

THE LIFE AND WORLD-WORK

OF

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

{1823-1906}

WRITTEN FROM DIRECT
PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

BY

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{d. 1914?}

AN ALMOST LIFE-LONG ASSOCIATE

{Excerpted Chapters Only}

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DEDICATION

As instructed by the Divine words given in "Song of Theos," under the heading "Bestowal," and in accordance therewith, the aim in this entire narrative has been to address itself to the Democracy of the world; but not to the Democracy of the abnormal selfised man, or group of men, or whole multitudes of such, but to the Democracy of the universal norms of men, of whom it is indeed the simple truth to say, "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*" {The voice of the people [is] the voice of God} It is to such everywhere throughout the world, and however as yet they may be enslaved in the service of any present existent "societies," "republics," "kingdoms," or "empires" that are based on self-desire, whence only "the captive anarch makes egress"; it addresses itself to those suffering, long-enduring, "hero-martyrs," who will yet emerge victoriously, as soon as they hear and recognise the true Divine Voice, as given in the above-said lines, calling to them:

"ACCEPT ME, I, NO PLACE TO LAY MY HEAD,
ARCH NORM UNTO DEMOCRACY HAS SAID.
'COME UNTO ME, MY PEOPLE, COME AND SHARE
DENIAL, SHAME, FIERCE WRATH, AND CONDEMNATION.'"

Wherefore this book is DEDICATED, in profound humility, to the Normal man—that Norm that is, in every man-woman whatever, the seed of God, absolutely sinless, the inmost of his being and his real identity, God's beloved forever.

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* Printed for private circulation only.

PREFACE

IN the following pages the aim will be to narrate, in simple form and order as they occurred, the real facts concerning the providential rise out of such seeming of life as men of this world at present possess, that yet holds death within it, into the reality of Life itself, of the one whose name is therein primarily recorded—namely, Thomas Lake Harris; and secondly, in subordinate degree, of certain others, who by association with him were made partakers of the same uplift out of death into Life, in so far as was possible to each one of them; and who were thus enabled at the same time to become reliable witnesses of the one central transcendent fact.

The writer himself speaks only as one of these witnesses, and makes claim to nothing save that of being trustworthy in what he records. He will therefore only say this much concerning himself, that he was personally present and associated in the Life, together with those above referred to, from the very foundation of that movement which was designated from the first by the lowly but most significant name of THE USE; and it was only by becoming a partaker in the

Life through such association that reliable witnessing became to him a possibility.

In issuing thus, in simple detail, this narrative of such supreme vital facts through the press to the world, there is no purpose of propagandism by word controversy, nor does it seek to change the fundamental ground of religious faith in anyone, for in true and deep sense all real religion of every sect and people whatever has no other than one divine foundation. Neither is it any part of its aim to trouble those whose principles of absolute justice and righteousness are held as precious convictions already settled, except in so far as the facts borne witness to themselves have such effect. The personality of the writer in himself is nothing, but the facts narrated proclaim, with no, uncertain sound, what these two lines of Mr. Harris's verse give brief expression to:

"FAR AS THE SENSE OF BONDAGE HEAPS AND GROWS,
SO FAR EMANCIPATIONS SHALL UNCLOSE."

For every view expressed in the book the writer is alone personally responsible, but he has endeavoured to utter nothing regarding the Life that is not in full intrinsic accord with the knowledge, faith, and understanding of all those who are likewise partakers of the same; for there is only one Life, and only one Truth of that Life.

POSTSCRIPT

It should be added to the foregoing, that this book will not be sent out for review to any literary periodical. For although *it is intended to be published without limitation, as widely as possible, and largely advertised for that end and purpose*, yet in true sense it is for private circulation only, among those who are indeed already friends from the deepest ground,—and more than friends, namely, true brothers and sisters in the one Divine-Natural Family of the world. It does not seek an entrance into any disputatious company. It would come only for peace, and seeking only, so far as God enables, to bring with it the spirit of Divine Peace wherever it comes.

That is a blessed phrase of the New Life writings, “HE CEASES TO CONTEND”; because the foundations of the New Life can only be securely laid, and all the subsequent edifice spring into being, in the midst of perfect peace.

But who and where such true friends are, is not yet known outwardly, except in very small degree, and only dimly, until God shall bring them forth into the Light, face to face; with that Divine Light shining on every countenance from on high, and through every countenance from the Divine indwelling that is in every heart. So the book must be indeed

published abroad, as said above, without limitation, that not one, if possible, may be missed of those for whom it is intended.

But also it should be understood that in itself it is nothing, except in so far as it may serve as introduction to the writings of the New Life given under Mr. Harris's own name, and so, by God's grace, to the New Life itself, in spirit, soul, and body, as built into the redeemed structure of the one unitised social Humanity.

THE LIFE AND WORLD-WORK
OF
THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the memorable year that witnessed in America the opening of the great civil war for the abolition of slavery in the United States, and so not only for the saving of "The Union" of those States, but at the same time for giving the final quietus to every external or political form of human slavery the whole world over; for here was at least its last main stronghold: it was in that same eventful year A.D. 1861—that Thomas Lake Harris was called to purchase a small hill farm near Wassaic, a village of Dutchess County in the State of New York; and, as directed, he started to build here a plain but sufficiently commodious house destined for the accommodation, first, of his own family of four—himself, wife, and two sons by a former wife—and secondly, of *certain other chosen and invited persons* who numbered at first about twelve in all.

So, while the great war for the extinguishment of external slavery was beginning to rage over the whole land round about them, this little circle of persons was being gathered together here for a very

different end, and yet an end that in a certain high analogy was the same in essence. Mainly through perusal of Mr. Harris's earlier writings, with as profound conviction of their truth as was possible to any before becoming actual sharers, consciously, in the life they portrayed, these few, so instructed And led, had come deeply within themselves to realise that they, together with all the rest of the suffering race of men on this earth, were themselves slaves in the deeper sense—the slaves of sin. Hence they felt called of the Spirit—while their sympathies were still no less with the external warriors—to the deeper and more terrible battle for giving—if it pleased God, and if by God's good grace so it might be—the final quietus to the slavery of the soul. They realised that until this was done the abolition of mere political slavery would be little better than a fraud; and, indeed, that the assumption that one section of the Race—or of the Union—who were themselves slaves in every just sense of that word—could with the sword, or any mere external agitation, really abolish slavery in any other section was not far short of being an hypocrisy. And this did Mr. Harris himself allow, although so deeply penetrated in his own heart by the horrors of negro slavery, "the most monstrous outrage existing on the planet," as he at the same time declared; and also notwithstanding that he ever felt in strong sympathy with the noble spirit that animated the Abolition Party, and even with that fiercer spirit that flamed up in the bosom of John Brown.

Up to this time he had been for some years the officiating minister in "The Church of the Good Shepherd" in New York City, which was supposed to have been at first denominationally Universalist. But in his preaching and in his own mind he had

gradually become so wholly unsectarian that he found himself unable to continue his usual ministrations there—or indeed his preaching anywhere—and seeking, According to his universal custom, Divine guidance as to what he should do, he was directed to build a house in a suitable place to which he should be led, and which would be a "Breath-house."

It must have been about ten years before this time that he himself had passed through the first degree of the "Divine Breath," or "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," as it is named in his best-known book on the subject. But there are seven degrees of the Breath altogether, and it was impossible for him to pass through all without first becoming associated with a certain number of others who could also begin to receive it; because God's Breath in man is not in one man alone, but through that man it must find an entrance into others, and again through those others into the whole body of Humanity, socialised in God.

For no less a purpose, therefore, than this was it ordered that this house should here be built, and the little circle gathered together there, consisting of such as were found capable of receiving and having embodied in them the initial degrees of the same Divine Breath, if not of being carried through all the seven even to its fulness.

The purpose of this writing is to place before those into whose hands it comes a narrative of facts, that it is deemed of the very highest importance that the world should become Acquainted with. But it has to be remembered that Mr. Harris's own writings are as yet so very little known to men in general, and the whole subject is consequently one that will be so entirely new to many, that even the term "Divine

Breath" itself may sound strange in their ears, as it does not occur in that precise form in the English version of the New Testament. But "Holy Ghost" and "Holy Spirit" and "Divine Breath" are all substantially one and the same.

But, furthermore, this question may arise: Is then this "Divine Breath," this "Holy Ghost," personal or not? And the answer to that is, "Surely, yes." But to make a full reply to this, more must be said that may seem rather startling, as being wholly unheard of before.

In the Gospels the Lord is said to have designated the Holy Ghost by the masculine pronoun; and in the consideration of that fact is to be discerned the cause of one dense cloud of mystery having arisen that has enshrouded the Gospels of the Incarnation in the eyes of all men throughout the centuries. That was an age so sunk in the lubricity of the sexual sense that the DIVINE FEMININE, who was imminently present in the person of the Lord, was apparently quite veiled from the eyes even of the disciples. And yet probably it was not so absolutely the case, as appears, that this mighty, supreme, and all-pervading fact did not reach their higher consciousness; for something of it gleams through even in their records. Was the voice that said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them. not," the voice of the Divine Father alone, and not of the Divine Mother also? Was "The Dove" masculine? He-She who brooded over Jerusalem, weeping, yearning to shield Her people, if possible, from the cruel fate that was impending over them, seeking to gather them together to Herself, "even as a hen cloth gather her chickens under her wing," was not merely masculine. As the first Eve-Adam was

created, in the Divine image, twain-one—feminine-masculine—so the Divine Yessa-Jesus, the second Eve-Adam, was conceived, borne, and born Twain-One also And the visitation of the "Divine Breath," the "Holy Ghost," to men is now made known as the visitation of *the Divine Mother of all living*, come to quicken again into life those who are dead in trespasses and sins. So from this it may in some measure be understood why it was the Lord uttered such ominous warnings as to the danger of blaspheming against that most Holy Name, for herein is reserved for our otherwise dying race its last hope of salvation. All this has been brought out into clear light in the writings of him the portrayal of whose life-work is here being attempted. Yet the full truth of these things was not yet—in those early days—fully revealed, but made known gradually later, as the states of all became more advanced

Returning to the narrative. Mr. Harris himself at this time had not passed through all the degrees of the Breath, as has been said above, but he passed the sixth and seventh during the Autumn of that same year, and in the midst of the few he had providentially found and gathered together; and so at length he approached that great and memorable crisis which is termed "The Transition." When this point is touched, which is when the whole seven degrees have been passed, and the Breath has culminated, then the old animal soul of the man dies, and a new animal soul, in infantile state, descends into the body directly from *the Lord, the New Adam-Eve*. And here, in this first case in recorded human history, that crisis was safely passed in the midst of those witnesses who were assembled there.

"Except a man be born again he can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of God."

All was accomplished by the operation of the Divine Mother-Breath, and was the direct effect of* Her pervading presence. This Breath, having first carried the organism of the frame through all the intermediate stages, during which the old animal soul was gradually dying day by day, had finally become the medium for the fulfilment of this great result. And it may safely be said that, to every eye that has become so opened as to see all events in due and just proportion, it is simple matter of fact to describe this as the most noteworthy in human history since the advent of the Lord in His first coming as a solitary Divine Incarnation in the midst of an adverse world. For the world, in the Lord's own time of lowly advent and martyrdom, was set hard and fast against Him, even in His nearest and most quickened disciples and followers, in closed old inherited breath which would not, or could not, open to receive the Life He brought—and so it has continued thenceforward also up to the present day, with only two, known and partial exceptions that will be referred to later.

Even then this Life was the "Holy Ghost," the *Holy Respiration*, which indeed He-She breathed upon the disciples, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost"; but He could not breathe that Breath into them, except in the spiritual degree alone; and hence it was that He said to them, in His great crisis hour when they who should have watched lay heavy with sleep, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." And as it was in that great crisis hour of the agony in Gethsemane, so has it remained in every crisis since—however much the spirit has been

willing, the flesh has been weak. It is to be concluded that as in that first century more was not possible, the Race, by necessity, has had first to go through its long gradual preparation, during the whole course of nearly two milleniums, before the divinely intended fruition could be realised.

And yet those disciples and earliest Christians were truly enveloped by the Holy Ghost, and quickened in spirit by the same. Also, as recorded, they were thereby clothed upon for a time with many powers both of speech and healing, and these gifts were apparently transferable and transferred from one to another by the laying on of hands. But all this was no real fulfilment of the presence and purpose of the Holy Ghost with men—the Divine Mother of Life. But now at last She has come not merely to Man, but into Man; and not merely to the spirit, but to whole spirit, soul and body of Man, with sure intent to fulfil the perfect purpose of Her Divine Salvation.

The early disciples were directed to remain together in Jerusalem till they were endowed "with power from on high," as is written in the New Testament. This they did, and were truly visited and so endowed; but only as yet with superficial powers, which seem immediately to have so exhilarated them that the people said, "These men are filled with new wine." It was merely the first and most eminent case of religious revival, such as has recurred again and again in less eminent degree throughout all the succeeding ages, even to the present day, and which altogether has left no permanent concrete effect upon the practical life of man here below—that is to say, either bodily or socially. Could they but have waited longer in quietude for the fuller advent of truly substantial power, though perhaps less showy and superficial, who

can say what mighty results might not have ensued even in that early day?

It has been said that the memorable event, specially spoken of above, took place in the midst of a little circle of about twelve chosen persons. But this was not a constant number; it was sometimes less and sometimes more, for all did not stay there permanently; many came and went according to both internal conditions and external personal needs; and some had their permanent homes elsewhere. They were of many nationalities, and all of very marked intrinsic differences of character. Also, they were originally of many religious creeds, and some of no conscious religious creed whatever. In joining they were under no necessity to make any profession of dogmatic faith, the religion of The Use being based upon Life alone. Only "He," the Lord—

"He claims the right to form association,
As He, with those who draw to Him, shall woo;
To hold estate, to serve the occupation,
Doing to all as all to Him should do;
Seeking thereby to cause no just offence
To tribe or nation, spirit, mind, or sense.

"He has no dogma to defend or proffer:
Truth must from life to evolution flow.

"So all who will to tread the path with Him,
May move as best befits to His right hand
Turn to the Right!—earth time is growing dim;
The light to come in Him will o'er them stand.
Away the foolish babble, paltry strife,
Christ comes to live in those who live the Life."*

* But as regards this principle of full emancipation from the necessity of any kind of religious creed or dogmatic confession in all who would enter into the social unity, see future pages, further on, where this is more fully spoken of. Only it should be said here that although Mr.

Some were of the simplest working class, and others persons of culture and social position. Each individual was a special type of some particular branch of the human family. Even at the very first, when the number barely made up the twelve altogether, there were representatives of both the Northern and Southern States of America, also of England, Scotland, and Ireland individuals also of French and German descent and, later on, quite a number of Japanese of the Samuri class, who came in Mr. Oliphant's wake. Some of these became permanent and intimate adherents, true to the death, and whom all Mr. Oliphant's subsequent endeavours to break up the solidarity of the Society, and to bankrupt its fortunes, failed to seduce; and some of them attained to very high administrative offices in Europe in the service of their country years afterwards. But this is not being written to give news regarding mere personalities; and no more need be said, beyond the above passing reference, as to the scandals against Mr. Harris's good name that grew out of the very

Harris affirmed the absolute Divine and personal supremacy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the writer of this narrative feels called, in the unity of the Breath, with all who receive it consciously in the life, to affirm the derivative supremacy of the King—the King-Queen, twain-one, from their Heaven in Lilistan—as being, in point of fact, the centre and fountainhead of perfect law for the structural edification both of the individual man and of humane society in the world, yet this must never be understood in a restrictive sense, but only as being rather the all-needful Divine-natural liberating power that upholds with efficiency the above-said principle of absolute emancipation, as determined by vital experience in conscious organic evolution.

Therefore, they who aim to establish, wheresoever, a pure order of socialism in the world are, in the commencement, right in proclaiming that they will allow no prescriptive dogmatic creeds of religion to enter into their system. To do otherwise would be to exclude multitudes of the best and noblest of men who are really most ripe for Divine-natural association; and the proof of who or what is the real source of vital law can only be found and affirmed through the evolution of life itself in each and all, as the above-quoted verses declare.

LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE!

misleading biography of Mr. Oliphant, published soon after his death; they were sufficiently refuted at the time by the present writer in letters to *The London Standard*, and by the late Mr. C. W. B. Pearce in the *Glasgow Daily Mail*. The memory of those attacks is now felt as though obliterated from all minds and hearts among us.

Only there is one name ought to be particularly recorded, that of Miss Jane Lee Waring, a lady of a well-known highly-respected New England family, as in the after time, several years after Mr. Harris's second wife had passed on from the external to the internal service, she was called to fill that sacred and highly responsible place that had so become vacant, and was duly married to Mr. Harris accordingly—this greatly to the content and joy of all members of the Society. She had joined The Use almost at the very commencement, and remained an unspeakably precious help and stay to everyone from then even until now. Also she had been one of Mr. Harris's oldest friends before The Use began, and was a member of "The Church of the Good Shepherd" while he was still its officiating minister.

All who joined The Use, whether they made their home at its centre permanently or only temporarily, were in every instance more or less partakers in the same Life and Breath, and themselves experiencing, in however inferior degree to Mr. Harris himself, similar organic changes. They were not mere external witnesses, beholding what they knew nothing of themselves. The Kingdom of God to them was not mere observation; it was within them. No one coming transiently who could not be partaker in the Life could remain, or be invited to return. The house built there was consecrated to the Holy Ghost, and was

purely, as said above, a Breath-house, overshadowed by the Holy Dove.

It should clearly be held in mind that this Breath of God in Man is a concrete and physical reality, and not a mere mystical and spiritual reality, as it was to the early disciples. The evidential fact of the New Life is that of the Divine Breath consciously received into the body of man. This is the evidence—and only possible evidence—to him, of the reality of the Christian redemption. Those who possess it, know.

Without it, "knowledge" of Christ as a vital fact in the body of Humanity, either individually or socially, does not exist. But now that it has come to man, and been received by man, it can no more leave him.

"No more again, no more again,
Shall Jesus in Sweet Yessa pass from men.
He shall appease the hunger of the eyes
By sight that satisfies.
He shall appease the hunger of the breast
In-breathing there His rest."

For by the Breath man is uplifted into the very body of the Divine Mother. Yea, verily, those motions of the Breath, that the visited man experiences in the bosom, are motions derived from the very Divine womb, and therefore it is that man can be, and actually is, "born again"; and so is answered the scornful or sceptical question of the Israelite, "How can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" How sacred, then, is that Breath! How Divine is that reality of all realities!

Who, indeed, can speak with any true consciousness or sincerity of "the Brotherhood of Man"—that phrase which in these modern times is being voiced

the world over as from some deep instinct of the heart that is as yet but vaguely comprehended in the explicit mind—who but they who have been uplifted into the consciousness of having every movement of their breathing frames inruled and overruled from, the very Divine Father and Mother of all life? Here and here only is the real justification of that sublime and blessed phrase, whose ever renewed utterance is, tending, manifestly, gradually to unitise the hearts and souls of all mankind into the solidarity of THE ONE FAMILY all of God. So mighty a thing, so blessed a thing, and yet so simple a thing when truly known, is the old Gospel injunction, "Ye must be born again." And even now, just above and within the clear consciousness of all the good, the world over, that Breath has begun to permeate and operate, and—though in deep silence—is preparing the organic frames of all for the great universal, change that is surely at hand.

It is essentially as an effect from this also that all those movements towards peaceful arbitration between all peoples and nations, and also between all employers and employed, are being so earnestly sought for at this day, and even partially carried out. All the interiorly good in the world, being so moved upon from within by the Divine descent, can no longer endure with equanimity the ever-prevailing competitions, animosities, and wars. Also the ever-widening movements towards international socialism is another marked indication of the same.

From all that has been said it will plainly be seen that that consciousness of the Breath that the receivers of it experience is in no respect merely superficial or phenomenal; because it involves the whole man, from that supreme degree of the spirit

by which, through prayer, he holds and is held in unity with God—the Divine Father-Mother—and thence throughout all the subordinate derivatives of the life, down to the full breathings in the ultimate—flesh itself.

According to the original declarations concerning the Life in the New Testament Scriptures, it was from that supreme unity of the spirit with God by which "all live unto Him" that the ultimate resurrection of the body was essentially assured—whence it was that the Lord affirmed it of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and it is now because the same supreme life of the spirit demonstrates itself to the consciousness in last and ultimate effects through the Breath so received, that man is enabled to enter into the realised demonstration of the resurrection of the body, as a fact in actual process, and so likewise into the clear realisation of that supreme fact of facts—God—being the one causal vital reality in all.

But in order to avoid misconception, it must be said that while the Divine Breath, by its personal reception in a group of social men and women, brings with it an unquestionable demonstration of the reality of the Divine redemption in Christ, yet this is not to be understood as being yet the full demonstration. It is, indeed, all-sufficiently enough, the demonstration "in process," as above indicated, but it will not be completed until the whole race of mankind is bodily raised, from the dead altogether. The one reliable test that the Lord affirmed was this: "By their fruits ye shall know them"; and until the universal fruits are reaped, the manifested fruits in any individual man, and in any limited number of social men, never can become altogether complete, emancipating them fully from the common bodily affliction that the Race

has inherited, so long as any individual of it is still weighed down thereby; and until the one universal end that is in the all-embracing Divine Purpose is fully attained. While any remain in affliction the whole body will suffer with them, and he who is most advanced of all, together with all those nearest to him, must continue most acutely, by sympathy and clear consciousness, in suffering with them likewise. They have to learn, as the Lord Himself in His incarnate person had to learn, that they must make to themselves "friends of the whole mammon of unrighteousness," so that when they themselves should otherwise fail, they may be received in these last "into everlasting habitations."

This is the only kind of "everlasting life" that ever can be.

It is impossible—or it feels impossible—ever to make known to the general reader through what agonising, experiences of the beloved pivotal TwainOne it was that the immense body of truth prosaically condensed in the above paragraph was gained by him, and lyrically sung from time to time, as grain by grain every iota of it was purchased, as by coin of vital gold. All of which is found especially made known in the great body of written revelations concerning the redemption of the Hells.

When any individual came to The Use, from whatever direction, nation, or class, the main word to him always was ever this, directly from Mr. Harris himself, "Look to God"; and later, after the Breath was received, "Breathe deep"—which, when rightly understood, is essentially the same thing, in practical, or ultimate, degree. There were, except occasionally and exceptionally, no set forms of religious worship in the ordinary sense. For Mr. Harris, that was all over

with at this time, as an ordinary thing, after having resigned his ministerial office with his New York congregation. Every thing depended upon how deeply and truly each one sought God himself in secret prayer. This was the one necessity at the beginning, and ever continued to be the supreme necessity to the end. Without it none of the Divine result sought for could possibly have followed. And here also was vital safety. Since the general introduction and pursuit of spiritualism, through

* But hymns of the New Life were sung together in hearty unison and at this time the favourite one was this:

WITH ROSES WREATHE THE DRUM.

With roses wreathe the drum;
 With olive twine the sword
 Behold, in peaceful triumph come
 The armies of the Lord.
 Not theirs to bring distress,
 Or crowd the gory tomb;
 With corn they sow the wilderness,
 And bid the deserts bloom.

With roses wreathe the drum
 With olive twine the sword
 Crowned with fraternal blessings come
 The armies of the Lord.
 Long as the ages roll,
 Their triumph shall increase:
 Humanity has found its goal
 In earth's industrial peace.

With roses wreathe the drum
 With olive twine the sword;
 The armies of Messiah come,
 Led onward by the Word.
 Released from all her pains,
 The world that wept forlorn
 Lifts to the Lord her joyful strains:
 The Golden Age is born.

"hypnotism," and other means used for developing occult conditions, the organisms of all men have gradually been becoming so sensitively open that all the old natural providential defences of the inner personality have been for the most part broken down, even among those who have hardly taken any part in seances, or been consciously mesmerised or hypnotised. The general state has been and is spreading among men simply like a contagion, or rather through the common atmosphere of the world like an epidemic, and almost without observation. Because of it all men are becoming liable, more than ever before, to an utter abject slavery to the "princes of the powers of the air"—who are not all necessarily disembodied spirits by any means. Any strong man can become such a one who gives his whole natural will-force full play over other men. This is the essential cause of every breach of vital order in the world, and may be called practically one of the main original causes of "sin" itself. One line of Mr. Harris's verse indicates the only righteous alternative:

"NOR WILL SURVIVES SAVE AS GOD'S WILL IS DONE."

When thus the old natural will of the man dies—the will of the old natural self—so dies likewise, in essence, the old natural soul, and so the ground is cleared for laying the foundation of the new natural man in Christ, whose new body through faithfulness may become that body of the resurrection which shall inherit immortality. But in the meantime the simple truth is this: that now no man can call his soul his own, and there is no longer any safety for him except in God; and God has only one way of uplifting him into safety, and that is by the Holy Ghost—the Breath of God in man.

Also, as all ate together at one common board, Mr. Harris himself, when able, being present, with hands joined there was earnest grace and thanksgiving in spontaneous phrase such as is wholly unrecordable. Likewise at times, according as internal states demanded, there were uttered prayers and words of intimate instruction directly from the spirit—that might be termed "sermons"—that were too sacred, special, and intimate to bear being repeated for every eye and ear, even if they could be perfectly recalled.

Mr. Harris's chief aim, in the first place, was to free all who came to him from such occult dangers, for until this was done no solid foundation in the life could be laid; and by this order of "look to God" issued to each one, and continually renewed, he made himself the foe of every species of hypnotism, conscious or unconscious. Also he demagnetised, and exhorted everyone to demagnetise himself continually, as the needful correlative and support of his internal holding and fight for life and liberty. And from his own advanced and central position in the midst of all he was enabled to serve everyone who was doing his best to hold in God within his own spirit. Thus power also descended both to himself and all who were so holding, to bind and cast out the evil invading spirits, and so to clear the internal atmosphere, in the midst of which all lived and breathed and had their being. This power came usually when the fourth degree of the Breath was opened.

The Breath came to all as a two-fold consciousness, being both of the spirit and of the body, though without doubt it varied exceedingly in each individual; and the spirit in each bore witness to the true divinity of the Breath in all its effects in the body, while the body in its conscious uplift above the essential elements of disease and death in itself bore witness to the fact that that Breath was surely from Him who in Himself—or rather in that body of the debased humanity of this orb which He had assumed—had first overcome all disease and all death.

Again, the Breath was two-fold in another way. It did not always come as delight and joy; it came sometimes also—and often—as pain and sorrow. Not that it had any sorrow in itself, but frequently it must needs evoke grievous sorrow in those to whom

it came, while still with so much of both sin and disease within them that must be overcome; and ere they can be overcome they must needs first be sensitively and painfully realised in the consciousness as they never had been before; for it quickened the consciousness of sin in the soul, and also brought out into more acute manifestation those latent diseases of the body that were the more immediate effects of sin. Thus this dying of the old life in man is, most properly speaking, a dying of Death itself in the body of Man; and so it is to be perceived that it is a Breath that brings with it at the same time both Death and Life. No man or woman could endure to abide long who had not given himself or herself up inmost to the pure will of God without condition. All suffered, but Mr. Harris most of all, because he was the first and foremost, having therefore himself to move ahead in utter solitude on that unknown way that was beyond the experience of every forerunner. In a deep sense the Lord alone was with him there, and no man beside: no, nor any spirit or angel, for no one of all the sons of God, but only the Lord Himself as incarnate man, had ever come there.

But Mr. Harris suffered more than all the others for another reason; and this now makes it necessary to speak here more fully of the associative law.

No individual man can be saved alone. If others could not have been raised up from the dead in unison with him, Mr. Harris would eventually have become a martyred man no less truly than had the Lord, though in some different way; and because of this has loomed up always the possibility of his physical destruction before his whole mission was, fulfilled, from the inability of those associated with him to persevere to the end. Except in so far as the

process has actually commenced, by which, as a unity, the whole Race is being raised up in bodily resurrection, no individual man can himself reach a certain state of organic advance without becoming a sacrifice. All the ills with which the unfit ones are afflicted would clutch hold of him organically and destroy his natural life.

Those associates were called to serve as a nucleus for the quickening of the whole body of mankind, and of those especially who are destined to survive hereafter, to perpetuate a race of men in pure Godliness of life. For this one end and purpose it was that at that specified time and place in the year 1861, Mr. Harris was called in God to commence the organisation of this social circle, and to which was given this only name and designation, THE USE. But in doing this he had to take on into his own body all the burdens of both spiritual and bodily diseases that every member of it was oppressed by, except in so far as each one was able to hold, by inherent godliness, to himself all such burdens. Very few could do this in any great degree, and altogether—not one. Therefore, all the remainder that made up the overflow of ills came by necessity upon him, the foremost and central personality, and he had to bear them altogether. What this involved of suffering no man can imagine but those who were there present to witness it, and even they only very partially. Those there indeed could truly say of him, as was said of old of Another, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

This is not being written for any purpose of laudation, but only according to best ability to present an exact narrative. Beyond question it is a matter of the utmost importance that the world should be

made aware of the simple truth concerning this most momentous affair. And perhaps the reason why it has so far been unable, except very exceptionally, to take direct instruction concerning the Life, from Mr. Harris's own published words, is because he speaks from so high a ground, and from such an advanced state, that these words are too far over the heads of men. Also another cause may be this: Mr. Harris's words are all those of a mighty poet, and essentially lyrical even when they assume the outward form of prose; and this is fundamental to the revelation: it never otherwise could have descended. But in the present state of the world all ears are not prepared or accustomed to take the words of poetry as those pertaining to veritable substantial fact in the everyday life of men. Therefore, here the purpose is to tell only of concrete accomplished experiences, and to present all things in their simplest aspect. Notwithstanding that, however, these simple things keep opening continually into the great Infinite. But that is only because they are truly alive, and that it is the nature of all truly living things so to do. The aim is to make the account as clear as possible, while still preserving the vital element that throbs in every fact presented.

CHAPTER II.

TOWARDS the close of the preceding chapter the associative law was being spoken of, and some of the terrible conditions that that law involved. But as a set off to this, and because at this stage it seems a necessity, here now will have to be introduced into the scene some account of the blessed host of the Fairies, who came in as a most merciful and delightful boon to all, directly from the bosom of the Divine Mother, to mitigate to the utmost possible degree all our afflictions. The delight they brought is beyond expression.

There is a wonderful truth of reality behind all those fables of Fairyland handed down in Folklore. It is indeed true that

"A deeper import
Lurks in the legend taught our infant years
Than lies upon that truth we lived to learn."

But the veritable facts of Fairyland, as now made known, far surpass all that legendary lore supplies.

[But oh, you poor writer! do not tremble at the very threshold. Perhaps all hearts are not hard as flint, as you are tempted to think, and all ears deaf to the still small voice of the innermost ideal world that "least of all and servant of all." Perhaps not! Is not God alive? and is not the Innermost of all His own veritable and especial dwelling-place? Take heart, then, and penetrate valiantly to the very core of core. Though all superficial optimism may prove

to be but the most veritable folly, yet here, here it has found indeed its sure and eternal base—that Rock that lies under all the drifting sands of the desert of life, on which if a man lays the foundation of his house it will stand unshaken and indestructible, in the face of all the rains that fall, and winds that can blow and beat upon it forever.]

As Carlyle most truly says in one of his early essays, in phrase like this: "Truth, if it could indeed be truly known, would be found to be infinitely more wonderful than any Fiction, and in intrinsic quality infinitely more beautiful." The quotation is from memory, but such golden words lie buried somewhere in the older strata of his writings. All Art is only imitation: and all BEAUTY is primarily in the actualities and facts themselves that are of the growth of Nature—namely, the flowers, the trees, the skies, the many plumaged birds of the air; all the living creatures of the earth; and, lastly and supremely, the Human form Divine.

But what are the true Fairies? They are the minutest of the minute; impeccable Innocences, all in the human form; all as varied and distinct in character and feature as are the individuals of the human race of men; and even more so, because, from the imperfections of men, the original capacities of these for varied development have become shrunk and limited. Yet, with all this, the Fays are all infantile Innocences in character, and from their extreme minuteness of form, when the world is restored to its destined perfection there may, in some instances, be as great a multitude of Fays to one individual man as there are of men to the whole world at the present time. But being of such an extreme minuteness, they cannot be actually

seen objectively by man in his present state, unless what is known as "aromal vision" is providentially opened in him, as it was with Mr. Harris, that so he might fulfil his Divinely-given mission to men. Yet this fay vision is really latent in all, for what constitutes the Divine germ in every man, and so is the innermost essence of his being, is really a fairy; and when he is restored fully to his original innocence that vision will open likewise. As mankind becomes regenerate, both spiritually and bodily they flock into the inner spaces of the human form in multitudes to work for the building up of the new body, freighted with the Divine mirth and gladness, and dispensing throughout the bosom and whole frame an ineffable joy that is indescribable to the understanding of any who have not experienced it.*

But in the beginning there are times when multitudes of them come clad in armour, as warriors and destroyers of evil forms:

"Man's wintry age they first destroy,
Then weave his robe of resurrection."

How are they known? They are known by the Breath, as God Himself is known. They are known

* It was before the close of the first half of last century that the clear revelation of Fay life in man commenced to be given, and it was long subsequently to that time that the world of Science—the science of observation—groped its way into some knowledge of the fact that all manner of *disease* has myriads of microbes—veritable forms of independent life—as its essential cause. But the true forms of minutest life from God, that constitute the basis of man's real *health* and *strength* in perfect normal order, are absolutely veiled from its eye, however aided by microscope or other advanced means of analysis. And even of disease, it is only the larger, grosser forms that such methods of observation are able to discover; for the deepest and most real forms even of disease are absolutely veiled from its vision, being practically infinitesimal. Yet it is to be hoped that these late discoveries in the field of the world's science of observation, concerning disease and its causes, will help its more unprejudiced minds to rise to the possibility of embracing the real Divine—natural conception of life in its purity.

by this, that if any open breathing man should for an instant begin to think that their existence is only a fond imagination, and no reality, he would immediately begin to feel as if about to suffocate, and as if the rigours of death were stealing over him; but when he hears of them believingly and joyfully, life seems to thrill again through every fibre of his being. They come with the Breath, and they also herald the Breath. Mr. Harris himself, bearing witness, has said, that when any man begins for the first time to draw in that Divine Breath, a Fay Angel who had, ere rising to the Heavens, inhabited the Lord's own body while yet on earth, stands in the portal of the lungs, like the Angel with the flaming sword who descended to the gateway of Paradise when Adam and Eve were driven forth, to guard the way of the Tree of Life: and it is only because of the presence of this Divine Fay Angel there, that the man is able to begin to breathe that living Breath.

For the reason that the Fays themselves are not visible to the eyes of any man until he is gifted with the fay-sight, as was Mr. Harris himself, with regard to all particulars concerning them, others are necessarily dependent upon the true Seer. And this is also the case, as a general rule in the present state of the world, with regard to all genuine subjective and supernal knowledge. But that is a large subject. This only can be said at present: the God-given Seer bears reliable witness to "the Truth"—the essential proximate truth of God, and of all that is practically intermediate between God and man. Such seership is a necessity to all men who are in any degree rising Godwards, or who have the desire so to rise. This was one main service that Christ Himself

claimed—"To this end was I born, that I should bear witness to the Truth"; and every chosen and appointed messenger of His can only fulfil his mission in the degree in which he can render like service. As says the Hebrew proverb, "When there is no vision the people perish." But when the Fays spoke through Mr. Harris's voice, as they did at this time almost constantly, the Breath in every bosom responded, as surely and truly, as the perfectly tuned and toned receiver in wireless telegraphy responds to the telegrapher. But it is only God's Breath in man that insures such response to every such manifestation. All those uncertainties in Religion that have ever rendered her weak have been from the absence of this responsive Divine Breath. But the voices of the "Little Brothers" were ever home—voices to every open breathing bosom; and indeed this whole disclosure of the true Fairyland, and the true Fay life, is one of the most wonderful, enchanting, and eye-opening revelations ever granted to our over-saddened humanity through any poetic muse. The beloved poet, Blake, gave some slight foregleams of it; also, the universal Shakespeare; but the latter in many fantastic forms which, however delightful and charming in way of playful sport, do yet, if regarded as in any respect a presentation of real Fay life, shed dishonour on the name of those pure Divine infantile Innocences that must have come to his deep spirit, far within and above his outward consciousness, from the very Divine Mother Herself, their only source and fountain-head. And (speaking through Mr. Harris) the Fairies themselves affirmed that they had so visited him, and that he had misappropriated their gifts. Hence the resulting presentations which he gave of them can only be designated as

Phantasmagoria. And, secretly, Shakespeare himself must have known—or at least suspected—this when he thought of the ass's head for Bottom's crowning, and made him say, "I have had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was!" and again, "he is but an ass who would go about to expound that dream! "At first, when the Fairies spoke of him, they called him "Wicked Will"; but Mr. Harris did not know, nor for some time afterwards, of whom it was they were then speaking. However, later on, they must have forgiven him when he was received up into Lilistan—as is told in "Star Flowers," issued in 1887.

To borrow a pertinent remark from Emerson, what Shakespeare wrote concerning all the subjects of his muse was "merely a whiff of smoke to that most private reality with which he conversed." However, though it has been only indicated outwardly in like indirect and remote ways, the Fays, it is declared, have never entirely lost touch with humanity throughout the ages.

But, as this subject is most fundamental to the right understanding of the whole principles of the Life, for a true presentation regarding the Fays in general, here follow quotations from Mr. Harris's own words, both prose and verse, where alone it can be found; and if any feel at first unable to respond with faith to the claim for their concrete vital reality, they can let the question remain open in the meantime until it is either confirmed or not, later, as the inner Breath and its fruitions evolve to maturity, they being the only real test.

The Divine Origin of the Fay.

It is written in the first volume of the "Arcana of Christianity," published in 1857. Of this account an abridgment must be attempted.

It is said that in every Angel in the Heavens there is an inmost place that is termed "The Shekina." This is the seat of God's own dwelling in him, whence his whole being is filled with light, and all things therein appear in their own perfection of truth. It is from this supreme point of view the statement is made.

When, upon orderly earths, the infantile spirit first of all takes its place in the womb there is visible to the eye of the angels a perfect human form, complete even to the hair of the head and the colour of the eyes; but it is ever invisible to perception on the natural plane. In the interior mind of this tender plant of life lie the rudiments of the organs of the expanded powers which the angels possess in Heaven. Such of these germs of the human race as "are not received into the auras," and procreated into natural human forms, do not become extinct, nor do they ever sink into the hells. They are in all respects, save in the ability to become men and women and to develop an angelic selfhood, like the human family. These are in their form celestial-human, their varieties are numberless, their beauty exquisite, and their affections immortally infantile. Their existence is passed in the atmosphere of the Heavens in a perpetual delight. They are called "seed." They indulge in the most tender caresses one with the other, and are closely allied in genus with the fecundating principle in plants, being frequently seen rising in the Heavens from the blossoms over which they preside. Upon the orderly earths of the Universe they exist in untold multitudes, distributed through every zone of every orb. Through them descends the fecundating principle into the vegetable matrices. They have a terrestrial life resembling that of the human race,

and undergo corresponding transformations, though in a perpetual innocence and littleness of form. The literatures of the nations of the Earth are copiously enriched and illumined with the vibrations and adumbrations of this truth.

Upon our Earth these infantile kingdoms still exist. All such plants as typify the celestial affections are their pavilions and bowers. They are frequently visible, even upon our Earth, to little children during their first infancy, but are so sensitive to moral good and evil that they fly the presence of most of the inhabitants of the world. From such portions of the Earth as are most under the influence of impurities they are gone, and are confined to those localities where human nature is least corrupt, or where the poisonous sphere of human self-love is restrained from impregnating the aromal chalices of the flowers. They grow to tender infantile consciousness within the bosoms of the inhabitants of the orderly worlds, and flow into the mammaries of the wives of the Heavens. They delight in the endearments of conjugal associates, and sometimes single out a married pair upon the orderly earths, and, like little sportive aeriform children, they hive themselves within the wifely bosom, being found as well with the beloved counterpart. There art corresponding pairs in each bosom. These are the little graces of the breast.

Emanuel Swedenborg saw these in the Heavens like sportive children in the atmosphere; and such as still lingered in the pastoral haunts of the English Poets were permitted to impress the gentle soul of Edmund Spencer. Some of them also were felt in the slumbers of the youthful Milton, and they flitted in throngs, almost like palpable imaginations, before

the entranced vision of the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." They are attracted by the sphere of children, and frequently select little infants, weaving in their minds the most delicate tissues of poetic visions. When babies are seen with open eyes smiling in the cradle, and reaching out the hand to grasp invisible objects, these airy guests are often forming tableaux in the sunlit air. They delight in pictorial representation, and float through the ether sometimes in collections resembling in form doves, skylarks, and nightingales. The fairies will be visible to men upon our Earth when that degree of sight called natural-aromal shall be restored to them. As the human body becomes demagnetised from the poisonous injections of infernal demons, their melodious voices will be heard responding with a faint exquisite music to the high and holy inspirations of the Divine Love, and the Fay world will delight the vision; while the joyous and animated loves and graces will form a new link in the golden circle of affection which zones and unites in one the human universe,

It is given them to see the Lord in a miniature sun, by means of which He adapts His Divine Love to their plane of vision. Were our Earth's inhabitants restored to Divine order they would fill our atmospheres and robe the landscape with a tender angelic grace. They can only inhabit the bosoms of the pure of heart. There is a low love song in every bosom where they dwell. They generate their own kind with an endless fecundity, but under conditions of infantile purity. There are families of them in a single rose, and they pass from one to another hived within the aromal sphere. Sometimes they are seen rising in a purple mist from

the banks of violets in a summer eve, all enveloped in a sea of perfume in which they sport. Their aromal forms are finally exhaled away with a breath of sweet music, after which they live anew in the second life, when they are seen gathered together both in the Natural, Spiritual, and the Celestial Heavens.

Thus, in form of prose, is given in essentials the universal history and origin of the Fay; and here below are given poetical extracts which portray the benign activities of all Fay life as it is expended on this Earth for the restoration and uplift of the human race who inhabit it.

THE WOOD FAYS.

The wisdom of the golden times,
 When Earth the child was young
 Flows round my heart in playful rhymes
 That heavenly maids have sung;
 And I will weave a poem rare
 As music that is fed,
 Where kisses laugh into the air
 From lovers newly wed.

Ere a seed can live and grow
 Veiled in dusty earth below,
 Gliding through its atmosphere
 Fairy Angels hover near.
 In the germ its own bright fay
 Wakens at the word they say,
 Growing with a still delight,
 Fed from Heaven by day and night.
 Not a plant on earth is born
 But is robe by fairy worn.
 I have found your hallowed grot,
 Hermit fays* by man forgot.
 What is Nature? it is all
 Art World of the fairy small.

* Of Bolton Abbey.

FAIRY LIFE.

The universe is made of tiny men
In holy infancy their endless lives
Round ever to an orb of perfect light
And matter, in its varying forms and hues
And subtle harmonies of airy flame,
Is their pavilion, where, in choral dance,
They weave the flying tapestry of space.
These are the fays of Nature, brethren small
To Angels and the radiant human kind;
And love of good and truth, for their own sakes,
And the creative blessedness they bring,
And love of God, who is the Good and True,
Is the religion of the Fairy world;
Nor can they ever fall away from this,
But bloom and ripen with an infant's joy.

To the small fay man is a universe,
The brain a sun, the lungs a galaxy;
Man holds a constellation in his hand
Of fairy people, hymning in the tides
Of the red heart-life through the veins that flow.
All the fay kind within the human form
Are lifeless germs of being, till the Lord,
In His great Second Coming, animates
Their infant bodies: then they wake at first
As Adam woke in Eden, 'neath the tree
Of the soul's life, in whose ripe fruit they grew.
Within the breast they find a Paradise,
And are the primates of their own sweet race.
As man becomes regenerate, in Love's
Inmost transfiguration, he puts on
Immortal newness; fairy families
From all the lungs that inwardly inspire
In God Messiah's fulness, make their way
Throughout the frame's proportions, till, at last,
The body thrills instinct with fairy life,
While from each heart Messiah breathes His love.

The fairy world from Adam was withdrawn
Because he sinned; but inly breathing men,

Who followed in the world's first Golden Age,
 Received the precious gift, till Love declined:
 But when internal respiration ceased,
 The fairy peoples of humanity,
 Remote in woods, and fields, and dewy flowers,
 Found homes within the human breast no more.

But now they cry that "Christ their Life is come
 And they in glory are to reign with Him."
 The fay millennium dawns upon their sphere
 When men first breathe from God Messiah's fires.

As the new Eden grows from heart to heart,
 In our dear Lord's Divine Humanity,
 The fay race gather, from Caribbean Isles,
 Or spicy groves of Indus and Cathay,
 Or England's gardens, gay with varied bloom,
 Or northern mountains, rich with balmy pines.
 Their ensigned hosts display, in burnished helm
 And lances like the beams of happy eyes,
 And surcoats woven as of bridal smiles,
 Some peaceful counterpart of that great war
 Which the regenerate in spirit know.

They haste to claim the pure wife's yielding breast,
 Or build their homes within her tender eyes,
 Or doubly consecrate the hallowed lips
 And charm the soul with paradisaal joy.
 Then voice in voice, and thought in thought, and love
 Inspired in love declare their blissful reign
 Such life as this lost Eve, when Paradise
 With all its fairy people fled away.

The above extracts are from "Regina," a poem written in the
 autumn of 1859.

THE DIVINE CHILD.

He who the Fairy Word unfolds,
 In Fairyland his Lord beholds.

"God, who is First and Last," he said,
 " From largest Creatures to the least,
 Makes Presence manifold and sweet;

Saviour and Saviouress are led
Through all, that all may in Him feast,
And blend in worship at His feet.

"Lord Jesus was a Fairy Child,
In form of light from Heaven led down
Before to earthly sight He smiled,
And taught the World from David's town.

"If you should meet the Christ-Child now,
Though choirs of Angels round Him stand
The fairy crown begems His brow,
And He is King of Fairyland."

"All size is relative," he said—
The Angel of the far degree:
"The Christ-Child graced a fairy's bed:
With fairy gifts well pleased was He.

"For man is born by many births,
And through them all Lord Christ came down
While Heavens enrobed themselves in Earths,
To worship Him in David's town.

"God made Himself a Little Child,
That Heavens, and all the hosts of them,
Might hail the Fairy Saviour, mild
And meek, in New Jerusalem.

"The Fairy loveth to think that he
His own dear Lord as a Fay may see.
The Fairy knoweth that God Most High,
In the form of a Fay to him draws nigh.

"Stately Angels, fair and tall,
In the fields of Paradise,
Seem as fairy people small,
Seen as by the inner size.

To the vision of the Son of Man,
Each new born Heaven takes form as a lamb
But the Ancient Heavens as ewes abroad,
Leading their lambs on the Hills of God."

CHRIST INFAYED.

When Lord Christ toiled as Joseph's boy,
 The Fairy wove his robe of joy.
 Crowned with a fairy diadem,
 Child Jesus sought Jerusalem.
 He taught the Elders whom He saw
 Of wisdom not in Moses' law.
 They said, "where found the Child His lore?
 Than Priest and Seer He knoweth more."

Not from the sea; not from the strand
 Not from the Temple's hoary band!
 With fairy hosts He there did stand:
 His was the lore of Fairyland.

He touched the chords of Nature so,
 That heavenly song began to flow;
 And every leaf on every tree
 Divined and drew the melody.

Forth from His Bosom swept the choirs
 Of Fairyland, for sweet desires.
 He clasped them in His tender joy
 For Him they wrought their swift employ.
 His loving thought, His healing force,
 Moved in their Fairy Universe.

His wisdom was a peopled Town,
 Where Fairy folk delighted.
 His risings up and lyings down
 Were so as if the Sun might be
 Ascending from the Fairy Sea,
 Or folding in its mystery
 For shining use requited.
 All works that Lord Christ wrought below,
 Through fairy loves unfolded so.

CHILD JESUS.

Child Jesus beamed on Mary's breast,
 In sparkling fay-robes purely drest.
 "This is the Child, the Golden Child";

The Fairy Prophet sang, and smiled:
"He shall be called the joyful King"!
Then they all precious gifts did bring.

The vision of His infant eyes
Opened through all the Fairy Skies.
Fays were the playmates of His dreams,
Gliding upon the silver streams
Of Inward Infancy: they fed
His baby lips with precious bread
They stored their honey in His breast
He saw them, when He woke from rest,
Glancing about Him, as the small
Sun-motes around their living ball
And He was worshipped by them all.

When Fairyland makes place again,
The joyful King shall dwell with men.
Breathe softly, ye who here in-wreathe,
And Fairyland shall inter-breathe.
Breathe softly, ye who here bestow,
And fairy life shall form and flow,
And make ye all as Lambs that go.

Breathe softly, ye who here attend,
And fairy power shall inter-blend
And fairy angels, who impend,
Through your New Innocence descend.
Breathe softly, ye who here complete
Earth's journey at God's Mercy Seat.
Your hands approach the bosom chords
Of them whose form serves as the Lord's—
God makes that form a Paradise,
Whence fairy life your joy supplies.
Haste! weave yourselves in Order's dress
Make every thought a Loveliness.

—From "Songs of Fairyland," 1878.

Immersed in self-hood, yet apart,
Theirs is the art transcending art,
To impregnate the seed of things,
Wherefrom all sentient virtue springs.

The smallest of all seeds they sow
 Wherefrom. Religion's honours grow.
 Intact and incorrupt, they keep
 Watch where the fleshly senses sleep,
 And from the self-hood's baser sense
 Protect the Virgin, Innocence.

—From "Son of Theos," 1903.

Also the following "Extra" Fairy Chronicle must be included here. Referring back to what is said in the first chapter on the need of "demagnetising," it was on account of this great and pressing need at certain times that it was dictated and written for distribution among the friends, about twenty years after this period.

DEMAGNETISE.

If you, dear friends, would hold your States
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
 When joy within the heart abates,
 Demagnetise, demagnetise!

If you would overcome disease,
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
 Call Virtue through you like the seas:
 Demagnetise, demagnetise!

If you would help the Golden Cause,
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
 Draw Order through you by its laws
 Demagnetise, demagnetise!

If you would build the Social Town,
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
 Tread the Magnetic Serpent down:
 Demagnetise, demagnetise!

If you would learn the Choral Dance,
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
 Bid Sunbeams through your hands advance:
 Demagnetise, demagnetise!

If you would crash the Dragon's head,
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
 Your open hands to Heaven outspread
 Demagnetise, demagnetise!

If you would slay the lust that smites,
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,
 Serve as the Golden Child invites
 Demagnetise, demagnetise!

—From "Songs of Fairyland," 1878.

So much for some of the scientifics of Fay life.

But as all extracts from Mr. Harris's writings here given are for the purpose of illustrating the narrative, one more concerning the Fays will be especially necessary on this account, and will therefore be introduced also, it being a strictly narrative poem, and one to be regarded as an account or picture of their first advent into the Poet's own conscious experience. Also, it is truly a delight in itself, and must be felt as such by everyone who has the due and rightful love of all true fay lore in his heart. But it is cited likewise because it illustrates in such a simple manner the peculiar ineffable influence and uplift Godwards that the fairy presence brings to the soul of man, and also what state of man's soul it is that attracts them to him. Thus, then, sings the Poet:

Within my heart I found a grave,
 And buried there the Pride of Fame,
 The power to seek, the thought to crave
 A grand and deathless name.

"Upon it, in a little nest,
 And small as human things can be,
 Five cooing fairies met my quest
 I wept the sight to see.

"'Would that I were again a child
Like one of these,' I cried within,
'So tender, lowly, meek, and mild,
And innocent of sin.'

"The breathless thought was unexpressed,
When in a voice to music wed,
That slid in silence through my breast,
The five together said:

"'When Pride of Fame expired, we grew
To joyous being in its place.'
Afar the fairy bugles blew
Tears trembled on my face.

"'Oh, God!' I cried, 'and is it so?
When evil loves within us die,
Do fairies, pure as virgin snow,
Their children multiply,

"And in us build a green retreat,
And sing their hymeneal lays,
And, hived within the heart, repeat
Their litanies of praise?'

"The answer on my spirit fell:
'These are My little ones, who keep
The heart wherein I come to dwell
A pasture for My sheep.'

"At this methought a bleating sound,
Soft as the laughter of the rain,
Came from the tedded grass around,
And then He spake again.

"'If thou would'st be an Angel wise,
Forget thyself, and seek to be
A fairy soul of infant size,
In meek humility.'"

CHAPTER III.

TO resume the thread of our prose narrative:—At first all who had been invited did not have the Breath in any conscious way, but everyone was in a state of preparation from the internal for its reception; and when at length it came it opened to the full consciousness both in spirit and body. But this consciousness was with some much greater than with others, because it was dependent in great degree upon the measure of struggle through which the opening ensued. In those to whom it came first the struggle was the greatest, because the resistances were then most immense, both from the inherited organism of each individual and from the whole worldly environment. As the advance ensued from each to each the resistances grew measurably less and less; but in Mr. Harris himself, he being the first of all, the omnipotent power of the Lord alone caused the Breath to commence, and also caused each degree of the same to open in turn; and at last carried him triumphantly through the great "Transition"; but this also not without his own immense co-operation. Hence with him the consciousness of the Breath surpasses that of all others.

It was some years before this time that the opening of the first degree in himself took place, as will be more particularly spoken of later on, and he was not the first man in the world, even in historical times, to whom it came. It had come to George Fox, whose flesh quaked from its presence, urging

him on in his Divinely-given mission. But in him it could not advance beyond its incipient stage. Again, it came to Swedenborg, as he himself bore witness; but with him, too, it could only be incipient, the reason being the same as has been given above—that in order for its advance to become possible beyond a certain point, men must begin to associate in true Divine order. Of George Fox, it is true that he formed a society of "Friends," but they were not organised in any such order as is necessary to enable the Breath to advance through its seven degrees to the death of the old animal soul, and so to the incoming of the new, that shall be wholly of the regeneration. This could not yet be, because the time was not yet ripe for it; and so with Swedenborg it could not be for the same reason. But both of these men had true Divine missions, and prepared the way for the future.

As already said, the Breath descends in seven degrees; and each degree opens to the consciousness in entirely distinct forms of breathing, quite recognisable by the recipient, and these remain with him continuously and never leave him, but serve as a perpetual consciousness of the Divine Presence with him while he continues to remain faithful to the call of the Divine Voice within. But all the experiences, have endless differences in their form and order, according to the peculiar differences in character and organisation in each individual, and also according to the special circumstances under which he passes through all the degrees. The varieties, indeed, are endless, looked at universally; but all that are here spoken of are what have been clearly authenticated in living experience, and by direct knowledge of the writer, who here bears witness.

With all this, and as if there were no deep experiences whatever connected with the life, all were living outwardly in the simplest manner possible, digging, trenching, cutting, hewing, and hauling firewood from the woods for winter's use; gathering the apples of the orchard; doing all our household and out-of-doors work with our own hands, having no hired service whatever. Being willing ourselves to serve was the one first condition, outwardly speaking, upon which the Life could be lived. No one desiring to be idle, and not to serve with the others, could have retained the Breath for an instant without its becoming subject to furious and fatal attack from the inversive breath of the world and of the infernal spirits of evil below the world. This was and ever is fundamental.

In these things, too, Mr. Harris himself was foremost, and no exception. With hands which were at first white and tender, he essayed to do the roughest kind of work, such as building stone wall and hoeing and hand weeding in rough and stony ground. One day he was seen taking with him to the outside door of the kitchen a gentleman, lately arrived, who had never been accustomed to do any such work, and, to encourage him, began himself to causeway a space in front of it, having at the same time one of his sons to bring him the necessary material from plots of ground near by; and he kept steadily at it until the work was complete. At this time, also, he took part in whatever other work was going on of a lighter nature, however humble. Had he not done so, the advance in his organic state would have come to a stand-still, for he had not yet passed through his

transition. Such are the doors, the "lowly doors," the only doors by which man can enter into the Kingdom of God. Had he shrunk back from such humble manual service he never could have attained to the verge of the Transition, much less have passed triumphantly through; and his physical life would have surely come to a premature end. And even as it was, there remained until the last great doubt as to whether he could survive, for the old natural strength was waxing lower and lower every day and hour, and every preparation was being solicitously made for the possibility of the other alternative. Great fear was in every mind until at last the end came in triumph. And this was purely for the reason that he fulfilled to the letter that Divine counsel of the Master, who said, "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye will find rest unto your souls." Thus, too, only was fulfilled the prophetic prayer of David, that was never fulfilled for himself,

Let me die the death of the Righteous, and let my latter end be like His." But deeply, and in most cases probably all unconsciously, is coming to all, with an inner potency that nothing can any more turn aside or resist, that same Divine Breath, seeking with its infinite Mother-solicitude the full re-birth and redemption of the whole Race as one.

About a year before this time Mr. Harris, foreseeing that towards which the Spirit was leading him, wrote the following five little verses:

"The idle mind affects in youth
The trick of sighing;
And lips unskilled in real ruth
Rhyme oft of dying.

But souls by inmost anguish tried
Must still conceal it:
When the last love is crucified
None dare reveal it.

"We give the world in weal or woe
The same good morrow:
Our words in rippling sunlight flow
O'er floods of sorrow.

The frequent jest of Folly's lips
Must seem to win us:
While meet, with awful fellowship,
The dead within us;

"Till the funereal cup we fill,
And give no token
How long we bore, concealing still
A spirit broken."

And not long after that it was that he retired for a time, absolutely, from all speech with the outward world, as has been told.

Also, it should be said, that besides the work for the daily needs of the household, and the outdoor work above spoken of, certain ones felt called to apprentice themselves, as it were, to some trade—that is to say, to learn and practise it from the very foundation; one, for instance, to be a tailor, another a shoemaker, one husband and wife to take up the laundry business, and so with others of the most necessary manual industries. Of the first mentioned—that of the tailor—Mr. Harris, quoting the ordinary saying that "a tailor is but the ninth part of a man," added, "But to make a true tailor in the spirit and service of the Kingdom of God would take more of real human virtue than is possessed by any nine entire men in the whole world, under its present conditions." Also he said,

"the garments with which men are clothed that have been made by the hands of those in frail and miserable condition of body, are occultly saturated with their state, and they who don and wear them are interiorly oppressed throughout their whole flesh thereby. All the debased passions, likewise, of such unhappy workmen, with all the diseases that pertain to them and flow from them, are infused into every thread and tissue of which such clothes are made; and this is one of the chief means by which the essential elements of disease are continually spread among all the people." Such trades, therefore, were taken up accordingly, not for the purpose of lowering all men to one base level, but rather to uplift every trade, and to glorify each one of them by infusing into them the noble freedom and joy of purely, unselfish work in the common service.

But more fully to illuminate this subject, here will be given an extract from "The Holy City," written nearly nineteen years after this time (1880). It is what Swedenborg would have truly called "A MEMORABLE RELATION."

'Lord Jesus appeared afterward and said, "My son, you have been through the palaces of the garment-making profession in the city, and have partaken of the food by which they make cheer. One by one I will adopt all useful trades outwardly, as you see Me in this work: and take them into Myself as you see this one taken into Me. But your Mother has a word to say—your Mother, the Tailoress!" Soon after that the All-Beautiful came forth clothed from head to foot in raiment of fine needlework: the diadem on Her brow was of diamonds and pearls, and in Her shoes were rubies and sapphires. So the Mother sat down, but veiled,

and when the child worshipped she said, "O child! because you have known that your Mother is the needlewoman, and have desired to embody in the needlewoman's craft below this quality of her perfection, therefore I lift my veil."

"The child said, "Mother, Mother!" and was overcome. Then the Mother said, "Be not overcome by me, but take your Mother for an illustration of what the needlewoman shall be as she is gathered by her similars in the Holy City, and in the familistery. More blood of life flows away to death through the fingers of sorrow in the needlewoman than is spilled in all the battlefields. Arise, shine! let thy light go out to the uttermost of man: for I am come to avenge the workwoman, and to manifest my ways when she is delivered from her persecutors. Only be thou patient for a little time, and thou shalt see my way."

'Afterward Lord Jesus said, "Calm yourself, my child": then, the servant became calm: so the Lord took bread again and fed him for a new multiplication of energy, making a brown loaf and placing it in his hands. But when the servant by means of the hands had absorbed the bread, the substance broke into little globules, and passed into the general circulation of the body, producing rhythm in the brain and in the mind, and leaving a taste sweeter than honey on the palate. "This," spoke the Lord, "is of the quality of the food which they partake of in the Kingdom when one labour is finished, and after it they go into rest. Go with me a little further on."

'The servant passed thence into a commandery of the cordwainers, and opposite it was a familistery of the ladies employed in their appropriate branch

of the same service, little girls and boys being with them. The beauties of the companion palaces were indescribable, because the places of our Lord's feet and of our Lady's feet must be made glorious. Here again our Lady came forth, saying, "Child, you saw in the interior residence your Lord making a pair of slippers, and here you will behold that quality of His substance evolved into those I wear now, and passing thence, by multiplications, through the hands of the ladies and gentlemen employed in the same avocation to pervade and vitalise the footgear that they fashion in their daily use. Behold the divinity that is incorporated, by means of our substance, in all the finites of useful toil. The substance of energy passes up through the limbs from the footgear, invigorating the wearer by constant issuance: both the poetry and melody of motion pass through the shoes into the frame. Of old, your Lord taught them to wash each other's feet: here He has taught them to make the shoes, by the form of holiness, according to its qualities and degrees. Thus, dear one, shalt thou Instruct when there is a place prepared in the outward kingdom; and by the shoes that shall so be made we will impart life, vigour, persistence, and the joy of All in all. Go forth from this time into a new speciality." One of the knights of the commandery of cordwainers said afterward, "Our commandery occupies the palace next to that occupied by the commandery of tailors, so that we are comrades, and their banner crosses with ours in the great social hall."

Such is a glorious picture of the blessed life that was descending to be received here below, and although only the most incipient degree of embodiment was proved as yet to be possible, yet in essence

it was the very same. Energies in their origin purely Divine and celestial; energies from the fountain-head of purely unselfish love and devotion in the common life; here found their very small beginning, hardly, indeed, outwardly to be recognised as such; yet, under God, and by means of the Breath of God, was being laid here, in first principles, the basis of Society, the basis of SOCIALISM—the only true and possible Socialism, which is THEO-SOCIALISM. This alone can permanently endure, for any other order of society is foredoomed to failure, from the inherent debased selfhood in every natural individual man causing the social structure in every case first to split, and tending finally to disintegrate, through anarchy, into absolute dust, until re-arrested by the sword.

"Let but Democracies inflame,
Let but Plutocracies missaim,
So the firm earth becomes a sea,
And freedom breeds insanity."

Mr. Harris's own wife of that time was the first after himself to come into the open Breath, and after her others one by one, gradually, but in such order of succession as need not be recorded, being a matter that is purely private and personal.

Through everything all both suffered and rejoiced

* From the above the reader may infer why it was in after years in California The Use adopted as its main industry the growing of vineyard, and the manufacture and sale of wine. The vines so grown, and the wine so made and dispensed by consecrated hands devoted to human service, carried with it—and still carries—in such degree and measure as God alone knows of, like substance of Divine and celestial energy, as is indicated in the above narrative, to all who receive and partake of it. Through it the curse that attends the abuse of wine is occultly met and counteracted. But by this many teetotallers were shocked, and so might also have been the ascetic disciples of John the Baptist. "But Wisdom is justified of all her children," and no offence was intended to be given to those who sincerely object; but it was the Lord Himself who initiated the dispensing of wine to the people.

together, Mr. Harris ever rejoicing with all in the one case—and the fairies with him—or seeking to cheer everyone in the other, not only with fairy songs and rhymes, but also from the ever-abounding flow of his own most innocent and playful poetic inspiration. If he left the ardours of his home work to seek rest elsewhere for a little while, he would send frequent little rhymes like this, that would set all hearts a-dancing with a sacred kind of glee:

"Let words be few and full of grace,
 Let charity illumine the face;
 Think of the world as dead to thee,
 Let Heaven both felt and present be
 Look forward, onward to the goal—
 Christ all in all in heart and soul."

Or, again, only a simple quartette like this:

"He was a cunning Yabbit,
 And to keep his babes from harm
 He journeyed in the wilderness,
 And bought a mountain farm"

For, be it known, the dear "Little Brothers had playfully named him "Mr. Yabbit," and everyone who came to join, a new "Little Yabbit"—softening the hard R into Y in their fairy speech.

Thus, both while present and absent, sought he ever with like cheery innocence to uplift saddened or depressed and toiling spirits out of their prosaic gloom. For all had one great and terrible enemy in themselves to conquer, and this is that old enemy in the flesh of man, SCORTATION—the inverted and debased sexual sense and passion—that ever has been through all the ages of our unhappy world, and is now, the world's greatest curse, its giant curse, and, but for God, the unconquerable perpetuator of

the same. And it is this that also constitutes the basis or root of that "proprium"—or debased selfhood in man that, throughout the whole same immense period, has made the building Lip of a truly enduring and harmonic nation of peoples upon this Earth an absolute impossibility.

As yet we had only feebly begun to grapple with this enormous universal foe, touching it, as it were, but by the outer skirt. But the fairies knew—at least far better than any of those who had lately joined—and continually came in, as occasion demanded, with their exorcising fairy songs:

"Cats yun away! cats yun away'
His little wife the will will say;
Cats, yun away, Love, hear what I say!
Turn out the billygoats; cats yun away
Cats yun away! cats yun away!
Turn out the billygoats; cats yun away

Do such little chants seem simple and childish? Perhaps to some they may; but they are pervaded, nevertheless, by a Divine penetrative charm. "Billygoats" and "cats" correspond respectively to the masculine and feminine principles of inverted or debased sexuality. The Fays are all infantile; let not "the wise and prudent" despise them. Also, it should be understood that their own habitation is in the aromal expanses of Nature, where all such evil forms have concrete objective embodiment, wheresoever man's life is still unpurified and evil passions active. But as the "Little Brothers" trooped in singing such songs, all the "cats," "billygoats," and such like were filled with an uncontrollable horror of fear, and fled from the fairies' presence and the sound of their voices with utmost precipitation; and when the brothers and sisters themselves took up the

songs, their own voices became filled with the fairy voices, actually unitising themselves with and within them, and filled with something of the same ardour of Divine-natural sexual purity. Never would the Fays suffer the saddened ones to sink far into, gloom, however hard might be the battle. With them laughter had a thousand times more power than gloomy anger, for the fairies are as far apart from Calvinistic or puritan moroseness as God is apart from Lucifer. But this was not to blink or minimise the issue, but because they ever knew, by their infallible instinct, that that Divine Mother out of whom they flow, possesses, and can transfer to all fairies, and also to all men, who will acknowledge and receive Her, an absolutely irresistible power even over this greatest of all enemies.

"In our Lady Yessa's garden,
Set with golden walls impearled,
Springs the Tree, whose fruit is Pardon
For the sins of all the world.

"'Tis our Lady of the Bower!
In the bloom-wrought shrine She stands
And Her innocence makes power
For the weak ones of the lands.

"She is one with Him who beareth,
And who teacheth man the gift;
Yea, at one with Him, and shareth
All the blessing—to uplift.

"On Her lips the bridal honey,
From Her heart the Paradise
So She giveth without money,
And bestoweth without price.

"Not a mourner but She claimeth,
And Her will is sweet and strong
In Her hand the sceptre flameth,
At whose touch dissolves the wrong.

"Those by soul's love who proclaim Her,
 And by lifes gift serve Her well,
 She reneweth as they name Her,
 Wafting blessings where they dwell.

"And the crust of Earth is broken,
 And the life leaps up to flame,
 Where the loving words are spoken
 In the might of Yessa's name."

—Hymns of "The Two-in-One," 1876.

Therefore it is that the fairies can laugh with whole-hearted laughter; and such laughter has been heard to sound even in the ears of the external man who knows nothing about them. A simple Santa Rosa citizen has been heard to say, "We do love to have Mr. Harris come down to visit us, if only just to hear him laugh, for we never heard laughter like it from any other man I"

But guard must be held against the idea that the fairies will join in the laughter of the common earthly man in his present state. They will not laugh with the gross old Falstaff and his debased crew; neither would they ever have put an ass's head upon poor Bottom to make a laughing-stock of him. Their laughter rests not in such surprises of debasement, but in just the opposite—namely, the surprises of deliverance! Their mirth is of the very joy of God; yea, the joy of Her who is the Eternal Mate of the Divine Bridegroom.

So hearts that feel, feel Nature-time dissolving,
 And Nature-space in pregnancy for birth
 Of a New World, by Twain-One Love evolving,
 Through outer terror-sense, an inner mirth."

But, in the contemplation of this, here again comes

down to us a flood of blessed light on what has been a dark subject:

"Am I deceived—or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?"

Some readers of the New Testament have gone so far as to express surprise that throughout the narratives there given the Lord Jesus is not spoken of once as having laughed, or even as having smiled; and many have noticed it silently, not venturing to mention it by outward speech. For this seemingly sad fact there was a deep cause that now comes clearly into view. Near the beginning of this narrative the reason why the Divine Mother could not be revealed to the Jews whom the Lord addressed, although She was even then veritably embodied within Him, has already been spoken of. She was constrained so to be hidden by the sexually depraved state of men, wherefore the Lord Jesus had to exercise the most persistent force of repression from the beginning to the very end of His life.

"As one aye concealing
Sex-sense from revealing
He shone—yet as martyr forelore.
Now, now as the Bridegroom,
Arrayed in full bride-bloom,
One-Twain He beams forth for our door."

But it was the Divine Lady within Him that instilled this repression. As is said in "Wisdom of Adepts," "The Woman's art is concealment; during the long ages of the Earth's inversion, who knew of Christa-Yessa? The shadows of other knowledges survived, but the deepest of all was hidden with the most studious care till the End should be at hand."

The unhappy cause of this necessity need not be repeated here; but by reason of this complete veiling of the Divine Mother from the eyes of men the whole universe of Fay life was also hidden; and it is the Fays who carry with them the first essential substance of all the genuine mirthfulness and laughter with which mankind can be blessed. But for the depraved state of man, above spoken of, they would, to his full consciousness, without doubt, have flocked in in multitudes, with their songs and paeans of joy and laughter, even in that first century of our blessed Lord's era. It is the Fays, and Fays alone, who, can ever enable man to laugh joyously into the very faces of the most hateful and scowling devils that ever rose out of Hell, for they possess in themselves, the essential element of the irresistible Divine joy that fills the bosom of Her of whom they are, and which they know also holds a sure and certain cure for every ill that either the spirit or flesh of man can inherit. Nevertheless, at that time the Divine One-Twain would not permit them to manifest, for although their essential joy could not be extinguished by the evil state of the world, yet as to their bodies, they would inevitably have been destroyed, for they can only live with men as the latter voluntarily repent of all their evil, and so voluntarily begin to be clothed upon with the righteousness of Christ in spirit, soul and body. And, therefore, for the above given reasons, what has been said of the essential fairy mirth and joyfulness has to have this grave qualification: that when they enter into close relations with the men of this Earth they themselves are liable to suffer excruciatingly; and this they are perfectly aware of before they make their approach, though they are absolutely undaunted by it. Nevertheless,

it brings to them at times a solemnity of thought and demeanour that is all the more impressive because of its contrast with their innate prevailing nature—impressive, above all, to those for whose uplift they labour, and whose debased morality and many bodily diseases are the immediate cause of their suffering. It has been told that many have ventured to approach men hopefully in such service ere open breath had commenced—and to some years before then—and the natural lives of these Fays were absolutely sacrificed; and so there came to be fairy graveyards in the fay expanses of those persons. As a matter of fact, not until the Breath was opened to the full consciousness in man, and some few at least had attained to the Transition, were any fairies who worked for his uplift out of death into life able to be translated to the Heavens in normal form and order, without leaving any bodily remains to be entombed. The vast multitudes of fairy lives thus martyred in their heroic service for our poor debased race no man knows the number of. But on this matter the writer is able to make this only consolatory statement: that among all the open-breathing persons after The Use began, with one single exception (concerning which he feels he has no warrant to speak), no such sacrifice of actual fairy life has occurred, though many have suffered greatly, and have been known at times to lie moaning with pain. At such cost to these infantile Divine Innocences is being wrought out deliverance for poor mankind, who otherwise would never be able to attain to any bodily resurrection!

It seems wonderful, although expounders of the Scriptures little allude to it, with what apparent harshness the Lord spoke, as is recorded, of the

bodily, and hence, also, the spiritual state of the teachers and leaders of the Jewish nation who refused to accept Him, declaring them all to be "children of fornication," and a mere "generation of vipers." It was upon the head and front of the Scribes and Pharisees that the blows of these terrible denunciations fell, for they were the instructors and guides of the people in the whole law of Moses and the Scriptures of the Prophets; and as the true end to which these led was the Lord's own life, wherein alone was their Divine fulfilment, if these leaders did not accept, Him they blocked the way for the whole people. Therefore it was to them first that the dreadful unveiling of the reality of their life, as it was in themselves, had to be clearly announced, that thus the whole nation might know that without the acceptance of Himself and the pure and perfect life that He brought to them from the Father, they would remain, in effect, altogether bestial and vile. Only the blame for this was not laid on the people themselves, but upon those false leaders upon whom was the whole responsibility for all the calamitous results that ensued. For it was calamity indeed for all, but it was "woe" to the Scribes and Pharisees. And yet those Jews, and the Scribes, and Pharisees especially, were persons of eminent propriety of life in every visible sense, more so probably than are nine-tenths of the most moral people of modern Europe. They were, as they truly affirmed themselves to be, born in wedlock and of the seed of Abraham. Was the Lord unjust, then, in so condemning them, and, by implication, the peoples of all other tribes and nations? Nay, surely not. The Lord knew, in His Divine Twain-Oneness, with the Divine Mother, of all purity within Him. And now, again, that

Divine Mother in Her re-turn knows—and Her fairy Innocences know—that the bodily states of the whole mankind of this world at the present time, are in the same unhappy condition as the Lord affirmed of that Jewish people of Palestine, except as they may happily become born anew in the Divine Twain-One.

But saying this is speaking ahead of what we had yet come to see and know at that time. Mr. Harris himself had to gain the full knowledge gradually. As said already, we had as yet only come to touch, as it were, the outskirts of this terrible subject. Nevertheless, we had entered the battlefield, and were already encountering the outposts of the enemy. But here, now, will be quoted what Mr. Harris himself had to say on this dread subject, after eighty years' experience of this world's life:

"This fated hour opes Armageddon's field,
 Fiery scortation serves as buckler, shield.
 Out of scortation's deepest, deadliest den
 Spout venomed flames to pierce the loins of men.
 Scortation drives death's dagger to the hilt.
 Scortation orbs the intellect of Guilt.
 Scortation bars out Christus from His globe.
 Scortation fouls on Christa's fair white robe.
 Scortation wrecks the sacred Marriage mart
 Denies the Goddess, and defiles the heart;
 Did Christa lead Her woman angels down,
 Rages to make them outcasts of the town.

"From continent to isle, from stream to sea,
 Scortation shapes one common empirie.
 Through all religions one scortation holds,
 One common vortex whirls, one crime embolds
 Riots in orgies of one common curse;
 Holds Earth apostate from Love's Universe.

"Out of scortation's whirl of death in blight,
 Into God's twain-one Eden—sex in sight—

See God in passion; Passion's hearted sense
Of twain-one fleshness; Christ made Innocence!
Souled flesh!—I fought scortation to its height,
Throughout life's desperate and deadly fight,
In patience, pain. 'Tis Armageddon's war—
The terror that precedes the Avatar.
O'er the dread death-plain glows the Goddess girl,
Orbed in Her throne of diamonded pearl.
In swift vibrations of Her winged feet
Pulse joyful breathings of the Paraclete."

"The root and urgency of fall
Is where in sex God is not all.
To exile God, the sex within,
Is man's irreparable sin.
'Twas here the old religions paled.
'Twas here the sex profaned and failed.
'Twas here apostasy took root.
'Twas here that ruin bore its fruit.
'Twas here the Orb's disaster grew,
And lust pierced human nature through.
Denying God, in sex made wise,
Time its eternity denies.
Profaning sex, man sins the most;
Blasphemes the Bridal Holy Ghost.

"Religion lifts from death to life,
In God, the Husband, Goddess, Wife."

—From "Song of Theos," 1903.

THE VICTOR.

He who has mastered Woman's fire
Is stronger than the Angels bold.
They bring for him Apollo's lyre;
His hand illumines the chords of gold.
Then Heaven descends to move in earthly ways
Led by the march of his victorious lays.

He who has fathomed Woman's way
Is wiser than the Angels bright
For he has bound the pale decay
That slays and murders by delight.
Then Heaven is glad by him to weave its robe,
For Immortality has touched the Globe.

He who has conquered Woman's thrill,
That holds Earth's Monarchs at her feet,
Shall rise above the Planet's chill,
And with the Solar Angels meet.
From Circe's hand he wrests the Golden Bowl,
And saves the bright infusion of the Soul.

He who has broken Woman's chord,
Where, magical, the serpents twine,
His home shall be God's Bridal Word,
Incarnate so for morn to shine.
His burning spear against the Terror hurled,
Shall stand a flower, and blossom for the world."

—From "Songs of Fairyland," 1878.

CHAPTER V.

It has been commonly said that Mr. Harris was a Spiritualist, and is a Spiritualist.* Now the truth concerning that must here be given as nearly as can be. But, in endeavouring to do this, the writer of this narrative will have to go back to the earlier days before he could himself have been a personal witness, as he was then living far from America. He will therefore aim to be as brief as the largeness of the subject will permit, and its important bearing on the development of the life-history that is being under taken.

Thomas Lake Harris was born at Fenny Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, England, on 15th May, 1823, and five years afterwards his parents emigrated to New York, taking their son with them, and settled in the town of Utica in that State.

The main significant facts known of those early days are as follows:—He was the only child, and until his mother died, when he was in his ninth year, the humble household, without doubt, was most peaceful and harmonious. Between mother and child it is certain there was the fondest and deepest attachment. The fervent piety of the former was all of the deep heart, so that it mattered little upon what ostensible dogmas it was founded, and it was through her that were sown in his soul the germs of that

*Mr. Harris was still visibly present with us in outward form when this was written.

pure Godliness that flowered out in after years, and bore such marvellous fruit at last. But the father was different; his faith was strongly rooted in the hard, narrow Calvinism of his sectarian creed, and through this his son was shut out in great degree from his affection. But this not immediately, for it is recorded that for a time after his mother's death he worked diligently under his father, who had started a store in Utica, helping him with his accounts, although then but a mere lad. So far as known, all continued friendly between them until after his father married again, when the stepmother is said to have treated him ill, and wounded him on the tenderest side by speaking disparagingly of his own dearly loved mother. This he could not endure, and as his father appears to have been no shield, the son was made to feel himself almost an alien in his father's house. This is told as being the main outward cause of his allying himself as soon as his mind began to mature to the sect of Universalists, whose religious principles were in most respects the opposite to those of the Calvinistic Baptists. But, while in doing this, it seemed something of a departure from his earliest religious instruction, he felt he was being drawn by it nearer to the soul of that departed mother at whose knee he had first been taught to pray to the Heavenly Father. In real truth it seems plain that he was gradually being led providentially through many trials and troubles at this period, as always thereafter, so as to be uplifted in due course of time high above the dogmatics of every man-made religious creed whatever.

Some time after this it is said that he fell deeply in love, and no doubt with the lady who became his first wife, and the one who mentions it speaks of

the idolatrous way in which he talked to them of his *fiancee*." In this also we have an indication of the wholly natural way in which he was being led through the dim twilight days of his earliest youth, and therein providentially shielded froth the unspeakable dangers by which that most critical time is beset in this most unfortunate of worlds. And through it all, as has been explicitly made known, the soul of the beloved mother was ever hovering near; and, through her, the Divine Mother of all.

The memory of this departed mother remained with him ever a hallowing influence in his soul that never forsook him. From his earliest childhood he had always experienced some degree of spiritual vision. First of all, and earliest of all, he dimly remembered in after years how the Fairies visited him in multitudes, weaving charming and gleeful spells round his infant pillow, and, later on, the ascended spirit of the beloved mother was providentially used as a medium of heavenly communication with him after her decease.

While only about twenty years of age, having joined the Universalists, he had already become an ardent preacher, and on one occasion about this time, while he was passing through a state of agonising despondency and spiritual struggle, she came to him in his bedroom, appearing as in a luminous cloud, and radiating around him an influence of quiet peace. Laying her hand upon him she only said, "My dear child, my poor child, you must always remember that God is the Father of all men, and that all mankind are your brothers." This, though all, was enough; it restored his calmness and brought him just the spiritual comfort and strength he needed. Forty years after this time, in his dedication to the first volume of "Star Flowers," he speaks of his mother

in the exquisite lines given below. In them it is clearly indicated how it was the Divine Mother within her, coming in response to her innocent earnest prayers, while yearning over the life and fate of her unborn child, that alone enabled her to be such a mother as is there described

DEDICATION TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF
"STAR FLOWERS," 1886.

"Nine months I lay in a Lady's womb:
She folded me all in her laughing bloom:
She hallowed me while I filled and fed
From the nectar-wells of her mother-head.
Wisely and kind she planned for me
In the antenatal infancy.
Now to mine age return the hours
I slept in her life's embosomed bowers,
Until the melodies rise and well
From the joys that grew in her blossom-bell.

To-night danced round me the Sacred Nine,
A sister-band in the Mother-twine.
The charm, the spell their motion caught
Have led me again where the Mother wrought.
I feel, as the soul in verse takes wing,
Of Motherhood as a holy thing;
A state that in woman forms and grows,
From birth, through time, to the shadowed close
A Good that is in her as Truth in man
A form from the Infinite marriage-plan
A power to shield, to build and bless,
That sways by her sceptre of queenliness;
A power that shapes from the Bridal Word,
That toils through the years for a hope deferred
A power, its path through the gloom that plies,
And cheers and illumines and sanctifies;
A power that, did its full force unfold,
Would gather to man for his Age of Gold,
And bear him aloft, when the years are dead,
To bowers that circle God's marriage bed.

If I have said, as a man may say,
 Of mysteries held in the Woman's way,
 The words but as flights of song-birds flit
 For the wealth of her loving is infinite.
 My infant breast as a lyre she strung:
 Her musical bells in my heart she rung:
 The chorded bands of my sentient powers
 She ranged as the breaths of her passion flowers.
 Ere I was born to the outward loss,
 She signed my brow with her passion-cross,
 Baptised me all in her wells of flame,
 And sealed me to God by the Holy Name.
 Ere I was formed to hands and feet,
 Her prayers grew in me to force complete.
 Ere I was fashioned to breast and brain,
 She wove for their lines by her music-strain.
 Ere I was wrought into lips and eyes,
 She kindled firelights of her sacrifice,
 And charmed a spell for my infant breath,
 Sweeter than kindness and stronger than death
 And if I have toiled for the planet's joy,
 To God the mother brought forth her boy.

 By words that kindle, and loves that burn
 By thoughts that well from life's deepest urn
 By tears that diffuse, all warm and wet
 Star-fire in fragrance of violet,
 This sacred song of my sunset days
 I consecrate to the Mother's praise;
 For souls that hunger, and hearts that ache,
 A gift from the child of

ANNIE LAKE."

It was about two years after this time—in the year 1845—that Mr. Harris was married to his first wife, whose maiden name was Miss Mary Van Arnum, to whom, as said above, he had become ardently attached. She bore him two sons, in the course of the five years of their wedded life, who lived to receive the Divine Breath. The mother herself, not

being organically fitted to open to New Life Conditions, in the ultimate degree, was called away from the external to her heavenly rest, in 1850.

The blessed manner in which she was visited from Heaven when the end came, and was received up, as if carried thither almost in her husband's arms, is most beautifully described in an early periodical now not accessible, and where also were given some sweet lines commemorating her, ending thus:

"Pure bosom!—that pillowed my head
Fond bosom!—her babies that fed."

After his marriage, for two years more he continued his preaching, until at length he appears to have come into another despondent state of mind on account of feeling in the people to whom he ministered an almost total absence of faith in any reality of the higher life hereafter and at this time it was that he first had his earnest attention drawn to "Spiritualists," who, it was affirmed, had positive communication with that life. He therefore determined to see what reality there was in this alleged fact, in the hope that it would give him the means of demonstrating it to his people by direct evidence.

In this the earnest-souled youthful preacher had no idea of what an unpopular step he was about to take, or if he had he determined to confront that unpopularity unflinchingly. All the churches were already up in arms against the unholy thing, and denounced it uncompromisingly without attempting to look into it at all—the professed watchers of the Fold in this hour of supreme necessity proving themselves thus to be utterly unfaithful, or at least impotent and unreliable, with this single exception.

It was about a decade before the middle of the last

century that the great uprising of modern Spiritualism began, and this was felt to be the most startling event in the history of Christendom, and is still so felt, touching as it does to the very vitals of Religion.

Now, it is recorded that there was an uprising of similar phenomena in Palestine at the time of the first Christian advent, and this, if it had not been counteracted, would infallibly have wrecked the Israelitish religion, and thereafter, no doubt, in course of time, all remains of true religion in the world. But it was met in that first century by the Divine Incarnation in the person of the Son of God, who overcame it in essence in the temptation in the Wilderness, and in last effects on the Cross of Calvary.

The parallel cases of the two uprisings of the Spirit world, coincidentally each with a great Divine advent, are no doubt according to a universally prevailing law. In the nether world of Spirits the approach of such an advent is anticipated and feared before its manifest arrival, and a counter movement from beneath is organised against it.* How the Infernal Power was met in the first case the record of the New Testament makes known; but has there been no one found so Divinely fortified in the recent case as to enter into the midst of the contending forces, discriminating with God-rectified and balanced mind between the good and the evil, seeking to harvest, as a messenger of God, the good seed, and meeting at the same time the evil powers with

* This is fully declared and explained in "The Concept of the Word," issued in 1878.

dauntless brow, however threatening in aspect, or clothed upon outwardly with delusive appearances of truth? Let us see.

Andrew Jackson Davis, called "The Poughkeepsie Seer," had been developed into a very remarkable clairvoyant about four years before this time, and apparently also into a successful healing medium; and by the publication of his earliest essays, under the title of "The Principles of Nature: Her Divine Revelations," he became the most well known "Spiritualist" of that early day. It was to him that Mr. Harris now repaired on this great and important, if very risky, quest. This Mr. Davis, however, to all seeming, was no Devil, no Lucifer, but one who appeared to those who met him as a very kindly well-meaning young man, who, no doubt, sincerely thought himself a genuine seeker of truth. Nevertheless, in spite of all possible good intentions, he was no longer himself, or master of himself, when Mr. Harris came to him. In the latter part of the year 1843 there came to the village in which he dwelt, while quite a juvenile, and working in a simple handicraft, a lecturer on mesmerism—or "hypnotism," as it would be termed now—called "Professor Grimes," and he told of such seeming wonders that Davis was immensely attracted; and when this Professor invited subjects from among the audience to come forward to be operated on, the lad presented himself, but he affirmed that the attempt failed entirely. However, a few days after another Professor of the same art, Mr. William Livingston, called upon him, and offered to try to mesmerise him, and young Davis, being full of keen curiosity on the subject, and nothing daunted by his first failure, submitted himself again to be

hypnotised, and this time with abundant success. In his published volume, "The Magic Staff," he describes the terrible sensations he experienced during that operation, as he felt his whole conscious life being forcibly extinguished, as it were, within him, in spite of his almost frantic efforts of resistance, as he began to realise that it was proving successful. He says he had always had great fear of death, and he thought this was death that was overcoming him.

Here will be quoted from his book the main part of that dread description, for it bears a fundamental relation to our subject, as being a presentation of the exact opposite of that which is in true Divine and vital order; and also because Mr. Harris was, for a time, to come into close relations with the one who by means of such process had seemed to become open to exceptional powers both of supernal vision and of miraculous healing, or at least of remarkable powers of diagnosing disease and prescribing seemingly effective remedies.

"First," he says, "the ten thousand avenues of sensation were illumined with the vivid flames of electric fire. Anon, all was intensely dark within. Dreadful and strange feelings passed over my body and through my brain.... I felt the different senses that connect the mind with the outer world gradually closing. Alas! methought, despairingly, are they closing for ever? Thus my senses yielded imperceptibly to the subduing power. I could no longer hear the busy and active world without, nor feel the touch of any object living or dead.... Is it true then, I thought sadly, that my sense of hearing is closed?—closed to seal the reality of an eternal silence! Can this be so? ...No, indeed! the moment has arrived. I will submit no longer to

this dreadful and dangerous experiment. Never shall my marvel-seeking and dreamy mind again lead me into such fearful perils. Yes, I will speak an protest against this dreadful operation. But oh, how frightful! My tongue seemed instantly to be enlarged, and clung violently to the top of my mouth.... I made a desperate effort to change my position—particularly to disengage my hands—but (horrible beyond description!) my feet, my hands, my whole body were entirely beyond the control of volition. ...All was lost.... What could I do?...Where am I? Oh, I am so lonely! Alas, if this be Death!... Every moment I approached nearer and nearer to a mysterious dark valley!...Every wave of thought wafted me nearer and nearer to the fearful vale of inconceivable darkness! ... Horrid thoughts of disorganisation continued to distress me.... I seemed to be revolving in a spiral path, with a wide sweep at first, and then smaller; so that every revolution on my descending flight contracted the circle of my movement...and thus down I sank to the lowest depths of forgetfulness."

Then he says afterwards, regarding his waking to "physical consciousness": "The darkness continued with my ascending movement to increase and expand, till I gained the margin that bounded the ocean of that dreaded oblivion.... My senses were again opened; light broke on my dimmed vision; sound vibrated through my ear, etc." Then he speaks of how astonished he was to see the people about him talking animatedly about the wonders he had manifested during his state of unconsciousness, of which he knew nothing. They told him how with his eyes closed he read, a newspaper held to

his forehead, etc., etc., and how, besides these things, he had described the diseases with which they were affected, and all they said, "to our perfect satisfaction." Also, how strange to him it seemed to find It an unremembered period, a blank in my mental history, yielding a harvest so mysterious!" And so, being charmed with this, and notwithstanding the terribleness of his first experience, he submitted himself again and again to be hypnotised, and found himself each time manifesting apparently increased power. He not only diagnosed disease, but he prescribed remedies that were said always to effect complete cures. After that he says he could see also into Nature. The walls of the houses first became to him brighter, "and then transparent," so that he could see the interior of every house and every object within it. "It was now as easy, for me to see the people moving about their respective houses as in the open thoroughfares.... The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible ...all were laid open to my vision." And it was from this state of vision he began, in time, his discourses on "The Divine Principles of Nature," dictating them from the hypnotic state. Afterwards he came into communication with spirits, who called themselves after the names of persons who had been alive on the Earth; but one is called his "Guide," with no other name, the leading of whose word he always seems to have followed. This Guide also appears to have effected several obscure communications with him even before he had been mesmerised, and to have been able so to influence his steps as to have gradually led him to encounter those who could exercise this occulting effect upon him, and by that

means have him drawn more fully under his spirit influence.

Young Mr. Davis continued his spiritualistic work in the lines indicated above for about four years more, before Mr. Harris felt impelled—or, I may truly say without irreverence, as was said of the Lord in His lowly earthly pilgrimage—" was driven of the Spirit" to visit him, in order that he might enter into temptation, and so through temptation, and overcoming the evil Enemy that he should encounter in it, enter into the clear light of Divine Truth. Not that it is to be implied that Mr. Davis was "the Devil"—certainly not, as has been said before—but nevertheless he had opened an occult pathway into that desolate wilderness that the Devil inhabits, and where no bread is to be found that will support the life of man, and where, therefore, pangs of hunger for the veritable words that come forth purely out of the mouth of Deity have to be endured, such as only: the man of truly God-quickened soul can experience until they are indeed heard and received.

It was in the year 1847 that Mr. Harris came to him, when he was twenty-four years of age, and Davis just about twenty; both young, but the elder the younger in spirit; full of youthful optimism and ardour; ready to believe in the goodness, truth, and sincerity of every man who professed to be moved by pure and elevated aspirations. We must remember the time: that this was in the very beginning—then the very small beginning—of that great movement in occultism that has prevailed so immensely since with an ever-widening sweep. To Mr. Harris then it was all new, and it spoke to him with an irresistible appeal, 'seeming to open such a door to the verification of the supernatural as was hitherto undreamt of.

And we must remember what he was: an ardent preacher to the people, seeking with all his might to rouse them to the highest aspirations and noblest deeds; and believing at that time that he could do so by the mere fervour of his own soul. But after toiling thus for fully five years, as he found himself unable to accomplish what he so zealously strove for, and hence began to sink into deep despair, lo, here appeared, come to his succour, a means that seemed to him for a little while would infallibly enable him to hew in pieces that obdurate crust of disbelief in the reality of any kind of supernatural life, within which the souls of his people appeared to be absolutely imprisoned. With enthusiasm he accepted both the worthiness and intrinsic goodness of all the Davis manifestations. Was not this, he thought, the supernatural being brought down to a scientific demonstration that all minds must accept? And he did not confine himself to Mr. Davis's manifestations alone, although he regarded him as the foremost and most advanced of them all. He visited other mediums wherever they could be found, to test their reality by actual inspection, and when he had satisfied himself of their genuineness, *as manifestations*, he ardently and voluntarily enlisted himself under Davis's banner and direction, and getting his consent and commission, he started forth as a missionary to preach far and wide this proven reality: *that the spirits of those who had lived an Earth did communicate from above, and were actually communicating, with men still living in the flesh*. This was the theme he had set himself to instil into the minds of men with all his power.

Davis evidently felt rather stunned by this ardent enthusiasm, and gave his consent to his becoming

his missionary in this way rather unwillingly; at least, with nothing, apparently, of Mr. Harris's own enthusiasm. In fact, the two men were of totally different natures and characters, and never could have worked together long. Mr. Davis was an out and out individualist, and had no concern whatever for the drawing of men into a higher organised social condition. In fact, he expressed himself as being even antagonistic to anything of the kind. He wished, or at least his "Guide" and the other spirits with him wished, every man to stand apart, thinking his own thoughts, and endeavouring to fulfil his own individual desires, and especially that each should seek to evolve his own inner nature by artificial development of mediumistic conditions. This last idea, indeed, seems to have been the very of the practical teaching, as unmoral moralists (though not necessarily immoral), of himself, his Guide, and spirits with him. But Mr. Harris's whole soul was intent always from first to last on the purpose of uplifting all people into some higher socialised form of nobility. This to Davis was very distasteful; but he was always easy-going and indifferent as to what others thought, so long as they did not press upon or interfere with himself, and while Mr. Harris was away lecturing enthusiastically as his missionary and advocate, he let him go on doing so as much as he pleased. But when he returned from his preaching tour there was trouble.

However much Mr. Davis himself may have been a youth of pure and chaste habits, yet, after having become open to the influences of the spirit world through mesmerism, he had perforce either to adopt the rule of the spirits or break off entirely his occult

relations with them, for so long as such connection subsists the spirits controlling will permit of no deviation from their way. When at first Mr. Harris came to him, he, Davis, was doubtless living in simple chastity, but on his return, after several months, a great change had ensued. He had been led into association with a married woman, whose husband was still living, and he had begun to express views that, were frankly and openly lax with regard to all obligations of permanence in the marriage tie, and so had begun both to teach and act on the principle that whenever married partners came of themselves to believe that they were no longer adapted to one another, they not only might, but ought, to separate and choose other partners whom they themselves believed to be more suitable; or, as he expressed it, truer affinities. But, as said already, Davis was no longer himself after he had become open to spirit control, and this change in him therefore is not to be attributed to himself, but to the controlling spirits with him. But all this was a great shock to Mr. Harris when, on his return, he was informed of it, and on finding also that Mr. Davis was actually allying himself to this married woman, who seemed to be a very gaily-dressed lady, he was both greatly shocked and unspeakably distressed, for his own idea of the marriage tie was that its sacredness was absolutely rooted in God, and that what God had joined together no man could lawfully sunder. And then, again, the idea that he entertained of Davis's inspiration, and of his spiritual guides, was so uplifted—held so immensely high—that his reliance upon them had been almost unlimited, regarding them as superior even to the Bible in this respect, that they came with present

scientific demonstration, at least as he then believed. But now, finding what he did on his return, he came to him in a state of great agitation, and said that God could never continue to bless him or sustain his inspiration and spiritual gifts if he did not live a life of purity. But Mr. Davis justified himself with great placidity, and said there was no impurity about him, and that what he was doing was perfectly right and correctly moral. This to Mr. Harris was like a stunning blow, and although he did not let it make an immediate separation outwardly, yet deeply the severance was complete, and so, externally also, they soon drifted apart. But with Mr. Harris himself this was a soul-agonising process.

Here, indeed, was the crux. By it he was brought face to face with that which indicated to him the principle that is, practically speaking, the basis of the New—the redeemed—Life of man in God, namely, the absolute establishment of all human sex relations on the only pure foundation possible, that, namely, of Divine ordinance, not merely in name and by ceremonial, but in truth and reality.

It appears that it was as an issue from this that he felt profoundly, drawn soon after this time to a deeper study of the writings of Swedenborg, wherein is made known the heavenly principle of the "conjugal" or "counterpartal" marriage, which is truly of God from Eternity, and which constitutes the real or only true indissoluble marriage. But it is nowhere recorded, so far as the writer knows, that such study was the original cause of Mr. Harris embodying this, principle in his future teaching. It is to be inferred rather that he was first directed by the heavenly messengers that were sent to him in response to his earnest prayers to take that study up in order that

his mind might be opened into the Divine rationale of this profound subject; for, in this matter, Swedenborg was truly God's specially illumined messenger. Only it is unqualifiedly made known that Mr. Harris himself never was taught any fundamental religious principle from without in 'the first place, but from beginning to end he received everything of the kind from within, Even messengers sent to him of God, and direct from Heaven, only came as guides and aids to his free intelligence—even the priesthood of that special Heavenly society to which it is recorded that he interiorly belonged, the "Heaven of the Crimson Dove," never attempted to dictate. This the writer believes to be strictly in accord with everything that is on record; but the reader will understand that this part of the narrative is necessarily based primarily on the evidence of others, and yet that it is confirmed abundantly by later, more intimate, and direct knowledge.

Mr. Harris was not the only one who at this time had joined himself to Mr. Davis: among a few others who had also done so was one of much intelligence and remarkable gifts, Mr. S. B. Brittan, and he also felt scandalised by the matter above written of, but not quite as Mr. Harris did. He was at this time acting as Editor to Mr. Davis's periodical, "The Universcoelum," and what troubled him most was the injury with the public to the periodical and the cause, that would ensue from the scandal, and when Mr. Harris separated from Davis he and S. B. Brittan became for a time close friends, and they now consulted together as to what was the right thing to be done under the circumstances. Mr. Brittan, however, had taken into himself much more of Davis's materialistic-pantheistic principles than Mr.

Harris had, and tended to ally himself with spiritualists generally; and Mr. Harris for some time did so also, but in a manner that was peculiarly his own.

In a conversation the writer had with him many years afterwards, he spoke of that time and period. He described it as being the most fearful part of his life. What he said in effect was this—"I knew not what to do to find again my footing on any solid ground, so I threw myself unreservedly into the arms of my God for deliverance, and, trusting simply in Him, I had, like other spiritualists, and as far as I could in unison with them, to seek myself to enter as a medium into these mysterious states, in order, with God's help, to find out what were the bottom facts concerning them. This seemed to me to be absolutely the one thing needful that had to be done, and that I must do it." But when he came to attempt this the experiences were awful, and as he became open to the world of spirits he found that he could make no single move in safety except through direct prayer, and then this persistent state of prayerfulness, directly to the Lord Jesus Christ as Almighty God, so infuriated the spirits who were not good that they poured into his sensitive organism the most excruciating tortures. This they were able to effect more fully as he became more fully open, but the Divine power, drawn to him through prayer, invariably brought relief and delivered him; and from that time on, without cessation, the Lord Himself was his constant guide, and through the medium of good angels, especially sent as occasion required, led him on step by step, None other than such could be with him while through unceasing prayer he maintained open communication of his

soul with God. Not that he had not on his way, from time to time, to encounter evil spirits. This he had to do, as in many places of his writings is most graphically told; but through prayer to God he always overcame. This was the golden life-secret that it was given him to reap through these experiences. He entered into them from no spirit of curiosity, but solely as a duty and work that he felt laid upon him, even by God Himself, to be carried out to the fulness; for he now realised that he was standing in a crisis that was the turning point for the dawn of a new era in human history.

To the above record from Mr. Harris's own spoken words it may be added that it is to be learned from many places in his writings, and especially from the first volume of "The Arcana of Christianity," that if men on this earth only could live truly prayerful lives, continually seeking thereby to order their whole way purely according to God's will, there are none of the mediumistic methods practised by modern spiritualists to hold communication with the spiritual world that would be dangerous; and the only reason why they are so on this orb of ours is that men who do this in any deep and true sense hardly exist upon it. But on the unfallen orbs of space, where every man does so, without exception, all or any of these methods are occasionally practised with perfect safety, and those pure, godly, prayerful men are never led by them into any kind of illusion. But it has never to be forgotten that this world is in an abnormal state, environed by hosts of more or less evil spirits, and the occult influence of these upon the spirits of men alive on its surface makes it absolutely impossible for them to rise into, and maintain, such a truly prayerful life, without going through similar almost

unimaginably strenuous struggle to that Mr. Harris himself had to exercise. The Divine visitation that came to him, that met him on his heroically toilsome way, and there, in answer to his first mere feeble prayers, grasped him by the hand, alone enabled him to maintain the state, and overcome every enemy that endeavoured to break through it. To man of himself this was impossible; only "*with God* all things are possible."

Returning to report of the conversation held with Mr. Harris, he further told the writer of a long talk he had with Mr. Brittan one night when they were rooming together. The subject of that talk was prayer, and in the course of it Mr. B. said that, for his own part, he could not understand how the reasonableness of prayer to God could be maintained; and he brought up every objection to it that the materialised mind can propound. But Mr. Harris declared that with every subtle and cleverly phrased objection, as it came up, a complete and satisfying answer was immediately given him to speak, and that this went on for a very long time throughout the night, until finally Mr. Brittan had to confess, "Well, I must say that, as you view it, it does seem to be reasonable." It is impossible to express how deeply the writer was moved by this simple narration from Mr. Harris's own lips, and he himself in narrating it showed how great a weight of significance it carried in his own mind. How tremendous the problem was! and how characteristically the two approached to grapple with it, each in his own distinctive way. One of them had found a clear way out, God-illuminated before his face; the other full of doubts, yet assenting to the cogent words of his friend at the time they were spoken,

whether or not able to hold to the full spirit of them permanently. However, Mr. Brittan became deeply attached to Mr. Harris at this time, and remained his helpful coadjutor for some years after. He also wrote, by special request, the very intelligent and elucidative introductions to "The Epic of the Starry Heaven" and "The Lyric of the Golden Age," to be found in each volume. Although his intellectual point of view differed in many respects from the poet's own, being more from the plane of the natural philosopher, yet all his remarks breathe throughout a spirit of open-minded wisdom that serves well the purpose for which they were written.

The date of this conversation with Mr. B. must have been somewhere about the close of the year 1847, which was Mr. Harris's special time of spiritual transition from the shifting sands of the guidance of spirits to the solid ground of the absolute guidance of God, *sought and found*.

The practical question, the solution of which was then and there being undertaken, and so fully ventilated, between those two that night, may well be regarded as the most fundamental of all questions, and most far-reaching in its consequences, being no less than this—to use Mr. Harris's own words as closely as can be remembered—"Is any practical reality of Religion or Godliness to remain alive on this Earth or no? For it all depends on this one thing, whether any real ability remains in man to exercise, and maintain, such practical and efficient prayer to God, as would sustain the union of the human soul with the Divine Spirit in such degree as to evoke real Divine aid for every real human need. If this proved to be impossible, then Religion on this Earth was proven indeed to be dead. But

on the other hand, if it could be proved that God was both the hearer and answerer of true prayer, then indeed it would be demonstrated that Religion, is yet truly alive." At the same time, he also made it clearly to be seen that by no superficial way could this solution have been arrived at.—It is referred to a few pages back, how in the first century the supreme spirit of evil that afflicted our world had to be sought and encountered, in order that that solution might be effected then; so again at this close of the Christian Era that same spirit of evil—in all essential respects—had to be encountered once more, *in the very realm of spirits*, before this fundamentally important—all-needful—solution could be again achieved. The Scribes and Pharisees of old would have nothing to do with making such an attempt, and so again in our own day, they in Christendom who correspond to those Scribes and Pharisees of Palestine would have nothing to do with any such thing. But in the former case ONE was found, "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah," who did make the encounter; and now again in our own day another has been found, who by direct spiritual, and thence also bodily, descent, is the Daughter-Son of that Divine Twain-One, who first entered the lions' den to conquer, and to make the way of conquest a possibility for whomsoever could follow thereafter, being so called of God. And something of the style and order of this last encounter, and of the fruits of its victory, is what is now being attempted to be told.

And yet it must be acknowledged, and the belief here recorded, that many good men have become open, mediumistically, to the spirit world since the time here written of, and have endeavoured to.

maintain entirely disillusioned states through prayer to God, and that, ostensibly at least, in the very name of Christ Jesus, without having attained to any manifest fruitful results. But the cause of this is only that the way is so exceeding strait and narrow in such a world as this is. The Master Himself foresaw that this would be the case with many, who, He said, "would strive to enter in, and should not be able." The writer of this narrative, indeed, shrinks not from affirming his belief, as the fruit of his almost life-long following of the path, and devoted study of the whole subject in that devoted service and pursuit, that only one man of all those who have made the attempt, as following by, himself alone in the steps of Christ, has attained to the full and complete deliverance and entrance.

Of all work that can be performed in this world, true prayer to God—to very God—is the hardest and most stupendous of all, and because when it is won and maintained, it is the most fruitful of vital good to mankind and the whole world of all other work whatever, therefore it is resisted by every adverse power in it, with an animosity and persistence that is only short of being absolutely infinite, because it has been limited by the Infinite God Himself, through His incarnation in the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the separation from Mr. A. J. Davis there occurs a rather obscure interval of Mr. Harris's life, while his spiritual state was not yet fixed. He retired to Mountain Cove, at Auburn, New York, in company with Mr. James D. Scott, who was also, a mediumistic man, and while together there they jointly edited a paper called *The Mountain Cove Journal*. The writer had access to files of this paper

in 1861-2, and read a good part of them, but retains a very dim remembrance of their contents. He only recalls to mind that the articles seemed to be written by various hands, and he never felt sure what portions were by Mr. Harris himself, and what by others. The writing was very unequal, and he cannot remember that any of it showed that intrinsically and unintermittently pure, Divinely-led quality that characterises everything from his hand from the year 1850 onwards. Persons unfriendly to Mr. Harris have criticised very sharply the incidents of this Mountain Cove period; but the writer does not feel much concern or ability to enter into the merits or demerits of their affirmations, not having access to reliable records of the facts upon which they are based. Yet he feels quite certain from such things as he can recall from readings in said journal that during that time Mr. Harris was gradually approaching those solid Divine foundations on which ultimately his feet became firmly planted. There were evidences also of his being continually the subject of a special over-ruling Providence. But his association with Mr. Scott ended in a complete rupture, and then also the publication of *The Mountain Cove Journal* ceased.

During all this time Mr. Harris appears never to have lost connection with his New York congregation, and the first reliable record of his ministration there during this interval is to be found in his own words introductory to "The New Republic," published as late as 1891. These words, therefore, will be quoted here. He writes as follows: "In 1848 I was minister of 'The Independent Christian Congregation' of New York. There was a growing and alarming body of juvenile destitution and crime in that city. During one pleasant summer week, for some unknown reason I was unable

to think out my usual discourse. A strange brooding quietude and stillness possessed the mental faculties. Saturday evening came, leading with it a calm that became intense: that made in the senses a suppressed thrill.

"Returning to the solitude of my study, it seemed that a voice, that was rather an intelligence than voice, filled the air and played a rhythm into the brain, generating words, 'We wish you to write for us to-night.'

"I sat down at my desk, and the words of the Christ came for a text: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.' From this I went on to write as rapidly as words, or the symbols of words, could be traced on the paper; yet with most absolute self-possession and concentration of mental passion. No pause, no intromission of foreign thought till the whole was written: no cerebral excitement, but the continued breathing rhythm, diffused in solemn yet joyful calm.

"I read that discourse on Sunday morning to my great congregation: read it in that same mystery of vibrating intelligence, quivering with love, calm as the stillness of a perfect night in midsummer; while from eye to eye it seemed as if the hushed, melted audience diffused an atmosphere that held the dew of tears.

"As the people rose unwilling to depart, Mr. Horace Greely, one of the office-bearers of the Parish, stood up in his place and requested the audience to remain. A public meeting was organised, and 'The New York Juvenile Asylum' was born from the deliberations. A committee of the Parish was placed in charge of the initiatory work. 30,000 copies were distributed in pamphlet form as rapidly as possible. The discourse,

in parts or in entirety, was copied in leading dailies And, heretical as the author was considered, the sermon was preached verbatim on the following Sunday from leading orthodox pulpits; good Dr Muhlenburg, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, prefacing by saying that it was borne in on his heart to address his people on the subject, but that this discourse said what he wanted to say in better words than any of his own. A charter was procured at the incoming session of the Legislature; the gifts of the city of New York were supplemented by a large public appropriation: lands were purchased and an edifice at once commenced the good work so far accomplished.

"The course of public life led me away from New York at no distant period. The incident was almost buried from memory, till some years afterward a solitary wayfarer, in the dusk twilight, weighted with huge griefs and burdens of the People's care, I passed a great edifice, enclosed in ample pleasure grounds, on an eminence in the suburbs of the city. I heard from it the chorus of many voices of children singing their evening hymn. I asked a passer by, 'What building is that?' He answered, 'The New York juvenile Asylum.' Verily, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

Surely the above indicates an immense religious advance beyond the Davis period. Nevertheless, he was at this time only approaching the full openness of his life to the Heavens, being manifestly led, however, by the Heavenly Father step by step, through ministering angels and good spirits sent to him for that purpose.

He had among his New York congregation at this

time, and after he had changed its name to "The Church of the Good Shepherd," many superiorly endowed persons, both by nature and culture; concerning whom, however, the writer cannot venture to be more particular, having no very sure records to draw upon. His hearers were then far more numerous than they ever became subsequently to his explicit Divine call. In the year 1863 the writer found a volume of magazine articles by Mr. Parton, a then very popular writer in periodicals, and in one of them is described how, while quite a young man, he had gone to New York at this period—towards 1848—led thither by a kind of hero-worship of the famous editor, Horace Greely. He was personally unacquainted with him except by sight; but having encountered him in the street on a Sunday forenoon he determined to follow him wherever he might be bound, and he was thus led straight to the Church in which Mr. Harris ministered, of whom he seems never to have heard; but he was immensely struck both by the preacher and by the peculiar demeanour in the church of the great editor. The latter, he says, went directly to his seat, and sitting clown there, immediately, to all appearance, went fast asleep, and remained so, without apparent change, throughout the whole time of the service from beginning to end; yet probably he both heard and took note of all that was transpiring, as editors seldom fail to do. But it was the entrance of the preacher that made the chief impression. Mr. Parton described him as coming in with flashing eyes while walking up the aisle, as if seeing no one of the congregation, but gazing far over their heads, and, when he got into the pulpit, still maintaining the same aspect of being unconscious of anything but some vast supernal

presence, he began a discourse upon heroism of life according to such lofty ideals as he had never before heard expressed. These are the only two significant incidents that can be culled from any remaining records of the few years immediately preceding 1850.

CHAPTER XIII.

INCIDENTAL mention has already been made of three books that were published just previous to the time above written of—viz., "The Arcana of the Apocalypse," "The Great Republic: a Poem of the Sun," and "The Breath of God with Man" (a small precursor to the larger book published in 1892. These books were further *obiter dicta* of great importance, and their appearance was absolutely a vital necessity for their day and hour. But since their publication they have been superseded by the later and more advanced works. They may be said to be the immediate fruit, in writing, of the opening of the Breath into the general body of the race through The Use. This was the work of that day, and the writing was the record of it. It was not yet known how the Kingdom was to take centralised form; and the book on the Apocalypse was addressed, as it were, to the general body of Christendom, when it was just on the eve of its dissolution, and when the seven churches mentioned by John the Revelator still stood representative of its distinctive divisional elements, as to the deep internal. All its pages are replete with precious things; but they have all to be understood as given for their special day and hour. The same also is true of the first little book upon the Breath of God, and of the noble inspiring poem, "The Great Republic: a Poem of the Sun."

We now come to the next stage in the evolution and ultimatum of the Life, when the Lily Queen descends to full external manifestation in the electro-vital degree. This may be said to mark the culmination of the first great stage of Mr. Harris's life in its Divine call; for except to man twain-one in full ultimatum, God Twain-One cannot be manifested in like fulness. This fulness of ultimatum, however, it must be understood, is in the "electro-vital"—the true "fourth dimension"—not in any dust—form of the Earth. A mere dust-form is no true ultimatum, but only an appearance of it, that may indeed be inhabited and filled by the true, but in no respect can it be the true live ultimatum itself

It must be remembered that the true consciousness in Mr. Harris himself was in the electro-vital, and the descent of his own Lily in her own electro-vital form to him was now the supreme necessity of his life and service; and the only means by which he could draw her was by the power of music. Yet he himself was not a trained musician on any instrument. David, the king, was a trained harpist, but Mr. Harris was no trained pianist. This might have seemed an obstruction; but before the Divinely-quicken'd will no obstruction can stand. Having the best piano available well tuned, he sat down to play by sheer influx. Perhaps the absence of artificial training was a real advantage, so far as the supreme end in view was concerned. But at all events, he persevered thus for many days and weeks, and this in the presence and hearing of sisters well trained in music, whose ears seemed in no way shocked by such inartificial strains. It appears to have been wholly needful that the beloved Lily herself should absolutely rule every strain and tone, from her own Lilistan home above,

without being forced into artificially determined forms from the musical culture of this lower Earth. The one thing needful was that the music sphere of Lilistan should pervade and rule, and so descend to Earth; and by that musical stairway, lo, the electro-vital form of Lily herself came down, in full substantial embodiment. Thus was the great end attained.

"In song the world began, in song Divine,
That swept full-bosomed through the cosmic veins.
In song the world shall end, the world of crime:
World of self-passion, torn to deadly pains.

Even as the Divine Lady Yessa inhabited the Lord Jesus's body on Earth, so did the Lady Lily now dwell in the pivotal personality of The Use; but to a much greater extent in the way of manifestation; for of old the Divine Lady could not manifest outwardly, even by speech through Her Own, but now Lily spoke through the voice of Mr. Harris, as the Fairies had always done hitherto. And more than that—she was now able, when she willed to do so, to step right out in her electro-vital body, in full outward manifestation, in full view before the eyes of her own Beloved; sensible also to touch and hearing, as a fully-externalised embodiment. But although she could do this, and did, she had quickly to withdraw again into the beloved one's form, for the deadly cold of the world, as she stepped out, struck with such a chill into her as was beyond endurance.

Mr. Harris's internal name at this time, and from the very beginning of The Use, it should be said here, was "Faithful," while his Darling's name was "Lily"; but they both received other names as life began to evolve and states advance. "Faithful" was

also Harris's fairy name; being that of his own inmost Fay—the norm of his life. Also "Faithful" at this time was the name by which Lily always, addressed him.

Four years later, in "The Lord, the Two-in-One," Lily is described in greater fulness, as follows:—

speaking as in the common voice of the Brotherhood itself,—"it is now permitted to say of her, that as to earthly parentage, she is of one of the most ancient and illustrious of the reigning families of Europe; that she is a woman golden-haired and beautiful; that she walks in the midst of their Society; that she is able to appear in the objective from the subjective through her husband, demonstrative and palpable to every sense; wearing thus the likeness of the body which is the body of the resurrection; literally the first of God's returning angels in whom the resurrection of the body in ultimates is a fact demonstrated. Our Lily was taken as a child by decease from the natural world and specially educated in solidarity, that she might become a pivotal woman or queen in our Kingdom. She is literally as a nursing mother, and her presence in our midst a source of assurance, vigour, and delight."

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was not long after the descent of Lily to full ultimates that a change of base in the external had to be determined on. For the greater event that had to succeed, Brocton it was felt was not a fit field. Also certain members of the Society had to be chosen as a special environment around the pivotal personality, and for this especial end separated from the others; the particular reasons for which necessity the writer feels he need not dwell upon. It was in the year 1875-6 that steps were taken to select a suitable locality for this, and a tract of land of about 1,200 acres, near Santa Rosa, in California, was chosen and named "Fountaingrove," because high amongst its hills was an exceptionally abundant spring of flowing water. Thither in due time Mr. Harris himself, together with those above indicated, proceeded to establish themselves in the wilderness. The tract was quite uncultivated, with the exception of a few acres of low ground on which wheat was grown. But the hillsides were destined in due time to be transformed into the well-known "Fountaingrove vineyards."; only several years of roughing it had first to be endured — in tents in the first place, then in hastily-constructed shelters, until finally houses suitably built and furnished could be completed.

And here it was, even in those roughest, earliest days, that it pleased the Lord Jesus to make His second advent to this Earth in full ultimatum of

form. The record of that great event is all given in what must be regarded as the most important of all the books. It is designated in full,

THE LORD, THE TWO-IN-ONE, DECLARED,
MANIFESTED, AND GLORIFIED."

The "Exordium" and first two chapters of this book are filled with powerful reasoning, cogent statements, showing why it should have been written. But these will be passed over here, where the purpose is only statement of historical facts so vitally fundamental in themselves that their simple presentation constitutes the most absolute and irrefutable of all argument to those who, in the most incipient degree, have begun to experience within themselves that supreme fact of facts in the vital constitution of man, the Breath of God. But when "The Lord, the Two-in-One" was written and given, the Divine Breath was hardly present in men in general in its ultimate degree, and therefore arguments addressed to their yet almost unquickened minds had to be presented, in order, if possible, thus to win an access to the inner, the vital ear. Only this one most significant statement in the "Exordium" must not be omitted. It is this: *"The truth that was in Christ was never formulated into revealed religion. It is the great unrevealed religion. Religion is always in travail to be revealed; but its revelation is a birth, and its birth would be society, and its society would be the marriage of the Earth and Skies."* The reader who has just perused the foregoing chapters will already have some faint idea of all that is implied in these words.

But it is in the third chapter that the strictly

historical facts first commence to given, and this chapter therefore will be here quoted in full, and afterwards all similar parts from the remainder of the book, especially those in which occur the Lord's own spoken words; for, as He said of old, "My sheep hear my voice"; and it is in their bosom that is found the chord which vibrates and responds to its every accent. Therefore, for these reasons, the extracts will begin with what is written in the third chapter.

OUR LORD MANIFESTED AS PRINTER.

In the morning there appeared with Lily (Chrysanthea) a company of celestial wives, such as had all been taken from the natural world as infants like herself, and they were all singing a nuptial song of the marriage of the Earth and Skies, while a shower of golden rain diffused fragrance and softness in the atmosphere. Chrysantheus put forth his hand to take the raindrops where they fell, and they condensed in his palm like grains of sugared wheat. And one said, "Eat," whereupon he tasted them.

At this moment one of the matrons cried, "Let us go into the house, for this rain betokens that a great tornado of judgment respiration is speedily to sweep through the Earth below us, and Lily (Chrysanthea) and Chrysantheus require that we should assist them in making preparations."

After they had returned fully into the natural world, the Lord Jesus came into their bedchamber wearing upon His head a printer's cap. The sleeves of His under-raiment were rolled up above the elbows, and a printer's apron was tied over His other garments about the waist.

Seeing Him, Chrysantheus began to smile, and the Lord said, "Good morning, my son." And Chrysantheus answered, "Good morning, Father; what would You have me do to-day?" Our Lord spoke and said: "All things are now ready for the declaration of My second appearance in the heart centres of the human race. I have taken this dress-manifestation to signify that through the printer's types men are first to hear of Me. What think you of it?" Then Chrysantheus replied, "Whatsoever is good in Thy sight, my Father, is good in mine." But the Lord answered, "You are outwardly in the natural degree; but I am outwardly in the arch-natural, and thence I descend into the natural. Talk to Me, therefore, from the wisdom that you have in the natural." Then Chrysantheus answered, "Father, I perceive, according to my thought, that the way of the types is the way that would occasion the least disturbance." And the Lord answered, "Yes; and, moreover, I can give confirmation; for as when a conduit is opened into a reservoir the water flows in the channel that is made, so when men take these words and apply them to the opening of the mind from without, the Holy Ghost will flow through the opening that is effected in them."

Then the Lord laid His hand upon the heart of Chrysantheus and said, "See now, My son, I will My heart into thy heart; for out of the Word have I begotten thee. Lo, thou art Mine, and I am thine; and I give Myself to thee that thou mayest give Me to the world." Then the Lord said to Lily, the wife of Chrysantheus, "It was said of old that Adam fell through Eve; but I say that Chrysantheus shall rise through Lily, day by day."

And Lily responded Lord, come forth through us, two-in-one; come forth in Thy own husbandhood." And the Lord said, "Ask Me more." And she said, "Lo, Thou art the King of Kings; but in Thee dwells, and through Thee proceeds, Thy wife, who is the Queen of Queens. This thing I ask, that as we reveal our Lord, we may reveal our Lady also."

Then the Lord stood forth in the resplendence of bridegroomhood. His garments flamed to royal purple, and the rays, opening and dividing through His temples, shone upon His head as a crown of fiery gold. And He put forth His hand, and flames rose through it like a sceptre; and with the sceptre He touched Lily upon the forehead, and she kissed His hand kneeling before Him, and Chrysantheus knelt by her side. And the Lord said, "Come up and see Her." After this the Lord withdrew.

OUR LORD TEACHING.

Our Lord Jesus appeared again to Chrysantheus, and said unto him, "Men cry out after Me, and I hear their cries; but I cannot deliver them, because they have formed about themselves conditions under which the laws of God's order will not work deliverance." And again the Lord Jesus said, "They will not be saved, though I can save them, because they insist that they will be saved in institutions which I cannot save." And still again Lord Jesus said, "Who is there that is willing to forsake father, mother, wife, children, country, sect, tradition, custom; yea, houses, lands, and life even for My sake and My Divine purpose? How can I save them when they have made themselves as conforming Jews? I could

not save a man who clung to the letter of Moses' law. Such men could not then be my disciples—how then now?"

"Then Lily said, 'Lord, they do not know the way.' And He answered, 'Surely, daughter; but they have a way of their own which they call my way.' Then Chrysantheus said, 'Blessed Father—' and the Lord smiled, anticipating the unspoken sentence thuswise: 'I know what you would say. They attribute to me all that is in their writings, which they call the scripture. This is my Scripture, and they shall receive it. I taught tentatively. I committed my thought to no man. They were unprepared for it. I was crucified while in the midst of the work of preparation. What I said was but partially incorporated into the Records that profess to be the history of my life. Men hear me, as children in the night hear rain pattering on the roof, but know not whence the rains come, or what is the law of their operation. But now I come to make known the law, and men shall believe, because the law, when stated and put in operation, is more demonstrative than any miracle. I will not be served by credulity, or by superstition, but by reason.'

"Then Lily looked in the Lord's face reverently, as if she had a word to say. And the Lord, seeing her thought, said, 'Daughter, it is good. I will put my law into men, and make it operatively redemptive from head to foot, and altogether. You say, "How is it possible?" But you are only an angel. I will tell you in part. The wind blows about the hovel, and men hear it, and it sounds like a soothing lullaby, and they fold their hands to sleep; but I rule the winds and rains, and I will send a wind which will unroof them by and by.'

Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Lord, that is judgment.' And Lord Jesus answered, 'I am come to judge the world, but not as the priests declare it; for the judge is one who judgeth where His people ought to be; and if He finds them in houses where there is pestilence, or where they are beset by smiling courtesans, He puts forth His arms and carries them out into a new place, where He can judge them as to their aptitude for His service by assigning to them employments suitable to their several capacities. I am the destroyer of the circumstances that make evil and restrain good; I am the Saviour of the World.'

"Then Lily said, 'It is hard to save a man who lives in a house that his very flesh has grown into, so that the house is part of him and he part of it; and the pestilence that has impregnated its foul walls and floors flows in and out of him like the sea.' And the Lord said, 'Who is there that I cannot save? By re-assuming his humanity I can save a devil; and I will save from the beginning to the end of hell. I will enforce my law on Earth until it shall be as clean, my child, as you are.' Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Lord, you have kept the best wine to the last.' And Jesus said, 'I come to save to the uttermost.'

"At this a great glory lightened His face, and there appeared angels, who sang; and while they sang there fell a gentle shower, as of sunbeams, that were water globules in their exterior. Then one cried, saying, 'Behold, He talked with you as a man talketh with his friends; but in Him we adore Most High God, who dwelleth in His frame,' But now the Lord was no more visible to the eye, though the whole place was still perfumed with the lingerings of His external presence.

"Then one said, 'Chrysantheus, dare you give all these things to the people? I was on earth: for a thousandth part of what you have dared to Litter my reverent brethren cut me off as an apostate member of the priestly body; and that pre-eminent bride, the church, who calls herself the Lamb's wife, enjoyed the spectacle of the burning of my poor flesh.' And Chrysantheus answered, 'I have long thought that I should probably be murdered, yet neither dreaded nor desired it, but coolly faced the present and contingent peril. My religious friends call me hard about the churches; yet there is not one of the persecuting sects but that, could its evils be made dominant by clothing it with absolute civil authority, would find precedents from Scripture for the execution of its enemies.' Then one replied, 'We are all martyrs, we men with you to-night; and, what is more, such was the perversion wrought in our consciences by ecclesiastical education that we should probably have thought it no sin to put to death any arch-heretic.' 'I,' said another, 'heartily believe it.'

"Language is inadequate to portray the blessings that our Lord has kept back. One feels in His presence as if a thousand years might pass as a night. He will woo men into their lost humanity; and so call them to Himself. In communicating with Him it is as if the words that He spoke grew and filled within one; as if they left sweetness on the palate, and the sensation of a banquet within the body. Such words as are in this present writing may startle; perchance for the time offend; perchance be utterly rejected. The Lord expects offences and rejections. He knows how hard it is for the intellect to accustom itself to modes of thought that are foreign to its perceptions. He will only, when some

noble, fervent, but miseducated believer turns his face against such declarations, smile to Himself, as if He said, 'The rest is for me. I have failed to reach this good man with my mercy by this method; but I am not exhausted; in Clue time I shall reach him.'

FROM CHAPTER V.

ORTHODOX OBJECTIONS TO OUR LORD'S PRESENT
TEACHING, HIS REPLY.

"The objections to the reception of the things written herein, on the part of just men, desirous of doing right and of believing accurately, are entitled to consideration.

"Chrysantheus said to the Lord Jesus: 'Dear Father, there are many who love You and hope for Your coming; but the method by which You have chosen to descend, and the means You have selected to announce Your Advent, are so foreign to the modes of thought in which they have been educated, that these things will seem to them the illusions of some visionary man.'

"The Lord answered, 'They have never been taught to expect me in the sequence of law. They are like children who have been promised apples, and looked for them to drop out of the sky, instead of growing from the trees of which the seeds were given them. But I say to you, that the seed that I am here planting shall bear fruit for all mankind, and men shall eat me and live.'

"Chrysantheus answered, 'Even so, Father, but may I talk with You further?' And the Lord answered, 'Whatsoever you will; I am present that you may.'

"Then Chrysantheus said, 'I place myself in the attitude of the Christian disciple, as the term is now understood, and I say, as one who hears these things for the first time, This is not that Christ who came of old; for if it were He would come in the clouds of heaven with all his holy, angels, and array before Him all nations, and separate the sheep from the goats, and say to them on the right hand, "Come, ye blessed of the Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"; and then to those on the left, "Depart, ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." After this He would assign the wicked to everlasting punishment, and endow the righteous with life eternal.'

"Then the Lord answered, 'How if I say there are no righteous men. There is not a man in the world but that, in some degree, has fed me, clothed me, sheltered me, and ministered to me; and there is not a man but that, in some degree, has refused to feed me, shelter me, clothe me, and minister to me. When a man is both a sheep and a goat shall. I halve him, and consign one half to perdition, while I save the other half?'

"Then Chrysantheus replied, 'I know not how to make answer.' But the Lord whispered, and a child stood forth, dwarfed, and seemingly about four years of age, whom the Lord took in His arms and said, 'I will open his lips; he is just dead as to the body. Observe now that he is just what he was in the world. He does not know what has passed over him.'

"Then the boy began to cry, 'Here's yer Sunday papers.' At this our Lord said, 'He thinks, in his dream, from the employment he had in his poor

body.' But now the child rubbed his eyes, yawned, stretched himself as if awaking from sleep; and his first words were, 'What the hell shall this poor cuss do for grub? Jesus Christ! Crackey, how hungry I am!'

"Again the Lord touched him, and the boy, now half-awake, cried out, rubbing his head, 'Damn my lice!' Then the Lord Jesus breathed over him, and sleep passed on the child, and he was taken away. And the Lord said, 'O righteous Father, for this I was incarnated, that I might save the little ones and I will save them to the uttermost.'

"Then He took a pebble in His hand, and said, 'Chrysantheus, my son, what words are engraved on this pebble? Chrysantheus answered, 'Scortation.' And the Lord said, 'It is so. That pebble but now, was the shell of that child's seed vessel. He was begotten of crime. Had he grown to manhood he would have been a reprobate; but learn this—if I make those who are called converted men speak from their secret heart, as you have heard this child, speak from himself, every one of them will cry, "Give me that which does not belong to me." If I take their wives in the same manner, each of them will say the same thing. How, then, can I make distinction?'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Lord, is this all?' And the Lord stretched forth His hand and said, 'My sheep hear my voice. If I touch the springs of volition I infuse myself. Do I save those only who desire to be saved? Nay, I cannot save any man until he begins to desire only that his race may be saved, and who gives himself a sacrifice for their salvation. I come not to save men in themselves but to save them from themselves; and they can only be saved by taking my life into themselves, at they may give it out to the world.'

"As a river sustains the fishes that float in its waters, so I sustain mankind, who live in me. All men live in me. They are all mine, and I am theirs, to eternity. But those who deny are like anglers who say that the river is theirs, because they fish their living out of it. I gather up all men in my bosom, as the stream laps itself about the fishes that swim in it, asking not which fish is of one sort and which of them are of another. To me there is but one fish. There is one human race; one man in many little forms that resemble men. I come to save Man.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Lord, I will speak, not from my own thought, but as representing those who are called the devout, and who take Thy Name, and I will say for them: "The distinguishing peculiarity of the Lord in the Gospel is this, He draws a straight and fast line between the regenerate and the nonregenerate—between the natural man, who is the child of Satan and a sinner, and the humble disciple, who is a child of grace, and so far righteous. I maintain that the moral government of God is of such a quality, so pure, or impeccable, that the doctrine of the salvation of all men, good and bad alike, and whether they have embraced the proffered terms of mercy or rejected them whilst on Earth, is a manifest delusion of the devil. This also is declared, that the Lord shall come in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God.'"

"Then the Lord replied, 'Enter boldly into my humanity; take on yourself—so far as I shall give it—the mental condition from which I spake to the Jews.'

"And Chrysantheus did so. And he did speak: 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, children of

the evil one! How can ye escape? For ye will not enter into the kingdom yourselves, and ye will not let these poor thieves and beggars and prostitutes go into it. Ye have set yourselves against me; I can not abide you. How can ye escape the damnation of hell?

"And Chrysantheus returned into his own state and the Lord said, 'My son, when you uttered these words, did you, or did you not, conceive that the Pharisees and others who were denounced were the subjects of Divine wrath, as that word is interpreted by the priests?'

"And Chrysantheus replied: 'Lord, it was yearning —great yearning love went out and embraced all creatures; and there was a push in the state—a pushing away of those who were determined that Your kingdom should not be organised in the world; and, at the same time, a drawing, as if Your whole humanity were strained to the utmost, to draw to Yourself those who wished to come to You: and I could see beyond—for I was illuminated—and I saw that the whole earth was a water-drop in the crystal of the divine sphere. But this pushing away was simply the pushing of men of a hard, fixed type of character into a region where they could be disconnected from those of a negative type. I saw also that You were in a mortal fight; but O my Father—'" Chrysantheus could say no more; and the Lord took his hand, and said: 'Compose yourself, my son; you must be calm. In inviting men I made no distinctions; I simply asked them into myself as into a house. I am the House of Life. My Spirit is the New Heaven, and My Body the New Earth. Can you understand this? I ask not for my own knowledge.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'I know that I am

alive, and that I was dead; that in my old nature I seemed to myself to be alive, being dead; but that now I am in the world dead, but in Thee alive. I know that I have no life but in Thee. As a man thinks naturally that he lives from nature, so I perceive that Thou art my Nature, that I live from You as from solid earth, air, and sun; and this is also my present consciousness.'

"The Lord answered, 'If I should say to you, "Go out of me, I want your place for others who are now out," what would you do?' And Chrysantheus replied, 'Lord, it would require no push; so far as I know, I would go. It would not be honourable, nor loyal, nor charitable to do otherwise. I should be unworthy of having received 'Your kindness.'

"But the Lord said, 'What, would you go and be a devil?' And Chrysantheus answered, 'I do not see how I could become a voluntary devil; but I can see that I would be an automatic one at Your behest.'

"And the Lord took Chrysantheus in His arms, and said, 'My beloved child, if I seem to teach a Gospel carried into a degree of redemption beyond that which the records of my former teachings might indicate, the reason is that, as a Son in my finitude and creaturehood, I have done measurably what you were asked of me if you were willing to do. I descended, involving my organism far below the condition of the worst man in the earth. I sank into the loathsome womb of a syren woman in the depths of hell. I passed in her womb through the period of her bearing, and she brought me forth as if I had been begotten between two devils. So I assumed infernal manhood for the entire body of the race, and took its everlasting punishment into myself, making so my incarnation complete.'

"Then the Lord laid His hand upon the breast of Chrysantheus, and said, 'My son, go, be a devil.' Chrysantheus obeyed. And the Lord said, 'Open your lips'; and Chrysantheus began thuswise: 'Lord?—There isn't any Lord God?—What is God? God's necessity. Christ?—Every man is Christ. What's hell-fire?—Hell-fire is for a man to have to do things he don't want to do, and not to be served according to his merits. I'm an angel, I am—in the seventh heaven when I can do everything that I want to do, but a poor, miserable devil in the seventh hell when I have to do what other folks would have me do. That's me. I never had any father or mother. I grew up abused by everybody. What I am I made myself. No; I reacted on circumstances; circumstances reacted on me; and I am the double product of self and circumstance.'

"Then a Voice called, 'Man, if you are a devil—as you think you are one—believe that Jesus Christ can save you from your devilhood.' And he answered, 'No, I look and see that there is no connection between the body of Christ and this world. Men on Earth go to God, I suppose. Yes, God's necessity. I believe in God when I let myself, for a moment, be drawn toward the earth. It's a doubtful case. I philosophise about damnation. I think I am damned—What for? Can't tell—it's taken away from me.' "Will to be saved—will to be saved by Christ." Saved from what? Will to be saved from what I am—into what He is? No—into what He gives of Himself—that will do. Now it's curious—that Voice, as if it were flesh of my flesh that spoke—that Voice. Well, Voice, talk—no, that isn't respectful. O Voice, O high Voice, most high Voice—, "Repent, believe, be converted, take my yoke, do my will."

Now I would just do the will of that Voice. No, no, I wouldn't. Why, it is my own flesh that talks to me. Dear flesh—I shall weep—What is this! My God incarnate enters into my flesh—makes my heart flesh. Pretty flesh—how soft it feels. Why, this is like being taken out of a cesspool and put in a warm bath. How it grows! makes me passive. Oh, if I always had that flesh, I would not do anything to hurt it for the world. Who talks to me and says, "Whatsoever I will, will you do it?" Why certainly, certainly; that's my religion. All or nothing is my motto. There's no going back as long as Ole flesh stays. How it glows! Blessed be God, even the Lord made flesh; He has descended into hell by incarnation, and has assumed me, a devil—no; not a devil—a devil but for Him! Henceforth I have no will but to work the will of Him who is my Saviour.'

"Then the Lord spoke, saying: 'Chrysantheus, My son'; and instantly Chrysantheus was restored. And the Lord continued; 'In one short interval I have shown you how I descended and clothed Myself by assumption of the infernal race.' And Chrysantheus answered, 'My Father!'

"Then the Lord said, 'Partial truth is always inferential falsity; and a partial work conveys no conception, no just conception, to the novice, of what the work will be when finished—but what is this?' And Chrysantheus answered, 'A piece of leather.' Then the Lord took the leather in His hand, cast it round His person and brought it out on the other side. And He said, 'What is this?' and Chrysantheus replied, 'A shoe, certainly.' 'Even so,' replied the Lord, 'in my first ministry, I showed the leather, now I show the shoe; and

this is the difference between the words I then spake and those that I now utter.'

"As was said in the beginning, in other words, the doubts and questions, the criticisms and objections of noble and upright men, loyal seekers after truth, are entitled to consideration; and in this manner certain of them have been considered. He taught as one having authority and not as the Scribes."

"The Lord comes with a consummate knowledge of human nature; comes to engage among us in the sphere of practical affairs; comes, so to say, first to quarry His stones, and then to build the edifice; where, little by little, gathering from families of individuals to families of nations, He designs to make humanity His guest. He is here; He has come to remain, come to perfect His work, and fulfil His own humanity in fulfilling the humanity of His people. How, then, will He operate? How save His disciples from strife while subjecting to Himself 'whatever is evil?'"

"Lord Jesus said to Chrysantheus, 'Son, ask me how.' And Chrysantheus answered, 'Father and Sovereign, how shall Thy coming be in forms social and civil in the midst of organised governments that are subversive?' And the Lord answered, 'If I take a man and crown him, I shall defend him. When I have made such a one the pivot of my work, I will renew his powers by dwelling in him and he in me. I will set my authority upon him and by my authority he shall rule and reign.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Father, is not this a treasonable act, in its acceptance, speaking after the manner of men, first in a kingdom, and where there is already regal government; and, second, in a republic where monarchy is excluded by the organic law?'"

"Then the Lord answered, 'Pay tribute to Caesar till I kill Caesar. Remain a citizen till I shake the republic as an earthquake throws down a tower. Conform to law, as men understand it, till through terror at my presence all civil authorities are withdrawn from the region where I establish my, throne.'

"Again Chrysantheus said, 'How is it possible for even a few hundred people to be gathered together in the midst of a rude and turbulent democracy—molesting no one, and keeping to themselves,— without being subject to violence from the classes to whom tills work, as it extends, must bring destruction?' And the Lord said, 'It is not possible, unless the power of life and death, which I possess, shall be put forth without display. I touch you and you cannot speak. You are motionless. I call lock up by my touch.' Then the Lord laid His hand upon Chrysantheus, and spoke these words: 'All power is mine in heaven and on earth, and whatsoever I will to do, I do. Come up unto me into my throne, even as I overcame and ascended unto my Father in His throne. Henceforth I call you king!' And Chrysantheus bowed his head and paid homage in his sovereignty. And the Lord took him by the hand and spoke, saying: 'Receive power, even as I receive power, thou in me, I in the Father.' And Chrysantheus received power. And the Lord spoke and said: 'Your presence in America is the palladium of its liberties. Not as I stood in Judea, do you stand in America. Its citizens are all kings.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Father, it is not for me to criticise your words; nevertheless this I would say. There is such hatred of authority among the modern men, who think and act for themselves, that

were the wisest of men, at once the noblest and the best of men, to make his claim like that which you condescend to make for me, he would be considered as guilty both of the height of arrogance and the depth of folly; considered the craziest of men, mad with conceit'

"Then the Lord said: 'Men cannot say worse of thee in the future, my son, than they have said in the past. They have exhausted themselves. What did men say of me? that I was a drunkard and a liar and a magician and a sorcerer and a debauchee. Men who wrote my story afterwards could not bring themselves to report the foulest of the epithets. It is nothing except in so far as it helps or hinders the result.

"It would not be wise for me to entrust you with my words to men without declaring from the first your Primacy. This bars ambition, this repels a class as to whom I design that they should be repelled. I desire none to receive your words, which are my words, except as they receive you, and my presence in you. I am come to make a speedy end.

"You are mistaken if you imagine that those who love, me will not glory in my son, because the throne is the corner-stone of the kingdom. Without absolute authority from me in you, exercised by you in me, this kingdom is impossible, because I work by law, and this is the law.'

"Then Chrysantheus said, 'Father, once more, could I not be called in my service by a word less liable to misconception?' And the Lord answered, 'I take nothing back; what is spoken is spoken; nevertheless, know for your comfort, that in this word is power, and that bearing it your work will be more rapid, and my success in you more conclusive.'

Then the Lord said, 'Enough,' and he folded Chrysantheus in His bosom and blessed him, and blessed him a second and a third time."

Thus this life history has been brought to the mountain-height of its destiny, the one of whom it treats being declared King by the Voice Divine.

The writer of these pages has, with his best ability, and from the most complete and intimate knowledge possible, traced that whole history from its very inception, even to this, its high hour, consciously to himself, omitting nothing whatever that is of any vital or intrinsic import, whether on the side of human frailty, or of true Divinely-acquired human virtue and nobility, and presented it in its entirety before the reader—so far, of course, as such showing is humanly possible. And now, in entire humility for himself, he would yet ask in great confidence of soul, whether there is any man, after having read the whole account from the commencement, who could or would venture to question either the reality or wisdom of that Divine election? True, in naming this man as king, the Divine Voice, in effect, makes him king over all kings and supreme in the world. But is it not clearly evident, by all the facts, that he is so by intrinsic superiority of character, and solid life achievement, above any other man whatever whose name is known throughout all history? Viewed side by side with him, with uttermost scrutiny, every other appears manifestly, in comparison, as but a weakling in soul. There are partial excellences to be found, without doubt, here and there, but such wholeness of excellence, worthy of being clothed with real and full authority from God, there is not

anywhere. And why? Because for such entirety of soul and character, nothing short of the full indwelling Spirit of God is sufficient, and this is the only man who has attained to it, yet not by human strength or effort of self-will, but purely by the very profoundness of his humility at the footstool of God, and by following, in meekness, step by step, in the path of Him who was his Divine exemplar, and his out-and-out most beloved Master. And, finally and mainly, because it pleased that Divine One, accepting his full life-sacrifice, to enter and dwell within him by His Divine Spirit and His Divine Breath, in all-sufficient fulness; so endowing him by His actual Divine presence with all that was needful to him for the due fulfilment of his perfect service.

Continuing the quotations from "The Lord, the Two-in-One," Chrysantheus writes as follows regarding what is entailed on the one who is chosen in God to the kingly office:

"To rule in Christ involves the exercise of one pre-eminent quality—the power of enabling men who love the Lord to dwell and labour for a common purpose without molestation, jealousy, or restraint upon the lawful liberties of one another. Let this be carefully remembered—other kingdoms are made; this kingdom is begotten; others are united coercively, this unitised by the opposite of coercion. Others grow by natural increase of generation, this grows by the begetting in each of its subjects of a divine-natural humanity; others punish, this* simply excludes those unfit; others are little, disguised anarchies, drawn up to a constraint of life in the repression of liberty; this is God in evolution through the Word, and each of its subjects a

specific form in the one general form, whereby the Word proceeds in evolution. Others are masked antagonisms, set in battle order; this is reconciliation—a kingdom in which every man receives not the wages of a hireling, but lives as a son in his father's house, rejoicing each to be esteemed as least among a multitude of brethren. Other kingdoms permit at one extreme vast opulence; at the other extreme abject misery and destitution; in this there is but one opulence, and that the kingdom's opulence; but if there, must be destitution, then it becomes the kingdom's destitution.

"The reader may see from these points something of the purpose of our Lord, and why He permits, and, indeed, commands, many things to be written which otherwise could not be written. Now it is obvious that when a man has attained to that fixed state in which his interests are merged in the divine interests, and his purpose in the divine purpose, his individual labours will be merged in the labours of the kingdom. Obvious also that two strangers who meet, each with the Word of this kingdom begotten in them, will henceforth find it impossible to do otherwise than receive each other as comrades whose interests are identical. In a word, the kingdom decrees the abolition of self-interests, not by making a larger self-interest communistically, but by the assertion of its fundamental law, the principle that to the Giver, and to Him alone, belongs the increase of all the gifts. This liberates genius,' for genius "demands the utter illimination of the mercenary principle. This takes away the spur under which the base man labours, and substitutes motives which can only serve as energetic impulses in the bosoms of the generous and high minded.

This drives into exile the unrighteous mammon and all his seed. Hence no man can come into this kingdom keeping back any possession if one enters it, he must bring and lay at its doors his very all.

"Next, the law of the kingdom, like the law of the army in time of battle, is obedience. The private cannot know the plans of the general. Every subject holds his all in readiness for any service at any time, and anywhere. No obedience at all is better than inconstant obedience. All are servants in many ranks of service. It is only possible to carry on a system of vast industries on this condition: that every man shall be the subject of a law that decrees employment, orders its methods, and moves its hosts with perfect military discipline. Under no other conditions is it possible to organise victory."

From the above words of the Divinely-chosen king, and also from all that has been written of him in the previous pages of this history, it is made quite obvious that this is the only man whose organising mind, inspired and led on by the Spirit of God, has penetrated to the very foundation, the absolute root, both of the human constitution itself, and of the organised constitution of all true human society that can possibly endure. Let the reader trace all the steps of the discovery, as the writer has faithfully endeavoured to place them before him, in the clearest possible light, and in the simplest language possible for the elucidation of so profound a subject, and let him also read the remainder of the narrative to its conclusion, and he will have no difficulty in recognising the absolute righteousness of the claim just made; that is, in the degree in which he prayerfully

endeavours to hold his mind open to such pure light of vital truth as alone can be termed Divine.

But beyond what it was as yet possible for the king fully to enunciate,—the problem not yet having been wrought out in life-experience to its full end, organically and structurally, it is in the whole mystery of sex, both in its celestial heights, harmonies, and vital potencies, and in its infernal depths, discords, horrors, and vital destructiveness, that the essential roots of the whole problem lie concealed. Only little by little did the pure light of Heaven sufficiently illuminate it, from all its high purities; and little by little also came the terrible unveiling of all its destructive effects from the nether world. It is in the full fathoming of this fundamental ground of the whole being of the world, both individually and socially, through a life of unexampled heroic toils and martyr sufferings during the course of over four score years, that the supreme royalty of this king of men is most unquestionably demonstrated.

Still continuing, Chrysantheus writes:

"So again with the great law of kingdom-riches. This has been enforced not from the Primacy down, but in the other direction. Until a man stands clear from all self-possessions, he cannot realise the possession of the kingdom in his breast by the royalty with which it stamps the brain; nor the mightiness of manhood, set into the order that is ordained of God. Worms to the ground, eagles to the empyrean!

"There is one law for the man incapable of the kingdom, and another law for the man quickened and uplifted into its domain. This law is not made for the natural man; this kingdom is not made for

him. This order would be his disorder, and this enlargement his bondage.

"And again, many there are painfully struggling to higher states, through inherited natural conditions, for whom this order may be in the future, but not in the present. God makes the air for the birds, and the water for the fishes, and the land for animals, and abodes in the dust for creatures of a lesser nobility. This kingdom does not come to enforce its law on those whose bias is either against the law, or not yet led up to the levels of the law. All men must come to it, all earth must come to it—but none before their time.

"Of one thing men may be sure. Other kingdoms take people in, ready or not ready; this kingdom, excludes all till their preparations are complete—because it is the kingdom of heaven!

"The Lord Christ said to Chrysantheus, 'You have written well, but add this: "I come to make an end: of individual property, and I will make it impossible for any separated man to live out of my kingdom. I will destroy the individual appropriation of effects. My kingdom is the kingdom of effects, and swallows up all effects."

"Write this: "I would take from no man; for the hour cometh when men shall fall upon their knees and beseech me to relieve them of their separate possessions, because they find them as millstones tied about the neck, that sink them into the depths of the sea."

"Then Chrysantheus said, 'Father, I recall to mind the story of the good young man who turned away from Thee sorrowfully, because he had great possessions.' Then the Lord made this answer: 'I have coined my life into the treasury of the world. I

have bought the world, and it is mine. If a man will not give me his earthly treasures, he cannot receive of me my living treasures. I am the bread of life. If any man deny me in this, he denies me in all.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Father, were You to come forth visibly, taking that glory in the apparent which You now display in the unapparent, those disciples would not deny You, would they?' Our Lord answered, 'No; they would see, they would fear; self-interest would make them seek to barter the things perishing in their hands for the riches of my visible paradise. Nevertheless, I deal with men otherwise. Men must feed me, clothe me, serve me, in giving up all to the feeding, clothing, and succouring of my kingdom. They must make themselves upon a level with my poor whom I shall gather, identifying themselves with it in poverty.'

"Then Chrysantheus replied, 'Where there is one who offers sustenance to Thy kingdom, will there not be multitudes rushing toward it from destitution?' And the Lord said, 'No. The laws of my kingdom are such that the frivolous, the wasteful, the slothful will reject it.' Furthermore, my service is a hard service, being an utterly burden-bearing service, where there is not principled zeal of service.

"Many will say of it, 'Christ once fed the multitudes without exacting from them, but this Christ exacts labour before he nourishes; that Christ gave alms, this Christ demands that we should work for Him.'" Do you not see, my son, that I am cutting off beforehand the branches that would prove unfruitful?'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Difficulties spring up in the realisation of the best ideals. The more

absolute the law, the more impossible is its realisation.' And the Lord replied, 'I qualify; it is the absolutely perfect law that is the most easy of realisation—provided tenderness of heart, longings of affection, do not prevent the law from being made absolute in its application to each and all. You have found it difficult to initiate the ideal; but see, being initiated, it appears to enforce itself. The ideal, when a man has realised it, makes everyone its soldier and its policeman. Whoever touches the ideal to restrain or hinder it, touches every spring of action in his breast.' The Lord then said, 'Self-appropriation is world-robbery. Even as the Pharisees, who gave tithes of what was not their own, so do men think to honour me, but I will receive no honour of this honouring from men.'"

After many other precious words of Chrysantheus's own, he writes as follows:

"Chrysantheus again saw the Lord Jesus, and He appeared as a shepherd clothed with the garments of the fleece. Then the Lord said, 'My son, I will be Shepherd in thee,' and He clothed Chrysantheus with robes of the fleece, and hung about his neck a shepherd's scrip. After this He came again, and there was with Him the Woman, proceeding from His side. And She called forth Lily through the side of Chrysantheus, and attired her in the garments of a shepherdess, saying, 'Two-in-One is the Arch-Shepherd, two-in-one the child of the shepherd; and lo, this flock that ye shall gather, it also shall be two-in-one.'"

FROM CHAPTER XV.

OUR LORD THE PREACHER, HIS SERMON BY
THE SEA.

"The Gospel was defined of old as glad tidings to every creature. Ours is the original Gospel, not in germ, but in evolution. From Christ re-apparent stands forth Christianity re-apparent.

"In the old time Christ preached; He preaches now. This is His sermon—distilled in blood and brain, reproduced through the mental ovaries, let down by processes of Word-descent, generated in the thought, elaborated by the experience, and clothed upon through the verbal processes. Therefore, let us hear.

"Our Lord said, 'Except through the two-in-one, I speak verbally to none; for I am Two-in-One, Bridegroom and Bride, ever proceeding from the Infinite Father-Mother. Therefore, I can only let myself down into the verbal flesh of men, and make my thought comprehensible, in like manner, by the two-in-one.

"I am perpetually present, subjectively, in the Infinite Two-in-One, your Father-Mother and My Father-Mother, your God and My God. I am perpetually present, objectively, in arch-nature, the upper world of the natural world that is apparent to the inhabitants of the surface of the globe.

"As to my external structure, it is in all respects of arch-natural elements and substances, as your elements and substances are natural—thus, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh.

"I eat, drink, sleep and wake, labour and rest,

alternate between service and recreation; see through the eyes, taste by the palate, hear with the ears, inhale fragrance by the nostrils, and enjoy my counterpart through the conjugal sense. I am neither ascetic nor voluptuary, and, as the phrases are used by men, neither spiritual nor carnal; but spirit is perpetually re-incarnate day by day—yea, more incarnate.

"I labour with my hands, and am, so far, what you understand as a day-labourer, peasant or artisan. I labour with the mind's creative faculties, concentrating them, using them to originate what the hands afterwards execute. Hence, I am the artist. I carry architecture into carpentry; I carry landscape gardening into the works of the field. I enjoy painting and sculpture, colour and form—serving thus the Sovereign Beauty in manifold ways. I sing and play upon instruments of keys and instruments of strings; with them I praise my Infinite Original. I dance, carrying thus the music of God into nature by my active frame. Thus it will be seen that I carry in my bosom the familiar delights of humanity, and in my bosom they are wedded to that Deity whose gifts they are.

"I study, read, reflect, philosophise, enlarge my knowledge of the processes of the Divine Creator; concentrating for these purposes my abstract intellectual powers. I grow in knowledge; each day brings to me revelation, and, through revelation, wonder, astonishment, and admiration. I am but a child-pupil in the bosom of the Infinite.

"I let myself down by the involution of my faculties; I rise by their evolution. In the latter state I stand upon the ground of Dominant Existences, of whose genius the natural man can form no present

idea. In the former attitude I descend until I touch that ground to which my two-in-one upon the earth have risen. There I am at home; there I fix myself; for there I can resume those labours for mankind that were structurally arrested by the catastrophe, that put an end to my full bodily presence in ancient Judea. It is sweet to me once again to say, I am with you. I expect to demonstrate my presence. I will demonstrate that presence.

"Some of you have been taught to expect me visibly in the clouds of the natural firmament; others in the processes of thought; others in religious ceremonies. Let me tell you how I come: I was called, anciently, the Mediator between God and man; also the Word made flesh; also the Son of Man. A mediator is one in whom the Infinite Two-in-One abide by reason of two-in-oneness in the subject. In God are two distinct natures—counterpart, conjugal, twain in their Oneness, one in their Twainness—holding communion infinitely in each other's breasts, infinitised in each other's love. This O I is God.

"I proceed out of Them. As to my ultimate form, it is finite—but not as yours are finite. I was ingermated in nature by means of a process of attributes. I was built as a house in the centre of, the structures of the human race, that God might there declare Himself by me in His unity, while still He was declaring Himself to His creatures in diversity.

"I was the centre of that revelation which has humanity for its circumference. Therefore I stood endowed with the attributes of the unfallen human creature; being only able to communicate God in the degree in which I was man; and only able to commune with God, in vigour and perfection, as the manhood in me became vigorous and perfect.

"I mediated painfully, because the obstructions to the exercise of the mediatorial functions, then as now, proceeded from the universal dislocation of the race, its incompleteness, its deformed and diseased structure, its universal abnormality.

"I taught painfully. God held me in restraint, that I might not show forth things for which my hearers were entirely unprepared; things that, being true, would still appear in their minds distorted, fantastic, and false.

"I healed the sick lawfully, touching men through a secret nerve by means of my arch-natural projectives. But in every act I communicated from a fund of life stored up in my original structure, and lessened my own element that I might elaborate natural virtue in men.

"I cast out devils—my brethren and your brethren, my sisters and your sisters—deceased persons returning in quest of nourishment from the precincts beyond the grave; cut off by reason of their impure proclivities from the solidarity of the universal brotherhood of God's friendly creatures; and therefore pauperised, and seeking to rehabilitate themselves in nature, that they might subsist upon the elemental vigours in the human frame. I cast them out as one expels disease, or removes intestinal parasites. I took them, not as wolves among sheep, nor as cats from the cradles of babes, though by action they were as such; I took them as lunatics.

"I forgave sins, even as I do now. Any man who exercises the attribute of forgiveness, really and absolutely, doeth this by means of a projection into him of the infinite attribute of forgiveness. If any man really forgives his brother, God forgives through him; for, unless God be in man, no man can absolutely

forgive. I brought God's forgiveness to men by leading them out of the unforgiveable state into the forgiveable state; and, seeing them enter from the unforgiveable into the forgiveable, I enunciated forgiveness, declaring them forgiven.

"I made atonement for their sins. How did I atone? In the same manner, from my place in the centre, in which all my brethren can atone, each from his own place in the body or circumference of the many. I interposed my power of will between the sufferer, whose will-power was failing, or being ravished' from him; I projected myself between him and the chain of forces that were destroying the operative and energising faculties in their structure. I lent myself to him; gave myself to him; and, necessarily, in so doing, took into my organism his diseases, whether physical, passional, or moral; incurred the animosities of his enemies; bore the burden of his infirmities. Thus men called me the Saviour, while those opposed to my service of salvation called me magician, deceiver, blasphemmer, and devil.

"I was crucified because I was misunderstood. When I entered the world this crucifixion began. It is not finished yet; though, since the close of the catastrophe at Jerusalem, my physical pains do not, in the former manner, return to me. I was first crucified in impediments, then in sorrows, and last in bodily tortures; but I am now crucified in sympathies and limitations; nor shall my crucifixions cease till humanity, to the least and lowest of its members, is risen, as one, to' the two-in-oneness, and puts on paradise as its earthly robe.

"For this end have I come, that I might declare the truth, and structurally establish the truth, and vitally promulgate the truth, that men may

enter into the kingdom of truth, and abide with me therein.

"The Truth of humanity is organised in me. I am the Truth of humanity.

"When men see lambs upon the hillside perishing for cold, they see the nations of the world as I behold them. When men see fishes of the sea torn with hooks, caught in nets, and impaled upon spears, they see the people of the nations as I behold them. When men see idiots gibbering in market-places, clothed in fantastic parti-coloured rags for finery, they see the priesthoods of the world as I behold' them. When men see butchers smeared with the blood of the shambles, and dogs trained to tear the passer-by, they see the military chieftains of the world as I behold them. When men see fat body-lice swarming upon the flesh of an emaciated beggar, they see the opulent, non-productive, spendthrift classes as I behold them. But I see all men with the eyes of pity. The image of God in the most abject creature moves me to reverence and awe. He that hath eyes to see, let him see.

"It is I who inspire the practical. I smile at enthusiasm; but I take gloryings in endurance. No man loves me till he loves humanity as me, and every member of humanity as integrated in me, and sharing me. No man loves me except as he ceases to be mercenary. No man loves me who holds his faculties or his possessions, as separate faculties and separate possessions belonging to himself, and not pledged to the renovation and rehabilitation of the race. No man loves me who loves his own life; for no man at once can love his own self-life and my divine-human life. But I love all, because it is God who dwelleth in me, and giveth forth His love. No

man can partake in me, except as he gives himself to be partaken of by humanity. No man can inherit in me, except as he gives himself in my service for humanity.

"A farmer had two children, and he bestowed upon them equally his goods. One son founded with the proceeds of his estate an institution for singing men and singing women, who chanted praises from year to year. The other son with his income built a lighthouse upon a dangerous reef Which of those two sons made the best use of his inheritance?

"Again, a certain man said, "Lo, now I will praise God." And he went to his bankers and drew forth money, called the architects, and they made a plan for him of a high tower, narrowing as it rose. Moreover, cunning sculptors were employed by him, and they cast images in bronze of angels with trumpets to stand upon the angles of the tower; and they carved the name of God in words and emblems upon the front, that all men might behold. So the tower arose until it stood as a spire, high above the city. Then the man said, 'Make me a cross, and cover it with the finest gold and they did so. And upon the summit of the spire they raised the cross of gold; and the tower stood complete.

"Now there was another man in that city who went forth by night, and a woman met him at the foot of the tower, and said, "Come, now, go to my chamber and lie with me; for I am sweet to a man, and many have desired me; and I invite you, not for my price, but because I fancy you."

"And the man took her by the hand, and answered, 'Little sister, you shall not prostitute yourself to me. Would to God that I could make you even as my own little daughter whom I have left at home."

Then she replied, "That's priest's talk. You have got no manhood, and are stingy of your dollars." But the man said, "No; but I will give you money in the name of my own child, and you shall take it as a sister's gift to her sister; and for my manhood let my Love speak—if she will. But I love you too well, for the sake of all womanhood, to injure you, as you would have me do." Then the woman wept bitterly, and she fell upon the ground. But the man called a hackney-coach that was passing by, and when the carriage came the man lifted up the woman in his arms and put her into it, and got in himself, and gave orders for the hackman to drive to the man's own home. And when he got there, he carried the woman in, and said to his wife, "I have found a gift, and here it is; for, lo, I am verily persuaded this night that this harlot shall, by our ministrations, enter into the kingdom of God."

"Then they took her into a bath and the wife washed her, and took out of a drawer under-garments of her own, and they laid the woman in a clean bed. And in the morning the wife went into the room, and said, "God's blessing be with thee, my child." And the woman rose up as one in a dream, and she at first found no words to speak, but afterwards she said, "I am not fit to be in this house." But the wife answered, "This is God's house; there is always room in it for those who would become His children."

And the harlot answered, "Woe is me, woe is me! I was once a daughter of a house beautiful as this is, and I was led into ruin when the rich man, my father, who had brought me up in luxury and idleness, became a bankrupt and died; and I knew not how to work, and was ashamed to beg."

But after many days the woman was instructed

in the ways of service, and her heart softened within her, and her womanhood came forth. Then she took the burden of the life upon herself, labouring that she might assist others, even as she had been helped, and to provide for herself as she had been provided for.

"But the man made no boast of this, and he who had built the stone tower to the glory of God called him an infidel. Now which of these two men built to the glory of God—he who built divine symbols in a pile of stones, or he who rebuilt God's temple of presence and ministration in a woman, where it had fallen down?

"Again I say to you, not with the singing men and the singing women, but with him who tends the lamps in the lighthouse do I take my part; and not with the men who build the stone towers, but with those who rebuild the living temples do I take my part; and I am come where those abide who know that I am a social Saviour.

"And again I declare, I will be honoured in those who honour men, and not in those who dishonour men that they may seem to honour God; for my service is social service, and my kingdom has respect to the living and their daily needs.'

"And again I declare, that I come not to save men from the wrath to come, but from the wrath that is. Whoso washes the feet of humanity I will wash his feet, and I will cleanse him utterly. Let no man say that the Church is his mother; for God the Wife is the Mother of us all; and let no man say that nature is his mother; for God the Wife is his Mother, even as She is my Mother; and we are babes of one bosom and in-substanced in one divine flesh.

"And let not man say that God is not his Father

until he has believed; for, if God were not always the Father, no man could be inspired to believe. And let no man say that whosoever believeth not is the child of the devil; for I declare that the devil himself is God's child, though at present reprobate; and that God's arm is put forth, and His hand open, that He may draw unto Himself all who have wandered from Him, whether devils or men.

"Yea, moreover, let no man say that he has God for his Father, but that other men have not God for their Father; for I declare that if God be not the Father of all men, He is the Father of no man; but He is the Father of all men. And the Father loveth all, and hath re-incarnated the Son that He might save all, by leading them from states that are unforgiveable into states that are forgiveable.

"Blessed are they who keep my commandments. Now I give a new commandment; and when I give a new commandment, I give it with the Holy Ghost, that men, receiving the word of command, may receive the spirit of obedience also. And this is my commandment, that men should believe in God, the Two-in-One, and believe in me, that I am two-in-one. Of old time, men were astonished at my doctrine, for I taught with authority. The truth of humanity makes itself authoritatively present in the bosom of humanity. I am not come to, compel assent, but I am come to create assent. I am not come to dogmatise, but to demonstrate. He who taketh me in my two-in-oneness, receiveth God, the Two-in-One; and he who receiveth God, the Two-in-One, will love humanity, and go out into humanity; for the life of God, that descends into him, seeketh not him separately or solely, but seeketh him in humanity, and seeketh humanity in him.

"I am the Divine Humanity. If any man enters into my divine humanity, I will initiate him into his own divine-natural humanity, and I will make known in him my presence. When that two-in-one, who are mine on earth, took into themselves the social service of humanity, they touched me centrally by reaching the race to its circumference. He who circumferences himself in man concentrates himself in me. I serve; because I serve I know, because I know I do, more and more abundantly; and my abundance overflows, till now I seek new outlets; and therefore do I come.

"Did I not declare myself of old by the name of Bridegroom? I am the Bridegroom. In my espousals I represent the espousals of counterpart to counterpart throughout the universal race. Taste of me, for I am conjugal. The conjugal alone is life, and giveth life. Whosoever dwelleth not in the conjugal dwelleth not in me. I am marriage in its primaries, marriage in its potencies, marriage in—its ultimates, and marriage in its eternities. And blessed are they who are called to my marriage supper.

"I will not say, Let him that hath no counterpart refrain from me, for I declare that, two-in-one, God created all of you.

"As for him that hath no counterpart on earth, though she was taken as a child, and become a maiden angel in the heavens,—I will bring her down and re-incarnate her in him.

"Though one should say, "Lord, I have no part in Thy marriage, supper, for perchance my counterpart destroyed herself, through sin, and became a depraved spirit in hell," I will answer him, "For this very reason shouldst thou come to my marriage supper, for I go forth not alone into the highways of the earth, but into the byways that are below the

earth; and lo, if there be any counterpart in hell, I have already assumed her infernal that I might stay, her infernalities; and I will bring her unto thee, and ye twain shall be married in mine own eternal marriage with Yessa, my bride."

"And let no man say, "I was born sexless, and therefore, Lord, I cannot sit down at Thy marriage table." I am Sex. Whosoever receiveth me, though he were born impotent, shall receive my potency and though he had become dead, yet shall he revive in my potency, and my potency is eternal life.

"And let no man say," I have abused myself, and therefore am unworthy to come," for I say, Come unto me, all ye that desire me in the conjugal, and desire only that true conjugal which is of me, and I will wash away your impurities, and their very sequences shall perish.

"I am loved of mine, because I am two-in-one. The Earth loved me, because it felt my two-in-oneness, though verbally it knew it not. I taught the conjugal in truth, in being, in action, in renewal—always taught it, waiting only the hour of full verbal declaration in the perfection of my nuptial state. Men could not remember, because the planes that open to take in the truth of conjugal doctrine were not opened in them.

"I sowed much seed that fell on stony ground, and it perished before it grew. I sowed much seed that fell on sandy ground, and it withered up before it ripened seed again. I sowed much seed that was plundered and eaten before it sprang up and declared itself visible. I sowed much seed that men gathered into granaries again. They have kept it in their coffers that it might not, grow. The seed that I sow is reproductive of myself

in man. When my seed becomes fruit in man, it is the Tree of Life.

"Blessed are they who believe not, if, unable to receive from closedness or inoperativeness of intelligence, they see not of my words that they are true; for the truth, albeit they receive it not in consciousness, abides with them, and they bear it with them, that it may revive within the memory—as their intelligence begins to quicken—and make them rich at last in its possession and in its bestowment also.

"But thrice blessed are they who, when they hear my words, know me in my words, and my words by me; for in them my words shall remain, and Spring up and blossom and yield harvest fruit. And they shall say, each to his neighbour, "Behold I have found a treasure, come and share it with me; I have inherited an inheritance, let me divide it with you; I have received an invitation, 'tis for thee as well as me." To such will I reveal myself in the order of my kingdom, and I will say to them, 'Come ye, blessed of the Father-Mother, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

FROM CHAPTER XVI.

THE LORD MANIFESTED IN HELL AMONG ARTISANS.

No apology is offered for quoting every word of what follows; they who take offence at any of the plain words are not of those for whom the book is issued.

"After these things Lord Jesus again appeared to Chrysantheus, wearing upon His head the paper cap

of a blacksmith, and girded about the waist with the leathern apron of the forge. But though in His attire as Vulcan, for radiance and comeliness He stood forth as young Apollo; His flesh was roseate and white, and the sweat of labour stood upon His, forehead as fragrant dew on opening flowers; moreover, His hair was now golden. Fair to see was this Young Man; for indeed he appeared as a youth in the first flower of the prime. Now, there stood by the side of the Lord a man named Steadfast, known formerly in the natural world as one of the New Life; and this Steadfast also wore upon His head a blacksmith's cap. And the Lord Jesus bore in His hand a mighty steel sledge-hammer; but His servant bore, as the helper of the artisan, three steel drills.

"Then the Lord said, 'Chrysantheus, my son, this my servant came to me; and I took him from many sorrows, because he was a man of singleness of heart, asking not to be served, but to serve; and I have raised him in the resurrection that he might serve. But come, now, let us go to hell, and see how our brethren fare, who, by the joint evils of the earth, and of their own lives, have fallen into pits. But you take the hammer, and I will be the hammerer.'

"Then Chrysantheus took the hammer; and the Lord Jesus opened the door, and said, 'You two go alone visibly, and I will stand in the invisible. But I will make your faces as the faces of the shadowed ones, at first; and they will take you, in the beginning, for master devils. It, is time for us to work.' Then Chrysantheus and Steadfast stood within the door; and a man met them saying, 'Hell fire, you damned buggers! There's no work here for you;

get out of this place. We are officers of the Trades Union.' Chrysantheus replied, 'We are independent smiths, and go wherever our calling leads us. We propose to establish ourselves in this place, and to set up our forge.'

"Then the shadowed one who had spoken blew a whistle, and about a hundred of his associates appeared, armed with iron bars and hammers, and they smote Steadfast. But Chrysantheus also blew a whistle, and there appeared a little child, holding in his hand a knife. And the child's name is Chrysanthile, but he is also called Usie. Now, this child is the child born to Chrysantheus and Chrysanthea as the first fruit of their nuptial union in the earth; and he inherited from his mother into the fixedness of the angels, and from his father into the loyal freedom of the divine-natural man. And the child said to the smiters, 'You hit, I cut'; and, darting like a beam, he pierced the chief of the Trades Union, who cried out with an oath, and screamed with agony; for the shells of his seed-vessels had been extirpated. Then the others stood wondering and terrified; but Chrysantheus put forth his hand, and lifted up the man, saying, 'Be of good cheer; your sins are forgiven you.' And the unionist arose subdued, as if he were a castrated goat, and stood trembling at the suddenness of what had befallen him.

"Then Steadfast made a fire upon the ground, where coal appeared and petroleum; but both the coal and petroleum were elements which the Lord Jesus caused from the ultimations of His arch-natural degree. And after the fire was made the Lord Jesus caused a forge to be set forth, and also three anvils, The great anvil stood in the centre, and on it was the

inscription, 'Jesus'; and on the anvil to the right was the inscription, 'Chrysantheus'; and the name 'Steadfast' was inscribed on the other one. But the little child said, 'Make me one, too'; and the Lord caused a little anvil to appear, close to His own, and on it was the name 'Chrysanthile.' Then came forth, the Lord as the Master Smith, and He forged and wrought, assisted by His servants, until the air was resonant, vibrating with the music of the hammers—a divine song! of labour truly played, making harmony.

"Meanwhile, hundreds of the shadowed ones had gathered, and the Lord, seeing them, stepped forth into their midst, and said, 'Do you know me?' And one answered, 'Yes, we know you, you damned aristocrat; we know you of old.' Then He replied, 'Where did you know me?' And they answered, 'On the earth.' And He said, 'By what name did you know me?' And they replied, 'What business have you here to torment us? You are religion.' And He answered, 'No, I am not religion; I am human rights; I am the Man of the People.' But one said, 'The hell, you are. Flops is one thing; and flops is your way. Stand up is another thing; and stand up is our way. Flops is a parson; but stand up is a chartist.'

"Then the Lord laughed at him and said, 'How many devils have you?' And the man answered, 'I've got seven—hunger, thirst, lice, and the rest.' And the Lord Christ made reply, 'Did you ever hear that when I was on the earth I used to cast out devils?' But the unionist, nothing abashed, began to blow incredulously, and thrust his tongue into the side of his cheek, at the same time pulling down the lid of his eye, as if he had made a sufficient answer.

Then the Lord drew out a pouch, and out of the pouch He took a pipe, leisurely filled it with tobacco, and stood holding it in His hand, looking at the same time in the eyes of the unionist right kindly for a moment; then He lit the pipe, blowing upon it and kindling it from His mouth, drew a whiff or two, and handed it to the man, who took it as if by an involuntary act. At the same time Steadfast came forth from the smithery with a wooden trencher, on which was cold beef, bread, and cheese, and also a brown jug filled with foaming ale. And Chrysantheus brought a basin of water and a towel, and knelt that the Lord might wash His hands before taking refreshments; for it was now in time corresponding to high twelve.

"When the Lord had washed His hands, He turned to His servants and said, 'Now, make ready; and Chrysantheus took hold of a little tray, while Steadfast stood still, holding the other side of it. And Chrysantheus walked backward, with his face to the Lord, and the tray opened, by multiplication, until it stood like a table on trestles; but the food was at the upper end. Then the Lord stood at the upper end of the table, and spoke these words: 'This is brother's fare; come with us, come one and all. We will settle our differences afterwards.' Then He took the small piece of cheese, and cut it into four pieces—one for Himself, one for Chrysantheus, one for Steadfast, and one for the little child, Chrysanthile. And he divided the bread in like manner into four portions. But when the unionists saw it, their hearts began to be opened. Moreover, many more now began to appear, numbering a thousand. But neither did the Lord nor His three disciples take any food as yet.

"Then one of the chief unionists, looking on, said to the others, 'Queer old buffer that!' But another said, 'Let's hear Him ask a blessing: then we'll shout.' But another whispered, 'Oddsbodikins, that ale looks stingy.' 'Hush, hush,' said the man who had taken the pipe; 'He smokes prime. I'm going to have a glass with Him.' Then Lord Jesus lifted up His hands to Heaven and cried, 'O God, great Father of the people, multiply this food for all who shall now receive it. Give us this day our daily bread.' Instantly, the four little plates of food rose up and divided, and there was a mist that veiled the eyes for a moment. And, when the mist had vanished, the table appeared enlarged for about a thousand; and at every place a seat,—not separate, but one long continuous oval seat encircled the table; and in every place a trencher, food and drink.

"When all was prepared, the hungry multitude could restrain themselves no longer; and they came crowding in, and fell to as if they were famished. When they had eaten and drank sufficiently, there appeared pipes and tobacco, that all who desired a solace of this nature might conclude the repast with it. And in a short time all sat smoking, leaning back; for the food and drink had induced upon them a state of quiescent rest. Then the Lord said, 'Chrysantheus, my son, give them a song.' And Chrysantheus began:

"Pipes and ale, pipes and ale!
He who receives the Lord in them,
Though he were sick and sent to jail,
May journey to Jerusalem—
Jerusalem, Jerusalem—
May journey to Jerusalem.
Let parsons, in their gospel shops,
Give broken pipes without a stem.'

"He had proceeded so far, when at the lower end of the table a man stood up, shaking like a leaf; the sphere had overpowered him. And the man found words to say, 'I cave, mates; progress's played out.' Then he sat down; he could say no more. But another arose, saying, 'Amen, Bill Williams. Give me a God-Smith, and I'll pitch hell-fire into the forge for coals, and turn bellows blower; I'll be blessed if I won't.' But now he broke out, crying and wringing his hands, and fell upon his knees, and hid his face upon the table, and they all about him began to weep. And the Lord said, 'I am the *life* of hell and its everlasting rest. If a man is damned, I am his brother; and if he comes to me, I will save him.' And more words He spake to console them. And the food was taken away; and there appeared, where the former corrosive soil had been, greensward and flowers, and the little place was encircled by spreading trees, and beneath them meandered a rivulet of clear sparkling water. And the Lord said to Chrysantheus, 'See, now, what has followed from the setting up of my forge in hell among the smiths. Tell my brethren in the world.' And many more wonders took place, but they are not now written.

"Then one marvelled that the Lord Jesus should appear familiarly so low down in hell. And the Lord answered him, 'For what, think you, am I made to save men's lives or to see them perish? I do come as the rain falls that descends to cleanse the sewers; for the evil of the earth is rank, and her noisomeness is an offence unto me.' And one said, 'Lord, to save the earth, is it necessary that Thou shouldst save the hells?' The Lord Jesus spoke, saying: 'A certain woman inherited a house, and in

it were all manner of riches, with delicate things. And she dwelt therein, taking much pleasure with herself in many ways. Then she became a wife, for she espoused the man of her heart. And she bore him many children, but they all died, seemingly without cause. And afterwards her husband sickened and died also. Then, at last, the woman herself became infirm and bedridden. Now what, think you, was the cause why this household was made desolate, and this woman a widow, and her health made disease, and her life misery? I will tell you. There was beneath that house a sewer, and when its doors and windows were, closed by night foul air came up And poisoned them. But that house is the world, and that sewer hell, and that pestilence the poison of hell that rises up into the world.'

"And He spoke another parable, saying: 'There was a certain merchant who was in the corn trade, and he stored his granary with all kinds of corn. But, when he went to his granary to bring the corn out the bins were empty, and the sacks that held the corn were gnawed and eaten. Then one said to him, "We watched the doors by night and by day that no one should take this corn, but here it has been stolen without our knowledge." Then they made search, and found that there were holes under all the corn bins, and that the rats of the city had come in by night and had taken the corn away. But I tell you that that granary is the world, and those rats are devils, and the holes by which the rats entered to take the corn are the secret passages by which hell is opened into the world.'

"And another one of them said, 'Lord, how is it that hell opens into the world?' And the Lord made answer, saying: 'If a sheep falls upon a

pasture the vultures of the air scent her, and if a lamb strays into the wilderness the wild beasts find him out and devour him, for they live by such meat. And I do not so much blame devils for eating men—because it is their nature—as I censure men for turning out their weaklings where they can be devoured with none to save. Whosoever is not shielded by humanity is devoured by that race that is sunken below humanity. Where there is not order there is not protection. But it is impossible to make order work now in the earth without making order in that which is beneath the earth. A low country may be, defended by embankments against the sea; but how shall that land be saved that is overflowed and buried beneath the sea? But I say to you that hell, which was the underworld, has flowed above the earth, and is now also the overworld.'

"Then one said, 'How shall a man be saved in the earth?' And the Lord answered, 'A certain man sent his servants to reclaim and subdue a desert where there was no water. And they found that this desert was below the level of a sea which was a great way off. And they made a channel, with locks and gates, and they let in the water from the sea into the desert. And they made canals in due spaces, and sluice-ways from the canals, that all the desert might be irrigated. And when they had done this they found that they had done another thing also. For the basin that held the sea was not drained of its superfluous waters, and there were springs descending from the rocky spaces in its borders, and forming by their course a great river which meandered through the valley that had been the sea's deepest place, and that gave

water sufficient both for the place that had been a sea and the place that had been a desert. But I say to you that the earth is a desert, and that hell is a putrid sea; and if one can unlock that stagnant deep and distribute its elements, instead of permitting them to breed corruption, the human elements, restored to their sweetness by the divine virtue, will nourish and fertilise the world.'

"And the Lord said, 'There was a certain man who had unfaithful servants, and the governor of that place where he lived cast them into prison, where there was a large space. But, by course of time, the unfaithful servants became so many that the man and his neighbours were impoverished, because the unfaithful ones, who still had to be fed in their prison, ate up the substance of the land. But the King of that country took note of it, and he sent his Son into the prison, and commanded him, saying, "O Son, make yourself a convict, and live with the convicts, and find your way into their hearts, if, perchance, these convicts can be made honest men. Then will I change the method of their punishment, for they must needs be punished that my law be fulfilled. And they shall work, every one of them, from free love and contrition, and also from nobleness and honour, till they, each one of them, have made up all the costs of their keeping, and paid back that which they have stolen, with the use. And when they have done this there shall be a new race under me, and it shall be thy kingdom." And the Son answered, "Lo, Father, it is good in my eyes." And he made himself as a convict, and went into that prison,—and he is there now, but already some, when they find him labouring among them, love him, and begin to restore.

Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.'

"Then one said to Him, 'Lord, is it meet that Thou shouldst pass by the just and pious, who long for Thy coming in the world, and go to these profligates? Should not a man first heal the sick in his own house, and afterwards go out into the dens?' And the Lord answered, 'A wise man will not go to the sick by singles, or by twos and threes, if he is so wise that he knows where to reach the sickness in its potency. If the pestilence is slaying the city, perchance he may discover the origin of that pestilence in some marsh beyond the gates, into which the filth of the city has discharged itself for ages. I go to the pestilence in its marsh, and thence I come to reach my beloved who are helpless because of the pestilence.'

"Then one said, 'Lord, everywhere there is pestilence.' And the Lord made answer: 'You look up to the heavens, when the sky is overcast, and you say, "everywhere is the cloud"; but by and by a new wind comes, up, and bears away the cloud upon its breast, and there is light and sunshine. Even so, throughout all the universals of the pestilence, that covers up the heavens from the sight of man upon the earth, the Word of God goeth forth by a silent moving in the breast of many. This is one way by which the Son of Man cometh forth. But to those men who are in the hells, in whom pestilence breeds and genders, He cometh by another way. But I come in other ways also. I am more weight in the anchor, when the ship is dragging from her anchorage. I am more wind in the sails, when from lack of wind the current of the sea is bearing the ship upon the sands.' Then one said, 'Lord, cannot the days.

of miracles return, and a few mighty works confirm men that this is now Thy coming?' The Lord answered, 'Let men believe in me, and they shall see my miracles. Let them work in me, and they shall work miracles. But they cannot believe in me, except as they believe in humanity, nor work in me, but as they work in humanity; for I am the Divine Humanity. But I will not be hindered.'

"All this spake the Lord when He was manifested as the Master of the Forge."*

FROM CHAPTER XX

HELL OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY VISITED AND JUDGED BY OUR LORD. HIS SAVING MERCY THERE: HIS TEACHINGS AND MIRACLES.

"After these things Chrysantheus and Chrysanthea returned to their own abiding place, and when they had entered into their chamber the Lord said to them, 'Children, it is time that we should descend again into hell.' And He took His two-in-one, and He proceeded with them, and led them into the streets of a great city, which is called, in the spiritual tongue, Darkness, but in the natural tongue Democracy. And the Lord caused Himself to be invisible, but His servants were made visible.

* Here are omitted the Lord's sayings concerning Pharisees, as given in Chapter XVIII, as the substance of them has been already briefly embodied in the earlier pages of this narrative. Also, for the sake of brevity, is omitted what is written in Chapter XIX concerning the resurrection of the body of Anne Lee, the originator of the virtuous society of "Shakers," and the long "Addenda" to same, concerning "geists," which latter is hardly a necessary part of this special narrative. But this Anne Lee is the first personality outside of The Use itself whose bodily resurrection is recorded, and all mention of the same must not be omitted on that account, hence this brief note.

Now, in the centre of this great city appeared a public square, and in the square a public structure, built massively, as if to defy the decay of ages. And on each of the angles of the building was a statue. And the first statue resembled iron, and was in the form of a debauched Negro; and the second statue was of brass, and represented an infuriated Irishman; and the third was of silver, and represented an atheistical German; and the fourth statue was of gold, and was in the likeness of an Anglo-American fierce, cunning, intelligent, and a thief.

"Then the Lord said, 'Behold these images, but now see what I shall do with them.' And He opened the vestures of His bosom, and lo, a mild wind, as if from the south, distilling fragrance, and humid with warm fertility, began to blow, at first softly, as the faintest zephyr that hardly may be felt upon the cheek. But in a little while the breath, gyrating, formed a whirlwind. The tempests also began to roar, and the four statues toppled down, breaking, as they struck the pavement, into fragments.

"And, the earth about the building vomited fire, and the building shook and fell; but the fire seized upon its ruins, and reduced them to impalpable powder. And when things had happened, and there was no building left even a vestige, of it a cry arose throughout the city, such as was never heard before. There was in it the babble of all languages, the confusion of all opinions, the bursting of all subterfuges, the clamour of all desires, and the howling of all passions—as the tempest within the storm. And no man knew what or who had caused the catastrophe, that, in one night, the structure, that was the holding-place and guarantee of all their structures, had perished.

"Then one stood forth in the midst of them and cried as with a voice far-speaking to the four winds—the magic of all voices, imperious, deceptive; and he said, 'We have outgrown our institutions, and therefore they are passing away. Let us have absolute centralisation, and make our nation one in fact, as well as name.' But a second voice arose and cried, 'No!' and a third, 'Never!' And there began to be dissension, and each man felt after his weapon.

"But the Lord again opened His bosom and a second breath passed forth, and there was enforced silence and quietude; for this second whirlwind was mightier than that which went before. And then all the people fell suddenly upon their faces, and no man could rise.

"But in the midst of the stillness there grew up a column, high, luminous, triumphant; and the column stood in the midst of a moving vortex of transparent flame. But when the column was fixed in the central place, which had been filled by the great edifice that was destroyed, a few of the multitude began with trembling to rise to their knees, in the posture of suppliants. And they began to see; but the rest, who remained prostrate, grovelling, had been stricken with blindness, and saw nothing.

"Then those who had become suppliants beheld upon the summit of the column a vast, radiant form of Woman, clothed with the aurora, and lifting in her arms a Child whose face was as the morning and out of the mouth of the image proceeded voices, singing melodiously, charming those who heard with sudden rapture.

"Then a Man stood forth and said, 'Hearken, O ye people, and be instructed in my law: whosoever wilt bear shall be borne; whosoever will lift shall be lifted; whosoever will nourish shall be nourished.

And there went a murmuring among the suppliants—'Show us how to bear, and how to lift, and how to nourish; for lo, our democracy is dead, and we have no longer any hope.'

"Then the Man cried, 'Behold I will smite you in the loins—not wrathfully, but for mercy—and the lust of man for woman, and the lust of woman for man, shall perish henceforth forever.' And He smote them in the loins victoriously, as with the smiting of many blows in one. And when, they had been smitten they stood upright, and they looked every one upon his neighbour. And a small voice was heard proceeding in place of the loud voice in which they had cried before—a low voice as of the emasculate a shrill voice, a very helpless voice.

"Then the Lord returned to His own, and He took possession of them. And again opening His bosom, there passed forth a third wind; and they began to breathe from the breath of the two-in-one. And they came forth sexless in great multitudes, male and female. And the Lord said, 'Now ye are neither male nor female, and ye will submit to that just rule which the male animal despises, and the female animal insults and hates.' And they grew docile, being impotent, and they served the Lord.

"But when these things had taken place, the men began to look upon the women, and said, 'While we lusted after you, we hated you; but now that we have no eyes of lust with which to look upon you, we feel brotherly toward you.' And the women answered, crying, 'While you lusted after us we hated you'—for the women would not admit that they had ever lusted after the men—' nevertheless we had compassion on you; but now you have turned, on us, and we are slain, and have no

protectors; but are suddenly become lower than the whores.'

"But the men reassured the women, and said, 'Go your ways into separate places, and we will provide for you; but you shall not eat at our table.' And the women wept bitterly; and one said to another. 'It is well, the capons forsake the hens. Let us elect female cocks of our own.' But one shouted, 'Antony! Antony!' and another some other name; and they all began to wrangle among themselves, till a voice cried, 'Peace, silly ones; had Nebuchadnezzar been a woman, there would have been slain more women than men; and had Nero been a woman, there would have been more women-martyrs than men-martyrs; for the external passion of depraved sexuality, which makes men gentle, makes women fierce; and authority which softens men—if they have any place for softness—hardens women, till there is no softness left.'

And the Lord said to Chrysantheus, 'Hear what they say; but I will tell you that it is much easier to save a city of men who have become devils than a street of women.' Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Why is this, Father?' And the Lord replied, 'Observe the fowls of the air, how they peck one another, notwithstanding the softness of their feathers and the agreeableness of their notes. But women are as the fowls of the air. And observe the fishes of the sea; the great and the small live together peacefully, except when the great ones suffer hunger; and then they swallow the little ones quietly. But men are like the fishes. How be it there are some women who take on something of the fish, and devour quietly; and there be singing men who peck and scold.'

"Then the Lord drew near to the women, and made as if He would kiss one of them and He smiled upon her, but she repulsed Him, saying, 'Specks you don't'; for she was a negress. But the Lord said, 'Chloe! Chloe!'; and she opened her heart, which had been closed. Then she felt it revive within her, as if it had been dead; and a great insight was given her; and she clasped her hands, and said, 'Bress de Lor', massa Jesus; I specks de ole debil had dis nigger.' Then she turned round to another one triumphantly, 'Tell dat to de white folks. De bressed Lord has come to de niggers, and fust of all de niggers to dis ole nigger.' Then she in a moment broke out, 'Dat's the flesh and de debil; I specks de white folks see it, and and out widout you telling.'

"A large negress, rolling up the whites of her eyes, drew near the Lord, and He put out His hand to her.; but when she saw His hand she said, 'You no better than a white man, sar; what for you offer to kiss dat ole wench and no kiss me?' But she, too, broke down from her momentary jealousy when He said, 'My child!' and she would have embraced His feet.

"Then drew near the Lord a woman—rich in the remains of her shadowed apparel—tall, majestic, voluptuous, smiling. And the Lord said to her, 'Daughter,' and she answered, 'Master'; and instantly began to strip off her shadow-ropes, which still seemed to her sumptuous, weeping at the same time as if her heart would break, and crying, 'I see too late, I see too late.' And He laid His hand upon her heart, and comforted her, saying, 'Daughter, be of good cheer, for I will make thee whole; and for what was taken of me in time thou shalt pay me

in eternity.' So mercifully and condescendingly did the Lord Jesus in that place.

"After this many more knew that the Lord Jesus had come unto them. And they were gathered together in a market-place; and He sat down on a wheelbarrow; and they sat before Him and about Him on the steps and on the stones. And He began to teach, saying: 'Blessed are they who have perished; for I enter into the body of their perishing. And blessed are they who are covetous; for I take out of them that which made them covet; and I have extirpated the forms of their impurity. Blessed are they who stole; for I will dwell within them, and put forth my hands through theirs for honesty. Blessed are those who betrayed each other, and maligned each other, and who did backbite one another; for I tell you this day that I will wash you as a man washes a babe that has fallen into filth; and I will cleanse you of all depravities.'

"Then the Lord took upon His knees that one among them who seemed to be the most depraved, and said, 'Suffer Abigail to come unto me, and forbid her not; for I say unto you that her inmost child-essence is always in the bosom of my Father-Mother, who is in heaven.'

"And all the neighbouring windows, even to the roofs of the houses, were filled with multitudes listening to His words. And He rose when He saw the many, and stood forth in the market-place, and gathered in the breath into His bosom, as if in it He were holding the breaths of all the multitude, and so absorbing them for impregnation into His own bosom. And He stood holding one of His hands upon the head of the woman who had sat upon His knees. And He began to teach, saying: 'Whosoever receiveth

such a one as this in my name 'receiveth me; and I will receive him or her. Feed first of all the hungriest; clothe first of all the nakedest; wash first of all the filthiest; comb first of all the lousiest; extend fellowship first of all to the hatefulest. For I say that God is above heaven, to shine down upon the angels in the valleys through the faces of those upon the mountains; but God is below hell, to revive and cheer you, upward—from those who are in the pits to those upon the terraces. And He will not come in healing to you who are strong till you have made places for Him to come up in gladness to those who are most weak. And He will not come up to those who rule in the drawing-rooms, save as they shall open places for Him to arise through those who are in the sinks. For this God is Two-in-One, and He enters in through miseries, that divide for His passage.'

"Then two women approached Him, bearing a third, and saying, 'Lord, we found her stark naked, lying, head downward, at the end of the sewer of our city, insensible, buried in the filth.' And the Lord answered, 'Yea, yea, ye have done well; come, ye blessed of my Father-Mother, inherit the kingdom that I have prepared for you from the beginning.' And He made them sit down; and He put His mouth to the mouth of the obscene thing that they had pulled out of the sewer. And He sucked out of hers into His mouth and filled it, and spat it out upon the ground.

"And, reviving, her hungers revived with her; and she began, as is the custom of many there, to draw out the worms that had grown ripe and fat beneath her skin, and to satisfy her hunger with them. And the Lord said, 'Lo, this is the worm that never dies; let me taste.'

"And the woman held up her left arm, brown and emaciated, broken out with pox-ulcers. And the Lord drew a long worm out of one of the ulcers, and put it in His mouth, and said, lifting up His hands, My Father-Mother, O I, O I, lo, in this one do I still feel my crucifixion. My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken her?"

"And He suddenly appeared thereupon crucified in the midst of them; and flames, electric, fiery, darting, enveloped His whole body, as if they were a shining orb. And the earth shook, and the sky was darkened; but when the earthquake and the darkness had passed, behold, Jesus stood, and by His side a Woman, and the Two were One. And a voice descended from heaven into hell, saying, 'Lo! my Two-in-One, whose body is stricken and whose blood is shed, that ye, partaking, may have life!'

"Then the Two-in-One moved forth into the midst of the multitude, and from their hands dropped manna, bread of heaven, nectareous, love-distilling, comforting. And the Lord said to one who stood thereby: 'Over one such devil that is healed there is more joy than when God appears in the midst of universal festivity; for the joy of heaven is multiplied in that which multiplies the same from the midst of the ruins of humanity: but the supreme felicity shall come when not one shall be left in whom the restoration is incomplete. So the Lord passed forth, mightily gathering in.'"

FROM CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR LORD MANIFESTED AS MEDIAEVAL SCHOLAR.
DANTE: HELIOSOPHUS. GRECIAN RESURRECTIONS.
SYMPOSIUM ON ARCH-NATURAL PARADISE.

"Shortly after the things before narrated, our Lord, appeared again to Chrysantheus and Chrysanthea. Now He was attired as a gentleman of station, in a robe like those which the learned wore in the middle ages, and upon His head was the cap of the scholar. A signet ring shone upon the forefinger of, His left hand, and about His neck was a chain of gold, from which was suspended an antique medallion. His, complexion was paler than formerly; His aspect contemplative; and whereas, before, He stood forth as the man of action, all His manner, now, was indicative of refined and cultured thought. And Chrysantheus said, 'Father, I am so glad, for without your manifestation the burden of the world is almost more than I can bear.' And the Lord answered, 'I come that you may take more burdens. But I have, brought you good tidings.'

"He then drew forth from His bosom a little book, in which were inscribed names. And opening it, He said, 'I keep in this a register of those from among spirits of this world upon whom I design to confer special duties in my kingdom. I raise them from the dead, re-investing their unclothed angelic bodies each with its own earthly semblance.' Then turning to a little child He gave him a message. And Chrysanthea, darting through the atmosphere, vanished like a bird of passage. But soon, returning with the infant, one

made his appearance, blithe, hearty, radiant, clad as a bridegroom."

"And the Lord said, 'My son, this is your brother, Dante Alighieri, whose name is written in this book. Poets take precedence of Popes.' Then the new-comer smiled right gleefully, and bowed before the Lord, who took him by the hand, and afterwards breathed upon him for a gift of song. And the poet said, speaking in a melodious dialect for which on our earth there is no name, 'Methinks that our august Sovereign honours the singing birds more than the ravens. But I come specially to say, as is permitted, that the Arch-Pontiff of the Solar Temple is without, having entered into the internals of our earth's natural degree.' And the Lord said, 'Bid him enter.'

"At this moment there were heard steps as if a man, whose organism by foot-pressure gave forth sonorous harmony, trod without. And the Lord touching the atmosphere, as one touches the keys of a telegraphic instrument, communicated directly in response, saying at the same time, 'Enter the floods, enter the fires.' Thereupon the door opened, and Heliosophus appeared. But when he came in the Lord, flaming forth instantly, rose all two-in-one. The tissues of His garments stood forth, dissolving as if they were rays of light about His person, while, at the same time, the insignia of arch-natural empire appeared upon His breast, and He said, 'Fellow-servant, all hail.' But Heliosophus knelt reverently and paid homage to the Lord.

"After this he was seated at the right hand of majesty, and the Lord said to him, 'Son and brother, speak.' Then the man began to speak, communing thus: 'All things are now ready in the

Sun's atmosphere. The vortices stand in their places charged full.' And the Lord said, 'It is well; go to the north.' Then the man of the Sun, again paying homage, withdrew. Then the Lord cried, 'Ye sons of buried Hellas, come forth.' And twelve men came forth, among whom were Socrates, Plato, and Anaxagoras, three for philosophy, and in like manner three for art, three for eloquence, three for government of State. And each appeared raised from the dead, each two-in-one. But the Lord said, speaking in a low tone to His servant, 'O son, those also are in my book; yes, and dearer to me is the humanity of Greece than Moses and all his host of Israelites; for whatsoever enriches and beautifies humanity enriches me; and these my servants have opened and enlarged the vessels in the human mind, by means of which the Word descends to be the light of nations.'

"But Socrates said, 'Lord and Master, we are poor old boys, plain fellows, as I may say—not virtuous in our old state, much more than sparrows fond of the bowl, not over nice, and secretly thinking that Jupiter was himself an old gad-about, libidinous, and not fit to be a cock to crow up the gods in the morning, let alone Supreme over Olympus.' But Plato answered, 'The gods are the Supreme derision of all honest men. But it is better that the vulgar should believe in them, as they must have a certain something of brutality mingled with their thoughts of the Supreme Deity, or they would fall into Atheism.'

"But the Lord again spoke in a low tone of voice to Chrysantheus, saying: 'I call out speech in these your brothers.' Then Anaxagoras said, 'The sect of Christians who now occupy what remains of our

Attica have a God much affected by the knavish herd, and they say that all of us have been destroyed by Him, being worshippers of images. What say you, O Socrates?' To which the sage replied, 'We are well enough off with our brides: not burned, not frozen, not tortured with desires, not obliged for prudence sake to comply with unworthy ceremonies; but in a place consecrated to the adorable Virtues, where also move the Muses, harmonious, making harmony.' And more he said.

"Then the Lord waved his hand, and a thin mist was dispersed, and, beholding Him, the twelve cried as one, 'Apollo! Apollo!' But Plato fell upon his knees and prayed audibly, 'O Incarnate Ideal, pure Truth of pure Good! May we do nothing in Thy presence unworthy of Thee, and fail to receive nothing that Thy breathings inspire.' And Anaxagoras prayed, 'O source of Light, set forth in form of Man, O God of God! we are shadows that Thou, shining into, dost fill with day.' And last Socrates prayed, 'Most Sweet and Pityful, hear and restore. We offer ourselves unworthy.'

"Then the Lord said, 'Behold how these heathen pray.' And He bowed to them graciously, and put His arms around the neck of each of them, and kissed them all in turn. After this the Lord said to them, 'Come to the symposium.' And He led them to a banqueting chamber, spacious, lofty, and it was that same banqueting chamber which the Lord made in His own house in the arch-natural degree, and which is described elsewhere in that writing called 'The Annunciation of the Son of Man.'

"And the Lord said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. And He divided the light from the darkness. And He caused in the east of the banqueting

chamber to appear the celestial luminary; and in the west of the chamber to shine forth" the arch-natural luminary; and He waved His hand," and lo, the passages of the banqueting chamber displayed vistas, arcades, bowers: and in the midst of them a tree; and under the tree sat a Woman crowned, bearing in Her right hand the emblems of dominion—not as Juno, nor as the celestial Venus, but, indeed, for beauty and majesty, as the reality of Goddesses. And she arose; and the Lord led each guest separately to Her, presenting them by name.

Then taking wreaths out of a basket by Her side, She placed' one upon the brow of each of them; and in the chaplets were wreaths and flowers, odoriferous beyond description, exciting the bosom to festivity and soothing the mind to tranquillity. After which She touched upon the air as the Lord had done before, and there entered twelve of her handmaidens; and they placed food upon the tables in the alcoves beneath the spreading branches. But in a moment afterwards she waved her hand, and at the signal a choir of birds began, many singing in unison, delightfully charming the ear.

"And Plato said, 'This is indeed the palace of the Supreme Beauty, and Loveliness of Virtue manifested in the Goddess. Let us breathe softly in this place; for this is indeed the Arcanum of the Truth that made the world.'

"And Socrates whispered, 'So it is; but I should like to ask a question.' Before he had more than spoken, the Lady smiled and replied, 'O man, whose life and death have made souls virtuous, I am the Word-Wife.' And She beamed forth in this saving irradiantly, and there flowed from Her person a sacred perfume of Her Divine connubiality, whose chasteness

was so intense that they were drawn by the delight of Her into secret extasies within their bosoms. After this there was feasting and much joy.

TEACHINGS OF THE LORD: SUMMARIES AND CONCLUSIONS.

"After these things the Lord spake, saying: 'There are no nations in the world, but only the dust of nations; and no kingdoms, but only the shadows and deposits of kingdoms; and no thrones, but only the fantasies of thrones: but I come, out of the dust of the nations to form a nation; and in the ruins of the kingdoms to organise a kingdom; and amidst the fantasies of thrones to set up my throne.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered Him, 'Lord, where is it possible for men to revive out of the dust, seeing that each one, as he revives, finds himself enfeathered by social obligations and customs and by necessities? What shall a man do when he begins to be quickened, to escape from the friction of competitive life, and from the pollution of its associations? Here is a man, one of numbers, who writes saying, "I am in a public bureau, and those who occupy places beside me force me, hour by hour, to hear their conversation, which is made up of obscenities and blasphemies.'"

"Then the Lord put forth His hand, and touched Chrysantheus on the loins, and said, 'Now, my son, behold, and let this serve to illustrate unto thee; since all that I do for one who seeketh me, I do for every man.'

"Then Chrysantheus looked, and behold, there was inserted into the bosom of that man, as it appeared,

a nerve that vibrated; and every time that a wave of impurity struck upon the auditory organs a counteractive wave impulsed through the nerve into the sensories of the structures of the body. And in the ears of the man were fine nerve-fluids, divine-natural substance, beginning to form for protection.

"Then the Lord was pleased that Chrysantheus saw clearly, and He said, 'Whosoever is seeking me in my second appearance in my two-in-one, him do I strengthen for whatsoever may be his lot. And I will not let this misery be of long continuance; for I have set myself to close up the book in which are written the triumphs and the prosperities that are the outcome of degradation. I will seal this book presently, and it shall not be opened any more.'

"Then Chrysantheus said, 'Lord, many there are like this man; is it best for them to continue where they are in their labours?' And the Lord answered, 'In no case can I speak of individuals by generals. Every man's case is different. But I will say this, that in some cases I am preparing, through these very servants, to put forth a power, secretly leading judgment forth into the bosoms of those who oppress them, and to kindle the flames that shall consume their depravities, and to bring them to swift account, and to open them consciously to my visitation, and to array their transgressions before them in the light of my visitation, that those who have not known me may know me, and those who have outraged me may serve me.'

"When one man accepts me in my coming, and begins to set his house in order, I am myself beginning to be present in the ordering of his house. And every house that is set in order shakes the houses that stand beside it. But I require many

men, to stand firm and fast in the midst of social disorders and in the neighbourhood of the disorders, for, I open doors; through each of them in due time, and afterward, in my own time, I lead my servants to a large place. I gather them into bands, and increase them as the villages are increased, till they cover the ground as cities.

"Let men wait upon me for instruction till I shall declare myself audibly in the high place, and inscribe my glory in publicity, for I cleanse while I educate, and instruct the mind while I continue my work of resurrection throughout the bodily frame.'

"And the Lord said, 'As men hear of me, your labours will increase, for this will multiply inquiries. Take no thought of what you shall say in answering them, and be not solicitous, fearing that your burden will overwhelm you, for I am in thee, O my son, and I will make the darkness before thee as the light of noon and the closed door before thee as the open gate!

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Lord, there are some who cry, from the depths of great anguish, that they are perishing and suffocating amidst the world's corruptions and tyrannies, and my heart is sore for them.' But the Lord again smiled, and touched the bosom of Chrysantheus with His fingers, and said, 'O son, what is it thou hearest?' And Chrysantheus answered, 'Father, I hear a sound within my bosom as the roaring of the sea.' Then the Lord spake: 'The sea that is in thy bosom is my presence, calling through thy natural spaces, and reverberating in the nerve-structures of my people. When those who are terrified in the midst of their oppressions look to thee, as thou art two-in-one, and through thee to me, the Two-in-One dwelling in

thee, I will put forth the arm of strength through thee, and these weak ones shall not perish.'

"Then the Lord touched Chrysantheus with His fingers on the lips and said, 'Eat, Chrysantheus, for I have made food within thy mouth.' And Chrysantheus tasted, and the food was pleasant; his stomach also began to fill and the system to assimilate. And the Lord said, 'As they derive nourishment from thy body, and weaken it in so doing, I have begun to replenish thee. Give abundantly, holding nothing back, for I have sufficient.'

"And He said once more, 'Live in peace, for I have lightened thy burden. Go not out into the ways of men, but let my words go, and they shall do all for thee that in the earlier time the bodily presence could alone effect; and thou shalt not publicly proclaim, but I will proclaim alone the gospel that I elaborate from day to day.'

"Then Chrysantheus bowed himself before the Lord, and worshipped, and opened his heart to Him, and laid bare its hidden sorrows; for before this Chrysantheus did not desire that the Lord should be troubled, with his private griefs. And the Lord comforted him in that place.

"And this is the end of the words that the Lord spake to His servant. And He said, 'Write this in a book, and let these things be published to the world; and as fast as a man receives them let him give them to his neighbour, for as the words shall go forth, the Holy* Ghost shall accompany them.'

"And the Lord said, 'Even so, I come quickly; for my work is final and complete.' But Chrysantheus once more said, 'Lord, is this all at the present time.' And the Lord made reply, 'It is the gospel of my incarnation in my son. I am brought forth

through thee to judgment.' And the Lord said, 'I will shake the world as a city is shaken by a terrible earthquake, and I will rain upon the world; with a rain of fire will I rain upon the world—the world that is the flesh of life; and my rain shall fall upon its bosom, and distil throughout its utmost flesh; and I will put myself between thee and the world, and thou shalt rest in my bosom, and I will be thy shield.'

"Then Chrysantheus replied, 'Lord, during the few weeks of this visitation there has been a daily writing both of Thy words and of the meditations of Thy servant concerning Thee and Thy kingdom and the state and needs of men, and there have been hymns and songs concerning Thee.' Then the Lord said, 'The corn grows through its stalk, and with its leaves about it, and the dew falls upon its flowers and glistens in the sun; but this now is a sheaf of corn, which thou shalt bind together—stalk and leaves and fruit.' And the Lord said, 'Thou shalt call it by a name, Chrysantheus, and that name will I give to thee; for as I named thee, so will I name my work that is by thee.'" And the Lord wrote these words:

'THE LORD, THE TWO-IN-ONE, DECLARED,
MANIFESTED, AND GLORIFIED.'

And He spake saying 'Whosoever heareth these words heareth me, and whosoever heareth not these words heareth me not. And whosoever eateth these words, as a man eateth bread, I will be his Bread of Life,"'

Shortly after "The, Lord, the Two-in-One" was committed to the press the following poem was written, and privately printed for "Bridal Hours," which was issued for circulation only among the members of the Household and the more pronounced friends beyond. But for this narrative its appropriate place is here. It is entitled,

THE KING'S WAY.

The silence of Life's infancy
From burdened thought is never free
Genius is fashioned in the man.
The child who is the destined heir
Of Royalty, with all its care
For human sorrow and despair,
Is builded in its plan.
Joy in thy heart, thou fated guest,
But sorrow plighted to thy breast
Joys over thee, a winged choir,
Making thy habit to aspire!
But sorrows in thee born and bred,
That, as one quick among the dead,
Thou mayest combat, and inure
Thy very essence to endure!
Joy in thee, leaping fountainwise;
But sorrow as a stream of ice
Slow-moving o'er its precipice.—
The torrents fall, the fountains rise,
Keep so thy childish company,
Till both, articulate in thee,
Upon thy lips their story tell,
And picture Heaven and shadow Hell.
Thy ecstasies and miseries
Are ivory and ebon keys:
O'er them the Great Musician sweeps.
Heights call to heights, deeps unto deeps
Revealing so the tragedy
And epic of Humanity,
Wherewith the Universe is rife.

Growth is a slow investiture
 In forms and habitudes impure,
 And customs from the times of old.
 They bind, they fashion, fold by fold,
 Until the Youth puts on the world,
 And sleeps within its calyx curled.
 All teach him to disown
 The bright Ideal that was once his own.

First joy to sorrow turns:
 A noble discontent within him burns:
 A subtle sense divines that death abides
 In the gay world of bridegrooms and of brides:
 Nature cries out though pontiffs hold their peace
 By inward agonies, that will not cease,
 His being grows rebellious; from the beast
 In man, and from the senses of their feast
 On all the goodly things the seasons give,
 He turns abhorrent; he will die—not live.

Night opes her starry lips for benediction,
 And all her lordly planets, burning dim,
 Must sympathise with him;
 But he whose fates are fixed, who would abase,
 Though in himself, the selfhood of the race—
 He finds temptation first, then crucifixion.
 Yea, he who would destroy,
 Though in himself alone, the foul, false joy—
 Earth closes up its ranks to bar his way.
 The ill, that he in private sense would slay,
 Blazons its front-supine before and blind—
 Upon the universals of Mankind:
 "Fool, fool, to think thou canst thyself unsun,
 And, out of sense, thy soul dishorizon
 Fool, fool, wouldst will thy body out of breath?
 Enjoy life's little day, call not too soon for death."

All things roll round, for him who wills and waits
 And opes to God his gates,
 And in the innocent and simple ways
 Of Nature, lives with angels and with fays—
 All things roll round for him.

The way is long; the orbs of time grow dim
Mortals, who followed in his track and quailed,
"Because," they said, "the dream proved false and failed,"
Lift their pale brows from Hades and are stirred
Even in their grave-dust, by the trump, the Word.
He who the hope of the Ideal bore
Lives on—he is alive for evermore!

Thus with the above poem is fittingly concluded this Declaration of the Lord, as the Divine Twain-One, in the ultimate life of the humanity of our Orb, and of which this twain of Counterparts, Chrysantheus-Chrysanthea, being the first—the "Primates"—are by Divine call, and by preordination from the beginning, elected to be king-queen.

But as regards this, exclaims the king, in his latest and closing poem, in the very culmination of his life,

'My God, why hast Thou so pervaded me,
A lowly norm, for eighty years of life?'

And thus finally does the Divine Voice reply,

"'Tis that thy Mother so arrayed for thee
She kissed thy brow for service from thy birth
But now the kiss is orbed into the star;
Thou are transformed, transposed to Avatar."

—From "Song of Theos
(issued twenty-eight years later).

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER this great book, declarative of the Divine Kingdom had been given and distributed as widely as there was call for it throughout the world, it ere long became apparent that the world in general was not yet prepared for its ostensible embodiment among any of its peoples. Its own state was too, directly adverse: therefore, no further writings were published. After this all were printed privately for circulation only among a few who were pronounced friends. This withdrawal from publicity continued throughout the whole course of fifteen years after this time, until, in 1891, "The New Republic" was published, and, two years after it, "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society."

Light was thrown on the cause of this long reticence when "A Voice from Heaven" was privately, issued in 1879, wherein there is a more terrible unveiling of the, state of the whole world, sexually, than had ever yet been made. Its perusal irresistibly recalled to mind what is said in St. John's Revelation on the opening of the Seventh Seal: "There was silence in Heaven for about the space of half an hour." It became clearly manifest that all public speech or writing for the world in general would now have proved absolutely futile, and hence all instruction given concerning the Life could only be circulated privately for many years after. But since then there has been great internal advance, and the

general conditions of the world have become so modified, secretly and quietly, from above, that all that had then to be guardedly held back has been substantially published and made known under the King's own warrant in the various books published from 1891 onwards to 1903, when "Song of Theos" was issued; in which last all reticence is brought to an end, and what hitherto could only be whispered, as it were, in the ear in closets is "proclaimed from the house tops." The writer of this narrative also, in all the previous pages of this record, has illustrated every step of the history in the same outspoken fulness, without which no part of it could be made to appear in its own perfect light. Therefore, as all the substance of what is written in "A Voice from Heaven" has been already utilised, so far as the narrative demanded, it will not be necessary to give any extracts from it here. It is a most impressive statement concerning the impending judgment, and showing that the debased and inverted sexuality of the natural man of this world is the central evil that primarily evokes it. But it was written especially for that time, and although the exquisitely precious and beautiful things in it far outweigh the terrible, yet quotations from it now would be out of date.

As said in an earlier chapter, there are two alternatives for the Judgment—one sweeping and brief, and the other gradual. When "A Voice from Heaven" was given, the only prospect was that it was almost imminent, would be very sweeping, and that in three brief days of darkness it would be completed. But gradually it began to appear later that the slower alternative was the more probable. But at this particular time, when the full terribleness of the sexual debasement had just been laid open,

So in verse is the new situation told of in the Joy-Bringer." But seven years later the same is described in explicit prose in "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," as follows:

"In the early spring of 1886 a phenomenon planetary respiration, was observed in a rural locality especially consecrated to the social service of the Brotherhood of the New Life. In the early morning the ground was felt by the feet that touched it to be all in a quiver of harmonic vibrations, and the sympathetic human organisation commenced to draw in through the respiratory nerves, and so throughout the frame, a soft, sweet breathing of living ethers, charged with the fine essence of natural qualities vitalised by flowing humane elements. It was as if the soul of the world,* opening through her rich interiors, sought to awaken responses in the soul of the luminous heaven.

"(551) As the vortical up-breathing rose and rose, it gradually assumed the configuration of an immense woman. Her uplifted arms seemed to reach to the zenith: her floating robes changing from colour to,

* "Insphered into every solar, aromal, or terrestrial world is an appropriate 'world-soul,' living in the life of all its distinct creations, and pervading alike its atmospheres, its waters and its material crust, and its electro-ignus centre. These comprise the first family of God, and their number is that of the stars. They are called Selfhoods of the Worlds. They assume the likeness of the human form. They are absorptive organs for the Divine Spirit; and pervading each its own world, and living in all its parts, they distribute throughout matter the Divine Vitality." (Vol. I of "The Arcana of Christianity," par. 135.)

And further on in the same volume, par. 158, concerning the world-soul of our own Orb, as she appeared in the year 1857—thirty-one years before this time—it is written: "The world-soul of our Orb is exceedingly afflicted, and suffers in all the inversions of Divine order upon our globe; and with an inarticulate distress, it only moans continually, but begins inmosty at the present day to rejoice because her deliverance draws nigh (and, as elsewhere stated, her one song has become this: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'). There are world-souls that sustain to that of our own Orb the most intimate relations, and continually

colour, borne out as by circling winds within them, became at last, from the crimson at the feet, star-blue at the bosom, whilst the countenance, as of many faces wrought in one, delineated an age of immemorial antiquity, resplendent in beauty that shone divine.

"(552) But into the arms of this Woman, as she extended them, descended from the aerial expanse the likeness of a Human Splendour, glowing in the youthfulness of an eternal prime, yet wearing in outward aspect a manifested resemblance to the Man who was upon the Cross. So the Woman embraced the Man, and the Man was lost in the capaciousness of her form, as if he had immanated into her, as body in body and soul in soul. But then the woman image gradually sank down again by a diffused vibration, as if re-entering into the bosom of the globe. Yet she drew down, as she descended, vortices of the fine etheric forces that entered with her through the soil, and that seemed to kiss into her own breathings—to enter into the occult lungs of the living planet, and thus to

assist her to bear the burden of her grief. The world soul of Venus is the principal of these; but the world-soul of Mars will be as a champion fighting for it, till the long reign of anarchy and night is over."

Again, in par. 161, it is told: "The world-soul of our Orb is feminine to the masculine of her neighbour planet Mars; the orb which he call Venus, in like manner, as to its world-soul, is positive to the negative of the planet Mercury.... The nature and direction of the affinities of the world-souls determine, to a large extent, the industrial and social harmonies of the human races.... It is impossible for Social Order to prevail on our Orb until the world-soul regains its equilibrium, and is reinstated in primal harmony. When the world-soul is deranged or disturbed the disturbance and disadjustment of human society is inevitable, as it is through the world-soul of each orb that the Divine harmonies are distributed. So it was through the world-soul of the planet that Almighty God descended to effect His incarnation here. *His second coming will be fully accomplished in a new descent through the universal spirit of the race, which has now begun.*"

consummate a nuptials of the earth and skies. These wedded vibrations then commenced to enter into the sensitive frames of a body of devout and open-breathing people there; lifting them from states of painful suppression into bodily ease, joy, and mental cheer; renewing physical vigours and social delights. For about eight months this vibratory intermingling between the earth and the heaven continued, with a flow of a perpetual stream of the superior energies entering, vanishing into the sensitive body of the globe.

"(553) It should be mentioned that in the night preceding the dawn on which this phenomenon was first observed, the present writer [Mr. Harris himself], awakening from sleep, beheld the large isolate apartments where he conducts his labour illuminated, not as by the light of a candle, but by the light of a sun, diffusing through the solid walls as if they were windows open to the morning. But this light was divine-human light, naturalised to the sensitive vision; the light of the glory of God, touching through the sensitive textures of the natural degree.

"(554) The divine Christus Jesus passed through that vortex of the concurrent planetary and celestial breaths. He descended openly into the medieval Infernus of the shadowed world. He married in His own Person, the divine-natural constitution, that He had evolved, into the celestial inhabitants of the heaven of our globe; married that into the dead remains of the higher personality of the lost and wasted spirits, who having passed through their active round were declining to the border of oblivion.

"(556) Again, He breathed forth upon the land, and His breaths were showers, distilling quietude and peace. The shadowy people woke up as if their infernality had been a dream; sexless as babes are sexless; tender and confiding as babes are confiding; touching to each other with wonder and delight as babe might feel to babe. They grew up into simple sports of childhood; their memories had passed away; their consonated speech was lost in the liquidity of vowel sounds, in which the divine-natural innocence began to syllable to words, breathing the Father-Mother's name. The beginning of the nuptial union of the Earth and Skies thus consummated to a new conceptive action and vital effect in the dead form of hell.

"He cleft the grave asunder;
Yet not with thunder.
He overcame the Error;
Yet not by terror.
His feet were strong and firm,
And Hades was a worm:
That worm he did not smite
Nor trample, nor requite.
Hades in its low bed was comforted."

Thus it was that the whole environments of the world and its human inhabitants had to be purified and made innocently receptive before there could be any further evolution of the counterpartal life on earth, Even the proximate Infernus had first to be redeemed, being reduced individually to its first simplicity of innocent childhood, in which all sexual consciousness was withdrawn into its foot.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALMOST immediately after "God's Breath in Man" was issued, Mr. Harris, from various causes, felt called to leave the west of the American Continent for the east; and, ere taking up his abode in New York, he crossed the Atlantic to make another stay of a few months in Great Britain. Before making this change, he also was called to become united in marriage to Miss Jane Lee Waring. The first intimation the writer received of this most important event was in a letter addressed to himself by Mr. Harris immediately on his arrival in England. The letter is dated 18th March, 1892; and in it he says the advance movement of the Divine Force having passed through into the brain in America he became liberated from the necessity of binding in order to hold the Divine-Natural Respiration in the extreme body, which, throughout the whole space of forty years, could only be maintained by its exercise. He was relieved from this necessity on the 29th of the previous January, and had been compelled but once to return to it for an hour or two since that date. "To effect this last," he writes, "I could not bind by individual action, but only as involved from internals into and through Lady Dovie's * organism, breaking the column of resistance

* Mrs. Harris, in *The Use*, has always been styled "Lady Dovie," even for years before her marriage to Mr. Harris.

that passed into her organism, and leading her into the advanced position; thereby discreting her from the combinations upon her frame in consequence of the attack of the infernalised womanhood upon her organism.

"She now, therefore, takes representatively, and in the ordering of the Mother's Kingdom, a position by my side, to which, by the same ordering, there has been given the external legal sanction.

"I am now, with her, loosened from the national sphere of America, in which I have stood for labour from the beginning of my work; and we are intromitted into the central home sphere of the English-speaking people, which sphere is held under the protection and inflow of the English Heaven, the heart-centre of the British Isles.

"My directions are to take no part in any local matters pertaining to any nation into which I pass.... We were met on reaching the American seaboard by the advancing sphere of the English Heaven, led peacefully across the ocean in its protecting embrace." After this, the letter continues as follows:

"I thank God that the sex issue is gradually coming to the front, for here we are in God, and in the purpose of Providence, both impregnable and omnipotent. Against us, the dying inversion of a rotted world; with us, the purity and power of the Lord, the Two-in-One. We hold for God in this chasm; we stand for God in the Thermopole of the ages. All powers of the Luminous Universe are with us. We have but to stand and hold in the quietude of our persistence. This path opens into victory.

"The difficulty, yet duty of the hour, is to form a state of holding back in order that the force currents

may not be led out prematurely; we are to fortify and guard in the castle, and not yet to go out into the open field. We have to wait until the Divine Mother leads us out; we have to stand in armour and quiet watchfulness, with our doors barred: stand so quiet that our castle itself shall be seen but as a stone—the Rock—the Rock of Ages; but when that Rock opens the Force led through it will make a whirl upon the Globe.

"There must be no attempt to force the books upon the public notice at the present time; but this latter may be left to be considered as events open."

On their arrival in Great Britain, Mr. and Mrs. Harris took up their abode temporarily in a lodging house for summer visitors at one of the sea-side watering places in North Wales. In his own mind at this time Mr. Harris thought that his stay in the British Isles was going to be permanent, and before leaving Fountaingrove to come east with Mrs. Harris after their marriage he handed over the whole property to certain individuals, by legal deed, under some wise prudential provisions. These individuals, being formed into a company, continued chiefly resident at Fountaingrove, and were of those whose private means had been invested in the property, but were also, each one, such as Mr. Harris cherished in his heart as those entirely devoted to the principles and ends of The Use, and Mr. Kanaye Nagasava remained—as had been the case for years before the trusted manager, fully in unity with all the other partners. The affairs of the property being thus settled, Mr. Harris was more fully freed from the old form of holding in organic union with all the individuals left at Fountaingrove than could have been possible without its being made. For the

efficient fulfilment of his universal use to the world, all special individual organic ties with every person whatever had to be severed, except only the case of Mrs. Harris—Lady Dovie—for the particular reasons given in Mr. Harris's own letter to the writer, just quoted from above.

The reader who has perused the foregoing pages of this book with any just appreciation will sufficiently understand the vital reasons for the requirement of the above arrangement; yet, notwithstanding its having been made, Mr. Harris felt compelled to return to America within about four months after he had left, for unfortunately a fire broke out in the large wine cellar of the Fountaingrove Vineyard Company, on 3rd June of that same year, burning everything to the ground that would burn, and destroying large stocks of valuable wine, involving a very heavy loss, notwithstanding a partial insurance; and besides the immediate loss a still heavier prospective loss, in having to provide wine for their many customers by extensive purchases. On account of this, Mr. Harris felt that he and Mrs. Harris must return at once to New York to have an interview there with Mr.

Nagasava an Mr. Robert Hart, as representative of the other partners of the company, to help them to make arrangements to provide against the consequences of the unfortunate loss.

After having all these matters duly attended to, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, now finding themselves returned so far towards the west again, yet determined to go no further in that direction than New York city. Mr. Harris still saw interiorly that his next public work would be in Great Britain, but that in the meantime, so far as the public was concerned, absolute silence was his present Divine direction. By the works above

spoken of that had been issued before this date—viz., "The New Republic," "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," "Brotherhood of the New Life," "Battle Bells," and "Lyra Triumphalis" the world's state of preparedness for any real reception of New Life teaching into heart and life was again put to the test and found wanting. Therefore for the full course of another ten years an absolute reticence towards the world was enjoined upon everyone who was open to receive practical advice from the pivotal twain-one. But for the comfort and consolation of these during this long waiting time, two precious poems were given: "Conversation in Heaven" and "In Dawnrise"; the former of 218 pages, and the latter 136. They came out respectively, one in 1894, and the other in 1896. "Conversation in Heaven," which was the first, was dedicated to Mr. Harris's dear friend, and most loyal supporter of all men in Great Britain, Mr. William Robson; and the second, "In Dawnrise: a Song of Songs," is inscribed as "dedicated in faith, love, and adoration to our LADY CHRISTA-YESSA, one with CHRIST-JESUS our LIFE and LORD." Both were privately printed, and only privately distributed, as gifts to cherished friends.

Of these two books of poetry the writer had marked off two beautiful extensive passages, one from, each, to be included in this historical account; but after having done so he felt that, however regretfully he must refrain, because they could only have been given because of their poetical and spiritual beauty, and not because they could be regarded, historically speaking, as an essential part of the narrative. Yet, of course, in a deep sense they are historical; for every word that Mr. Harris penned or dictated was intrinsically a record of vital historical movement in

his own life, but it would have been impossible to make this apparent in isolated extracts. When men come to hunger and thirst profoundly after the real bread of life—that is to say, "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"—they will be unable to rest satisfied till they get into their hands every poem and every treatise, whether of vast arcane vital revelation or of simple practical instruction for the daily life of man in the order of God's Kingdom, that His pivotal twain-one ever wrote or spake or sung, as being indeed a necessity of their own spiritual and bodily existence. But in the meantime mere isolated extracts given but for their supposed aesthetic or poetic beauty, could only be felt by those who truly understand as something in the nature of a profanation. Hence the writer felt absolutely forbidden to insert here the intended extracts above referred to.

During the whole course of these ten years, until the call came to proceed again to Great Britain, Mr. and Mrs. Harris continued to abide in New York as their headquarters. This is the Mother's City for the American continent, while San Francisco is regarded as the Capital of the Father's Kingdom there; and it was here, in the Mother's City, that they continued to abide as their central home, until called to their ostensible public work; only in the extreme heat of summer and cold of winter they moved for a time to New Brunswick, in Canada, in the one case, and to the State of Florida, in the South, in the other, where simple shelters were provided for them in each place of retreat.

But all this while vast subjective labours in the internal vital degree of all peoples in the world were

being carried on of which the general public knew nothing whatever, but concerning which the reader of these pages will be able to gain a faint conception from what will be found written in the closing words of this narrative that are shortly to follow.

The ostensible work for the public commenced in the month of April, 1902, and from that date until the April of the year succeeding Mr. Harris was engaged in writing the two closing books of his earthly career, and ostensible manifestation by outwardly written words to men; the two books being entitled, respectively: "The Triumph of Life" and "Song of Theos." These two may be said to make one whole, each stream of verse issuing from the same summit of life, attained by one who proved himself—but not intentionally—to be the only one: who having sought to find again THE HEAVENLY FATHER truly did find Him, by simply following faithfully in the footsteps of that first one who was supremely THE SON, and—in the words of John in the Book of Revelation—"THE FIRST BEGOTTEN OF THE DEAD."

From "Song of Theos" copious extracts have been given as occasion demanded, showing its tenor and purpose, and "The Triumph of Life" closely approximates to it, as may be seen from the following quotation from the close of the latter:

WAITING THE OPPORTUNE.

The man who Conquers is the man who Bests
 Who seems to perish in the mortal strife;
 Is wrapt awhile into the storm he breasts;
 Yet fetters it and wins Eternal Life.
 Bi-sexed, bi-centred, in God One-in-Twain,
 He wins the continent who dares the main.

ONE spake to Theos, "Daughter-Son, what next?
 I am thy Space, thy Timed Eternity,
 Thy Scripture: read unto Me for thy text.
 Open thy thoughtness and peruse in Me."
 Theos replied, "I saw when time was blind;
 And seeing, sought the light for dazed mankind."

Then answered ONE, "When time was blind I SAW,
 And for the dazed mankind I shone aright;
 But selfhood smote Me by its weight of law,
 And SHE in Me who is the Heaven's delight
 Has through Me, in My purpose, toiled since then,
 Nor found Her witness, until now, with men.

"SHE would not have thee waste thy flesh to feed
 Inhuman aligators of the pool;
 But hold it guarded, till it flower and seed.
 Be calmly confident, keep close, keep cool.
 Till the dumb thunders shudder as they roll
 And man-flesh trembles, in US rest thy soul."

Royal Oak, Florida, U.S.A.,
 August, 1902.

Also must be given here the whole of the words headed "Bestowal" at the close of "Song of Theos"—although some of the lines have been quoted before in the course of the narrative—for they are the last recorded words spoken to men by the Lord Himself through his Twain-One, and are to them, therefore, of supremely vital import.

BESTOWAL.

There is a point where human life converges
 It is the point 'twixt failure and success.
 'Tis here the hero-martyr who emerges;
 'Tis there the caitiff anarch makes egress.
 Democracy is best or worst of all:
 It leads the world in rise or world in fall.

Each human whirl must find its human centre.
 Each crucial day of ages means new man.
 'Tis the Advancing Principle must enter;
 And now 'tis Lilistan or Devilstan.
 "All kingdoms of the world I give to thee."
 This, sexised self, proffers democracy.
 "Accept me: I; no place to lay my head,"
 Arch-Norm unto Democracy has said.

Come unto Me, My People. Come and share
 Denial, shame, fierce wrath, and condemnation.
 But by the Minstrel's lyric I declare,
 Yet the song holds the being of the Nation.
 'Tis in the moving rhythm of the rhyme
 Beats the heart-purpose of Emergent Time.
 As through temptation I came forth before,
 Now clad in minstrelsy I ope the door.
 I bring good tidings, if ye will but heed:
 Yet in your normal faith the news must breed.

The Song is potent of all potencies,
 If ye will but receive it in its worth.
 It brings the key to all the liberties,
 'Tis life of gladness, sapience of mirth.
 It rears no fane, yet it the Temple bears
 Therein, if ye but listen, God declares;
 Therein, if ye but hallow, God appears,
 Full for the fulness of eternal years.

I came, a Baby from a Virgin's womb:
 I, Crucified Reformer:—so I died.
 I was a spark that lightened in the gloom
 I have endured: part worshipped, yet denied.
 Into all selfhood's hells My pulses beat,
 Amid all human ills My worths compete.
 Throughout all human ways My goings run.
 I would be felt and followed as the sun.

I show no outward miracle but this:
 I breathed into a minstrel of your time,
 And he drew agonies to serve My bliss;
 Through forty days temptation versed the rhyme.
 All that he had he gave Me, and he wrought,
 Unto the utmost of his lyric thought
 I take it from him in it to enshrine.
 Claim it: I give it you. I would be thine.

Early in June of 1903 Mr. and Mrs. Harris left New York for Great Britain, and landing at Liverpool on the 17th of that month, they proceeded thence to Glasgow to provide for the putting to press of the manuscript for the two volumes of poetry above spoken of, and after seeing this work carried out through the devoted hands of Messrs. C. W. Pearce & Co., of that city, who became the publishers, they returned to America, to resume there their great subjective work for the whole human race.

Mr. Harris's real work and call was not, like that of John the Baptist or his disciples, to baptise men merely with water, but "with the Holy Ghost and with fire"; and this also was the real mission of "The Son of Man" to the world, as John truly declared; and when the Lord sent His disciples out into the world to baptise, it is nowhere recorded that He ordered them to baptise with water. But if he did, it could only have been because He saw that they could not receive the ability for the greater baptism. He who baptises with the Holy Ghost and fire must first have received the Holy Ghost and fire into his own life-body, soul, and spirit—and as he moves forth to the fulfilment of that Divine mission, he has to precipitate himself into the midst of the whole agony and misery of the afflicted race, as "the closing words of the narrative" just to follow bear witness to. Such was his life for the two years and a half that ensued up to 23rd March, 1906, when he was uplifted by the Divine mercy out of all the agony of his crucifixion.

CLOSING WORDS OF THE NARRATIVE.

It was in the month of May of the year preceding that in which the Son-Daughter—God-Beloved—was uplifted from the form of outward visibility in which he was then still apparently with us, that a brother in the Life having been moved by the Spirit and the Breath to write the following pages on "the true efficiency of prayer," sent them to be laid before the eye of the Beloved, or to be read to him, and it was in the June following that this was done—just nine months before he was taken up. After listening intently to the reading, he said, "That is an immensely powerful statement"; and on being asked if there was to be any written reply, the answer was, "Keep quiet: I must make this fight alone."

This direction must now be understood to have been given for that especial time, while the King-Queen was still present in apparent manifestation, being held as corresponding to that Divine word given of old, while the Lord Himself was likewise so present here on earth, "Tell no man until the Son of Man is uplifted."

Therefore now that the King-Queen have also been uplifted from their external form of combat, suffering, and martyrdom, it must needs be understood that the fight, in its lower degree, will devolve upon those who are here left in the outward, and who having been made sharers in the vitalities that the Breath confers, may feel able to accept the responsibility.

Moved by these considerations, and bearing in mind the words of commendation expressed by the Beloved when the pages were read, the writer of this narrative feels called to lay them before the reader, as without

doing so he believes his work would be incomplete. The brother who wrote and sent them desires that his name should not be recorded; and indeed it is not of any vital importance which one of the Brotherhood it was, for the words they contain can only bear weight in the degree in which they are felt to be, in his own words, "in the common consensus, of all those who have become receivers of the Divine Breath." But it is evident from the subject-matter of what is written in them that they could not have been given or dictated for the people by the King-Queen themselves, but must needs have been evoked spontaneously—if at all—from the heart of the people, by the free motion of the Spirit within them; and the one who wrote and sent them affirms that he realised, so far as he could in himself with certainty, that it was in order, according to the kingdom's way and law, that they should be laid before the King-Queen as such a spontaneous offering, and that in inscribing them he was not doing so from his own heart and mind alone, but from the hearts of the whole Brotherhood as one, who all hold in unity in the same Breath and Spirit. Only he further affirms that he felt it incumbent that they should in the first place be submitted to the Beloved alone, ere being circulated generally, lest through his own imperfect perceptions he might have formed an erroneous conclusion. Therefore, here follows a transcript of the written pages:

"ON THE TRUE EFFICIENCY OF PRAYER
AND ON RECIPROCITY.

Throughout the nineteen centuries now gone by, prayer has been weak and ineffectual from not

having been able to concentrate upon any definite objective. None such existed on the Orb after the Lord's departure.

"There were, no doubt, other causes besides this, and all, like this, springing out of the merely partial receptivity of the Life by the disciples, the chief being the non-recognition of the Divine Mother, one with the Father, with all its consequences. But even were this fully acknowledged and accepted, prayer would still require a concrete objective on which, in its aim and purpose, it can concentrate.

"In the only words the disciples were prepared to receive, they were taught to pray for the coming of God's Kingdom upon Earth as for something looming vague and indefinite in the future, and thus their prayer, and that of all who succeeded them, has ever been diffused, as it were, into the expanse, taking no firm hold on any earthly basis.

"But it is to be remembered that the Master did not volunteer the teaching of that prayer to the disciples. It was given at that time as a concession to their importunity. They came to Him, saying: 'Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.' Now, in this latter day, we may well feel assured that the Master knew that the prayer they should have been ready for was very different. For a Kingdom there must be a King: and a King was here, in the true Divine sense of that word, but one who was not acknowledged as such, from the heart, by any man on Earth, not even among the disciples, and on that account could not be so declared to them by the Lord. To have directed them in their prayer, to have concentrated their supreme affection, as an objective, upon His own person, then and there present, as the one in whom and through whom

the Kingdom was to be established, could not be, while the God-given acknowledgement of it had not yet taken form in their hearts. Could it only have been, there surely would have ensued no tragedy, no martyrdom, no crucifixion: the men of this world could have had no power against His life, had it not been 'delivered to them from above': the prayer of the disciples to the Father for the shielding of His person, as the God-given King of the Kingdom would beyond a doubt have prevailed. It is not enough that a true King is given to men even by the Father who is in Heaven: yea, that a King-Queen, twain-one, is so given from Heaven by the Divine Father-Mother, unless their life in its ultimate degree is sustained by the continued unintermittent prayer of those who have received of that life.

"Now the nineteen centuries are over: and by the merciful loving kindness of our Father-Mother in Heaven, and through the martyr toils of their twain-one Daughter-Son here below, such a King-Queen is given to the children of this Orb once more. Shall they prevail and remain, even to the solid laying of the Kingdom's foundations on the Earth, or no? Please God, they shall; but if so, it can only be through the continuing instant in prayer for their life in ultimates by those to whom they are sent.

"When it is only remembered what the real internal name of God is, viz., the *Love Divine*, the *Father-Love* and the *Mother-Love*, *twain-one*, and also the *Saviour-Love Divine*; and again remembered in what order of interior vital relations it is that the whole peoples of the destined survival inhere in the organism of the King-Queen, viz., that they are actually carried by them therein, it may well become

known how perfect and all-embracing an objective for the prayers of the true receivers that God-given King-Queen must be, 'the survival,' including a those who are gathered into life both in the Kingdom above and in that beneath. Also, it should be remembered that with the human survival, by consequence of all vital relations in God, all things pertaining to the redemption of the whole Orb are absolutely included.

"Attempting to speak in the common consensus of all those who have become conscious receivers of the Divine Breath through our Twain-One, I may say that it has been first received as a simple gift from God, in response to devoted prayer for, and sincere endeavour after, utter faithfulness to its law. Nevertheless, it is not certain that at this stage there is full recognition of the obligations that are due to that pivotal twain-one through whom, under God, the Breath descends to them. This can come into its fulness only gradually, as the Breath advances from degree to degree through many experiences both joyful and painful.

"As it is only through the central holding of the pivotal twain-one that the Divine Fay Angel is enabled to descend directly from the person of the Lord Himself, to guard the way of that small opening in the lungs by which the Breath enters to each individual at the beginning; so only is it through that same holding for us also, that all subsequent accessions of the Breath ensue. For wherever the true Breath is, there the Fays are also, and their only safety is in holding their way of retreat ever open to the organism of that twain-one, where their only secure haven is, until all selfhood is overcome in each one who has been so visited. When this is attained

their state may be called one of full receptivity (I speak subject to correction); but even the fulness of this state will not of itself, I believe, warrant the assumption that full ultimate immortality is thereby assured. For this there will remain at least one more essential requirement, and thereafter no doubt others also that cannot be so immediately foreseen. I speak always subject to correction, but it appears that even after full receptivity the next requirement, here and now, will be the rendering of vital returns to that Twain-One by whom the Breath came down, and so through them to God again.

"But how can this be done? I know of but one way (all possible external service being already given), viz., by continuing "instant in prayer" to God, as has been indicated before, for the upholding of the life of that Twain-One upon the Orb in the victorious fulness of power. Thus it is that the circuit is completed, and the first or least form of what may perhaps be called an incipient conditional state of ultimate immortality is established.

"Both ways it is by a flowing of Divine Love with Life from each to each, and so upholding the forms of each with vitalities received directly from God. And thus is established Reciprocity; and without reciprocity, in at least its most incipient degree, I know not how there can be any substantial beginning of a truly Divine-human association. But on that I dare not enlarge.

"Prayer merely for individual or personal advancement can now no longer obtain, The self is merged in the all, and the all are ingathered by Divine ordinance in the organism of the King-Queen, twain-one. And as it is only by the unceasing prayer of the mediatorial King-Queen to God that each and

every one of the all are maintained in organic uplift, so is it only by the constant prayer of each one of the all, and of the all as one, that the ultimate degree of the King-Queen can continue to subsist on the Orb: but again, I say, I speak always subject to correction. By this order of prayer all self-concern is shut out absolutely, yet not the seeking from God of ever-increasing ability to serve the King-Queen in God, and the all in them; and also that each and every one of the all may be likewise upheld in the same.

"And here comes into view what appears to be an immense thing, which is this: that the adoption of this order of prayer, and the persistent maintaining of this attitude, or state of soul, in prayer, is the one thing needful here and now, on this orb of afflictions; and that the uncorrupted inmosts—'the Norms'—of all living persons on the Orb whatever; yea, and of all living creatures whatever, must join by an infallible, if tacit, instinct in the unity of that pray

And may we not say, besides, that all humanities, fays, and powers of the created universe, and all angels in the Heavens, with all souls in Elysium, whose faces are turned hitherward, must join also in the unbroken unity of the same? What an immensity of concentrated Divine power then, through all the humanities, must there not be ingathered here, that will be altogether irresistible, and that must needs prevail?

"Do fuller accessions of the Breath confirm the truth of these things (so far as I have written without error)? Surely they do. God knows whether or not I speak the truth.

"I have thought, but dare not affirm, that the reason why some have succumbed bodily before the

fulness of fruitions was attained was because the state intimated above had not yet been acquired, and that when all acquire it no more such bodily losses may ensue. But this also, like all the other statements, is written subject to correction.

"I have also thought, but dare not affirm, that the fuller accessions of respiration experienced in reciprocity is of the same order as that called in 'God's Breath in Man' (par. 13) 'the second equivalence of respiration,' leading up to the *third equivalent* 'which holds in it the promise and potency of physical transformation, renaissance, and transposition to the organic lines of eternal life.'"

It will be seen by the reader of the foregoing, few pages that in the whole idea of the writing the King-Queen is understood to be still here with us on the Earth as by external presence in their form of outward manifestation; and yet again, as is now known, within the space of about nine months after, it pleased the Divine Father-Mother to remove the Son-Daughter from that form in which they had seemed to be present. This, beyond question, was felt at the time, naturally, to all who had become personally deeply attached, as a cause of deep sorrow in every heart. Yet the possibility of its ensuing at any time had never been for a moment absent from the thought of the Brotherhood, although it was ever hoped that the translation would not have occurred till after the great universal change, when it could have ensued as a manifest glorification even in the dissipation of the dust itself. But Mr. Harris himself, ever anticipating the, possibility of its occurrence at any time, had always prepared for it, practically by every needful external arrangement.

From what has been written in the early chapters of this narrative concerning the conditions upon which physical immortality is dependent, the reader will understand with sufficient clearness, as regards Mr. Harris himself in his own personality, how on reaching his eighty-third year, when, so far as depended on himself alone, his whole work for the world had been done, and all organic disease and death had been, essentially conquered in his own frame, he, in his fully-evolved twain-one electro-vital body, was called to leave his outward form of visibility, although no disease seemed to possess it, and no physician was required to be called in. Only the adverse conditions of the world in general made his further lingering in that outer form unwarrantable, so sensitised was it by his surpassing advance in evolution of state. Such a continuation of most acute torture could no longer be permitted by the Divine Father-Mother.

But here the question may be asked, how was it that he suffered so extremely? The answer is that by the pervading presence of the Divine Spirit of Love and Mercy, operant through the Divine Breath in all his own spirit, soul, and body; he was compelled to be oculantly present wheresoever in the whole world the greatest degree of human struggle and human anguish prevailed, unitising himself with all his might with all the soul-anguish and body-anguish that every individual was there experiencing. Hence those very sufferings, in marvellous way—the Saviour-way—became also his own, and by such bearing he was holding up, so far, as God enabled him, the Norm, that, is, the inmost degree of everyone—that inmost principle of each life that is germinally and aboriginally of God

seeking to shield it, so far as possible, from uttermost suppression within them by all the tyrannies, furies, and tumults in which they were enveloped. So was it also in the very first days of The Use, in 1861, when the great civil war burst forth in the United States of America, for the abolition of negro slavery and the saving of the Union. Notwithstanding all his other labours at that time for the establishment of The Use itself, involving also the most fundamental principle of his own life— added to all these, he was ever suffering likewise in his sympathies and deep organic unities, with all the immense sufferings of that great nation at that time which was his own homeland. And again later—passing over the intermediate years—in the South African war, that involved in its bloody struggle such multitudes of both the people of Great Britain and of the Boers and Colonists of South Africa, he was organically present throughout the whole time, sympathising with every throe of agony, to insure the uplift everywhere, so far as might be, that the pure purposes of God's own providence and mercy in all might be secured.

And so again, later still, in the great Russo-Japanese war, he was present everywhere with Both peoples, from beginning to end, for securing the like Divine purposes to the utmost possible degree. And after the war was over, and Japan's liberation secured from the threatening dominance of Russia, he was still present throughout all the immense territory of the latter nation, with the struggles of all its oppressed peoples, heaving laboriously under that huge barbarous oligarchy, that weighs them down into the dust like a perpetual nightmare. His sufferings in this latter case appeared to be greater if possible than any that

preceded it. Great part of the time he felt as if his whole body was being eaten up by vermin, from the state of terribly degraded physical misery and dirt that vast multitudes of them lived in. At that time he would wake up in the mornings in his bed in New York, saying, "I am not here; all the time I am in Moscow." Where the suffering and need were greatest, there he had to be. Sometimes he would feel in his body as though it were gashed with wounds all over. Thus, therefore, did he truly sing:

"For the Fraternal Spirit of All-Kindness
I live, with all Normality akin:
A seeing eye, I penetrate the blindness.
Nothing repulses me: no strife, no sin.
'Tis in the universal pulse I thrill,
Accepting Ill to dissipate the Ill."

And again, in the same "Song of Theos":

"In the starved agonies of dissolution,
I strain, to lift for lives all dying down.
Mankind is in the furnace of solution,
Feels the dissolving process. So the, frown
Of sins, of sorrows, striving to depart,
Whirls through my fleshness to its heart of heart."

So was filled up his whole cup of suffering: and what has just been described is one phase of it only, and beyond this, because of his advance in organic evolution, and as fruit of all his martyr toils, his time had indeed come, so far as he himself was concerned. The inmost theistic degree of his life had evolved in his consciousness fully to the external, and from that evolved state his latest book, "The Song of Theos," was dictated and written: which was truly, in a proper sense, the culmination and crowning close of all his toil—the witness and expression of it; his

final word to the world, while yet inhabiting that form of dust by which he appeared to the outward eye of men, and spoke to the outward ear. And in a moment the call came, and he was gone, he-she, twain-one, to his home in Lilistan. Yet, save as by a mere appearance, he was not gone, nor is he gone, for the mere dust, which is dissipated, was not the real body. In no sense does anything of immortality pertain to that which is designated as "the body of remains." Even in the most perfect of the unfallen orbs of the universe, the body of remains always becomes dissipated into the common atmosphere, when the life of the man has culminated, though not by such shocking processes as have, perforce, to be used in this world—still, as a whole, so disordered, so unpurified, so unredeemed. To that world the body of remains belongs, and to it it has to be rendered back; but that has nothing to do with the "new natural body" that has triumphantly ascended, and that has "put on immortality." As regards that ascended man himself, not only was he very soon after manifesting, both by visual and ministering presence, consoling and reassuring, to several of both the Brotherhood and Sisterhood, according to every vital need, *but in even greater power, if possible, than ever before, through the continued realisation by these, of that Divine Breath, of which God had made him the pivotal instrument; and it is in this that all recognise, supremely, the substantial reality of the continuance of that life, not in spirit only, but most absolutely and wholly both in spirit, soul, and body.*

"'Destroy this Temple.' In three days
That Temple rises; not by ways
In third dimension seen or thought:
God willed it, and the Fourth inwrought.

"What if that Temple rises now,
Sublime to crown the Planet's brow?—

"The everlasting all before,
We dwell within the Evermore,
We hold within the crushing surge,
Where Life Eternal shall emerge."

—"Song of Theos."

For the Breath descends from God, for all, primarily in the body, and so through the body, mediatorially, of that twain-one whom God made pivotal in it, and it is in and of the vital persistence of that body, that the Breath in each and all is sustained. This all of the conscious receivers of it know by vital experience, for although such sustainment is (as known by like experience) primarily by prayer to God in every one, yet the prayer that does not include the King-Queen supremely in its petition, as being the Mediatorial fountain-head of the Breath under God, is utterly without such vital effect, as every one of the Brotherhood and Sisterhood most consciously realises. But notwithstanding this, the sincere prayers to God of all men—the sincere lovers and seekers of the highest known good—who have as yet no such knowledge, will, without doubt, realise like blessed effect, incipiently and provisionally, till in the course of time the truth reaches them. For the Breath is certainly known to have spread, in incipient degree, far beyond the limited circle of those who already know and understand; and here, therefore, the writer feels constrained to quote Mr. Harris's 209th Hymn—which might be designated "THE ALL EMBRACING"—as follows:

"Contend not with thy brother,
Although he may not see
The light that to another
Is life and liberty.

Perhaps an angel holdeth
A veil before his eyes,
While God in heart infoldeth
The truth to make him wise.

"He may be slowly growing;
Through sorrow, tears, and strife,
And, Heaven withholdeth the knowing
Tilt day's of better life.
He may be inly striving
With foes that smite him down,
Or even now arriving
To glimpses of his crown.

"But love him, though he serveth
Another God than thine
And bless him, though he swerveth
From virtue's golden line.
He cannot be uplifted
Till Mercy's gentle dove
Shall sing within him, gifted
With voice of perfect love."

—"Hymns of Spiritual Devotion," Part I, 1859.

It is not now as when the Lord Himself was uplifted. Then, by the failure of men to receive the Breath in bodily degree, in the course of a very limited time afterwards the severance between the truly vital ascended body of the Lord and the bodies of all the race here below became complete and absolute, so that, bodily speaking—except as by commemoration in the sacrament of the Eucharist—they were cut off from connection with their Christ and Saviour, until such time as it could be restored thereafter. And it is from this bodily connection with God and Christ, now restored by, the Divine Breath, through the King-Queen, that the foundations of the Kingdom of God on Earth are veritably being laid in incipient degree; and while the people

faithfully hold that Divine gift through observance of the vital laws of the Life by which it can be done, there is no power on Earth, or below the Earth, that can by any means effectually resist it, or prevent its ultimate growth and extension into every surviving individual of the whole human race, "Because the Primates of the plan, abide in God to build in man."

Not that it is of the King-Queen themselves, or that they in themselves regard themselves as anything, but because—quoting from the words of the written prayer given below—God has veritably loved, and so has accepted and chosen them to be King-Queen; and to insure the perfect fulfilment of this their royal office and service, absolutely dwells within them. And thus are they made the effectual links whereby the race is bodily joined again to the Divine vital body of its risen Christ and only real Saviour.

Again, it was in December of the same year—hardly three months before the call of the King-Queen to Lilistan—that a second paper was sent by the same brother who had sent the one transcribed as above, and in which was written the words of a prayer described as being "In secret unison with the Norms of the whole Orb."

This, with a few lines addressed personally to the One-Twain, was enclosed in an envelope, with these words inscribed on the outside, "For the eye of the Beloved only," and on arrival it was immediately handed to him. After having received and read it, without showing it to anyone he put it in his bosom, saying that it had done him "great, great good." Then, on being asked if there was any message, he

replied, "No, not now, but I have it here in my heart."

The words of this written prayer, being purely the fruit or ultimate application of that which is propounded in, the earlier written pages, are here also transcribed below. But the brother who wrote them gave only doubtful assent at first to this being done, as such words being for most private and secret use only, he feared it would be inconsistent with such end to let them be given out to others; but finally, being persuaded of the need of having a concentrated yet full embodiment, in form of prayer, of the principles the first paper gives expression to, he consented; but only after having several times withdrawn them. And he adds, he assents to it now only for the reason that, judging from his own experience, the right use of them draws the Divine Breath mightily into the frame, bringing the organism directly into the stream of vital Divine-natural inflow.

"PRAYER:

"In secret unison with the Norms of the whole Orb and with
all who hold in the one sympathy with them.

"O Thou, Almighty Love, purely and supremely Divine: Thou the most Beloved in the inmost hearts of all—Lord Jesus Christ—Lady Yessa Christa, Twain-One—the All-Father Love, All-Mother Love, All-Saviour Love Divine,—but who, in the woman's way, art also, and first of all, the All-Bridegroom Love and All-Bridal Love, Twain-One and Divine:

"Our one prayer unto Thee, and in which we do all unite as one heart, is for the life of Thine own twain-one here, both in the Heaven and on the

Earth of this our Orb—THY ORB—the Son-Daughter and the Daughter-Son—whom Thou having loved, hast accepted and chosen, and declared to be King-Queen, in Thee, over this whole afflicted world; so also, therefore, is our prayer, inclusively, for all Thine own, in them and by them and with them, and so also for the whole Orb itself, and for the essential lives of all Thy creatures of every kind that do inhabit it—all dependent for their present evolution in the New Creation, on the life and the forth-going life of Thy primal and pivotal twain-one likewise.

"Therefore, for the fulfilment of this, do we seek, by the almightiness of Thy Love within us, to be enabled, all as one, to yield up unto these, Thine own twain-one in Thee, for all their Divine service to the race and the whole world, all that we are by every power and faculty, also all that we have, and all that we can lawfully control of every kind of possession, both internal and external, for the upholding of their life upon the Orb in the victorious fulness of power.

"And so, to the same end, would we invoke therefor, if so it may please Thee, vast increases of Thy omnipotent Divine Breath, by whose operation in us and through us alone it is that, in the face of a whole adverse world, the true vital riches can be either received or dispensed—so enabling us to give in our own degree, in like manner as we have received for Thine is the Universal Kingdom and Queendom, the Power and the Glory, forever.—Amen!

The few additional lines that were addressed personally to the Beloved, and enclosed in the same cover with the above, seem too intimately private to be reproduced word for word, but the substance of

what they imply is, that the words of the prayer represent, as this brother "implicitly believes faithfully, what is in heart of hearts the veritable prayer of that vast unity, consisting of the unnumbered multitude of THE GREAT CONGREGATION—the saved sons and daughters of all the peoples of the Orb." "But," he adds, "is it not demonstrated that the outward realisation here below of the great internal and intrinsic unity is not a possibility, in any absolute sincerity, until after that great event at hand has dissolved forever the external bonds? *Therefore the prayer of each one has still to be in secret.*"

And is it not also, the writer of this narrative may ask, for the above-given reason, as told in the Gospels, that the Lord counselled the disciples, when they would pray, to enter into their closet and shut the door, and there pray to the Father who seeth in secret? And from what other cause is it than want of full compliance with this Divine counsel concerning prayer, that an all-pervading spirit of hypocrisy has poisoned the whole spiritual atmosphere of christendom—and especially of the most pietistic and puritan in it—through the consequent abuse of this their supreme religious function?

But surely that happier time is close at hand when, please God, all these sad conditions will begin to pass away forever, when the Divine Mother, one with the Father, shall have manifestly descended into the bosom of. Her Earth-dwelling daughters, ere ushering in the great consummation, and through whom, mightily unitised in all their sister-bands by Her Divine-Feminine omnipotent charm, the great public worship of the future will begin to flower out into, its, full destined magnificence of free joy, beauty

and power, from an absolutely heart overflowing rapture of sincerity that will purge the whole air of the world in short space of time of all that abhorrent poison of the age.

But these words are only written as for and from the Brotherhood. They aim but to give expression to that fervent faith which, in God, now the heart of man begins to realise, that so soon as the Beloved Womanhood of the Orb shall feel and understand that in the hearts of the whole quickened Brotherhood, as one—or in any unitised part or portion thereof—they are already enthroned; and that also, from the heart, they are freely and fully endowed by them with the overflow of all their possessions and powers whatsoever, in order that all things needful may be theirs for their perfect uplift into full womanly freedom, and for the fulfilment of every call and every inspiration they in unity shall feel moved by from on high: that then also whether it be gradually from its present small commencement, or instantly, by one vast wave through the whole normal Feminine heart of the world—yet still surely and inevitably, the Divine Mother, one with the Father, and through our King, one with our Queen (their own begotten and beloved twain-one child) will infill that whole sisterhood as one, according to Her own perfect Divine-Natural womanly way, and that this Divine instilment shall surely flower out and prevail; so becoming both the inmost and outmost supreme charm and glory of this Her own womanly world, made Hers, as like-wise His, from that tremendous day and hour when Her Own Beloved one coined His whole life, one with Her own, into its treasury:—as said He, "I have coined My life into the treasury

of the world. I have bought the world, and it is mine." *

"Now comes the epoch of the Full Combine!
 Nations from states in one orb'd Freedom Land
 Humanity redeems to its divine.
 One war, one conquest,—not the axe or brand.
 No deadly cannon, no terrific hosts
 No dominance of putrifying ghosts.

"Omens appear of one divine rebellion
 Uprise of Womanhood from sea to sea;
 Closing of outraged wombs by million million—
 Marriage survives, but not sex slavery.
 Goddess in sex, shall sex emancipate:
 The normal pulse in woman recreate:

"An hundred million wombs in one disaster;
 An hundred million tyrants of the bed:
 The great Selfed Masculine, the woman's master:
 While from such mockeries all wrongs make head.
 Coils one gorged sexual serpent of the womb,
 Through all the sacred groves of woman's bloom.

"But this shall be no longer. Woman sealed
 Unto Christ-Christa for her better fate,
 Sure potencies of innocence shall wield,
 And in such holy joyance rise elate.
 'Thy Kingdom Come; Thy blessful Woman-will
 Be done on Earth.'—Mother, Thy word fulfil

"The norm through all its passions evolute
 Life rounding to the circle of its best;
 The swine-horn dropped to tune Apollo's flute
 The man-child comforted on Christa's breast
 The Human Planet, blithe and sweet and warm
 Redeemed in the Religion of the Norm."

—No. xv. of "Emancipations,"
 " Song of Theos," 1903.

* "The Lord, the Two-in-One, Declared, Manifested, and Glorified,"
 1876.

