

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

VOL. I., No. 10.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

YEAR, \$1.50; COPY, 5C.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EGYPT	1
HYMN TO THE NILE	2
OF DEEPER BIRTH	2
THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY	4
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD	4
"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER"	4
THE AMERICAN CRUSADERS AT KILLARNEY	5
A SLOT MACHINE 20 CENTURIES AGO	5
NOTES	6
POINTERS	6
EDUCATION—HOW, AND BY WHOM	7
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE	7
MEXICO'S MARVELLOUS RUINS	8
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT	9-10
A Boy Hero.	
From A Mother.	
Reports.	
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE	11
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES	12
Activities.	

EGYPT.

BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

(Continued.)

When we returned to the temple entrance, after our inspection of its different features, we were anxious to retrace our steps and observe more closely everything we had seen, but it was getting late and Cairo must be reached before sundown.

We contented ourselves, however, as we planned to visit the great museum in Cairo before we left Egypt, where we would have the opportunity to see many of the relics connected with the temple.

Reluctantly we gathered up our belongings and prepared to depart. It was then that I longed to see somewhere near by, a real American camp where the weary Crusaders could live a tent life, and build up for themselves in that calm restful atmosphere a new energy for the coming days.

At the call of Hassen—our dragoon, the Bedouins with their camels came up to the entrance of the temple, and amidst laughter and chatter at the clumsy way in which the Crusaders mounted their camels, we commenced the slow ride over the desert to the great pyramid where we had left our carriage waiting.

It was here that we bade farewell to the place and the people. The Sheik was the first to push his way through the crowd that had gathered about the carriage. Assuming a look of sadness he reached out both hands to us "for a lastee America shakeeh and salaam." The Arab with whom I had con-

versed at the temple, stood quite a distance away seemingly hesitating about coming up to where we were. Just as our carriage whipped up to start off he hurried towards me, took my hand and turned away. After I had reached the hotel I found he had dropped into the little bag which I wore attached to my belt, an odd little charm. I shall always keep it as a very precious souvenir of that one great day at the pyramids, and as a pleasant remembrance of my Arabian friend.

The other desert people kept shouting "Goobi-Ah - Ah - Backsheesh - Backsheesh," until the sound of their sharp ringing voices almost drove us frantic. As soon as we could recover our senses, we good-naturedly gave them all the "piastres" we had. It seemed the most brotherly act we could possibly do under the circumstances, for these protectors of the pyramids receive no recompense, and depend entirely for their livelihood at certain seasons of the year (when the crops are not grown) upon the generosity of the tourist, which I have no doubt is often very meagre.

One thing I observed that the noise suddenly ceased and these people seemed satisfied with what we had done for them, which delighted us all,

for they had placed us their debtors by a number of polite and very gracious favors.

As I turned back for one more look at all we were leaving behind, I could see that they had gone back to the foot of the pyramid and were standing in a quiet and respectful attitude looking intently our way—watching us out of sight. A little to the left, separate from the rest, stood my Arabian friend with his face turned away toward the East.

Soon we were dreaming along the way—the border of the Nile—through the quiet and peace of the beautiful twilight, sensing the touch of sacredness in everything.

Over the land like a benediction fell the pale golden rays of the setting sun—a misty veil of beauty, fields, river, trees, beasts and herdsmen; all seemed like phantoms of the dim past of thousands and thousands of years ago, far back of King Pharaoh's time, and the Nile in its distinctive beauty added a new charm to the picturesqueness of that twilight dream.

"It flows through old, hush'd Egypt and its sands

Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream

And time and things, as in that vision, seem

Keeping along it their eternal stands,—Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands

That roam through the young world the glory extreme

Of high Sesostis, and that southern beam

The laughing Queen that caught the world's great hand,

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,

As of a world left empty of its throng And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,

And run the fruitful stream lapsing along

Twixt villages, and think how we shall take

Our own calm journey on for human sake."

The Nile begins to rise at the end of May and continues to the middle of October. On the third week in August there is a festival held in its honor probably a relic of the time, when Rameses ordered sacrifices to be offered it on the 15th day of Thoth. This festival is announced to the people of Cairo, by criers who go about through the city, crying the height of the Nile in the Nilometre at Rhoda.

The Khedive, state officials, and crowds of people gather from many



THE RIVER NILE, EGYPT.

parts of Egypt, to participate in this festival with song and music.

The following hymn to the Nile was written between the years of 1300 B. C. and 1266 B. C. in the time of Moses.

The king referred to in verse xii and xiv is Meneptah II. son of Rameses II., who is considered to have been the Pharaoh of The Exodus. Ennana, the author of this famous hymn, was the scribe of the temple.

It can be plainly seen in reading these verses how entirely unknown the sources of the Nile were at that time, and one can readily perceive how the mystery of its rising affected the Egyptians with the idea of an unseen hand that worked the miracle, of giving the land a yearly blessing of water.

Another interesting part of this hymn is the positive reference made to the pure and noble worship of one God, which shows that the author looked above the form of things into the Invisible.

(To be continued.)

HYMN TO THE NILE.

1300-1266 B. C.

Hail, all hail, O Nile, to thee!
To this land thyself thou showest,
Coming tranquilly to give
Life, that Egypt so may live:
Ammon, hidden is thy source,
Hidden thy mysterious course,
But it fills our hearts with glee!
Thou the gardens overflowest,
With their flowers beloved of Ra;
Thou, for all the beasts that are,
Glorious river,
Art life-giver;
To our fair fields ceaselessly,
Thou thy waters dost supply,
And dost come
Thro' the middle plain descending,
Like the sun thro' middle sky,
Loving good, and without ending,
Bringing corn for granary;
Giving light to every home,
O thou mighty Ptah.

II.

Lord of fish, when comes the flood,
Ravens birds forsake our fields,
Maker of the spelt for food,
And of all the corn-land yields;
He it is by whose will, stand
Strong the temples of the land.
Hater of the idle hand,
To the starving multitude
He gives labor, for the gods
Grieve in their august abodes
Over idle hands, and then
Cometh sorrow unto men.

III.

He unto the oxen's feet
Openeth all the ploughing soil,
Men with joy his coming greet.
Like to Num, the great life-giver,
Lo he shines, and they who toil,
Very glad the whole land over,
Eat and drink beside the river;
Every creature is in clover,
Every mouth is filled with meat.

IV.

Bringing food, of plenty Lord!
All good things he doth create;
Lord most terrible and great,
Yet of joys divine
Fount adored,
He doth in himself combine
All, and all in love doth join.
Grass to fill the oxen's mouth
He provides, to each god brings
Victims meet for offerings,

Choicest incense he supplies.
Lord of North-land, Lord of South,
He doth fill the granaries,
Wealth unto the rich man's door
Adds, and when the poor man cries,
Lo! he careth for the poor.

V.

Growth, fulfilling all desires,
Is his law, he never tires;
As a buckler is his might.
Not on marble is he scrolled,
Like a king with double crown;
Him our eyes cannot behold,
Priests are needed not by him,
Offerings to him are not poured,
Not in sanctuaries dim
Is he god adored.
Yea, his dwelling is unknown,
Never yet in painted shrine,
Have we found his form divine.

VI.

There is naught we build or make
Can our god contain. Thy heart
Doth with no man counsel take,
Yet in thee thy youths rejoice,
And thy voice
And sovereign will
Order all their goings still.
Lo! thy law is firm and fair
Over all the land;
They who play the ruler's part
Are thy servants, far and near,
To command;
North and South
Obey thy mouth,
And thy hand
Wipes from all men's eyes the tear:
Blessing is thy constant care.

VII.

Comes the glorious inundation,
Then comes joy, and then: come smiles
Hearts leap up with exultation;
Even the jag-toothed crocodiles,
Neith's twin suckling sons, are glad,
And those gods, we count with thee.
To earth's glee
Heavenly joyance add.
Doth not Nile's outbursting flood
Overcome all men with good?
Doth he not with his sweet waters,
Bring desire for sons and daughters?
No man's hand doth he employ,
Even without the helpful rain
He can fill our fields with grain,
And bring us mortals joy.

VIII.

In his coming from the dark land
Lo! he giveth gleams of light;
In the pastures, in the park-land
All he maketh with his might;
And this river's living store
Bringeth to the birth,
Out of nothing, what on earth
Was never seen before.
Men from him their "abbas" take,
As to till his fields they fare,
Garden-plot, cucumber-square;
For his workmen he doth care.
Evening, dewy-cold and dim,
Blazing noontide doth he make;
Ptah and Kabes, loved of men,
Blend infinitude in him,
All within their ken
He createth—writings rare,
Sacred words—all things that are
Serviceable in the north
For the ploughman
And the bowman,
By his will he bringeth forth.

IX.

To his house he doth return,
Like a priest for oracles,
Shrinking to his urn;
Cometh forth, just when he wills,
From his mystic fane;

By his wrath the fish are slain,
Then the hungry come before thee,
For the waters they implore thee,
Praying "that the Theban plain
Be like Delta, moist and green,
That each man may swift be seen
Catching up his tools, to haste
From the flood's uprising, none
Leaving fellow-men behind,
Hasting, hurrying, every one;
That the nobles leave adorning,
For the waters rise,
Yea, and break up ere the morning,
Even the Gods' solemnities."
So they pray; in answer comes
The refreshing water flood,
Bringing unto all men food
And fatness for their homes.

X.

Thou who dost the judgment seat
Firm establish; men rejoice,
Flattering thee with grateful voice;
Worshippers thy coming greet,
Thee, their Lord,
With thy mighty waters poured.
Unto thee, with praise, they bring
Gifts of corn for offering,
When the Gods are all adored;
For no fowls upon the land
Fall when thou art by.
Gold they give thee for thy hand,
Gold, in ingots moulded pure,
Gifts of lapis lazuli,
So, secure
The corn shall lie—
So, no hungry bird shall eat
The germinating wheat.

XI.

Hymns to thee the harper plays,
Playing with a skilful hand;
All thy youths for thee are glad,
Children they, thine own.
Thou with full reward dost crown
Their laborious days,
Thou the mighty one, to add
Fit adorning to the land;
And they feel thy great enlightening,
When thou sendest from above
Flashings of thy silver shield;
Then their hearts, with joy, are brightening,
For they know that thou dost love
All the increase of the field.

XII.

In the city of the king
Thou dost shine;
Then the householder may dine,
Faring on each dainty thing.
He who gnawed the lotus-root
When the food was scant,
Laughs at such a pauper's fare;
Perfectly thou dost prepare
All things that thy children want,
Orderest every herb and fruit;
But if food, from out thy hand,
Fail, then joyance too must fail;
Hearts are weary, cheeks are pale
In a weary land.

XIII.

River! when thy waters rise,
Offerings unto thee we make,
Oxen unto thee we slay,
For thee keep our holiday,
Fowls to thee we sacrifice,
Beasts for thee the hunters take,
And unto thy holy name
Rise the gifts of purest flame;
Unto all the gods that be,
Do we bring
An offering,
When we sacrifice to thee.
Incense-clouds ascend to heaven,
Oxen, bulls, and fowls are given
To thine altar's fiery mouth,
When from out the double cave—
Those two openings in the south—

Comes the mighty river,
Nile, of name, in heaven unknown,
Nile, whose forms are never shown—
Forms no man hath sculptured ever,
None can paint or grave.

XIV.

Men extol him, and the gods
Praise him in their high abodes;
Yea, each great and terrible one
Stands in awe of him;
And his son the king, is given,
Lord of all, to send from heaven
Light to Egypt dim,
Light to Egypt, south and north.
Wherefore, river, shine thou forth!
Rise and shine! upon us smile!
Thou who givest life, by giving
Oxen, for the ploughman's team,
Thou who for the oxen's living,
Makest pasture by the stream,
Shine upon us, glorious Nile!

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

"And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to me in solitude."
—Wordsworth.

BY WM. JAMESON.

(Continued.)

The reader may be saved from bestowing unnecessary compassion upon the file of women of all ages, who were slowly trudging along a scarcely visible path from the peat-bank lying at the base of the "Buirghs," about half a mile due west of the township of Buravoe. Each of these women is almost bowed to the ground by the weight of the peats which she carries in a "Cushie" strapped securely to her back. Yet none of them seem burdened in spirit on this bright summer afternoon. Their tongues are moving as fast as their fingers—the latter being employed in knitting, and a ripple of laughter passes backwards and forwards along the file as Marjory Mail, whose place is about the centre of it, makes one smart retort after another to the humorous or sly attacks of her companions upon herself and her American friend. Here I may say that in the faculty of delicate banter the Shetland woman has few rivals among her sex. Yet Marjory, whom the reader will doubtless recognize as the *learned* sister referred to by Mrs. Hoseason, seems able to repel each and every attack. She rarely laughs; the laughter of the rest cannot be constrained, and is in itself sufficient evidence of her skill in the battle of badinage. Presently the combat ceases by mutual consent—for this morning at least; since the peat carriers have reached a point where their roads separate. Some descend to the cottages lying in front of them, at the head of Buravoe itself, others go southward towards Houlland. Marjory pursues her way alone northward towards Brabister.

I am doubtful whether the average artist—painting for the market—would have deemed Marjory Mail, with that load of peat upon her back, "interesting" enough for his purpose. She was beautiful, even more so than her sister, Mrs. Hoseason; because spirituality was more distinct in the expression of her features—but this quality only served to make her present occupation appear incongruous. In short, the said artist

would most probably feel bound to add "romance to the situation"—in some way or another; or else to make his subject "a sweet lass," in order to satisfy the demands of conventional taste.

Hosea Cutt, returning from an unsuccessful attempt at trout fishing in the loch of Flugarth, which lies about a mile northward of Burravoe, perceived that bowed figure approaching him without experiencing emotion of any kind, æsthetic or otherwise. He had seen from afar the peat-gatherers scattering towards their various homes, but felt as little interested in them as any ordinary man of wealth feels in the working classes, male or female. Consequently he did not even look at Marjory as he passed her—his thoughts engrossed in the problem: "Was there any chance of his ever becoming a complete angler?"

The next moment he was thrown into utter confusion by hearing a familiar voice crying after him:

"Hae ye yet settled in your mind what time Odin cam' oot fra Asgard?"

When he turned, Marjory, who had thrown her load of peat from her back, stood erect, smiling at him most mischievously. On the two previous occasions that Mr. Cutt had met his hostess's "learned sister" she was attired after the manner of a respectable young Englishwoman. There was nothing very costly in her raiment, but a critic of her own sex would have declared on sight of her that she knew how to dress well. This morning, she just wore the every day garments of a primitive people. Probably Shetland women looked much as she did as they watched for the return of their men-folk who had gone a-viking a thousand years ago and more along the sea coast of England or France. She wore "rivlins" (or sandles) of salted cowhide, grey woollen stockings, a short brown skirt, or kirtle, a square cut, loose jacket—unattractive garments enough. But her head covering—a brown and white native shawl, redeemed the rest. A woman must indeed be ugly who does not look the better for headgear of that soft, delicate fabric by which the Shetland Islands are alone identified in the minds of many English people.

And the young American saw for the moment simply the head of a stately girl who was laughing at him as a roguish sister might. He raised his hat and he colored and stammered apology, and then, as Marjory repeated her question, it flashed upon him how incongruous were these town-made conventionalities of his, and he burst into laughter too. Then he said:

"I'd better confess at once that I can't settle anything in my mind in this part of the world. I can't classify you Shetlanders and your notions at all. Your country, you say, doesn't belong to England, and you yourselves don't belong to—to—"

"To civilization?"

Marjory had, like a quick-witted woman, noted his brief puzzled glance at her homely attire. Hence this query, followed by a quaint, satirical puckering of her lips, that made Hosea Cutt wriggle inwardly, so to speak.



X 124

A STREET IN CAIRO EGYPT.

"Oh!—conf—!" Then he checked himself very properly; but added, with a sudden inspiration of humor:

"May I swear?"

"Yea. Men-folk hae varra few comforts save smokin' an' sweerin. Puir perie lambs!"

"I guess I'll 'skeddadle'—as we Yankees say—while there's life left in me."

"Na—dinna run, bit tell me what doo tinkest aboot Odin dis morn." Then, dropping the Shetland dialect, Marjory said earnestly: "I won't worry you any more Mr. Cutt, but I *should* like you to modify your notions about our Norse Mythology. I can learn from it, because the spirit of it was born in me. Why do you take your ideas from a stupid set of mechanical cranks who call themselves Folk-Lore-ists?—people who can't understand anything but printed matter—and get

* Poor little darlings;

fogged dreadfully about that too. People with just brains enough to imitate the opinions of learned authorities; people who are up to the eyes and over in self-conceit, because the newspaper men—(I hae cousins who are newspaper men and ken them weel, silly laddies!) because newspaper men say they are fearfully wise. Wise! I canna abide der cuttieshang—da yattering, elting, düless snüls!"

"Is that a native swear?" said Hosea, starting back with pretended horror.

"Not quite. It is the sort of thing a Shetland woman would say to her husband if he gave himself airs of authority."

"I understand that the male population of the islands is diminishing," said the American, solemnly.

The two humorists looked at each other contentedly for a moment or two.

Silence was broken by Mr. Cutt, who said:

"I don't wish to evade your question about the Odin myth. But my knowledge of the subject—which I confess is not very wide, has yet been obtained from books written by men of research; and I hadn't the least idea until you contradicted me last night, that any but simple minded, uneducated people thought there was more in these old stories than just what our best writers say: These tell us that Odin and Thor and the rest of them were either famous fighting men of a few thousand years ago, who in course of time came to be idealized and worshipped by the primitive races of the North; or else they were personifications of the powers of Nature that these early people didn't understand in any rational way like our scientists do. But you and your brother-in-law, and that tremendously learned fellow Gilbertson, seem to talk about Odin and Thor as though they were old friends. There—I throw down my

arms. I admit I do not know that in the least 'what time Odin came from Asgard.' Can you tell me?"

Marjory looked at him fixedly for some moments before replying: "What would be the good? You would just begin to argue again and quote those Folk-lore people to prove the contrary of anything I told ye. No; the only way to learn about the matter is—to *tell yourself*. I cannot truly tell you."

Then she lifted that load of peat to her back, and, saying, "guid morn to ye," slowly trudged in the direction of Brabister.

Hosea's impulse was to follow, and offer to carry that burden of hers. Before, however, he could move, or utter a word she turned her head, and smiled gently upon him, saying:

"Tank ye; but 'every man must bear his ain burden,' ye ken."

The American millionaire stood for he knew not how long on that hill path after she had gone. He mechanically lit a cigar and began to smoke it furiously. The backs of his fingers were scorched by the ash before Mr. Cutt returned to the region of outer things. It could not surely have been this trifling accident, the burning of his fingers, that caused him to exclaim with unmistakable earnestness, as he flung the cigar end away.

"Well, I'm —!"

(To be continued.)

THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY.

I was intensely interested in the article by Carrie C. Rea in THE NEW CENTURY of Nov. 20th, under the above title and would like to take up the subject where she left it and try to answer in part the question with which she closed the article that to me was radiant with the Beauty she wrote about.

"What is this craving within us that seeks for Beauty?"

If by "Beauty" is meant physical beauty, of form, color or expression I do not think we *do* crave for it. We may appear to do so and we may be quite satisfied for a time in the possession, positive or negative, or enjoyment of this physical beauty. But are we ever so entirely satisfied in this enjoyment that we wish for nothing to go with it? I think not. This craving, then, must have its root in something deeper and more lasting than material things whether we realize it or not. Does life totally lose for us all joy and benefit if in the enjoyment of it this beauty changes—even to the great change of Death? I think not again. It seems to me this craving must have its source in the same consciousness as Beauty itself, and that source is defined in the same words as that most beautiful definition the writer has given in her article of Beauty, as "the yearning of the Soul to express itself." Beauty *must* be that or it is nothing. The Soul must be beautiful in every sense and its expression must be beautiful in proportion to its ability to express itself. This alone accounts to me *for* Beauty, and the craving for beauty must be the effort of the Soul in each to recognize and find the point of contact with Soul

in all. But we are as yet largely material, too largely so often for the Soul to consciously express its needs, and so we are attracted by physical beauty. But as we contemplate and enjoy it, if we seek to look deeper, to look within ourselves to find the causes of Beauty and what it means, we at once begin to find relations between something in ourselves and Beauty everywhere. We find something within ourselves that thrills and expands at the recognition of something in Beauty that is deeper than its external expression, that is the impulse of which Beauty is the pulse.

Beauty is the effort of the Soul to blend the vibrations around it into perfect harmony, and the harmony is perfect in proportion as the Soul succeeds. The craving for Beauty is the calling of soul to soul. This cry at times is agonizing, as when we see an evidently beautiful soul imprisoned in a deformed body, or struggling with all its mighty force against adverse conditions that well-nigh weigh it down. How such a Soul leaps to meet us when we recognize it! Straining till it all but breaks the chains of separateness in its effort to attain again in any measure to at-onement. And what a lesson this teaches.

I think we can be successful in our search for Beauty and that we always are successful when we look for it within. When we realize what Beauty really is and what the craving for it is. When we through the expression to the Soul itself and live by its light. When, in short, we practice true Brotherhood.

C. W. DAILEY.

Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 25, 1897.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

BY F. M. P.

Whenever man interferes with the natural course of things retrogression begins; the dammed-up stream becomes the stagnant pool; the flower, deprived of light, loses its fragrance and beauty in decay. The high reproductive instinct in man, when perverted, reduces him to the lowest condition of animal brutality. Religion becomes a byword, and Brotherhood, the "Great Religion of Humanity," a cloak for the worst forms of selfishness. Its real meaning has been obscured, and the word itself is looked upon with suspicion. Yet, when one pauses to think, there is a sense of sacredness, a heart-to-heart feeling attached to the word "Brotherhood." Men of all creeds and conditions, for the moment, forget their differences and meet as brothers in the Masonic Brotherhood. All the higher phases of human life through recorded time have been expressed through Brotherhood. It is the fundamental principle in the teachings of Buddha, Christ, Zoroaster, Confucius, and others. The parable of the good Samaritan, the cup of cold water, and the statement: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these the least of my brothers ye have done it unto me," are all evidence of this fact. All the great teachers have instilled into the minds of their disciples the same basic truth; in fact, all have taken the "great principle

of Universal Brotherhood" as the foundation upon which to lay their special plans for its best presentation to their time and people. That the followers of each teacher have in their selfish intolerance and desire for power sought to establish their narrow misconceptions of the teachings is a fact, but this serves only to more strongly emphasize the necessity for dispelling the fog of selfish creed and dogma with the sure light of truth.

In view of the fact that the one theme of all the great Teachers of humanity has been "Brotherhood," does it not suggest the thought that an understanding, and the practice of Brotherhood will lead mankind out of the wilderness of selfishness into the Promised Land of peace and good will among men? In searching for a safe basis on which to build a conclusion, the intelligent student—following the footprints of the great teachers—examines the book of nature. Looking into this boundless volume he discovers unity in diversity everywhere—everything progressing towards a higher plane of existence under the laws of evolution and re-birth. This is an indisputable fact and leads to the conclusion that whatever is subject to the same law must be the same in essence. Further examination shows that Mother earth made fruitful by the penetrating rays of the Father sun feeds and nourishes from her warm breast everything that lives; the living rocks; the weed and flower, the thorn and fruitful tree; the denizen of the forest, lake and sea. Nor is man—the lord of all—an exception. He is their elder brother. Are not all things having a common parentage brothers in degree? Is not Brotherhood a fact in nature?

Can man claim his birthright "freedom from self" by continuing in blind selfishness to break the divine law of harmony or Brotherhood? The mind entertaining these thoughts is filled with hope and the heart is energized to work for the coming day when man, rising above creed, dogma, hypocrisy and selfishness shall join hand to hand, heart to heart, in one Universal Brotherhood of Humanity and find in its service the haven of rest and peace which he has vainly sought through the gratification of selfish desire and lust for power.

The word Brotherhood is all comprehensive. It embraces the individual, the family, the tribe, the nation and all humanity, as the highest material expression of the unseen Supreme Divinity. Men unite in several organizations; in brotherhoods of labor, of capital, and of religion, but the one all-embracing organization is the "Brotherhood of Humanity." In it are found all opportunities for good or evil. As man toils upward along the path of evolution towards his divine goal.

As the river beginning in the crystal waters of a mountain lake empties into the sea, pure, or defiled, by the feeding streams along its course, so does the individual character pollute or cleanse the mighty stream of human life. Whatever is done in act or thought affects all. A selfish thought lowers the common level, while a helpful thought makes the whole human family better

and happier. All mankind is embraced in one great brotherhood driving the machinery of life. If a single individual is out of harmony or disturbed, he retards but cannot stop the law of progress. It will crush and grind and polish until each comes again into harmonious relations with the whole.

All men are brothers in labor, pain, and pleasure; in the right to work for health and happiness; in birth, life, death, and in the immortality of the soul. When this self-evident truth is generally recognized men will become kindly, helpful, and more tolerant, and the world will blossom as the rose.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

Considerable interest has been awakened throughout the country by the announcement of the death of Mrs. Amelia Koehler, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., at the age of 92 years, owing to the fact that she is supposed to have inspired Thomas Moore's famous poem, "The Last Rose of Summer."

When she was 13 years old she was sent to London, and there she attended a school kept by a sister of the poet, who frequently visited the school and became acquainted with the pupils. Moore took a decided liking to her and would spend hours in conversing with her.

One day, as they were sitting in the garden, she plucked a rose, and placing it on the lapel of the poet's waistcoat, exclaimed, "Oh, now I have given you the last rose of summer." And, as the story runs, this very rose was in fact the last rose left blooming in the garden.

"My child," said the poet, "you have made a beautiful suggestion, and when I have written some verses on it they shall be dedicated to you."

A short time after the incident, Moore wrote the famous lines, and dedicated them to "Amelia," that being the first name of the woman who has just passed away.

Mrs. Koehler's maiden name was Amelia Offergeld; she was born in Aix-la-Chapelle. Her father was an officer in the Prussian army, and her mother was of British descent. She married Charles Koehler, of London, at the age of 15 years, and at his death forty years ago, she came to live with her daughter in this country.

She was at Queen Victoria's wedding, and one of her treasures was a piece of cake, protected by a glass case, which she said was a part of the Queen's wedding cake, which had been given her by one of the maids of honor. —*Sunday Afternoon.*

The fishes breathe but where thy waters roll.
Thy birds fly but within thy airy sea;
My soul breathes only in thy infinite soul;
I breathe, I think, I love, I live but thee.
Oh breathe, Oh think,—Oh Love, live into me;
Unworthy is my life till all divine,
Till thou see in me only what is thine.
Then shall I breathe in sweetest sharing,
then
Think in harmonious consort with my kin;
Then shall I love with all my Father's men;
Feel one with theirs the life my heart within.

—George Macdonald.

THE AMERICAN CRUSADERS AT KILLARNEY.

BY GEO. W. RUSSELL.

It is a place where if you lie down on the earth for rest it must be whispering to you, and its whispering is more beautiful and full of peace than the silence you craved. Such a speech! For here the memories of earth are not clouded by the sadness which elsewhere hangs heavy around the ruins of its overwhelmed empires. If you lie down with closed eyes, some sunny-hearted figure with long tresses of gold will move with gentle stateliness through your dream over green sunlit grasses, or through enchanted glades in a world of its own, and you know you are gazing on the life of a thousand thousand years ago. It was to no tourist's paradise we went, but to Loch Len, the lake of many hammers, where Len, the divine goldsmith, once worked under a palace roof of rainbow, while the fiery dews sprayed like a shower of stars from his anvil. The earth is always greater than her children; and of our summer holiday, I still remember distinctly the great woods of pine dripping with wet, the mountains with their purple shadows crouched below them in the waters, and hoard in my heart the sunsets and starry nights.

The first night, I think it was, I fully realized that there was nothing common or unclean about the place, for a stray donkey, which I had hardly noticed in my first ramble around, appeared to me in dream and showed itself in no every day animal, for it was rayed about with a pearly lustre. I felt the rebuke, and heard it many times after chanting its orisons at twilight without the repugnance I otherwise would have felt for such ostentatious piety. After that I suspected everything and everybody in the place, even a small child who lingered about the camp; his elfish face seemed to betray affinities with the fairy world; and his mysterious reserve when our leader questioned him thereon, intimated, I think, that there were degrees of initiation she was not entitled to inquire into. We were encamped on the crest of a little hill below Mount Torc; and to tell the truth I would have like to have attacked it with spade and pickaxe, and dug my way into the imagined caverns brilliant with light which beset my fancy as existing beneath. The most memorable of our deeds was the selection of a stone for the temple at Point Loma. We drove for this purpose miles on miles, past the Purple Mountain, the Eagle's Nest, and all familiar places, to a wilder but not less wondrous spot about twelve miles from Killarney. Here the gift of our gods to America was discovered a little way from the road—a stone, rude and unshapely, but a thing to ponder over. We heaped a cairn on that spot. Above the road was an elevation from which far leagues of shadowy mountains and valleys streaked with the white shining of waters could be seen. Here we sat in silence.

"These mountains were islands once, between which the ocean came up;



THE CAIRN AT KILLARNEY.

and there was a great temple here in the past"; said our leader, who looked long and long down the vistas, and perhaps down many a path of mystic memories to happier days than ours. Often the hunting call of the Fianna was heard upon these hills; and before their time, as some traditions relate, it was to these lakes Fand by her beauty and magic art drew Cuculain to war in dim battles with the Sidhe and to forget home and kindred. Yet it must have been before all recorded tradition that the temple was filled with worshippers, when the gods had cast round the isle the Faed Fia, the mantle of invisibility, and a magic people wrought their secret wonders in a land loud with music and burning with the light of the Fire-God. But for us who went there to day there was surely some magic also. Those rich fountains still send forth in secret their streams of healing over the earth; and we may have opened our hearts to receive there as in a cup some of the immortal waters to refresh us in this grey age when life is so weary. I think it was so, and that the spot is not forgotten of the gods. As I lay there in the sunlight, by the beating of my heart I knew it was aware of more things than my mind could perceive. A little quickening of my senses and I might have fathomed it:

A laughter in the diamond air, a music in the trembling grass,
And one by one the words of light as joy-drops through my being pass:
"I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver moon-glow in the mind:
My laughter runs and ripples through the wavy tresses of the wind.
I am the fire upon the hills, the dancing flame which leads afar
Each burning-hearted wanderer, and I the dear and homeward star.
A myriad lovers died for me, and in their latest yielding breath
I woke in glory giving them immortal life though kissed by death.
They knew me from the dawn of time. If Hermes beats his rainbow wings,
If Angus shakes his locks of light, or golden-haired Apollo sings,
It matters not the name, the land; my joy in all the gods abides:
Even in the cricket in the grass some dimness of me smiles and hides.
For joy of me the daylight glows, and with delight and wild desire
The peacock twilight rays aloft its plumes and blooms of shadowy fire,
Where in the vastness too I burn through summer nights and ages long,
And with the fiery-footed planets shake in myriad dance and song.

Yes, here, surely, though not by any outward eyes, would Angus be seen. Perhaps, for he is the Master of Harmonies, he may have been present and shed the peace which filled us on that grey, cheerful Sabbath when we sat in a circle and talked of our mighty hopes.

Indeed our presence there may well have been of greater import than we knew ourselves, and may have seemed in other spheres no less memorable for what it antedated than the gathering of Amergin and his druids on Mount Usna, when the fires were lit which after filled all Fohla with their glory. Truly, it was strange to find Ireland invaded anew by warriors of the same mystic faith as the sons of Meled, though bent on the more subtle conquests of love and prepared for intellectual battle. They proclaimed here almost for the first time for centuries those great universal ideals, for lack of which the abundant intuition and fire of the Celt has in time past been lost, or gone astray on futile quests.

In the rich nights, as we sat together round the camp-fire, the Kindly Children of Twilight, seen by some, passed us by with shadowy draperies. Perhaps it was by the spell of song and music we raised them from their subterranean palaces; or it may be there was in our hearts some of the golden lustre which shone in the divine races whom here the earth keeps in such living remembrance, for they did not fly from us; and mayhap too there may have glimmered about us some forms they knew of old. It was but a few days we were here, but I do not think they will soon be forgotten. Some tie held a friend and myself in the deserted camp for a day or too; and even long after I had departed I would wake from sleep to find the enchantment recreated in dream. There were the fire emitting mountains, the mystic woods, lakes, stars, around me in the magic night; so wondrous, so ethereal, they did not seem a vestige of the isle I knew, but of that other hidden Erie they called the Land of the Living Heart.

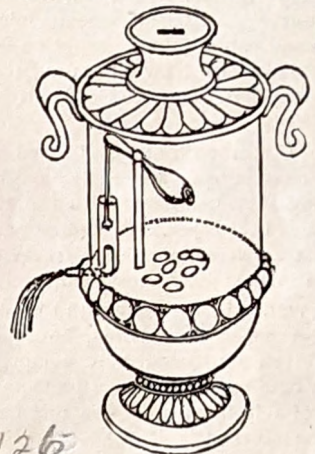
Matter is a greater mystery than mind.—Spirit seems to me to be the reality of the world. My idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another.—Tennyson.

A SLOT-MACHINE TWENTY CENTURIES AGO.

The mechanical devices of Hero of Alexandria furnish many examples of the germs of modern inventions, from the steam-engine down, so much so that they seem to be a never-failing source of wonder to those in search of mechanical curiosities. The latest modern device to be unearthed from among them is the slot-machine. *The Daily Mail*, London, gives the accompanying sketch of what certainly embodies the principle of the modern "nickel-in-the-slot" weighing or vending machines, although it is 2000 years old. We quote an abstract from *Merck's Report*, as follows;

"If any one were inclined to throw a doubt upon that oft-quoted dictum of King Solomon under the effect that 'there is nothing new under the sun,' he would probably feel bound to make an exception in the case of the penny-in-the-slot machine.

"There is good evidence, however, that a coin-actuated machine was invented, if not actually in use, more than 2000 years ago. Here is a correct picture of the machine itself, which is copied from that which appears in the book on 'Pneumatics,' which was written by Hero of Alexandria, 150 B. C.



"The machine is described as a 'sacrificial vessel, which flows only when money is introduced,' and the manner in which this result is brought about can be readily understood by reference to the drawing. A coin dropped into the slit at the top of the vase depresses a lever, which has at its end a broad plate upon which the coin momentarily rests. At the other end this lever raises a plug from the mouth of a pipe, causing any liquid with which the vase may be charged to flow out at the side.

"Whether the vase was filled with holy water or what part it took in the religious ceremonial of the time can not be gathered from Hero's book. There is simply the drawing and description of the apparatus, which, as will be seen, is a penny-in-the-slot device pure and simple. And, curiously enough, the dispensing of liquids by slot-machines is one of the very latest adaptations of the inventions."—*Literary Digest*.

A sage once said: "I have learned much from my teachers, more from my companions, and most from my pupils."

The New Century

Edited by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley

Published every Thursday by

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

1004 Havemeyer Building

26 Cortlandt St., New York City

MR. CLARK THURSTON,
BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL MANAGER.

Entered as Second Class Matter in the New York
Post Office.

Price. The Subscription price is \$1.50 a year payable in advance. 5 cents a copy.

Postage is prepaid for all subscriptions in United States, Canada and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add 50 cents for postage.

Change of address should be notified without delay.

Remittances should be sent by Check or Money Order payable to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION. If cash is sent it should be in a Registered Letter.

Receipt of paper should be regarded as sufficient acknowledgment of subscription.

NOTICES.

ALL communications connected with the EDITORIAL department and BOOKS and PERIODICALS for Review should be sent to Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, marked "Century." All business communications and subscriptions, should be addressed to THE NEW CENTURY, 1004 Havemeyer Building, 26 Cortlandt St., New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The editor will endeavor to answer briefly inquiries on any subject directly related to the objects of the paper. All inquiries may not be answered, nor may answers be made in next issue after their receipt.

ARTICLES in harmony with the aim of the paper are invited, but they should be accompanied by stamps in every case to defray return postage in case of rejection; otherwise they cannot be returned.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The editor has a large number of interesting pictures and photographs collected on the Theosophical Crusade around the world, which will be introduced from week to week.

ADVERTISERS will find our columns an excellent medium for world-wide publicity as the circulation of THE NEW CENTURY is international. Rates, which are moderate, will be furnished on application.

IMPORTANT.

We receive every week most encouraging letters of congratulation and approval, and these we are always delighted to see, but we want the circulation of the paper pushed actively. Some of our friends get from 20 to 50 copies per week at the 3 cent rate for sale at all public meetings. If all our friends did the same thing our venture would be put on a satisfactory basis and further developments made possible. Unity and coöperation in this work will carry us through to success. Suppose you write at once and arrange for a regular supply? Every one can help.

NOTES.

"He whose mind is free from the illusion of self, will stand and not fall in the battle of life."

It is not in the nature of an honest man to live for himself and be satisfied; when one arrives at that point where he says—"Lo! I am satisfied, I am sufficient unto myself. Behold I need neither helper or teacher—Karma must take its course"—then you may be sure that that one is either a weakling, a fool, or a caricature.

Possibly he may be a hypocrite of an ambitious mind, seeking to create a little world of his own wherein he may hold sway, and pose before men as the light of the coming ages.

Such as he may even cry freedom, liberty, distinctive independence, from the house-tops, the by-ways, and the highways; or he may be one of a more subtle kind, standing apart from the "common herd" and in the society of "well groomed men and women" writing and talking, in whispers of warning of the coming dangers that await those who do not seek independence and follow him into his self-made kingdom of liberty. How much we have to learn when we see appearances like these, and realize the condition of the present time, and the battle that lies before us on the material and spiritual plane.

Are there not in our civilization to-day signs that mark a unique barbarism among us, showing an immense danger of retrogression? Can we not see in spite of all the good there is in the world, that the very blood of some of our brothers is teeming with a heartless cruelty, a subtle viciousness, and a monstrous selfishness and hypocrisy? Is not the world brimful of unrest, unhappiness, injustice, and despair; and are we not on the very edge of a condition which, if not improved, must sweep away the bright prospects of our present civilization?

Viewing the present striking aspects can we for one moment be satisfied to live contentedly and selfishly in the shadow of darkness and unrest? Is it possible for anyone having one grain of human pity in his heart, or love of truth and justice, to do aught but work, work, all the time unflinchingly, and unselfishly for his brother man and all creatures,—not apart, but among them, with a courage and devotion that obscures all thought of self—on a line of simple justice and in the spirit of true peace.

"We need not fear excessive influence. . . . A more generous trust is permitted. Stick at no humiliation. Grudge no office thou canst render. Be the limb of their body, the breath of their mouth. Compromise thy egotism. Who cares for that, so thou gain aught wider and nobler? never mind the taunt of Boswellism: the devotion may easily be greater than the wretched pride which is guarding its own skirts." * * *

The recognition of the divinity in us all, is necessary to comprehend the foundation of brotherhood. The paths we have trodden in learning Nature's laws should enable us to extend invaluable assistance to our fellow men.

Dr. Minot J. Savage is giving a series of lectures in this city on the subject of "Unitarianism." In the first sermon of the course, preached last Sunday, he made the statement that liberality of thought might belong to any people of any country and be accepted by them as expressing their innate religion. Dr. Savage said: "We have discovered the unity of thought, and we have learned to know that there is just one thought in the universe. Should we not believe in the unity of God when we see one eternal changeless order? There is a unity of love, of man, of ethics, righteousness. There is but one religion. All of us are the children of God. There is but one destiny. Some day every soul, however stained, however small, however distorted, will rise." K. A. T.

POINTERS.

BY D. N. DUNLOP.

The other day I was reading a magazine article which took the form of a wordy outburst regarding the relationship between priest and people. It is an old subject, and of course the writer had not much to say that was new, although the method of presenting the argument was somewhat different from the usual one.

The keynote of the article seemed to be "Interdependent, men are and always will be; self-dependent they must yet become." A contradiction in terms surely! and to say the least of it, would certainly require some explanation. It is an age when much boasting of self-dependence is indulged in. It is a hollow cry and means little. To be self-reliant is one thing; so be self-dependent when in the very nature of things "men are and always will be" interdependent, is another thing.

The article has some peculiarities: If a man has no ideal higher than money making, it would seem, he must stick to that—because forsooth it is his own. The higher ideal of another might mean ruin—to his money making? The light which lighteth one man is the same as the light which lighteth every man who comes into the world, but every man must follow his own light (as if any light was exclusively his own), even to hell, rather than follow the same light burning more brightly in another. The limitations are his own certainly; and they are only good for obscuring the light; they are indeed the result of his past, not the ideals as the writer suggests.

Great emphasis is laid on "soul saving" as if such a thing were really possible. It is a question of serving souls, not saving them. The writer labors to show that the statement "that the motive counts" is a misleading one. Mr. Judge wrote once "the real test is in the motive and not in the result," and it seems so perfectly obvious that no time need be spent in elaborating any argument in support of it.

The point the writer makes about man leaning on "anything, so long as he leans," is surely not well taken unless it be to emphasize the fact that the modern tendency of man is to lean on himself.

The functions of a spiritual teacher are laid down rather dogmatically; they should supply the demand of the people, and for what reason? That the people, it would appear, should only be guided by *their own* souls, as if indeed they were personal possessions. In other words the people should be more enlightened than the priests, but in that case also the priests should follow *their own* souls and not be guided and led by the demands of the people.

The acceptance of a "priest-teacher" is surely quite clear; the Soul is one; in a teacher worthy the name it manifests more fully than in others; and "the people" seeing this, recognize and follow. It is their own action. The difficulty is that men are so self-conceited that they cannot recognize a teacher; that is left to the few, now, as in the past. *The true "priest-teacher" does not demand obedience; he evokes it.* Where the true teacher is to be found the relationship between him and the people who recognize him, is a perfectly natural one. True "Priest-teachers" are few, and it is little use expending energy over a system where true spiritual teachers are no longer to be found; not by such means is the cause of truth aided.

I remember on one occasion talking to a friend and railing to him with all the vehemence at my command against the pope, the priests, and the church generally. He smiled gently and said, "Ah! My young friend, you may save yourself the trouble of so much talk. What you desire will not come about by such means, even admitting that, as you say, it was desirable for the good of humanity." And he was right; other methods must be adopted. In following the directions of a *true* teacher, we follow the line of least resistance, and find in the midst of all opposing forces, no matter how strong they may outwardly appear, that "it is a contest of smiles if we really know our business."

Referring to a characteristic of the present period Mr. Judge wrote: "In this nineteenth century a ledge is no good because every one reserves to himself the right to break it, if he finds after a while that it is galling or that it puts him in some inconsistent attitude" and again, emphasizing the great necessity of our day he wrote: "Let me say one thing I *know*: only the feeling of true brotherhood; of true love towards humanity, aroused in the soul of someone strong enough to stem this tide can carry us thro' to the close of the next century and onward. For *Love* and *Trust* are the only weapons that can overcome the *real* enemies against which the true lover of humanity must fight. If I, or you, go into this battle from pride, from self-will, from desire to hold our position in the face of the world, from anything but the purest motives we will fail."

The true "priest-teachers," as they themselves have declared, are philanthropists and care only for that. It is not membership in any church or mystical body that brings us into touch with them, "but just philanthropic work" carried on "with just the pure motive."

EDUCATION—HOW, AND BY WHOM?

BY HERBERT CROOKE.

"Self knowledge is of loving deeds the child."

In these columns an attempt has been made to disclose the purpose of education, and our readers will, ere this, have realized that the Education Problem is not one that can be solved by School Board enactments, greater school accommodation, freedom from dogmatic religious teaching, rigid school inspection and the like. All these may be very necessary in the clearing of the way so that a right system of physical, mental and moral training may obtain. But they are no more a solution of the main question than the clearing of a pine forest would be the guarantee that a delightful chateau shall be built on the elevated site.

Many things may happen after the clearing away process. The mud cabin of the savage, a manufactory of wooden idols, a palace for gambling and sensuous enjoyments, the hermitage of one disgusted with the world of men, or a temple fitted for those exercises which elevate and purify mankind may be constructed thereon. Thus we can readily see that educational enactments and paraphernalia are of themselves nothing and worse than nothing if the plan of education goes no further, or if it depends upon the unknown qualifications of some chance teacher to be engaged when the school house is built, the appointments are assembled and the pupils marshalled into place.

How, then, ought we to proceed in our attempts at a proper solution of this most difficult problem? There will doubtless be many answers to this question, each of which will be more or less antagonistic to the others. But every answer, thoughtfully made, will carry with it some germ of truth and, perhaps, out of the whole, under the direction of a master mind, a plan may be evolved that shall be preëminently practical and serviceable to humanity. One thing is certain, that the directing of our attention to the difficulty, meditating upon it day by day, holding our minds on it for a brief period each day, will fit us to discuss it with enlightened apprehension of what is needed more than anything else could possibly do.

The writer has among his acquaintances many friends who are specialists in many departments of life's business. One is a healer, of great ability to sense the evidence of disease and to prescribe suitable remedies; another is a teacher of the blind and mute, who has achieved remarkable success where many have failed; a third has the power to express thought in beautiful, soul stirring rhythmic language and to clothe in wonderful colors, harmoniously blended, ideas that words fail to express; yet another who can take the child-mind and, by easy graduations, lead it into the realm of knowledge necessary for its adult life. Some of these friends are unknown to each other, although the friends of the writer, and their spheres of work are separated in some cases by thousands of miles.

Is it not possible, we would ask, for some concerted plan of action to be established by which the wisdom of these several classes of teachers and helpers of humanity could be focussed upon this problem of education so that out of the combined radiations, so to say, there should come such a brilliant intelligence as would clear away all the mists of ignorance and manifest the truth by which the whole earth should be redeemed?

Take a glance at the lives of the great teachers of the past which even history records, poor and unreliable as it is amid the clang and clash of the doings of ambitious monarchs and men. Such lives invariably disclose these characteristics—self-abnegation, compassion, a clear apprehension of the thoughts and motives of others, a determined will to make known the truth as they possess it, and an utter disregard of those conventional notions of life that dwarf a man and kill out what has always been called spiritual life. Such great teachers have always gathered around them a few, chosen from the multitude of their followers, to whom they were able to impart more readily their lofty ideas, and who, in their turn, became teachers and prophets and healers among men.

If this has been so in the past, why should it not be so now and in the future? We see around us the ruins of systems of education, of schools of thought which even in their decay and degradation are sublime and to which millions of our fellow-men still turn for that solatium for which every human heart yearns. If after thousands of years their influence can yet be so potent and awe-inspiring what must they have been in the hey-day of their glory and power?

These are the facts of history, and from them we can build hypotheses and conjure up pictures that the modern socialistic dream sketched in Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" shall be but merely the framework or outer fringe.

The storehouse of wisdom for ourselves and our children is still get-at-able, the gems are still there, untarnished by time's withering hand; we may still enter and claim them as diadems for the crowns which shall adorn the brow in the perfection of our manhood. There are still those willing and powerful to aid us in our aspirations. Shall we go on sleeping and grubbing and stumbling along in the darkness of our ignorance, terrified every now and then by some hobgoblin of our own creation that affrights in the dense blackness that surrounds us!

Oh! that with a voice of ten thousand alarm bells we could be awakened from the lethargy that encompasses us, that we could enter upon our birth-right—that we could, without fear or favor, pass into the most holy place and there enjoy that reward for our labors to which we should be entitled!

Brother reader, if you feel like this will you make some effort to this end; will you lend your powers of perception, your experience of life to the solution of this problem? If so, let your deter-

mination be known, seek to join hands with the leader of the movement represented by this journal. Be willing to sacrifice some of your time from pleasurable pursuits, or ambitious business or political aims; give of your intelligence and unique experience to the common fund. Give—whether by correspondence or by contact and communion with those others, also your brethren, who are devoting their lives to the glorious cause of uplifting humanity.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

BY JUDGE E. O'ROURKE.

The door of the I. B. L. is open to all. No one is excluded. No matter what one's opinions may be; no matter what his standing in society—a way is open to him to work in the cause of human brotherhood. The sign that his human nature is divinely favored is that he is willing to work. There is so much to do along the lines of the I. B. L. that at times one may, without reflection, not know what is most urgent and needful to accomplish the best immediate results. Hence every one should consider that there should be an orderly method to do work well, to achieve the most beneficial results. The Leader of this movement has a plan which has been carefully thought out, which is feasible—therefore all earnestly desirous of working to help humanity should not stop and object to the plan or any feature of the plan, before entering upon the work. In the course of time all plans are changed to meet conditions and circumstances as they arise. No plan that could be devised would apply to all ages. The plan is simply a form that, all things considered, is best for the present. What the future will unfold none of us absolutely know. But when we reach a higher and better place in evolution a plan will be formulated to meet the demands which the future will require.

Let us reflect for a moment that we have a heterogeneous mass of people to deal with. All kinds of people have, in one way or another, to be reached. All sorts of opinions and views, though vague and uncertain, are held by men and women. What are called orthodox beliefs and those known as heterodox and agnostic opinions are entertained according to growth and environment. In all divisions of the Church men and women are unsettled and at sea as to the true origin and destiny of man. This being the situation, look what a work is before the thoughtful and reflective. Man cannot live and be a moment inactive. He is constantly impelled to act. He must act or perish by his own inaction. It is said that it took Rome three hundred years to die from conditions created by herself. And when we consider the conditions that exist here in this country the conclusion is irresistible that altho' we have more vitality and self-reliance than Rome had, signs of decay are making their appearance, and the dreadful night is swiftly approaching.

Looking at other parts of the world we find the signs equally as bad, to say the least. Men then must cease to wrangle and dispute about things non-essential to the regeneration of the world and go to work to improve the conditions of the people; inspire them with hope for a better day; and a better day will come. I have confidence in the intelligence and good sense of those who largely mould opinion that they will soon see their way clear to take a part in a movement such as this. The great wealth or great intelligence of a large minority will not save them unless they hold and use the same as a trust for the benefit of mankind. Justice rules the world. And if that all-searching and all penetrating principle be violated an adjustment must be made that will surely react on those who have violated the law and disturbed the proper equilibrium.

By timely action the wealthy and the intelligent can do something for the mass of mankind and thereby save themselves from the dreadful state of fear and distrust that are now enshrouding them. Distrust has too long prevailed. It has taken possession of the minds of men. The wealthy have no confidence in each other—as experience shows. The poor distrust each other. And men in general are at war about the things that are of to-day without any apparent aim for the real good of the future. Expedience, present advantage and temporary success are kept in view. What is necessary is that men should build for permanent good and permanent advantage. It is never too late to commence. While these things are noticed, we know that there are many who have the ability to help, to help in a material way, to help by voice and pen. Not having had the matter sharply brought to their attention, they remain inactive because they have not taken the time to consider the question deeply, but wait until gaunt famine and misery stare them in the face, and then they are forced to act or have the finger of scorn pointed at them as being inhuman and indifferent to the condition of their fellow men. If the money expended and efforts made to relieve the distressed had been expended and employed to help those in need of proper attention and guidance, much money would have been saved and lasting good would have come to those now the victims of poverty. Like the foolish man neglectful as to the condition of his house, as to whether it is secure against the elements, does nothing until the storm comes or fire breaks out;—so in like manner, too many wait until frightened by horrible cries of pain and distress before they are moved to help their fellow men. Many, too, fail to act in aid of such a movement as the I. B. L. because they seem to think that it is only a small affair. They recognize that the objects are good—the plan is well thought out, but they don't understand how it can be carried out. They have not reflected that all great reforms to help the human race have had small beginnings and that success finally came by devotion to the cause of justice and humanity. And so it will be as to this movement. Many great

thoughtful minds will be enlisted in the cause—material aid will come. Men and women who have long waited for some such movement will begin to realize that regeneration must be aimed at. Reform must come from within. Those who are able to think will come to know that the enactment of laws alone will not reform existing conditions. That education of the masses—i. e., intellectual training alone will not reform people. It may make them smart and enable them to make money, but such an education is one-sided. The hearts of the youth must be touched. The idea that we should work for self alone—that all enter the race but only the one that leads should have the prize—that the many—the losers—should be neglected—must be set aside as unjust and selfish. All should be encouraged. And when all make the effort to win, all are entitled to equal credit, because if each has done his best, whether he wins or loses, he is entitled to share in the good results that come from honest effort. All effort must be considered as for the common good.

Know that, in giving the helping hand ungrudgingly, you do most assuredly contribute to your own development and the attainment of real knowledge, while at the same time you make possible, as was never before the case, the establishment of a system of higher education that shall startle the new century, and bring peace and contentment in which shall bloom the very Flower of Humanity.

* * *

At a country school not a hundred miles from Weatherley one of the directors is a clergyman. He sent word that he, with the other directors, would visit the school. The teacher, a young girl, was desirous of making a good impression, so she drilled the children carefully as to just what to say on the occasion of the visit. The first boy was asked, "Who made you?" His reply was to be "God." The second boy was to be asked, "Who was the first man?" His answer, of course, was to be "Adam."

The appointed hour came, and in her flurry the teacher failed to notice that the first boy was absent. She walked over and asked, "Johnny, who made you?" "Adam," was the reply. "No! No! Johnnie; God made you." "No he didn't. The boy what God made stayed at home to-day."

* * *

In the city of Paris there are two places where poor people can spend the night, 14 asylums for the homeless, which last year lodged 144,037 persons, of whom 15,557 were women, and 2606 children. Among the lodgers were 246 professors and teachers, 18 students, 5 authors, 5 journalists, 120 actors and singers, 30 musicians, and 16 music teachers.

* * *

A little girl on Long Island offered a rather remarkable prayer a few nights ago when she said, "I do thank Thee, God, for all my blessings, and I'll do as much for you some time."

Who is wise? He who can learn from every one."

MEXICO'S MARVELLOUS RUINS.

The following, written by Mr. William Nevin, an American explorer, now in Central America, was recently published in the New York *Herald* cannot fail to interest some of our numerous readers abroad.

It is one of the remarkable finds in America, which belongs to the new order of things. Still greater discoveries than this will follow, which will prove the existence of a high civilization—antedating that of Egypt and India.

CAMP NEAR RUINS, via CHILPANCINGO, Mexico, Nov. 5, 1897.

I am again in the heart of the wilderness of Southwestern Mexico, and am encamped beside the ruins of a prehistoric city that had evidently fallen into decay long before Columbus discovered America. Before my eyes stretch away acres upon acres of the remains of this mysterious civilization, and as I look out from my tent door I see on every hand evidences of the mightiness of this now utterly lost race.

Our camp is near the same neighborhood that I touched at last year, but where I was not able to remain long, owing to the climate and lack of help. My journey to this wild spot on that occasion was by the merest accident. I was traveling in quest of minerals, when some natives came to my tent one night and showed me a number of wonderful stone idols, war implements and pieces of jewelry, which they said they had found in the ruins of a great, mysterious, unknown and half-buried city that lay crumbling in decay in the unexplored wilderness beyond.

I induced one of the natives to guide me to the spot. For several days we traveled through a wild and uninhabited land, that was so unpropitious that I began to doubt the faithfulness of my guide. So wild was the country as we journeyed inward that I was on the point of abandoning the quest, when the native pointed out to me what appeared to be an artificially leveled path, and said that it had once formed a roadway leading up to the ruined city. It was so overgrown with trees and underbrush that it was only by the greatest difficulty we were able to follow. Passing through vast tracts of swampy wilderness and dense tropical forests, we at last came upon the site of the wonderful ruins.

Through vast extents of crumbling remains the guide took me, and on every hand I saw the evidence of a great buried nation. I saw at once that it was a discovery of great archaeological importance, but had not the necessary equipments and assistance to excavate the remains. So I made a careful study of the location and returned to New York for the requirements necessary for a prolonged stay. Equipped with arms, ammunition, tools and provisions, I again set out for the ruins last September.

Our journey was a rough one, but we reached here all right. We had some trouble in finding the old roadway, but finally struck it, and shortly afterward began to encounter the little detached groups of ruins that I had noticed on my previous trip. Presently, as we began to get near the great mass of decaying grandeur that once formed the ancient metropolis itself, I for the second time got a good view of the ruins. They seemed to me even more wonderful than before. It must have been an immense nation, and this city, or district, I should judge, was fully as large as Babylon or Thebes or other famous cities of remote antiquity. Its buildings, save those that were built on the tops of huge pyramids, were of rather low construction, but exceedingly massive.

As we journeyed along through the tangled underbrush we could see the faint outlines of a great mass of ruins that rose majestically up from the plain some distance ahead of us. This we have since found out to be an immense arch, or doorway, and it seems probable that it may at one time have been one of the chief entrances into the city. It is made of great unhewn stones piled closely together and held in place by a clay substance resembling cement.

A few minutes before the sun finally sank we reached the first of the crumbling structures, and, clambering over great masses of fragments of stone, mounted a little hill and looked out over the remains of the fallen nation. I wish it lay within the power of my pen to give some idea of that wonderful sight. There, all bathed in the red glow of the sinking sun, were miles upon miles of ruins—fragments of shattered columns, portions of temple walls and the last remnants of what had once been shrines and palaces of kings, varied here and there with patches of green bush and tangled underwood.

After viewing the impressive scene for some time we descended to the ruins and, selecting a spot beside the crumbling walls of a great temple, pitched our tent. Our equipments and provisions were then moved up and we made our preparations for a long stay. After establishing the camp as comfortably as circumstances would allow we unloaded the mules and, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, were soon fast asleep. The next day we began explorations in earnest. We came upon the foundations of huge buildings in a fast decaying state, and that I have no doubt within the next few centuries will have crumbled away altogether, and upon the walls, that had sunk until now only a few feet remained standing above the ground. Many of these measure from forty to one hundred feet square.

We made a general survey of the place and on every hand encountered monuments and walls of the greatest interest. In many places great mounds of decaying stone marked the sites where huge structures had once stood. We finally began excavations upon the site of what appeared to have been a building of great importance. The plan of this structure measures three hundred by two hundred feet. In the centre of it we found a huge altar of solid masonry fifteen feet square by nearly twenty feet high and in a remarkably good state of preservation. There are many such altars scattered throughout these ruins. They appear to have been used for sacrificial purposes, and some of them are built upon the very apex of huge pyramidal piles, evidently constructed solely for their foundation.

At each corner of the foundations of the building mentioned we unearthed circular towers six feet in thickness and most remarkably designed. We endeavored to take photographs of them, but, owing to the trees and the thick tropical underbrush, it was impossible to show them as they really appeared. In fact, the dense growth in places almost buried the great walls from view. Trees as large around as a man's body grew straight up beside them and almost right out of the stones themselves. For hundreds of years this unrestrained growth of wild vegetation has been going on, until some portions of the ruined structures are so entwined with vines and weeds that it was only with great difficulty that we could remove them without displacing the stones themselves. In many instances we found the underbrush actually growing out of the walls.

After digging through a thick layer of masonry we effected an opening and found ourselves in an immense circular chamber filled with dust and fragments of timber. This

wood had remained so long sealed up here that upon contact with the air it became soft as tinder and crumbled at the slightest touch. The chamber also contained a quantity of broken plaster, painted a brilliant red and white and which had undoubtedly once formed the coating of the inner walls. The pigment appeared to have been of excellent quality. Mixed with this debris were large bowlders, gravel and many parts of broken statues. In the centre of this remarkable building was a long carved altar, and in an adjoining chamber we were astonished to find skeletons and human bones.

We cleaned out the chamber, and on the floor, lying under a mass of crumbings, found large quantities of stone beads, idols, masks, and heads made of diorite. These idols are of various shapes and appearances, but all of them, even the most weird looking, have the human form. Some of them are fairly well proportioned, while others are of the most hideous conception, with huge heads and abnormally long faces. Others, again, have small bodies and exceedingly large legs, each leg being almost as large as the entire rest of the body. Then, there are still others with small heads, small legs, and great wide bodies, while others, again, do not bear resemblance to any form of beings known of to-day. These idols undoubtedly represent the religious worship of this forgotten people. The masks which we have found are mostly of stone, and in nearly every case the face bears a stolid expression, with the mouth wide open. They vary in size from that of a man's head down to but a few inches, and all of them seem to have been very carefully made.

TWO REMARKABLE PYRAMIDS.

Some little distance southeast of these ruined buildings are two wonderful pyramids, one being no less than sixty feet high. Here the ruins are rich in treasure in the shape of personal ornamentations, terra cotta seals and various other objects. Here also we found an idol with the most curious markings on the breast—a design of fire, and on the face a striking expression of pain. A little further on we excavated in what seemed a particularly inviting spot and dug up a quantity of bone and shell ornaments, and within a space of twelve inches no less than two dozen finely formed lance heads and two small masks. Close to this spot is a layer of human bones six inches thick and twenty feet in length. The skulls appear perfect, but are so frail that they fall to pieces at the slightest pressure. A similar deposit of bone is visible from a canyon twenty-five feet below. We have also explored a few miles north of what appears to have been the limits of the city itself and have found a number of structures similar to those in the city proper, but smaller and almost entirely buried.

We are pushing our excavations with all possible despatch, and in a short time hope to be able to find something that will give us a more definite clue to the relationship of this wonderful people to the rest of the human race, and in what period of the remote past they inhabited this continent.

"The love that enlarges not its borders, that is not ever spreading and including, and deepening, will contract, shrivel, decay and die. We have been in families that we may learn Universal Brotherhood. For there is a bond between me, and the most wretched liar that ever died for the murder he would not even confess, infinitely closer than that which springs only from having the same father and mother. That we are the offspring of God, is a bond closer than all other bonds in one."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

(LOTUS GROUPS)

OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

(UNSECTARIAN)

"HELPING AND SHARING IS WHAT BROTHERHOOD MEANS."

GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT, MRS. E. C. MAVER

Children's Page conducted by Miss ELIZABETH WHITNEY and Miss MARGARET LLOYD



"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern—it will come out a rose by and by. Life is like that, one stitch at a time, taken patiently and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery."

A BOY HERO.

BY MARGARET STUART LLOYD.

He was only a boy who lived in a big tenement house in Stanton Street. Just a poorly dressed, shuffling boy, with a world of mischief peeping out from the corners of his eyes. There are thousands like him in New York.

Not another boy on the street got into so many scrapes as did Sammy Goldstein. Many a lad had it "laid up" for him, because of fights in which Sammy had come off victorious. Many a grocer had vowed vengeance on him because the boy delighted in turning boxes of vegetables into the street, upsetting barrels of potatoes and other acts of lawlessness. The street vendors and Italians avoided Sammy as they would a pestilence, in painful memory of times Sammy had instigated the "fellers" to torment them. But notwithstanding his mischievous ways, Sammy had some rarely fine qualities, and so his story is told you.

He had been enticed to become one of a gang of street boys, who were the terror of Stanton Street. The gang did not mean to be actually wicked, but they were full of the spirit of the American boy and bent on having a good time. The public schools were closed and they did not know what to do with themselves. Only the children of the very poor, perhaps, really know how dreadful the hot summer days are in this big city. No chance to get away and be cool, no green fields to play in, nothing but the blazing pavement in the daytime and the close stuffy tenement at night.

Rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, at heart all children share certain instincts in common. Of the most neglected little waif it may truthfully be said that only a gentle touch is needed to bring out real nobility of character. Dear child who read this, if you had to

endure all the hardships which Sammy and his chums took as a matter of course, perhaps you, too, would have loved the freedom of the streets as much as they did.

One day the gang had been playing at leap frog, when a big boy, almost twice as large as Sammy, told the latter to bend down.

"You're too big," said Sammy.

"Huh, I thought you had too much sense to be scared of a feller a little bigger'n you!"

"I ain't afraid, you jest come on," and Sammy crouched down on the hot sidewalk while the rest of the boys stood expectantly and watched the big boy, who started to jump over Sammy's back.

Somehow he missed the mark and came down with a heavy thud on the little boy's back. The others watched a minute and then, seeing that Sammy made no effort to rise, they crowded around him. He lay there white and still, his eyes closed.

"Oh gee, fellers, I guess he's hurt awful," said one of the now thoroughly frightened boys.

"Let's run to the drug store," said some of them, and started down the street. They rushed to a drug store on the corner and soon reappeared, bringing the druggist with them. The boys made room for him and after vainly endeavoring to wake Sammy, he managed to lift the boy up and carry him to his mother's room. On the way he tried to find out how the accident had occurred, but the boys were so frightened and so confused that all he could gather was that Sammy had been injured while playing. When they had arrived at the tenement where Sammy lived, the druggist carried his burden up the long flights of stairs to Mrs. Goldstein.

"Oh, what is the matter mit my boy," she cried. She bent over poor unconscious Sammy in despair. The neighbors came in, attracted by her cries, and soon there was a crowd in the small room. Even the babies toddled in to see what was the matter. The confusion was stopped by the entrance of the dispensary doctor. He made all

the gesticulating crowd leave the room and then bent over to see what could be done for Sammy, who had become partially awakened and now lay faintly moaning on the little, worn sofa. He examined the boy carefully, then went outside the room into the hall, where he gathered from some of Sammy's frightened playmates who stood there how the accident had occurred. He then returned to Mrs. Goldstein and advised her to allow Sammy to be taken to a hospital at once. But with the unreasoning fear so many of the poor have at the idea of an institution, she refused to allow Sammy to be taken from her room, so, after doing all he could to make the little fellow comfortable, the doctor left him.

And this is the beginning of the story of twelve-year-old Sammy's illness. The real story is of how, day after day, he lay on the old sofa in the close room, while his mother washed and boiled and ironed clothes from Monday morning until Saturday night, week in and week out. At first Mrs. Goldstein was very hopeful and thought that in a short time "her Sammy" would be well again and able to go on the street with the boys; but as the long Summer days wore on that hope faded. For the boy lay restlessly tossing about, grown strangely white and thin, but rarely complaining. "It's somet'ing mit his back," Mrs. Goldstein would explain to the neighbors, when they came in. "Say, Sammy, tell us who done it," some curious woman would say, but Sammy never answered. The dispensary doctor who tended him carefully through all the long weeks, also tried to get Sammy to reveal the name of the boy who had so cruelly injured him. "Doctor, I can't tell you the feller's name. He didn't mean to hurt me and what's the use telling. I know he feels awful bad."

So the little lad remained silent. In the midst of the most severe pain no one could induce him to tell the name of the boy who had caused the accident. Sometimes, when his mother was working away, Sammy would watch her for a long time without speaking and then he would say in his weak voice: "Mamma, you don't want me to tell, do you?" His mother had never an answer. "We fellers never told on each other and I can't give that boy away!"

The rest of the gang faithfully kept Sammy's secret. They could have told how one of their number, formerly called "the big bully," had become so changed as hardly to be recognizable as the boy who had been so cruel to all defenceless things. He who had been the terror of the little boys was now their champion; he who had used the roughest language of any boy in the street, now had very little to say, and went about with such a haggard and unhappy face, that even Sammy's particular chum felt sorry for him. But Mrs. Goldstein's heart was very bitter and it would have gone hard with the boy had she been able to discover him. She realized how sick Sammy was and knew that as she watched he was slowly fading away before her eyes.

Thus, through all the long hot

months the little hero lay sick, slowly growing weaker and weaker. His mother went about her work with a heartbroken expression which she tried to hide from her son. He was all she had to love in the whole world and it seemed as though she could not bear her sorrow. But she was kept busy and it helped her to do what she could to make the child comfortable. He certainly now had as much mother love to make him happy as any child could be. And every day "the fellers" trooped up to the tenement house to see him and in their boyish fashion, cheer him. They brought him such gifts as they thought would please him. Rare pennies were spent to buy for him a banana, a rosy peach or a handful of plums. One of the children who went to a mission Sunday school used to carry him the bunch of flowers he received every Sunday. The boys told him all their plans and the fun they meant to have as soon as he got well. At first he listened to them very eagerly, but as the weeks wore on and he grew more weak, he lost his interest, although he tried to hide it from his friends.

He began to realize at last, in his childish way, that he never again was going back to the old life; and as he pondered upon it his determination grew stronger not to tell who it was had hurt him. He knew the boy had received sufficient punishment in the never ending remorse that his friend had been injured by his act. He was suffering enough, others should not be told that they might scorn him. All this our hero, Sammy thought, although he would have been unable to put it all into words.

There is little more to tell. Sammy's story is nearly ended. For it was not long before the children of the neighborhood gathered together to say good bye to their old playmate. The poor tired back had stopped aching at last and Sammy Goldstein's body was dead. As the children looked on Sammy's white, still face, it looked so very peaceful and so contented that they could not cry. "He looks just as if he was glad cause he hadn't got to have his sick body any more," whispered one child to another. And amid the many children who came to see the last of their playmate, none noticed the big boy who sat in a dark corner of the room and sobbed as though his heart would break.

Long after Sammy had left Stanton Street forever his memory remained. "I tell you, fellers, said one boy, he had lots of grit. He was a brick, he knew it wouldn't do any good to tell and he wouldn't make the other feller feel any worse'n was necessary." "That's so, said another, but I don't see how Sammy held out so long when the folks teased him so to tell. I guess he was a brick!"

Yes. For in the boys' vernacular a "brick" is what you and I would call a hero.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is; and God the
Soul."—Pope.

FROM A MOTHER.

May I ask a few questions in regard to the children's page? I am particularly interested in this as I have children of my own. I observe that much stress is laid upon the teaching of the young by means of symbols. Is this method the best one? I know it has long been used by those educators who follow Fröbel's ideas.

L. M. S.

ANSWER: In reference to teaching by means of symbols, experience has shown it to be the most effective way of teaching children. It is true that Friedrich Fröbel may be considered the greatest modern exponent of this method, but an appreciation of the value of symbolism in education did not originate with him. It has existed from the most ancient times, and indeed the farther back we search into the history of ancient peoples the more are we confronted with symbols. Many of these symbols are so ancient that the modern mind cannot comprehend what they stood for, and ignorantly adopts the conclusion that the symbol was an object of worship, of deification. Symbolism is still most used in Eastern countries, where, by means of a tree, a flower or a fruit, or a geometrical figure, a whole world of beautiful analogy will be opened to the Oriental mind. Take, for instance, the Lotus flower. It is a perfect symbol of man and his mingled nature, as we in the West have learned.

The Japanese so well understand the symbology of language that they will convey to the mind of the reader by means of a few words a poem of exquisite meaning which it would take a Western poet at least a dozen lines to express. Many Japanese poems are said to consist of merely a couplet or a quatrain.

A Japanese gentleman once told me that in his country the love of flowers is so great, and their symbolism so well understood, that there a man will grow and carefully tend one perfect flower, and when it is full-grown and bursting into bloom, he will place it in a splendid vase and send an invitation to his friends, who will all come and gaze in silent admiration at the beautiful flower. To them it conveys a whole world of lovely meaning. It is not botanical analysis which gives this power a comprehensive enjoyment, but the ability of conceiving of the flower as a whole, as expressing the perfect beauty which exists in an abstract thing. Thus, take the dawn, or a rose, or a pine tree. The very names call up a world of beautiful imagery. And this is what all symbols should do and will, where the mind, especially the mind of a child, is taught to properly understand them.

A LITTLE STORY FOR BIG CHILDREN.—A child was building a little palace of many colored bricks. He put the blocks carefully one on top of another, but when the pile had reached a certain height, it always toppled over. Thus he rebuilt his pile many times, but always with the same result, it fell to pieces before the palace was finished. At last he grew discouraged, for he had been working all morning. Just then his father

came along. He looked at the disconsolate little figure, then at the pile of tumbled blocks on the floor and understood what had happened. "My son," he said, "you have been building from the top instead of the bottom. See! you have been placing all the heavy, square blocks at the top and the small blocks at the bottom, when instead, you should first have builded the bottom of your palace with the large blocks and then have placed the small ornamental blocks next, one on top of another, crowning the palace with a high and slender tower."

So the child set to work again, and this time he carefully arranged all the large blocks on the floor. Then he placed the small ones on top and soon he had built a fine palace. And this time it did not topple over, for it was evenly balanced.—M. S. L.

GIRLS' SCHOOL, BENARES, INDIA.

The picture on this page illustrates a girls' school in India, and if the many thousand happy little free American girls who can go to school just like the



XI 27 A NATIVE GIRLS' HIGH CASTE SCHOOL IN BENARES, INDIA, VISITED BY MRS. TINGLEY.

boys, could go with me to India, their hearts would be made sad and they would want to bring their gentle, modest, beautiful little Indian sisters home with them to dear America, and share with them their beautiful houses, —bright, airy school rooms—books, and the love of their kind teachers, for in India very few little or big girls can go to school at all. They stay in their own houses, and when they or their mothers go onto the street they have their pretty faces covered so that only their bright eyes can be seen above the veil. The picture shows the only free girls' school in Benares, a city of about 200,000 inhabitants. Should you not be glad and happy that you live in beautiful, free America?—Editor.

"DO GOOD" LOTUS GROUP, EAST SIDE, N. Y.—The children from the tenement houses on the East Side met as usual in their Lotus group. After "Silent Moments" the Superintendent called for some of them to say what they could remember of the entertainment they had enjoyed the previous week in the Aryan hall. Several responses showed how well it was remembered and one child sang the plaintive ditty she had sung in her part as a fairy. This gave the other children

who had been unable to go up-town an interest in the work of the Children's movement outside their own group. All were glad to see Miss Lloyd, the Assistant Superintendent, back amongst them and listened very attentively as she told the story of "The Diamond Soul."

Mrs. Schulzer Schutz, who had rendered efficient help in former times, was a very welcome visitor.

The children of the Cambridge, Boston and Malden Lotus groups in Massachusetts, had the pleasure of meeting together last week to welcome and listen to Rev. W. Williams, a Crusader, and Mrs. E. C. Mayer. Dr. Williams gave the children an account of the work done at Lotus Home last summer. The genial doctor has a very taking way with children and as he related some of the funny events of the summer and gave examples of what the East side children said and did, he frequently moved his young audience to laughter. He also told of the vast amount of good accomplished at the Home, where all, teachers and children, were united in loving brotherhood.

Then Mrs. Mayer addressed the children. She dwelt upon the idea of Brotherhood and told the groups that the motto of Lotus Home

recite; a class from 8 to 12 years of age who are eagerly interested in the Leaflets; and a large number from 14 to 17 years of age. Such a "puzzle" combination necessitates individual treatment. The little ones are placed in the rear of the room with plenty of teachers, and make a veritable bee-hive in activity. The platform is imagined to be a market-place or forum, of the ancient days. The older set group around it in a semi-circle. Each one speaks for two minutes. Of course, at first they thought they "couldn't" and giggled, and "didn't know what to say," etc. Nevertheless, the most troublesome member speedily found himself on the platform to "tell what he knew about music." "Well," he said, "there are different kinds of music (pause) and rests—and time"—(pause). Then with sudden inspiration: "There are high notes and low notes." This was instantly seized as a "leader" to the "pairs of opposites," "higher and lower self, etc., (questions being permitted) to bring the discussion in line with the leaflet being used by the younger ones. By means of the familiar every-day experience of the boys and girls, deeper thoughts can be set astir and real knowledge gained. When time is up the little ones come forward, and general questions and many illustrations are given. The little ones being usually very clever, the older ones are unconsciously taught that which they had felt so superior about.

Much attention is paid to rhythm—the children learn to listen to the music before either singing or marching. Most children keep time like automatons, but once get the secret of rhythm and a new world opens to them. The best voices are selected as a special choir to learn part songs and help raise the standard of music.

POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO.

Nov. 10, 1897.

Dear Miss Loyd: As you have asked me to write about Pt. Loma, I shall try to describe as best I can one of the many beautiful days that have passed here.

It was a calm, clear day and the sun was rising above the mountains, sending its bright rays through the rosy light across the bay and over the Point to the wide ocean stretching beyond. The pale, round moon was still shining on the deep blue Pacific, showing the white sails of the fishermen's boats. The birds and rabbits were hopping in and out of the sage brush, nibbling little new green grasses. The sun shone just over the Point and the air was warm and refreshing. The quail rose in flocks, making a roaring sound with their wings and disappeared into the cañons. The white sea-gulls were flying in flocks southward across the dark blue ocean rolling beneath them.

Slowly and silently in the clear blue sky, floated the buzzards, watching keenly for their prey.

The fleecy breakers were dashing against the firm giant rocks, then they rolled silently up the sandy beach into the quiet dark caves. Above all the sounds could be heard the great ocean's never ceasing, roaring note, and over all floated the beautiful purple and gold flag of the School for the Revival of Lost Mysteries of Antiquity on Point Loma.

The day was closing and the sun was sinking in the west, surrounded by a fiery red, shading into a pale rosy light that spread across the horizon, shining on a beautiful building now rising on the Point to carry on the great work, showing the mountain's towering peaks back of San Diego through its glowing curtain.

Violet, purple and yellow showing spots of clear blue were reflected in the water.

MAY PARTRIDGE.

N. Y. L. G. No. 1, is composed of a few wee tots who love stories, and learn verses to

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

ORGANIZED BY MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

SUP'T OF GENERAL WORK, MR. H. T. PATTERSON.

OBJECTS.

1. To help workingmen and women to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.
6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.
7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

I. B. L. ACTIVITIES.

That the wave of enthusiasm which is sweeping over our country is not confined to it alone is evidenced by a letter just received from Mr. George Russell, of Dublin, so well known both under his proper name and as *Æ*, whose delightful poems and prose writings interested all the readers of the *Irish Theosophist*. He says:

"The International Brotherhood League, I feel, is the work of works at present. The circular has fired us up and we have arranged a scheme for activities and meetings which shall begin on next Sunday (November twenty-first). . . . I feel the new life bubbling up as never before and . . . will do my level best to knock Hades out of the ancient order of things."

From Los Angeles, California, Mr. Abbott B. Clark writes:

"I attribute the success of our work here mainly to the scrupulous care with which every hint and suggestion coming from the Leader of the movement has been followed ever since her succession. This has put us directly in the line of the influence of the great energy and the work has been pushed on by a power behind it."

Mr. E. O. Schwagerl reports from Tacoma the second International Brotherhood League meeting. At it the Episcopal Bishop spoke, sustaining the broad and noble field of the International Brotherhood League on which all could meet. His presence was an inspiration of International Brotherhood.

A pleasant recent incident was the receipt—amongst the many other things coming in—of a piece of Chinese embroidery from far-away Stockton. It was sent by one of our members, Mrs. E. A. Bostwick. It is well that we should all work heartily together in the common cause, and nothing can be more encouraging than timely help from distant comrades, who, in their own fields are carrying on the good work with courage, energy and unbounded hope.

The letters coming in from every direction are so numerous as to accumulate in great piles. But, it's all right, for it shows that we are in earnest and bound to make "a clean sweep."

H. T. PATTERSON.

MACON JUBILEE.

THE SOUTH RESPONDS.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST CHARITY FEASTS EVER GIVEN TO THE HUNGRY IN GEORGIA.

One of the leading features of the Thanksgiving celebration in Macon was the dinner given to the hungry by the International Brotherhood. This was regarded as one of the most extensive things of the kind ever seen in Georgia.

The power of human friendliness, whose influence is farther reaching than mere friendship, was strikingly exemplified in the way the local committee of the League celebrated. They observed it by carrying into practical effect the simple creed that unites them and inspires them in behalf of the cause they have espoused.

The members of the Macon committee of the Brotherhood had, as previously announced, arranged to give a Thanksgiving dinner to the poor of Macon. They made ample preparation for all who came, and there was no limitation on the invitation they extended.

At 12 o'clock the doors of the rooms of the Theosophical hall, which had been tendered for the purpose, were thrown wide open, and the committee of reception were on hand to welcome all who came. And a multitude appeared—fathers and mothers, with their little ones, mothers with their babes, little ones by themselves in some cases. The kindly reception, the friendliness so sincere as to leave no doubt in the minds of all who accepted this unique and generous hospitality, was enough to warm the hearts of all who came within the circle of its influence. Between six hundred and one thousand people partook of the Brotherhood's Thanksgiving feast.

Not the Brotherhood's gift alone, however, for their efforts to bring cheer to the hearts of God's poor was reinforced by the kindly aid—the bounty of hundreds, whose hearts and generous impulses were moved to respond to the invitation made by the Brotherhood. It was proved that there is a force that once stirred into activity is capable of bringing men and women closer together in behalf of any object that has for its purpose the aid of the needy, the ministrations of help, and the heart warming influence of human friendliness, to those whose paths have traversed rough places, and whose experience in life has contained more of the shadow than sunshine.

The earnest sympathy, the kindly reception tendered to all who partook of the bounty was so pervasive that the very atmosphere of the room seemed to be freighted with it. Timidity and hesitation gave way to pleased surprise, and human hearts beat with a responsive throb to the warmth and cheer that brought a sense of human kinship and taught to many for the first time, perhaps, that there were greater possibilities in life—that it contained a warmer, richer meaning than they had been taught to believe.

There can be no doubt that the memory of the Brotherhood's thanksgiving cheer, of their generous thoughtfulness, will leave an impress whose fruitage will be a four-fold harvest. Such a kindly deed will teach more than one heart from parent to child that the golden possibilities of life are close to the hand of those who seek.

Certain it is that the world is made brighter by just such acts, and such a spirit as that embodied in the Thanksgiving dinner tendered by the brotherhood yesterday.

During the hours that the dinner was being served Professor Henry Card and his full orchestra rendered the choicest selections in their repertoire for the entertainment of the crowd. It was a generous act, for it was a free offering, and a full measure of credit is due for this kindness that brought the soothing charm of music to round into completeness the event.

General Committee—Iverson L. Harris, Frederick W. Worrill, Emile T. Bundsman, Mrs. Matilda Franklin, Miss Mattie Miller.

Finance Committee—W. Ross White, Emile T. Bundsman and Mrs. Matilda Franklin.

Music Committee—Paul Franklin, W. A. Rounds, Everett Card, R. S. Silvers and Emile T. Bundsman.

Donation Committee—Mrs. W. Ross White, Mrs. Matilda Franklin, Mrs. E. S. Smith, Miss Elizabeth Bonn and Miss Mattie Miller.

Invitation Committee—F. W. Worrill, J. M. Brown, Miss Mattie Miller, W. R. Wooten, Mrs. W. J. Shivers, Mrs. Sallie Bonn, Iverson L. Harris.

Reception Committee—Walter T. Hanson, T. H. Ottley, W. J. Shivers, S. H. Shepard, Jr., J. W. Cummings, J. S. Milner, Henry Lammerson, Dr. J. W. Mignath, Ed D. Stow, John C. Gibson, Joseph Benner, E. S. Smith, C. W. Hollifield, James Smith.

The International Brotherhood League was founded in New York last April by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, the "leader of the Theosophical movement throughout the world." Its object is to unite men and women throughout the world into an organization having for its aim the uplifting of humanity—the betterment of human conditions—by inculcating the doctrine of "do unto thy neighbor as thou would have him do to thee."

"This creed in its practical application embodies a revolution in the social and economic conditions of the human race," says a member of the Brotherhood. "It has been the dream of men in the days gone by, and they were termed dreamers and iconoclasts, because they believed possible that which was at variance with human greed and human selfishness. But the cycles of time bring many changes, and the human race is gradually getting together. The restlessness, the questioning are but the signal notes of broader movements, of more healthy current thought and comment. The time may not be far distant when the influence of an International Brotherhood will disarm the nations, and the sinister muzzles of death-dealing cannon will be covered with flowers and in the place of the red badge of carnage will be put the white cross of peace."

"In the skirmish line of this great work it is evident that Macon is to occupy no inconsiderable place, for there is already a deep interest manifested here in this Brotherhood movement. Bound by no rule that offers a barrier to race or creed, around its white banner thoughtful men and women are gathering, and a latent force is being developed into activity for a great and noble work."

An International Brotherhood League has been organized. Its principal objects are to elevate the workingman and to work for the abolishment of capital punishment.

The Cincinnati committee, which has just been appointed for this league, is: J. A. Knapp, Samuel Pearce, Mrs. Viola O. F. Scott, A. B. Leonard and Dr. W. A. R. Tenney.

Dr. Tenney characterizes the Frantz electrocution and all other executions as legalized murder. He gives the following as the theo-

sophical idea of what occurs when anyone is executed:

"Man is an immortal soul, and all human souls are entities emanating from and returning to the same divine source. The goal of these soul entities is absolute wisdom, bliss and being. The process of this evolution is through repeated existences on different planes of consciousness, incarnation and reincarnation."

"Theosophy shows that when an immortal soul entity is violently and prematurely separated from the body, as in capital punishment or suicide, it takes form and remains upon the earth plane during the time it would otherwise have lived if left to complete its bodily existence, and if in a revengeful state it will war in turn by mental suggestion upon those responsible for its violent and forcible eviction from the physical body."

"Theosophy shows that there is an absolute law of compensation, or action and reaction in nature, and that as a consequence everyone connected directed or indirectly with the murder of a fellow-being, whether by capital punishment or otherwise, will reap what he has sown either in this incarnation or some other. How a Christian minister can favor legalized killing is past my comprehension, as it is certainly a violation of the principles taught in the sermon on the mount and of the law of love taught by the Nazarene."—*The Cincinnati Post*.

BRIDGEPORT.—On Sunday last Herbert Crooke visited Bridgeport and lectured to a full audience assembled in the Varuna Hall, on the objects of the League. Mrs. Ida J. Wilkins, the local president, occupied the chair. Mayor T. P. Taylor, at whose house Bro. Crooke was hospitably entertained, was unable to be present owing to other engagements connected with his office.

The blind have been considered and will have a department of their own in the new Congressional Library at Washington. This part of the library will be supplied with books printed in raised letters and all books of the kind that have been published and are obtainable will be procured for the new department.

The struggles of genius are illustrated in some information published the other day about Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist. In his youth he was extremely poor, and was glad to give lessons in Latin and Greek at twenty cents apiece. It is said that he once made a translation which occupied three weeks of time and for which he was paid about six dollars and a half.

Nora was in her night dress. Mrs. Strong having given her a good-night kiss, reminded her gently, as usual, not to forget her prayer to God that she be made a good little girl. "Must I ask him that every night, mamma?" Nora asked, gravely. "Yes, little one," her mother replied. Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Mamma," she said in an injured tone, "is I such a dreadfully bad little girl as all that?"

"Your most exact sciences, your boldest speculations, your brightest flashes of light, are but clouds. Above them all is the Sanctuary, whence the true Light is shed."

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

CENTRAL OFFICE IN AMERICA: 144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

MACON'S JUBILEE OF THEOSOPHISTS.

MACON, Nov. 22.—Theosophy and its latest branch organization, the International Brotherhood League, is destined to play a part of no slight importance in Macon for the next week.

And unless the new organization, the league, whose object is "To help working men and women to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life," should strike upon some rock such as has ruined so many good organizations, it will in the future play no unimportant part in Georgia.

THE FIRST MEETING.

Yesterday the first meeting ever held in Georgia was called at the Academy of Music, being the first of a series of meetings to be given during what is known as a Theosophical Jubilee, which commenced yesterday and will continue all the week.

Judging from the success of the two meetings held yesterday the jubilee is destined to be a great success, and no doubt will add greatly to the strength and influence of the Theosophical Society in Georgia.

The meeting yesterday afternoon at the Academy of Music was in the interest of the International Brotherhood League.

The Academy and stage had been very beautifully decorated for the occasion.

On the stage were Messrs. Iverson L. Harris, the president of the Macon Theosophical Society, who acted as chairman of the meeting, and the local committee, Messrs. Emil Bundsman, Fred W. Worrill, Mrs. M. Franklin and Miss Mattie Miller.

In opening the meeting Mr. Harris stated the objects of the International Brotherhood League, and explained that the present organization was merely temporary and that a complete organization would be perfected as soon as practicable, probably early in January. He then introduced Rev. W. Williams, of England, who was the speaker of the occasion.

REV. W. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams comes from Bradford, England and is a minister of the free church. He is also, of course, a member of the Theosophical Society, and was one of the seven Crusaders who went around the world shortly after the election of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley as president of the society to succeed William Q. Judge.

Mr. Williams spoke briefly, but eloquently at times, on the meaning of the word brotherhood.

Mr. S. A. Charriot, of Savannah, answered a question sent up from the audience, "Wherein does the nobility of the working man consist?"

Mr. E. D. Stowe, of the Macon society answered well the question, "How can we help the working man to realize the nobility of his calling?"

Mr. Walter T. Hanson, of the Macon society was eloquent in answer to the question, "Why is brotherhood so much talked about at this time?" He said that first at this time certain influences are at work that tend to draw men together and chords of sympathy between human souls are simultaneously touched that tend to bring men together.

The last speaker of the occasion was Mrs. Mayer, of New York, who is the general superintendent of the children's department of the league. Mrs. Mayer is a most practical talker

and a person with an attractive individuality about her that at once puts her in touch with an audience, dispelling largely the prejudice that exists against the woman on the platform. She handled her subject of how to educate the children so as to keep them in the lines of the Brotherhood with an evident confidence and with practical sense that pleased the audience.

The audience was one of the best that has ever gathered at the Academy.

MACON'S JUBILEE.—Theosophy was the theme at an entertainment given last night by the Theosophical Society to their friends and invited guests.

The pretty hall of the society in Triangular block had been tastefully decorated for the occasion and was packed to the doors when President Harris announced the commencement of the programme and Card's Orchestra played the opening piece.

Mr. Harris in his introductory remarks, said that the entertainment was given to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the inauguration of the Macon Branch of the Theosophical Society. He said that this was, too, the commencement of a new year, when new influences were at work and Manus or the instinct or power that guides one to perceive the truth was more easily obtainable by those who so desired. He spoke briefly on Theosophy and closed by bidding every one a most hearty welcome.

"A Mystic Manuscript," beautifully read by Miss Mattie Miller, described in a general way the aims and the methods of Theosophy. It was heard with great pleasure and was enthusiastically applauded.

MR. HANSON TALKS.

Mr. Walter T. Hanson gave a brief history of the Macon Branch of the Theosophical Society since its organization four years ago and in doing so excited the laughter and sympathy of his audience in turn. He said that at first the society knew very little of what it was doing, and that the public knew less, the consequence being that they had many difficulties and much ridicule and opposition to face, but that they had become wiser until now he thought they were in a position to turn the tables on the public and to laugh back.

Mr. Joergensen of the Macon Branch, also gave a brief history of the Macon Branch for the last four years, and in doing so took occasion to use a very lengthy German word in connection with the newspapers and their treatment of Theosophy. Unfortunately the full force of the word was lost, but Mr. Joergensen closed eloquently and made one of the best speeches of the evening.

Rev. W. Williams also spoke briefly on Theosophy and its connection with the brotherhood of man. The lifting up and enlightenment of its disciples.

Mrs. Mayer followed, giving a short history of the birth of the Theosophical Society and the work of the three leaders, Mrs. H. P. Blavatzky, Mr. William Q. Judge and Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, who have been the three presidents since the society was organized in 1875.

After the formal programme had closed, President Harris invited those present to remain and refreshments were served.—*Press Report.*

MACON JUBILEE.—The week of jubilee of the Theosophists grows in interest as it grows in length and the people of Macon know more about Theosophy than they ever knew before.

The meeting last night was for Theosophists only and none but members of the order were admitted. The meeting was under the auspices of the E. S. T. and was gotten up by the members of that order. It broke up long after the usual hour of adjournment.

To-day will be the big time with the Theosophists, and the following programme has been prepared. The Theosophists will also visit the fire department headquarters to-day and teach the firemen something about Theosophy.

This (Friday) morning, from 10.30 till 11.30 o'clock, Mrs. Mayer and Rev. W. Williams will hold a meeting at the headquarters of the fire department on First Street. This meeting is for the benefit of the firemen, their families and friends.

The firemen held a meeting on Wednesday and sent a message to Mrs. Mayer and Dr. Williams, in which they stated they were anxious to hear them on the subjects of Theosophy and brotherhood, but that owing to the nature of their employment they were unable to attend any of the various public meetings being held this week. Arrangements were accordingly made and Mrs. Mayer and Dr. Williams will be the guests of the firemen for one hour to-day.

This afternoon at 3.30 o'clock there will be a woman's meeting at Theosophical Hall, over which Mrs. Mayer will preside. She will talk of matters of especial importance to women. Every woman in Macon is cordially invited to be present.

To-night at 8 o'clock at Theosophical Hall there will be a meeting at which questions concerning Theosophy will be answered. The entire public is invited and will be given the privilege of asking any respectful question. The questions will be answered by the distinguished visitors and by local students and speakers. Everyone, man or woman, is invited to this meeting.

The programme for Saturday has not yet been made out. It will be announced Saturday morning.

At the conclusion of last night's programme the following telegram was read from Mrs. Tingley:

"Work here too pressing. Success is yours anyway."

"KATHERINE A. TINGLEY."

Sixteen applications for membership were presented and favorably passed upon. This makes thirty-seven new members within the past three days. The rule among the Theosophists is never to ask anybody to join, but to welcome all who seek membership in the order.—*Vide Press Reports.*

GREAT BAZAAR.

The great Bazaar to be held December 10th, 11th, 13th and 14th—day and evening—in Scottish Rite Hall, Twenty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, will be a unique event in the history of such entertainments. While there will be the usual booths for the sale of goods and wares suitable for Christmas presents, keepsakes, etc., the booths and attendants will be decorated and dressed in a style to represent the countries and nations of the world—ancient and modern. A great number of rare articles have been donated, including one of R. Machell's (the great English mystical artist) latest and best symbolic pictures—a large collection of Indian curios—gems, tapestries, clocks, music boxes, etc., which will be disposed of in the usual way. An Egyptian and Indian room will be artistically decorated and furnished for lounging, smoking

and refreshments; but all these things are but minor attractions. The great attraction will be the mystical renditions of Shakesperian plays, illustrated by living pictures representing the higher and lower self, which will bring out the hidden but true meaning of these plays. A choice collection of stereopticon views will illustrate the Crusade around the world. This combination of new and rare entertainments will make it a pleasure for the public to exchange their shekels for holiday presents that cannot be procured elsewhere. The work of preparation is being carried on with great enthusiasm, with the active assistance of President Neresheimer. This assures success and ample funds to carry on the Brotherhood work in New York and throughout the country, for which purpose this Bazaar is held.

I attribute the success of our work here mainly to the scrupulous care with which every hint and suggestion coming from the Leader of the movement has been followed ever since her succession. This has put us directly in the line of influence of the great energy and the work has been pushed on by a Power behind it.

During the summer the Lotus Group was adjourned and all work except the regular meetings abandoned and the word passed to get into our hearts and keep silence, not to slacken devotion or go off to other things but to turn inward and study and meditate. To gain depth, strength and calmness and thus prepare for the next cyclic effort. When the I. B. L. plans were issued all were ready to go to work as one man. There was not a laggard. The meetings have nearly filled our halls and men are sufficiently interested to have invited two of us to address them before their own organizations. The Bazaar is a good plan. It has set many in the Branch to work on their own lines and developed an amount of force and devotion never before liberated.

The most wonderful thing I have seen in nine years work in the T. S. has been the growth and development of the new members admitted by Mrs. Tingley when here. They have been perfectly ideal, and through their trust have shamed us older ones out of many a folly. They expected harmony of us and we could not disappoint them. What lessons they have taught me. Say, you know what a "path" is? A way made smooth by the tread of many feet. They (the new members), have a thousand obstacles removed which tore our feet. The earlier days were hard when we stood alone with all but the Invisible against us. But to see them (these new members) grow! This past year has repaid the work of a century! Think of the thousands now coming up about us and starting with such sacred tread on the path we so roughly trod. It makes one ashamed of himself to see his faults, and at the same he is stimulated by the better company. We have to be up and growing to keep pace with the times.

ABBOTT B. CLARK, Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES T. S. reports all lines of work moving along nicely and more being done than at any previous time.

NEW CENTURY T. S. (Portland, Oregon). Although this Branch is not yet fully organized, its Charter not being to hand, the members have already commenced public work, holding two meetings a week, Sunday and Wednesday evenings. The new Branch has prospects of a very useful work before it and in it are earnest hearts for the work.