

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE.

V.

THE MAN, THE SEER, THE ADEPT, THE AVATAR;

OR

T. L. Harris the Inspired Messenger of the Cycle.

(A) T. L. HARRIS, THE MAN.

By RESPIRO.

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V.—THE MAN, THE SEER, THE ADEPT, THE AVATAR.

(A) T. L. HARRIS, THE MAN.

"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."
(BRIDAL HOURS, 1876, p. 11).

"The MAN, whose visible body was God's authentic tabernacle, hung anciently upon the Cross. Intellectually, the Divine-natural Respiration of man, the road-way and tabernacle of God's returning presence, has been crucified these 30 years. The name of no man is now more widely spoken of, through the English-speaking world, than that of the one who first realized this Divine truth and bore testimony to it that it was of God: no man, so far as press and pulpit have a say, is more mis-known.' (GOD'S BREATH IN MAN, 1891, par. 159).

In F. E. Garrett's clever satire, *ISIS VERY MUCH UNVEILED*, 1894, the following Theosophical *dictum* is quoted: "Even if all our officials be proved to have lied and cheated, there still remains untouched their grand ethical teaching." Upon which the author

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comments thus: "I simply state this and leave it. - - - I cannot do justice to such colossal impudence." It is equally difficult to do justice to such colossal ignorance of occult laws. On the material plane it is otherwise. The scientific authority of a chemist or an electrician is not impaired by moral defects; because, at the present time, the barriers between the spiritual and the material are still potent, though steadily and constantly attenuating. But when we pass to a more interior plane, we enter a realm where this rule is reversed; where the spiritual state of the investigator has a necessarily intimate connection with the knowledge which he there acquires; where fraud on the part of the seer will attract to himself deceptive forces; where an evil life in the body will attract to himself the powers of evil; in a word, where like attracts, meets, and absorbs like, by an inevitable law. This is a known law of occultism; and how it has happened that those who claim to have received occult knowledge through the sages of the Orient should ever have enunciated such an astounding assertion, is one of those mysteries of modern Theosophy which must for the present remain an unsolvable conundrum.

Hence, before accepting the teachings of T. L. Harris as thoroughly reliable, authoritative, and Divinely inspired, it is but rational that the earnest inquirer should desire to ascertain somewhat concerning his personality; to know, in a word, whether he practises what he preaches. This knowledge will be facilitated by the following collection of statements: voluntarily rendered, not only by those who have been for many years members of the central society of the Brotherhood of the New Life; but also by outsiders who, while respecting and even admiring T. L. Harris as a man, by no means endorse the whole of his spiritual philosophy.

With regard to the evil reports which have from time to time been circulated by the enemies of the Brotherhood, the rule of T. L. Harris has invariably been to make *no reply. In the

* Even had it been otherwise, it would have availed but little; the policy of the press, with a few honourable exceptions, having been to refuse any reply to their unwarrantable accusations.

NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1892, XL 340-1, the editor quotes from two letters recently received from him, which place this matter in a clear light. "We request you not to think of defending the Brotherhood of the New Life, or myself, from any aspersions. From the first, the obligation not to reply to any attack, has been imposed upon me; and this must continue till events shall demonstrate the order of my work and life. What the world says, is to me as nothing. The world is dying; I stand by its bed, and chronicle the solemn processes of its advancing and impending decease. My Brother; the LORD, for Whom, in an evil and cruel generation, we have tried in some feeble sort to bear testimony, is advancing toward this outward scene, where Truth has always testified as a martyr at the pyre. Let us lift up mind and heart reverently to Him, and so press onward, serving to the end. - - - So far as these attacks concern me, I make no reply. They are simply absurd, preposterous. Those who know the inside facts, know and despise the stories as simply the effusions of baffled greed and insane lubricity, or the artifices of an iniquitous conspiracy. I take the same course now, that I took with regard to the late Laurence Oliphant and with his biographer. I follow the example of the Divine Master, and when belied, answer not a word. You recollect that Swedenborg writes, somewhere, that when he could see what was going on in the hells, he found that the devils were circulating extravagant slanders concerning his own personality. Fatuous spiritism, which has opened impressible and diseased organisms to hypnotic suggestions from below, has loosened hell-time into natural thought. For the last 30 or 40 years I have been followed, as Swedenborg was, by a stream of diabolical insinuations; and I expect this to go on till the Kingdom of God has introduced Divine order into the debauched and perishing egoistic natural society."

Guided, therefore, by this injunction; and recognising the fact that, though a lie cannot be altogether written down, yet it may be lived down; the Brotherhood of the New Life has always treated such slanders with silence, and the slanderers with pity. Any deviation from this rule has been in exceptional cases

for ends of special use; and on the part of individual Brethren, whose righteous indignation against the traducers of their beloved Primate could no longer be restrained. I can therefore only say here, that I am thoroughly acquainted with the entire series of accusations; from the calumnious gossip which appeared about 30 years ago in a spiritistic magazine, to the very latest lie, circulated in 1896 by a clerical Ananias during his visit to Australia, to the effect that T. L. Harris had been expelled from the community at Fountain Grove, and was now an exile in New York. Some of these allegations are simply asinine in their stupidity; others absolutely devilish in their malignity. Some proceed from *literati*, who ought to have known better than to publish and republish *ex parte* statements, in violation of the maxim *audi alteram partem*; others are the characteristic outpourings of the *sewer-press of San Francisco. Every one of these accusations I carefully investigated, and sent the particulars thereof to the head-quarters of the Brotherhood; not asking for an explanation, but leaving them to decide whether they cared to trouble themselves about the matter or not. Invariably I have received from them a full and triumphant vindication of themselves, and an explicit refutation of each point of the calumny; expressed moreover in a manner which bore the impress of Truth itself. Holding therefore in my possession documentary evidence on both sides, I am in a position to state, after a most careful and unbiased investigation of the case, that the accusations brought against the Brotherhood of the New Life and its Pivotal Chief are altogether unfounded; being either absolutely false and uttered with deliberate malice, or perversions and exaggerations of rules and regulations which certain states, existing at the time, temporarily necessitated.

(1) Statement by the late William Howitt, from the CRITIC, 1860, xx, p. 103. "I can recollect no man to be compared with him in the essentials of a finished preacher; for power and originality of mind, for poetry of diction, for breadth and copiousness of

* This is another reason why the Brotherhood cannot condescend to refute such allegations: to parody a former catch-word of so-called æstheticism, they are "too gutterly gutter."

argument, for affluence of historic and philosophic illustration, for vivid and acute analysis of the elements of modern society, for a courageous trampling on all conventionalities; in a word, for the effectual stripping from the Gospel of the cobwebs of a dusty, worn-out divinity, of the hampering bandages of creeds, and for planting Christianity before us in her Divine and undisguised lineaments, in her free and noble beauty."

(2) Statement by the late W. H. Holcombe, M.D., of New Orleans; extracted from the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1885, xxxiii. 333-40:—"We have seen or heard all of that evidence, and it has not shaken our faith in the honesty, integrity, and personal purity of T. L. Harris. Our opinion is based upon our knowledge to the present point. - - - If I had been asked any time within the last 20 years what man in the world I would be most pleased to see, I would have unquestionably answered, 'T. L. Harris.' I have not the slightest interest in kings, warriors, statesmen, preachers, philosophers, or millionaires. They are the dead things of a dead world, ready to dissolve into oblivion. But a man of magnificent intellect, opened into the interior life, standing alone, and whether admired, or feared or derided, equally uncomprehended by his fellow-men; a man battling bravely against all the externalisms of the world, and planting himself without compromise on the truth that the Second Coming of the Lord is an organic process moving from within to destroy all things and to rebuild all things after the pattern in the Heavens; such a man I say, whatever may be his individual fantasies or illusions, is a spectacle in my opinion of the most commanding importance and absorbing interest. Such a man is T. L. Harris. I had several long interviews with Mr. Harris. He is a polished gentleman, exceedingly cordial in his manner and fascinating in his conversation. He is altogether unpretentious, with a charming mixture of simplicity and dignity in his bearing. I ignored all external questions relating to his history or his community, and conversed of spiritual matters only, the Coming of the Lord, the Motherhood of God, the changes in the hells, the occult philosophy of the Orientals, the spiritual states of the

Golden and Silver Ages, the organic unfoldings of the New Life, &c., &c. I wish I could have spent days and weeks with him instead of a few hours. There are springs of thought in his mind which are inexhaustible. And yet I was not brought into spiritual *rapproch* with him. We agree and differ immensely. I studied him as a phenomenon, a vast and difficult problem too hard for me to solve, and not to be solved, I believe, by the present generation of men. - - - A man must pass entirely out of sectional and ecclesiastical spheres into a vast cosmopolitan area of thought, before he can begin to comprehend Mr. Harris. The lower and the narrower the range of a man's mind, the more boldly and flippantly will he denounce Mr. Harris as a common spiritist, a fanatic, or a madman."

(3) Statement extracted from "Reminiscences of a Personal Acquaintance with Mr. T. L. Harris and his people," contributed to the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1877, XXV. 334-8, by a well-known contributor:—"There seemed nothing remarkable in person, face, or feature, except his eyes, which have a depth so spiritual, one might imagine him in communion with the Infinite. - - - I soon joined them, and the interview was delightful; Mr. Harris the attraction and star, whither all eyes were turned. He said but little at one time, but his smile was radiant and genial, and the sphere elevating and glad. - - - I attended the whole course, and saw him twice every Sabbath. His subjects were deep, relating to life chiefly and Internal Respiration. His prayers were such as I never heard from other human lips. He brought his audience into the immediate presence of Incarnate Deity. - - - Mr. Harris is, what he calls himself, a 'martyred man.' He cannot have been led on, in the way he has been, to a futile close. Something great and glorious is to be the final result. I shall not see it, probably, but I believe it."

(4) Statement by the late Bishop Bugnion; formerly an ecclesiastic of the Greek Church, and afterwards chosen as Bishop of the Swedenborgian Churches in the Isle de Bourbon and Mauritius. It is dated March 31st, 1869, and was published in the RECIPIENT, II. 559:—"The settlement of the Brotherhood at

Salem, Brocton, is the most pure institution you could witness, if you could meet with all the people privately and collectively, as I have had the opportunity to do. Harris himself is a high type of human perfectability, if well understood; and after three separate meetings with him, one in each of the three days I journeyed here, I am decidedly convinced of the complete honesty, genuineness, and heavenly prompting motive of his doings and cares. This testimony is given by me to all who desire, among the New Churchmen, to know my opinion about him; opinion which I can express in perfect safety. - - - In reference to Miss *Waring, as her name was mentioned in two or three New Church periodicals, and yourself mentioned her to me; permit me to say, that if all the ladies were so pure, so lovely, so Christianly-spirited in all their doings, the primal purity of the world, of our pure world, would soon be restored."

(5) Statement by one of the earliest members of the Brotherhood:—"May 15th, 1873. Yours of 12th instant came to hand last evening; and to move at once to reply, I as frankly state that I forget that it is possible for anything so absurd, so false, so wicked, to be uttered in reference to Mr. Harris, and ordinarily should not pay the slightest heed to it, and consider it misspent time to attempt to reply to such; but as the request comes from you, I will briefly answer it that you may embody it for the information of your friend. And allow me to premise that, as you are aware, I have had close and intimate relations with Mr. Harris for the last twenty-three or twenty-four years, losing sight of nothing that pertained to him during this long period; and for the last three years, have had much to do with the management of his business, as that pertains to the duties of the Brotherhood of the New

* One of the Brotherhood in New York wrote me, May 23rd, 1873: "Miss Waring's early life was spent on a farm, and she took the place as manager for her father, who was an invalid. Consequently when the use was on a farm, she knew more about it than anyone, and took charge and control; and the success in a large measure is owing to her splendid executive ability. She is a queenly woman, born to command and direct, yet a most humble, loveable, womanly Christian: who speaks against her, speaks against a typical woman."

Life, and no phase of it could well go unrecognised by me. And I proceed to answer.

1.—As to Mr. Harris being a spiritual tyrant, he is directly the opposite, and that no committee of eleven, nor any committee was ever appointed, and that freedom is enjoyed here that can only be known to those who strive for the true in life and give up self.

2.—That it not being safe for an unprotected female (there are none unprotected), is simply outrageous. Here it is, more than anywhere else, that purity has its home, and is exemplified in true conjugal relations that, I believe, are not known elsewhere.

3.—That Mrs. Harris has not been sent away; but during temporary illness was tenderly cared for, and sought change of air, and is now with her family in health and strength.

4.—That Mr. Harris demands a surrender of conscience, being in keeping with the other charges, does not merit a reply.

There is scarcely opportunity to add more, while it is proper to say, that the extreme pressure of duties seems to preclude correspondence, only such as pertains to the duties of the life; and yet, I would not refrain from adding that the Cause is heightening, broadening, and deepening; that it is the realization and ultimatum of what has so long been fore-shadowed; that it cannot be arrested or destroyed; and that men but little think what they are doing when they fight against it: and if the thousands, aye, tens of thousands, who have read and listened to those truths through Mr. Harris, are content with the constantly increasing maddening whirl, and chaotic condition of the world, so be it. There is that which stands out from it, that reveals a people living for Divine uses, the putting away of self, the building up of the New, the laboring for humanity, and that resolves itself into "The Brotherhood of the New Life."

(6) Statement by John A. Chapman, extracted from the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1885, xxxiii. 346:—"I have read every book and pamphlet and poem of his that I could get

hold of since he published the *EPIC OF THE STARRY HEAVEN* in 1854 or 1855. I have watched and studied him and his writings; and in all the 30 years that I have been a reader of his books, I have never seen one line nor one word that could possibly awaken an evil thought. As pure as purity itself are all his writings: and judging from his books, it seems to me that the whole life of the man has been devoted to the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth. He was, and is, a man of most transcendent genius; and whatever subject he touches, he touches with the hand of a master. Now to me it is absolutely incredible that a man with his genius should sacrifice all prospects of worldly advancement, and become the mark and the jest and the byword of all slanderers and the evil-minded, as he has done; unless animated by a most noble and heroic spirit. I believe him to be as honest as the day. He may be a madman; but if he is, I would to God the world was full of such."

(7) Statement in the *NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT*, October, 1881, by a subscriber in San Francisco:—"I have visited the Brotherhood at Fountain Grove. I found them highly intelligent and cultured; and, as you have said, 'interior to an exceptional degree.' It is surprising how some New Church people have misrepresented Mr. Harris's teachings and claims. I have been reading his books, and have found them very profitable. Swedenborg gives me food for the intellectual plane of mind, but Mr. Harris's works give food for the affectional. All he writes is full of love; we feel its element while we read. As regards Mr. Harris and his people, I am fully convinced that there can be no harm said of them, if the truth is told. In fact, I know they are all right, pure, and good. Their reputation at Santa Rosa is good. I have this from those who have worked for them, and with whom they have dealt. They speak very highly of them. I thought I would mention this, because what I say I know to be true; and I think it very wrong for anyone to judge wrongfully of a people so pure, kind, and unselfish, and who are trying to live in reality the life of the New Jerusalem. Would

that we all had the charity and purity of life these good people possess."

(8) Statement by M. C. C. Church, extracted from a letter to the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1890, xxxviii. 431-3; "In my investigations in this direction, I have never found a single criticism of his teaching which had discrimination and intelligence as its basis. - - - He stands before the world criticised and condemned in particulars which, with my limited knowledge, I know to be false. In fact, after a careful investigation of some of the leading charges, I know them to be absolutely false. For instance, it is difficult for many, whose spiritual natures have not been opened to a perception of his teaching in regard to the relation of the sexes, to get other than false views, and thus profane the most sacred relations of life. Many have gone astray in this direction; and because they have been rebuked and brought under discipline, or finally dismissed, have turned traitors to the cause; and with tattling tongues have made the air foul with their stench and defamation."

(9) Statement by C. W. Pearce; in a letter to the GLASGOW EVENING NEWS, July 16th, 1891, extracted from the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1891, xxxix. 479:—"In Mr. Harris's case he had a most prejudiced and unsympathetic lady against him; and it is the simple truth, neither extenuated nor set down in malice, that every charge against him with which Great Britain has rung during the past 7 or 8 weeks, has been evolved out of the imagination of the gifted novelist. Not one of them is to be found in any of the letters of the Oliphants quoted by her; all, without exception, are the children of her prolific brain. - - - If Mr. Harris were the man he has been alleged by Mrs. Oliphant and the reviewers to be, he would have been able to make a rich haul by libel actions from the pockets of the authoress, her publisher, and the newspapers who repeated her charges and refused to print the denials made of them by those who knew from personal knowledge that they were false: for not a tittle of evidence which would have been admissible could any one of them have brought into Court in their defence.

But he is the very opposite in character to the picture drawn of him: and although I wrote urging him to allow his friends here to commence actions against the parties, sending him opinions that he had all at his mercy, all being without defence; he has replied to me, who offered to procure the service of the necessary writs, that he will not suffer any appeal in the Courts, however strong his case; for Divine ends in society are not brought about by appeals to Law Courts. So there is now free course for all and sundry to continue their attacks, without harbouring a fear that they might eventually have to defend their statement in the *Courts.

(10) Statement by the editor, extracted from the *NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT*, 1892, XL. 88-90: "His warfare against the sins, the shams, the fads of fashion, the hypocrisy of church leaders, governmental and political corruption, added to lofty, poetic, spiritual insight, and his epic verse, his treatises upon almost every phase of spiritual philosophy and ethics, have arrested the attention and challenged the admiration of thousands of intelligent people."

(11) Statement by C. H. Thompson, M.D., extracted from the *NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT*, 1892, XL. 323, 138, the latter being quoted from the *Sonoma Democrat*, February 27th, 1892, "I have no financial interest at Fountain Grove. I have no

* In the *LIFE OF ANNA KINGSFORD*, 1896, Maitland writes: "In the armoury of the Gods are many weapons, and woe to those who touch their anointed or do their prophets harm." (I. 248.) In *LUCIFER*, 1896, Annie Besant speaks of "the very serious effects of hating or suspecting a good and highly advanced man; the thought-forms sent against him cannot injure him, and they rebound against their projectors, shattering them mentally, morally, or physically." (Sept.) Verily, this has been already, and may be yet again, fulfilled upon the enemies of the New Life. Every malicious attempt to injure T. L. Harris, or to persecute his representatives, incurs the terrible Nemesis of the arch-natural powers. Just after the first pamphlet of this series was issued, a fiendish attempt was made by an occultist to injure me occultly, socially, and professionally, on account of my advocacy of the New Life. I invoked the aid of the arch-natural powers, and was informed that within 12 months the guilty would be punished. After a series of troubles from an occult source had fallen upon the enemy, and even upon those who had allowed themselves to be drawn into the vortex, just within the predicted time the avenging force of the reverse current culminated, and the enemy was occultly crushed; this being followed in a few weeks by a great disaster on the material plane. *Verbum sap.*

faith in, or sympathy with, Mr. Harris's philosophy or religious belief. Mr. Harris has never tried to influence me in that direction, and I am satisfied in my own faith. - - - I have lived at Santa Rosa 16 years; I have been the family physician at Fountain Grove for 14 years. I have seen Mr. Harris in sickness and in health. I have seen him when joyous and gay, and when death came so close to him as to take almost his heart's blood, his wife; and he is always the same, a gentleman of exalted mind, trying to bring others to the same exalted level as himself, and one who strictly tries to follow the Golden Rule. - - - Mr. Harris will not go to the public press to vindicate himself; but he will appear before the proprietor of the DEMOCRAT or REPUBLICAN, or any gentleman, or any number of gentlemen, his townsmen; and in the presence of Miss Chevaillier, will give the reason for her attack upon him and the people forming the family at Fountain Grove: or he would most cheerfully give a grand jury of Sonoma County every facility in his power to properly investigate the manner of life at Fountain Grove."*

(12) Statement by the editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 1892, Vol. 23 (European edition), p. 480: "The Study gathers courage from the spectacle of his boldness to perform one of those acts of contrition and of reparation which it always finds so difficult and distasteful. We accepted the estimate of Mr. Thomas L. Harris given in the LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT, without going behind that record and seeking to verify its statements. - - - Mr. Harris is a mystic, one of the most incomprehensible to the world; but these life-long friends and followers of his affirm his generosity of purpose, and his absolute unselfishness of deed. One of them, a member of his community at Fountain Grove, California, writes: 'All his life, Mr. Harris's one aim has been to bring relief to human suffering - - - and for this end he has taken to his heart and home, for the last 30 years, all sorts and conditions of

* This challenge was not accepted. Comment is needless.

men and women. - - - If people have brought money, he has been glad of the help it gave in taking care of those who brought none ; but for himself he wants too little to be bothered with anyone's possessions. At this place, for instance, he has organised three beautiful, and even luxurious, homes for his friends, who carry on the business of the estate ; but he is rarely here, preferring his simple little mountain hermitage, that, all told to build and furnish, did not cost over 1000 dollars.' "

(13) Statement by T. L. Nugent, quoted from the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1892, XL. 135-7, and entitled, 'A Lawyer's Brief' : "Permit me to express the hope, that in the future as in the past you will continue to give as little encouragement as possible to that class of probably good meaning people, who seem to think that they are specially serving the church and humanity, by repeating slanders affecting Mr. T. L. Harris and the social movement of which he is the recognised head. It is amazing, that a man who for many long years has literally buried himself in seclusion, whose quiet, unpretending life has not been permitted during that time to obtrude itself upon any human being not in actual and vital sympathy with it, and whose words of eloquence and song have never been spoken except in behalf of the down-trodden and suffering race of men, should not be allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way, without this constant outpouring of calumny, intolerance and abuse. Though answering not a word to his accusers, this silent, uncomplaining, and patient man has been most mercilessly pursued with false accusations based upon no support of fact worthy of a moment's consideration ; until an unbiased observer might well conclude, that the mere love of scandal or a thirst for notoriety is the inspiring motive of those who are leading on this cowardly attack. What a commentary on the Church after near nineteen hundred years of preaching ! I say the Church ; for in a majority of instances the people, who have paraded these wretched falsehoods before the public, have been church members, or at least have affected great concern for the cause of Christian morality. I am nothing but a lawyer. For many years, on the bench and in the

ranks of the profession, I have become accustomed to dry investigations of fact, to the examination and sifting of evidence. To view things, therefore, from a purely logical and rational standpoint, has grown to be the fixed habit of my life; but this habit has more and more inclined me, as the years advanced, to put truth and justice before me as the end of all my investigations. I hate hypocrisy with an undying hatred. I despise, with infinite loathing, the disposition to condemn without a hearing, in whatever quarter that disposition may find expression. No true lawyer can endure the thought of pronouncing judgment upon an *ex parte* hearing, without due process of law. If a wretched criminal, fresh from the slums of New York, should be convicted upon testimony which time and again has been deemed sufficient by so-called Christian people to warrant the condemnation of Mr. Harris, an indignant protest would go forth out of the office of every lawyer in the land. Can it be that the irreligious world is more regardful of the individual and personal rights of man, than the followers of CHRIST! How strange it seems, that men and women of respectability can be found, who think it not amiss to blacken the good name of one who has never injured them by word or deed. Here is an erratic young woman, talented no doubt, having a degree of culture and refinement, who goes to Fountain Grove, as the guest of the people there, who passes a number of months in a delightful retreat prepared for her accommodation by the "Brotherhood" while studying their peculiar doctrines, and who, not finding it possible to have her own way, goes forth threatening destruction to that "Brotherhood," and breathing horrible insinuations as to the morals of the people she had left. Forthwith the secular press, always prone to take up a sensation, ventilate the scandal in all of its sickening details, and good people are ready to find fault with the INDEPENDENT for not opening its columns to the disgusting and evidently malicious story. For twenty years, I have been reading the writings of Mr. Harris, as time and opportunity permitted. During that long period, book after book has been published and circulated by that wonderful man, some

privately among friends and sympathizers, some thrown out upon the broad currents of public thought, to be read, criticised, and approved or condemned; and all dealing with grave problems of human life and the destiny of man. These books, running in number to possibly a score, and representing every form of publication from the pamphlet of a few pages to the bulky and pretentious volume of several hundred pages, I have read, either consecutively or otherwise, and read with an earnest desire to know the truth. In all of this wonderful literature, there is not a line, not a syllable that smacks of impurity, not a sentiment that would not, if transplanted into the common ground of our social and business life, tend to transform and ennoble that life into the ever-enduring forms of truth and justice, and bring down into human bosoms the sweet and living breath of God. A man may for a short period 'serve the devil in the livery of heaven.' He may, for a week, or a month, or a year, conceal a depraved and immoral life beneath the assumed disguise of religious sentiment and conformity to accepted standards of moral conduct. He may even write a book, apparently to promote the cause of piety, but really to accomplish a purpose of evil hostility to truth and righteousness. But such a man must inevitably before long betray his true character. This is human experience, a fact of every day's occurrence, which all men have observed and noted. But here is a man who for forty years has been printing his thoughts in every form of literary composition, who for many years of that long period has stood before the world open to its observation and criticism, and yet against whom his most unrelenting enemies have nothing now to urge but inuendoes, and whose vast literary productions contain not one single sentence that the most hypercritical stickler for morality could found a charge of impurity on. Heterodox the man is to the last degree, and this is his chief offence. But, however flagrant his offence against sound (?) theology, it is incredible to suppose that he could, during all of that period, leading such a varied literary and social life, have been a monster of sensual depravity, veiling his immoral character

and practices so successfully that, even now, not a single act of immorality can be proven against him; so successfully concealing his real character from the world, while dealing and holding communication with that world almost constantly and in every form, that now, after all of those years, that same world, always ready to find fault and blame, can only gratify its spite and hatred in inuendoes. Has a man ever been known to human history with such a capacity for sustained hypocrisy amid so many opportunities for detection? I cannot believe it. As to Miss Chevillier's recent publications in the secular press, I do not believe that a sensible man can for a moment give credence to them. They are superficial, illogical, utterly wanting in the common elements of sound sense and consistency, and betray a most unfortunate spirit: in fact, contain all of the elements which render belief impossible to one seeking the truth. But enough. I have been prompted to write thus at length, because of the injustice done to a man I reverence, and who, in his old age, after so much work for humanity, deserves, and has fairly earned, the reward of peace and rest. I may further add, that I have never met Mr. Harris, and have no actual connection with his society but respect and sympathise with him."

(14) Statement made to the editor by the Secretary of the Publishing Department of the Brotherhood; extracted from the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1892, XL. 316.

"April 4th, 1892. Mr. Harris has been a Royal Arch Mason for a number of years; and at the request of the Commandery of Santa Rosa Knights Templars, he became, and now is, an honoured member of that Order. - - - Dr. Shepherd [rector of the Episcopal Church at Santa Rosa] and Mr. Harris are very warm friends: he remarked a short time ago, while calling here, that he never came to see Mr. Harris without going away feeling strengthened to be a better man and to lead a holier life."

(15) Statement by Louis Le Grande, "a gentleman in high standing in the Brotherhood"; extracted from the NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, 1892, XL. 328.

"For 40 years, Thomas Lake Harris has been struggling to solve the intricate, anxious problems of society. . . . This man is an unique figure. With the advance of time he will come more and more into public notice. By the strangeness of his occult experiences, by the heroic resolution with which he holds to his purpose, by the dignity and beauty of his thought, by the lofty ideal he insists upon as the guide in practical affairs, he is separated from the multitude of his time; the thinker, the worker, the teacher, the poet. In this age of unbelief, he has given to the world a faith at once tender and heroic."

(16) Statement by Hiram E. Butler, in the *ESOTERIC*, 1897, x. 326.

"We unhesitatingly say that over the signature of T. L. Harris has been written some of the grandest thought of the 19th century."

(17) Statement by one of the Brotherhood who frequently visited at the Centre.

"May 16th, 1881. He is so simple and unassuming, that no one, it seems to me, could fail to open their hearts to him at once; it does not seem to me that there was ever a thought in my mind that I could not tell him."

(18) Statement by one of the oldest members of the Central Society.

"April 26th, 1880. "Mr. Harris, in his own personality, is one of the simplest, most loving, and most childlike of men."

(19) Statement by the late Dr. C. D. Hunter, for many years a member of the Central Society.

April 29th, 1880. Now I who am here, and pledged by all the manhood in me to prefer Truth and Right and God, before Harris or anything in this world, find him a pure, loving, sweet, humble, righteous man; wise, temperate, frugal, just, merciful.

"March 8th, 1882. His diet is simpler than yours or mine; and as for his dress, those who purchase it have often

to hide from him the cost of it, lest he refuse to wear it. In no way does he indulge himself. The pleasures of society, and the admiration of others, he shuns; and it is plain to anyone that his whole energy and thoughts are devoted to the peculiar trust to which he has been called. More, perhaps, than any man in the world he is free to do anything he likes; yet his patience, humility, and long-suffering with the faults of others, and yet unbending firmness in matters of principle, make me admire him more and more, and feel my own inferiority daily."

(20) Statement by another of the oldest members of the Central Society.

"June 28th, 1891. I would now, in conclusion, remark that, if upon my dying bed, I would say that after more than 40 years acquaintance with Mr. Harris, I have an increasingly high admiration of him. The better we know, the better we love him. This is true, I believe, of all who are intimately acquainted with him. In a letter from a dear sister who has resided in his family for many years, she says of him; 'I never saw such love, never dreamed of such Divine tenderness.' We believe him to be one of the purest men who lives, and that his whole life has been one continued effort for the good and elevation of our fallen humanity."

(21) Statement by one of the oldest members of the Central Society.

"December 21st, 1876. Mr. Harris has for years endured bodily torments incredible to be believed except by witnesses: and I can say this of him; though I have lived on intimate terms with him, I could never say that I saw a fault in him. I would not say he is without faults; only I know not what they are, nor ever heard.

August 6th, 1877. Of course it is quite right for you and for other dear friends who write, to seek for proofs of the high claims Mr. Harris makes, and to criticise these proofs: for you have not seen nor experienced. But with me, of course, the case is different. There is no room for doubt; it is excluded.

When Mr. Harris has laid his hands on us, and taken on our diseases, and our very* sins, and passed through untold agonies these years and years, and passed nearly one whole year without natural sleep, so constant were his combats when the efforts of the hells were for years directed to take away his natural life, and he bore it all without a murmur: when we have seen this, and much more that the pen cannot tell, we cannot speak of him as of another man, and we can but regard him as an instrument in the hands of Him who desireth not the death of a sinner, but that all should return, repent, and live. If Mr. Harris's writings are wonderful, Mr. Harris the man is equally so. Baptised in suffering from childhood, 'he has gone up into his discrete degree,' as the book says. On one side of him, he is the most child-like man I ever saw. If he has a fault, it is reluctance to command, and a habit of putting more confidence in others than their states would warrant, and thus bringing on himself suffering. Yet when the suffering comes, he bears it without a word, or is still planning the good of those who have caused him the suffering. Much more I might add, but I have told you these things as you have not, like me, been witness of these wonders, and I have thought it might help you to know them.

November 21st, 1878. He is the perfect man; *i.e.*, relatively perfect; for I suppose he will grow in perfection to eternity. He is a giant in intellect, and when we hear him, it seems as if the world ought to hear him; and yet he is as simple as a child, and as sweet and tender as a woman. He is so self-denying, that no one can persuade him to eat eggs if they are above a certain price, even though he is so weak at the time that he can barely lift himself from his bed and crawl about.

December 4th, 1878. I am daily more and more astonished at the wonderful scope, grandeur, beauty, harmony, height, and depth of this Life. Words fail to give any adequate idea of it. No letter, or series of letters, can depict it; the published books

* This is explained in chapter IV., p. 291, par. 2.

only faintly shadow its deep reality. When I left England, I gave up all for it, friends, country, prospects in life; but these I counted nothing, and they were nothing, compared with what I have realized, and do realize, day by day, and night by night. Our dear and loved father, Mr. Harris, is wonderful in his writings; but to me he is more wonderful as a man. I cannot help thinking that there has been (with of course the exception of our Lord) none like him since first the sun rose and smiled on the earthly paradise of the first-created man. But it would not, perhaps, be right to say more of him at present. What he is, he is by indwelling CHRIST; what he has suffered, CHRIST has given him strength to endure, and patience beyond the lot of other men.

July 22nd, 1880. When he is not engaged in internal things, if you were to come across him you would think him the most external of men, engaged in building, planting, buying, selling, even angling, with equal zest and earnestness. The proprietor of the hotel where we boarded when we first came to California, said of him that he was the best-informed and most gentlemanly man he had ever met with.

January 13th, 1882. You speak of our poor erring brothers and sisters at Brocton. Having disconnected themselves from the central source and fountain of their life, and having denied our father in his two-in-oneness, they have thus opened themselves to the opposite influx of the world's proprium, the world's unbelief, the world's darkness and inversions of every kind; so that truth appears to them as error, and error as truth. They have lost their sure foundation, and are as sheep without a shepherd. We hope their state will⁹ change, and that they will see their error; but whilst they remain in it, what they say is unreliable, as you have found. It is not true, as they state, that father has of late turned his whole attention to money-making. He has done of late, as he has always done, divided his attention between

* One of the seceders at length discovered how he had been deceived and returned to T. L. Harris, with whom he still remains, a beloved Brother. As for the rest, their community broke up, and is now no more.

external and internal things, the one thing being a* balance to the other. His great labours are, as they always have been, spiritual and for humanity, as a whole; but his more ultimate labours are yet very necessary to him, and to his work. They make holding ground for his more interior work, for the evolution of the Arch-natural upon earth, a base upon which the spiritual rests. You may remember that it is stated in the HOLY CITY, par. 365, that unless father's external labours had been undertaken at the time they were, and pushed with vigour, death would have ensued. With regard to the vineyards that father has planted, and the houses that he has erected, being of use after the Crisis, we have no doubt whatever that they will be; indeed, we often remark, though we do not fully know, that their chief use will be after, and not before, the great Change; for you may remember again that it is said in the HOLY CITY, par. 329, by the DIVINE-MOTHER, that She Herself caused father to plant them for use, not before, but after, the Change. Again, as to affairs being carried on here without due care and economy, father has made unceasing efforts that the contrary might be the case. From the first he has inculcated prudence, thrift, and economy. At the same time, he has spent money freely and ungrudgingly, whenever it has been made manifest that the Divine Ends required it. For the natural man uses money for natural ends, but father has used it solely for Divine Ends. He has, moreover, always been scrupulously sparing and careful in spending money upon himself; those living nearest to him having almost to use artifice, concealing, if possible, the price of his clothes from him lest he should think they cost too much. It seems proper to state this now, when such untrue accounts are circulated. It is remarkable, how every statement they make is either false, or so twisted as to give a false impression. Not that they wilfully falsify; but with open people, everything

* In the HERALD OF LIGHT, 1861, T. L. Harris writes of his state at that time: "The condition of the new equilibrium, in fact, is unique. It is impossible for us either to write or preach, without having first devoted a corresponding strength to natural industry. We dictate this in the morning, having closed the previous day with removing timbers and building stone wall." (VI. 12.)

depends upon the sphere or influx that they open themselves to ; and the depraved influx of the natural man is essentially false, and having voluntarily opened themselves to it, they cannot, until, they turn and repent, escape the consequences of their act. So, with regard to the house, the Commandery, that father built ; what they state is untrue. The house is built of red-wood, our cheapest wood here, though very beautiful when selected with care and polished. Father was his own architect, so he had nothing to pay out on that head. He hired carpenters, and superintended the work himself whenever he was able. The house altogether cost about 10,000 dollars, and not 20,000, as they state. - - - There are many other points I could have mentioned, did time suffice : such as, for instance, in regard to the economy in building the house and wine-cellar ; all the lumber was bought at the lowest wholesale cash price, for father makes it a rule to buy nothing except for cash ; and it was hauled down from the depôt with our own teams, and everything was done to ensure economy.

July 8th, 1891. Mr. Harris has proved in my long and intimate association with him, all and much more than I anticipated. He is to me like George Fox over again, the ancient Friend, mild, gentle, always returning good for evil ; esteeming not himself, patient, forgiving to the last, in the spirit of the charity that never faileth. Still, in the work that he feels that the Master has given him to do, he is bold as a lion, and both wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove. But he appears to me as the George Fox of the new period, with all of the soul-piercing speech of the ancient Friend, but with the varied learning of the more advanced thought. An orator, poet, man of business and social affairs ; a man of great skill in the cure of the worst mental diseases ; a sage of profound wisdom, a writer of great ability, yet withal so courtly, dignified, humble, the kindest and most genial of men. He holds his gifts solely and simply as a trust to be exercised for the common good. He is always at the service of his brethren, and however burdened with his many cares, is never found wanting in the will and force to meet every

emergency. He never assumes in any way authority or mastery, but in his immense work he makes himself literally the servant of all."

(22) Statement by Rev. John Pulsford, D.D.; extracted from letters concerning the teachings of T. L. Harris. (This testimony is of the more importance, as its author is called in the *LIFE OF ANNA KINGSFORD*, 1896, "Our ripe mystical friend, - - - second to none in the power rightly to estimate it" (II. 404.) And if, *teste* Maitland, he is capable of rightly estimating *CLOTHED WITH THE SUN*, surely his estimation of the writings of T. L. Harris must be of equal value).

"April 18th, 1879. It is the revelation of all revelations, and the first dawn of the opening of the FATHER's orderly and peaceful universe. Harris seems to me to be truly philosophical: that is, I find nothing arbitrary; but, on the contrary, the delightful movement of the universal law, linked in God, and evolving through Heaven, without haste and without pause, heavenly conditions upon Earth.

December 17th, 1891. It is not possible for me to say - - - how much I value the contents. Transcendent experience has written herein of transcendent things and laws; for the revelation of which we bless our Father-Mother God. - - - The Crisis of the nature-race must be nearing, nearing; otherwise the glory that is beyond the doom would not stand revealed. The very possibility of such things being written, is a sign of what is impending. - - - This book, *GOD'S BREATH IN MAN*, must either be admitted to be eminently pertinent to our Age, and to the human requirements of the Age; or it must be shown to be illogical, or inconclusive. If the argument is based on the reality of CHRIST'S Humanity, if it treats of human development on a higher plane, and sets forth the adequate cause and process of such development; every specious, or shallow, or subtle criticism will leave it untouched; or rather will be an acknowledgment of its irresistible force. The passions and follies, the competitions and self-gloryings of the sensually generated race, may affect indifference; but the subject, being momentous and

inherently vital, will hold its ground, and never be put out of court. - - - If a new and divinely generated race comes in, the whole structure of society will have to be dissolved and structured anew; - - - the Coming Kingdom, coming down from God out of Heaven, which is strictly God coming in the race, and the race entering into Him, and into their own foretold and predetermined unity."



TYRANTS, TRAITORS.

Tyrants! Traitors! Both are part
Of one apostate band;
One venom fires the traitor's heart,
And the assassin's hand.

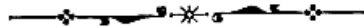
Yet not with words of bitter scorn
Will we the hate repel;
Not thus from Heaven celestial morn
Rises, the night to quell.

CHRIST at the judgment seat was dumb,
And bowed that Sacred Head.
He rules the ages yet to come,
By rising from the dead.

Then let us meet the fiery storm.
And conquer in the strife;
By rising in His glorious Form,
To live the perfect life.

T. L. HARRIS.

Fountain Grove, 1882.



WHITE ROSES FOR THE PALL.

I.

"'Tis sweet to waken from the anguished strife,
The battle and the martyrdom of life,
And know that they are ended. What remains
At worst is but to bear the world's vicissitudes;
And study patience, rich in love and trust,
Resigned to age, a cottage, and a crust.
From the Atlantic of the stormy quest,
I near the calm Pacific's bosomed rest.
The continent of toil that lies between

Grows dim, envailed in Memory's twilight screen.
 So, pausing here in tranquil lowliness,
 My soul in quietude I repossess,
 Well pleased to weave white roses for a pall,
 Waiting in solitude the end of all.
 'Tis great, 'tis good, 'tis blessed thus to be
 Led to the hill-top of Life's destiny;
 To see the azure waters lip the shore,
 And hear their voices chanting, "Evermore,"
 Ah! When my feet shall touch that hallowed strand,
 Then there the deeps shall open, and the Hand
 Still lift, still lead:—the path my feet have trod,
 Toiled through long sorrow,—but the end is God.

II.

He who bears to mankind the deathless thought,
 From God a light, a fire, an emanation,
 Is more than one whose seed becomes a nation.
 That Word, a child, is caught
 Up into Heaven: its regnant place is won,—
 The bosom of the Woman in the Sun.
 Then in Her glowing arms it must descend
 To bless the World for ages without end.

III.

Fires in the World-soul's hidden crypts and altars
 Ages and ages glow;
 Time groweth old and frail, his footstep falters,
 His sunbright locks are snow,
 But when the fire through human nature flashes,
 The Planet finds her tongue;
 Eternity blooms full through Time's lost ashes,
 The aged race is young.

IV.

Sixty-seven years ago,
 Annie with her heart aglow,
 Gave her blossomed breast to me
 For the milk of infancy.
 Sixty-seven years are o'er,
 Second birth-time seeks the door,
 I shall rise from Time's eclipse,—
 Milk of God upon my lips,
 Waiting till that happy then,
 Soul-bud in Love's cloistered glen,—
 I infold eternal life,
 Mothered well in God the Wife,
 She who clasped to heart of Her
 LORD CHRIST in the sepulchre,
 Mother mine before the past,
 CHRISTA, thine the babe at last.

V.

Despite denials on the Concept hurled,
 God is Man-Woman, Word, ideal World.
 In that One-Twain my germ did know and yearn
 To serve on Earth, but hence it shall return.
 Yet, if I go, 'tis as the day that flies
 Clasped in the sunset, led to Orient skies.

VI.

The song, that bubbles o'er my lips,
 And crystals from the dew that drips,
 Sparkles to show its form, and be
 A woven chain of melody.

Sweet song through saddest burden wrought
 Breathe ever from the Word, thy thought;
 Till the new race from suffering free,
 Shall bloom, and bless, and breathe with thee.

Shy song, that art a warbling bird,
 Scarce from God's garden woodlands heard,
 Dip, dive, and hide within the springs,
 Till the White Nymph her fountain brings.

Then carol in the Naiad's breast;—
 She was thy life, she is thy rest;—
 Thou shalt be heard o'er all the land,
 When she en-wings thee from her hand.

VII.

The crown of thorns on my temples pricks,
 Here where I hold on Life's crucifix.
 But the ruddy drops from the wounds that well
 Are roses of song when they leave the shell.
 A sigh broke from my bosom's grief,
 As the cry from the mother that brings relief;
 But after the sigh a song was born,
 Full of the May-time and the morn.

VIII.

The creeds of old in ruins lie,
 The temples of their Mystery
 Men desecrate while they explore.
 Yet the Divinity is there:—
 Its presence thrills the sacred air,
 Blue sky and sunshine are its door.

Wherever God has touched and traced
 The symbol, it is not effaced,
 Though ages furrow o'er and o'er,
 Brahma is felt to-day, as when
 His glory shone to Aryan men;—
 For Gods are as the rivers pour.

Smallest but most divine of seeds,
 Faiths fall into their mortal creeds;
 They burgeon on the Planet's floor.
 The Poets of the ages build
 Upon the branches: Time is thrilled,
 Man moves as Song troops on before.

In the profound and solemn shade,
 By the o'er arching branches made,
 The Nations gather and adore.
 Far as the brooding shadows fall,
 They shape to altar, spire, and wall,
 Temple, and home for household store.

And so the World is holier made;
 For the Divinity, out-rayed
 Through plastic nature, fills the core
 Of chant and scripture, carven stone,
 Picture and rood and organ-tone;
 A sea that ebbs not from its shore.

From God to God our journey lies,
 Through paths of wonder and surprise;—
 Through heavens for joy and hells for lore.
 Religions by their vital sense,
 Grew from the veiled Omniscience,
 Whose human flesh our sorrows tore.

He whom we worship as the CHRIST
 Hath many names; imparadised
 In men He would their lives reflore;
 Hath many times: for joys begun
 He wrought high bridals ere the sun
 Her group of infant Planets bore.

So when the Faiths in ruins lie,
 The shrines that hold their mystery
 I venerate as I explore.
 Our God, the One-in-Twain, is there;—
 Courage and trust for men who dare,
 And for their goal an open door.

IX.

There is a secret Pass
 Whereby One-Twainness may unfold swift pinions,
 Speeding, full-formed, to limitless dominions:
 Low as the meadow grass,
 High as the stars; constrict yet comprehending,
 Closed, opening, dilating and distending.
 All sorrows storm upon it by full measure;
 All joys hold thought to find it by full pleasure;
 The barriers through it no man hath broken;
 The Word of its content no man hath spoken:
 The Fates environ it with fearful eyes,
 And there the Path of the Deliverance lies.

Therein one finds his being
 Laid naked, bare to consciousness; the stages
 Of the germ's growth through ages upon ages.
 The open eyes of the Divine All-seeing
 Make star-land, sun-land, life-land clear to vision;
 While thought from vagueness fixes to precision,
 With the first intouch of those wondrous portals,
 The man who 'dares is hailed by the Immortals;
 And to him, one by one, are given keys
 That ope the door-ways of the Mysteries.

Natheless one finds therein
 Life torn beneath him for a sea of troubles:
 Nature resists, and all her art redoubles
 To daunt, to chill, to spectralise and lure.
 Here is a chastity that makes the pure,
 As creeds have named it, by comparison
 Seem as a foul dark blot beneath the sun.
 Here is a Virtue that consumeth sin,
 Yet showeth first man's nature-self to be
 Complete but in a vain impiety;—
 A Virtue that invades and enters vice,
 Shaping in man its evil paradise;
 Yea, flutters as a dove, for saving sake,
 Into the fangs and coilings of the snake;
 Unwinding it, absorbing it full well,
 Till its vast substance is but vapory shell.
 But then the dove hears blessed voices call,
 That weave to song, white roses for the pall.

Therein all blisses meet;
 All fragrances find end and origin.
 Thereby full hearts to God, One-Twain, go in.

Full sweetness folds the sweet;
 Therein pure Poesy finds birth and fashion,
 Pure Good the flore and reflore of her passion,
 Pure Truth the essence of his generation,
 Pure Melody its rise and recreation,
 The grandeur and the glow of Worth sublime;
 Eternity fed on the lips of Time.

So I was taught to say;
 Now, when my sixty-seven years are finished:
 Now, when Time's shadow on my path diminished
 To the faint close of day;
 The touch-sense of my being in erection
 Blossoms, a splendid flower of resurrection:
 While the new natural mind and heart and soul,
 Lit as the Scriptures of a sacred scroll,
 Burning yet inconsumable, reveal
 The Way, the Truth, the Life, the Word, the Wheel.
 The continent, the sky, and sea and shore
 Of God, the Evermore.

May 15th, 1890.

THOS. LAKE HARRIS.

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