attained, become to us the heaven we dream, whether here or in the world beyond the grave.

Thus much, at present, towards the solution of this momentous question. But I believe all physical science to be overflowing with countless beautiful analogies, which wait but the glance of mind, fresh from the baptism of a diviner chastity, humility, and love, to become divinely eloquent of the science of humanity, and to resolve their hieroglyphics into moral revelations from the Most High.

And it could not, surely, be very difficult, through the combined efforts of the historian, the antiquary, and the man of science, to classify all mankind dually in families, and families of families, &c., &c., according to relative predominant developments of the good and the true; until, at length, the divine marriage relationship should be, in every case, incontrovertibly proved, and the laws that should govern it ascertained, through obedience to which—lo! “the Desire of all Nations” would be universally born into the world; and the emancipated earth, henceforth, for evermore, from pole to pole, should reverberate with the

angelic chant, "Glory, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men!"

It remains for Reason to verify what the Heart has felt ; for Fact to confirm on earth what Fancy has dreamed in heaven. Therefore, in the stirring words of our favourite, Charles Mackay, I would exclaim—

" Men of thought, be up and stirring
 Night and day !
 Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
 Clear the way !
 Men of action, aid and cheer them,
 As ye may !
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow,
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into grey.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way !

" Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day ?
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray ?
 Aid the dawning tongue and pen ;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
 Aid it, paper ; aid it, type—
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way !

"Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.
 Lo! the Right's about to conquer—
 Clear the way!
 With the Right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;
 With the giant Wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!"

Now, dearest Gertrude, feeling sure I must have given you quite enough to think about for the present, let me conclude this my first letter on the subjects you have so urged me to write upon. If what I have said should make you wishful for a second letter on the same subjects, you have only to let me know; but in any case, that "the wilderness and the solitary place may be glad for you, and that the desert may rejoice and blossom as the rose," will be ever the wish, the prayer, and the effort of

Yours ever affectionately,

The Daughter of Dionysius.