THE NEW BOND OF LOVE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649444441

The New Bond of Love by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

THE NEW BOND OF LOVE

Trieste

THE

NEW BOND OF LOVE.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1853.

KI 41291

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

THE NEW BOND OF LOVE.

Who, with the image of God engrafted upon his soul, can walk through the streets of the Old World without oceans of tears gushing out of his eyes?

Hindostan, Persia, Egypt, China, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, the Christian-germanic States, the Middle Ages, the invention of the art of printing, the discovery of America, the Reformation, the modern times up to our days—of all this you have read much, thought much, heard much, but go, go and *see* the Holy Land, Asia, Greece, Italy, Germany, France, Great Britain, Scandinavia, Spain and Portugal, Poland and Hungary, and the whole panorama of the past, will rise before your mind with overwhelming significance.

If tears, burning tears, burst forth from the panorama, shall it not be the proud privilege of present and coming generations to wipe them off?

Who can go through the highways of the globe, and behold the sufferings of the weak, without feeling that although thousands and thousands of years' experience might have taught better, the strong have not yet perceived the heavenly mission of their strength.

Of the dark ages, of Hindostan, China, Persia, and Egypt, our knowledge is limited; but of Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome, and the subsequent ages, faithful records are at our command, and will for ever cast their shadows of gloom and glory upon the present and the future.

Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome have perished, but the monuments of genius which they have bequeathed us are imperishable, and are we to blame if we endeavor to banish the recollections of their evil passions, in order to preserve unsullied our admiration for their virtues?

Their evil passions, however, left unfortunately world-wide impressions.

After the failure of the abstract love of God, in superseding, or in competing, with rocks of faith built upon more material elements, was it not that very failure which created such a vacuum in the soul of humanity as to make the divine appearance of Jesus Christ, the rallying cry for the stricken consciences of thousands and thousands?

But, on the whole, the human mind was not any more in condition to realize the divine words of Christ.

The worshippers of sophistry had already invaded the temple of truthfulness.

Imaginations, overstrained by gigantic progresses in the fine arts, and by physical heroism of the highest order, got the better of reason and heart. Socrates became a public nuisance, and other true and holy men found themselves, soon, more or less isolated.

Almost all the noble faculties of human nature had been at play, but for objects more or less selfish. Sure enough, amidst the wrecks of thousands, there remained here and there a human being, every inch a man; but

overwhelmed by the inferiority of others, he could not act, he could only weep and lament, and became a poet.

The moral atmosphere of the world was no longer pure, and thus, when Jesus Christ appeared, the strong had already revelled so much in the ordeal of evil passions, and the weak were already so full of meekness and resignation, that those who made it their holy mission to interpret the words of Christ, had no other alternative but to dazzle the imagination of the strong, and upon the weak, who had already become so mollified that they could not bear, any more, the straightforward rays of sunny truth, they could only act by fear or intimidation. Thus it was, that men, instead of rising to the level of the divine sentiments of Christ, actually brought them down to their own level. * * * * *

Human understanding, heart, soul, and mind, were already so much perverted, hardened, poisoned, and bewildered, by the sophistry of the Greeks, the exclusiveness and treachery of the Jews, the reckless ambition of the Romans, and the crude state of the less advanced races, that the majority of beings, if not by words, at any rate by deeds, actually pleaded guilty to the inability of acting simply up to the divine lessons of Jesus Christ.

The presence of God in their soul, was not any longer sufficient to sustain them in their struggles on earth, or to purify their natures; and thus, the worship of heaven had to be made palatable to their morbid earthliness.

The sublime lessons of Christ could only find the way to their heart, through the serpentine corridors of the senses and the imagination; but never mind the roundabout, and still happy those whose heart could be found at all. Their number, however, was in frightful minority, and would very likely have remained so, if it had not

been for the gloriously attenuating influences of the reformation.

But a minority it was and still continues to be. Had there been a majority, how could the disproportion between the world's moral and material progress ever have grown up to such formidable dimensions?

Who will, however, deny how nobly the human race has always struggled with material difficulties?

Since human beings could not maintain their place in paradise, since they have been sent out on the delicate warrant of going unsullied, and with divinity unimpaired through earthly ordeals, in order to recover by heroism what they have forfeited by frailty; since it has become their arduous task of befriending the earth without making the heavens frown, of making the earth so noble and so pure as gradually to shorten the distance between heaven and earth; since, from times immemorial, this tendency of the race remained unshaken, in proud defiance of millions and millions of conflicting elements, may we not look forward to the future with radiant, brilliant hopefulness!

Who will fail to recognize the powerful effect of material upon moral progress? But, on the other hand, if the moral had always kept pace with the material development, might all the good which has been done not have been performed without so much evil?

Who will affirm, that the divine words of Christ have been universally and practically acted upon? If this had been the case, would we see such a vast amount of suffering shedding so many gloomy shadows on the present, and would not the strong have more and more perceived the divine significance of their strength?

What a pity, that it would take all the painters who

ever graced earth with their lovely presence, to produce one painter powerful enough to erect such a pictorial monument of the past, as to bring home to the world's mind the grievances of the present and the duties of the future, in a manner so strikingly dear as to make the matter intelligible to every human being under the sun.

Heaven, water and earth, moral and material progress, the weak and the strong must all be drawn up distinctly, intelligently.

Men and things of the past classified accordingly,
Religious matters treated delicately,
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome must tell powerfully,
And when they almost disappear, Jesus Christ appears radiantly,
Each further step must be illustrated discriminately,
The middle ages reproduced faithfully,
Guttenberg and Columbus must figurate imposingly,
And the reformation fall in gloriously,
So on and on, up to our days cleverly, but conscientiously.
The sinful mountain, which from the outset, rose treacherously,
Gave birth to the black river of selfishness involuntarily,
But at the same time a blue river of love sprang from heaven brilliantly,
And a green river of material progress came forth from earth slowly but perseveringly.
The ebbs and tides of human doings must appear as they occur—irregularly.

But, above all, let the origin of the ominous mountain be traced skillfully, in order to prove convincingly and substantially, how it was, that when Jesus Christ came, the moral air was already poisoned deeply, generally.