

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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EGYPT.

BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

(Continued.)

Cairo was reached and we were soon aroused from our dreams by the voices of the donkey boys who chased after our carriages shrieking, Ah! Ah! Coming! Coming!—there were at least ten of them, with their little donkeys gorgeously arrayed in bright saddle cloth, and equipped with odd looking hump saddles.

These little dusky faced Arabs almost stopped our way in their wild efforts to induce us take a ride to the museum which was near by.

They were soon lost sight of in a cloud of dust, and we drove on through the acacia-shadowed avenue past the mosques and a few stately dwellings into the very narrow streets where were small shops. In front, on the stoop, sat the vender, selling the corn and fruits of Egypt.

Handsome native women, in loose garments, clinging to their statuesque forms, carrying jars of water on their heads, moved along gracefully, timidly holding their veils over their faces,—reminding one of the familiar pictures so widely associated with ancient Egypt; but to see them face to face in all their living charm of form and color, transcended the most vivid fancy of my childhood. Some of the men were water carriers; they had strapped across their backs gourds for holding the water which they offered passers by as "the gift of Allah."

Bright-eyed, dusky-faced children, with scanty garments and their heads



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CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS.

decorated with gay-colored handkerchiefs, played in the middle of the streets.

All the way along, at every turn, there was something novel and picturesque to attract our attention, tired and dusty as we were, we would gladly have lingered at every point of interest, but duty called us back to the hotel where we were to hold a meeting that evening.

After an hour's rest, a bath, and a good dinner, we found ourselves preparing for Crusade work.

It was out of the question to think of having a public meeting, but there was held in the drawing-room of the hotel, one of a unique character, which was most interesting to those who took part in it. At that time good seed was sown for future work of

Brotherly Love in Egypt and most important connections were formed with the "chosen few" who have the welfare of this ancient land at heart.

The next point of interest for us to visit was the great Museum of Cairo—the home of the mighty dead—to see the great Pharaoh, the hero and king of the past, whose body had rested for ages undiscovered amid the ruins of

Thebes, and after a lapse of 3000 years to again reappear on earth.

The story of the royal find in the burial place of the kings at Thebes is a most interesting one.

In 1881 forty mummies were found, the principal personages were the Queen of the Hyksos, time 2233 before Christ, four kings and three queens of the eighteenth dynasty, 1700 B. C. to 1433, three successive kings of the nineteenth dynasty, 1400 to 1300 B. C.

These three were the great Pharaohs, Rameses II, his father, Setti I, and his grandfather, Rameses I.

The great difficulty was: how were the great dead to be removed to their final resting place, the Bulak Museum? Steamers had been sent for to come up to Luxor. The bodies and coffin-cases must be lifted up the shaft, carried down the difficult cliff-side to the Theban plain; and ferried across the Nile, and then again borne on the shoulders of men to the Luxor river-side.

Three hundred Arabs were employed, and by earliest dawn they were busy in the removal and careful packing of the mummy-cases in matting and sail cloth.

The work continued day and night, in forty-eight hours the coffins had been raised; and after six days' hard labor in the scorching sun all the cases were at the Nile bank. For three days and three nights brave Brugsch Bey, Kamal, Moutafian, and a few trustworthy Arabs watched over the boxes.

What a thrilling sight it must have been as Brugsch Bey stood and watched the people carrying their royal burdens across that great Theban plain. His description of that picture is most interesting:

"I shall never forget the scene I witnessed, when standing at the mouth of the Der-el-Bahari shaft, I watched the strange train of helpers, while they carried across that historical plain, the bodies of the very kings, who had constructed the very temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them: The temple of Hatasou nearest; away across from it, Kurnah; further to the right the Ramesseum, where the great granite monolith lies face to the ground: further south, Medinet Habu; midway between, Der-el-Medinet; and then the twin colossi, the vocal Memnon, and his companion; then beyond all, more view of the plain; then the blue of the Nile and the Arabian hills far to the east; while slowly moving down the cliffs and across the plain, or in the boats crossing the Nile flood, were the sullen laborers carrying their ancient burdens.

"As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass, so opened the silence of the Theban plain, and allowed the royal funeral procession to pass, and then—all was hushed again. Go to Der-el-Bahari, and with a little imagination you will see it all spread out before you."

The mummies were packed aboard steamers and carried down the Nile.

The news that Pharaoh was coming down the Nile had reached everywhere. Mr. Brugsch Bey writes "that one of the most striking things in the whole jour-

ney, was the way in which there arose from all the land of Egypt an exceeding bitter cry, and women wailing and tearing their hair, men casting dust above their heads, came crowding from the villages to the banks, to make lamentation for Pharaoh."

Yes, the whole heart of Egypt and the old love for the mighty kings of the splendid days of old, was deeply moved, and, as in the days more than 3000 years ago, with wailing and great weeping, the funeral barge had carried the dead kings up Nile to their sleep among the Theban hills; so to-day, with wailing and weeping, and gnashing of teeth, and all the signs of a national lamentation, did the bodies of the mighty Pharaohs sail swiftly down through a land of mourning and sorrow, and from their long repose in the Theban valley of the dead, to their final rest at Cairo beside the shining Nile.

LIVE AND LET BE!

Live and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright;

Tired cloudlets sleep along yon azure sea;
Soft airs steal by and whisper, faint and light,
Live and let be!

Live and let be! Is it not well to rest
Sometimes from labor? live as do the
flowers?

Bask in the sunshine, lie on Nature's breast,
Not counting hours?

Not heeding aught but on the pale, worn
cheek

To feel the warm breath of the murmuring
pine,
And watch on many a rose-flushed hoary peak
Heaven's glory shine?

Is it not well? Sweet, too, at wondering eve
To list that melody of tinkling bells,
And hear old Echo in her distance weave
Endless farewells!

Night, too, hath here her music, deep and
strong,
Of cataracts, solemn as an ancient psalm,
Whence the soul's fever, born in heat and
throng,
Grows cool and calm.

Live and let be! It will be time enough
Hereafter to resume the great world's care,
When Autumn skies are troubled, winds are
rough,
And trees are bare.

Then to renew the fight, the cause reawaken,
Dare all the strife, the burden, and the
pain,
Rally the weak; the downcast, the forsaken,
Lift up again!

And what thou doest then, in Peace begotten,
Shall show like Peace, her looks and tones
recall,
And, all the frail and faulty Past forgotten,
Bring good to all.

Till then let nothing past or future vex
The untrammel'd soul, 'mid Nature's free-
dom free;
From thoughts that darken, questions that per-
plex.

Live, and let be!
—A. G. B.

"Man is the child of his works. He is what he wills to be; he is the image of the God whom he creates for himself; he is the realization of his own ideal."—Pike.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

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

BY WM. JAMESON.

CHAPTER V.—LOST PROPERTY.

Marjory had no intention of carrying her load of peat to Brabister itself—that were indeed carrying coals to Newcastle. She had gathered the peat for a friend of hers who dwelt in a cottage near the north end of the bay of Buravoe. So, some five minutes after leaving Mr. Cutt she turned sharply to the right and descended towards the sea. The cottage she sought lay under the shelter of a hillock. In it lived the oldest woman in the parish of North-Mavine, Mistress Hilda Logie. She had been a "widow-wife" to use the quaint Shetland phrase for at least half a century. She was now past ninety, and had long outlived her kindred.

When Marjory had added the peat to a stack already gathered in a little outhouse, and had washed her hands in a tub that stood hard by, she entered the cottage. "Auld" Hilda greeted her with an affectionate smile, saying:

"Weel, my dear bairn, dii hes made dysel fast to my memory fur all neist winter—wheniver I mend da fire. Da Lord bliss de!"

"Na, na, I mus'na be tankit; fur I mean to hae payment des varra day, ye ken," said Marjory blithely. Thereupon she went to a small cupboard and took out the necessities for a simple meal. Soon the table was spread and she seated herself opposite to Mistress Logie. The food was just oatcakes and dried fish; the drink was, for Auld Hilda, that inevitable tea which Shetlanders imbibe at all hours. Marjory's preference was for "bland"—a kind of buttermilk.

When their meal was finished and the table cleared, Marjory took from her pocket copies of the *Zetland Times*, and of the *Scotsman*. These she placed side by side on the table with the *Shipping Intelligence* uppermost. Then she went to a locker and brought a packet of post cards and pen and ink. "Noo, Hilda," she said, "dinna be lazy, bit earn a bright saxpence dis efternoon."

It may here be explained that Hilda Logie was possessed of a wonderful memory, which was of practical service in enabling her to supply Shetlanders in many parts of the Islands with news of their relatives who were sailing the wide seas. Another advantage she derived from the fact that for a long period, until her strength failed her, she had acted as "postman" in more than one district of the Mainland. It is, or used to be, a common thing for women to discharge this duty in Shetland.

Marjory began by reading the list of vessels spoken. She had not got far, when Hilda, who sat quietly knitting, said:

"Read yon ower again, lassie."

Marjory repeated: "Ossian (British barque) New York to Calcutta, forty-nine days out, June 18, 26 S. 34 W."

Then the old woman closed her eyes for a minute or two, while Marjory took a post card from a packet beside her and dipped pen in ink.

"Eric Mowat frae Olua Frith is first mate aboard yon ship," said Hilda suddenly; "his mither wull be blithe to get tidin's o' her bairn, fur they a' thought he wis drooned."

Marjory bent her head to write the joyful information of young Mowat's safety. When she looked up again she noticed that tears were stealing down the cheeks of her aged friend.

"What ails ye, grannie?" she asked.

"Memories, lassie, memories."

Marjory understood. It was the vain search for one whom the sea never gave up that first led Auld Hilda to become familiar with shipping intelligence.

They made no further discovery during the afternoon, although two tedious columns of the newspaper had to be read over carefully ere the task was done.

"Tank dii, Marjory," said Mistress Logie as the girl rose to put away the newspapers; "dere is one heart, at least, dat is lightened by our toil." Then she sighed.

"I must leave an auld thought behind me," said Marjory tenderly; "else ye'll be oorie (feeling lonely) when I'm gone." Saying this she went behind her aged friend and taking off her cap began to loosen the thick coils of her hair. When let down, Mistress Logie's hair reached below her waist, and looked like a beautiful silver mantle. As Marjory began to brush those abundant locks, she said softly:

"An please, am I good enough to-day fur dis wark, Mistress Logie?"

"Kiss me, my perie lamb."

Years ago, when Marjory was a little girl it was an event looked forward to, to be allowed to dress Auld Hilda's hair. She had to be "good"—child fashion in order to gain this privilege. But she gained the lonely woman's heart unconditionally. And she had kept it.

A sudden patter of feet was heard on the hill path coming from Brabister. Marjory looked through the window to see a fisher-lad flying towards the cottage. The next minute he stood before them.

"Mither said ye wad ken," he gasped out.

"Ken what, Wullie Enanson—dat ye're in a grand swidder (flurry)?"

It was Marjory who spoke. Willie looked rather abashed, for he did not expect to see her. Then his eyes turned towards Mistress Logie, and the sight of her silver mantle of hair robbed him altogether of his native assurance—an event in the history of that turbulent red-headed youngster. He told his mother on his return that he was fairly gluffed (frightened) by the sight of Auld Hilda, for she lookit for all the world like an "elfin-lady." It may be safely said, however, that Willie's knowledge of the elf-folk was second-hand merely. In nature he was as earthly as an alderman.

"I ken I must find ye some sweeties, Wallie, while ye find your tongue," said Mistress Logie with an encouraging smile.

After a bit, the lad managed to explain his errand. That morning he had found a curious little wooden box, with

silver mountings, which, boy like, he was prepared to appropriate. But his mother had bidden him to go straightway to Mistress Logie at Burravoe and learn if she could name its owner.

"An wha may it be, please?" inquired Willie eagerly.

"Tell your mither she may learn in a day or two," said Hilda, to whom he had handed the box.

"Noo, rin, laddie," added Marjory, firmly. So, Willie Enanson, feeling somewhat rebellious, had to retire, sadly munching the sweeties that had been given to him.

When he had gone, Marjory began to bind up Hilda's hair, the latter the meanwhile holding that little box between her hands. This ancient Shetland woman knew nothing of science of the conventional sort, so she would have been just bewildered to hear that among the faculties she possessed was that of Psychometry. She had first become aware of her power by a very simple incident. One day while she was letter carrier, she was resting by the road side and had fallen asleep with her bundle of letters in her hand. She dreamt that she saw a tall, corpulent man with a sandy beard and a thickish hooked nose standing in the middle of an office with a book open in his hand. Beside him was another man with small, oblique eyes, and high cheek-bones and dressed in a sort of night shirt of a rather gay color. The rest of the dream was somewhat confused.

At the next cottage where she had a letter to deliver lived an old friend of hers, to whom, woman-like, she told her dream. The letter was from her friend's son, clerk to an English merchant in China, and ended with the following paragraph:

"The governor has just brought in a Chinese tea-grower to speak to me; so I must leave off. Can't write later, or I shall lose the mail."

"And Gibbie sent me his maister's photograph a while ago," said Hilda's friend, after reading the passage quoted. "Maybe ye'll ken the man." The photograph was produced, and Hilda at once recognized the bearded man she had seen in her dream!

After this remarkable occurrence, Mistress Logie more than once put a letter under her head when she retired to rest. Having, however, a keen sense of honor she soon dropped the practice; for she felt that she had no right to pry into other people's affairs. Then she discovered that other things than letters had strange tales to tell, and as years advanced, and she found herself more and more in solitude, sleep became unnecessary for the exercise of her gift. And still further, she learnt by degrees that "there is more than meets the eye," in Nature, as well as in Man. Marjory Mail, by a different path, had reached the same conclusion. Thus a subtle bond of sympathy was established between these two women—one in the spring-tide of life, the other deep into its winter, and the fellowship that resulted was independent of those qualifications that too often check the harmonious intercourse of youth and age.

CHAPTER VI.—SILENCE!

For full half an hour the old woman clasped that little box without apparently getting any glimpse of pictures recorded thereon. Once or twice she held it to her forehead with no better result.

"Do I hinder ye?" said Marjory softly. She had quietly ended her task of binding up Auld Hilda's hair, and had seated herself in the opposite corner of the chimney place.

"Na, I can see naething veevilly (clearly) dis afternoon," replied Hilda, holding out the box to Marjory.

"May be dat silly laddie neen-na a' bothered ye at a'—ef he had used his senses," exclaimed Marjory. So, saying she pressed a little silver spring that she noticed, and the box-lid

earnestness that, "she could not understand how folk could *live* away from the sea: they must feel *so lonely*!" Yes, the great waters were before her now, as loyal as ever.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT GREECE.

Private letters just received in this country bring news of most important discoveries made by the German archæologists excavating on the site of the ancient Priene, in Asia Minor, opposite the Island of Samos. Years ago an English expedition excavated and studied the Temple of Athena, the chief sanctuary of the city, built at the order of Alexander the Great. The work was then abandoned, and mean-

great regularity, with streets crossing at right angles, with shops, colonnades, market places, theatres, a council-house and a great number of private houses preserved in such completeness as to display their general architecture, distribution of space, use, decoration and equipment.

South of the great square of the temple alluded to above, and closely adjoining it, has been found the great market place or agora of the city, which was surrounded on all four sides by broad colonnades, of which that on the north side was peculiarly noble and stately. Adjoining this at one end, and opening upon one corner of the agora, was found a small square building constructed somewhat like a theatre, which was evidently the council-house



SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—SCENE II.

opened. Already she had guessed (and correctly) that the article belonged to Mr. Cutt, and she expected to find some mark of identification inside.

But the wooden box simply enclosed another, of an oval shape, made of cloves, curiously strung together. She took off the lid of this box. It was empty. Then she handed the clove-box to her friend, saying:

"Try dis."

The girl stole out of the cottage as soon as the Psychometress had closed her eyes; partly to avoid in any way disturbing her, partly because her own heart began to sink with a nameless dread—a vague apprehension of utter awful solitude surrounding her life henceforward. Yet as she lifted her eyes to the friendly sea that fronted her she felt comforted. Years before, when she, a little lass of nine or ten, was guiding a stranger across the hills hard by, she had told him a secret he never forgot, in declaring with childish

while the ruins have been so thoroughly exploited and wasted by the neighboring population that nothing is left but a confused heap of stones. In 1895 the work of exploring the ruins of the city was resumed, this time by Germans under the direction of the Berlin Museum and at the expense of the Prussian Government. The architectural work has been placed in the hands of the young architect Wilhelm Wilberg, a former student and assistant of Dr. Dörffeld.

The work has now proceeded far enough to determine its extraordinary importance. A buried city preserved almost in the completeness of Pompeii is coming to light. Up to this time no Greek city has been excavated that gives any clue to the arrangement of streets, public squares, monuments and public buildings, or to the architecture of any considerable number of private houses. Here we find a city, to be sure, of the Hellenistic period, laid out with

of the city. It is marvellously well preserved. Sixteen rows of seats are still in place. The walls, doors, windows, platforms, etc., are all preserved. One of the side walls ends in a massive arch, which, as being demonstrably a work of the fourth century B. C., must rank as the earliest, or at least one of the few earliest specimens of the arch in Greek construction. The whole building represents something entirely unique in the relics of Greek architecture.

There has also been found a small theatre in which the stage structure, the skene, is still standing entire. Three doors open from it upon the orchestra, and the proscenium, with its row of columns and the architrave above them, remains intact. No Greek theatre as yet discovered is so perfectly preserved as this, and in the future discussions of the "stage question" this structure is likely to assume a leading place.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

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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.

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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTICE.—Will those who contribute articles for THE CENTURY bear in mind that it is impossible to return unused MS. Contributors will please sign their MS.

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.

PEACE.

BY PENTAUR.

"Listen to the song of life.
Store in your memory the melody you hear.
Learn from it the lesson of harmony."

Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song. Learn from it that you are a part of the harmony; learn from it to obey the laws of the harmony."

"Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart. At first you may say it is not there; when I search I find only discord. Look deeper. If again you are disappointed, pause and look deeper again. There is a natural melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced,—but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope, and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked; the great waters are there in reality. Find them, and you will perceive that none, not the most wretched of creatures, but is a part of it, however he blind himself to the fact and build up for himself a phantasmal outer form of horror. In that sense it is that I say to you—All those beings among whom struggle on are fragments of the Divine. And so deceptive is the illusion in which you live, that it is hard to guess where you will first detect the sweet voice in the hearts of others. But know it is certainly within yourself. Look for it there, and once having heard it, you will more readily recognize it around you."

We are apt to think we must be forever working, using our energy in outward acts, spending ourselves, it may be with the honest purpose of serving humanity, or it may be for personal gain. One of the most striking features of to-day's civilization is restlessness, hurry and rush. Men can hardly stay quiet a single moment, hardly find time to eat and sleep, and if not carried away by the mad rush for wealth or engulfed in the fierce competition for a bare subsistence, their restlessness impels them to seek change and excitement in pleasure.

Ah, we forget the words of the Master, when Martha, cumbered with serving said, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister did leave me alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." And to her the Master replied, "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: for Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her." And we too pay no heed to the words of our sweet American singer: "Learn to labor and to wait." No, everywhere is turmoil, ceaseless strife, unrest.

Quite true it is that

"... the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

*Light on the Path.

But the life of the soul does not find its expression only in outward things, in rushing hither and thither, in preaching and doing, or even in thinking. We *must* labor, we *must* work, but we must also learn to wait.

Have you never sought to fathom the fathomless blue of a cloudless sky, have you never watched the pearly tints of a calm sunset and felt, as you gazed, a calm within your heart that lay deeper than sight, deeper than thought, linking you to the eternal blue of the heavens and the calm stillness of evening? Have you never waked out of dreamless sleep and brought back with you from the other world a calm and peace that you feared to break by a movement or a breath? Were it not for such moments I think the soul would cease to live, it would fall into that slumber which ends in death.

But the calm and peace of which I write, and which we may realize would we but wait a while and withdraw from the turmoil of life, is not the calm of death, but the calm of the inner life, the calm in which is heard the song of life, the voice that speaks in the silence. No one can experience this for himself alone, no one can say: this is my calm, my peace. No; that realm is the inner realm of all souls, though some may not consciously enter there; yet all are linked together in that realm, all drink of the deep, still waters of life which flow thence for the healing of the nations. Leave, for just one moment, the busy whirl of life, turn your eyes, for one short instant, away from the outward show, away from business, from care, from the miseries and even the joys of life, and with the eyes of the soul look inward, with the soul's ears listen, listen to the song of life.

How true it is that man is the mirror of the World, and that the conflicts which rend municipalities, governments, nations, humanity itself, are the outcome of the conflicts which rend his individual life. To-day more than at any other time in the World's history there is an almost universal dread of war, and because of this fear all the nations of the earth stand armed and are even increasing their armaments. How can we hope for peace in the individual life, or peace in the collective life, so long as passion and greed and ambition rule in both? Is not peace a false cry, a deluding hope to-day? To the latter question I would answer emphatically, No! But it must be evident that there can be no true peace in the collective life except as an outcome of peace in the individual life, and that according to the measure of the latter will be the realization of the former. The problem then resolves itself into one of peace in the individual life, and this I assert is possible.

How may this be attained? Shall we seek to run away from the evil conditions in which we find ourselves and retire from the world to the desert or the mountain, where we may contemplate the silent march of the starry heavens and commune with God? Such a course would be possible to very few, and I doubt not that they would fail of their aim unless their duty lay

in the desert or the mountain. But for us men and women of to-day, our duty lies in the world, we must live in it, we cannot leave it, and true peace of which can come only through the performance of duty. The threshold of peace is duty. Yet I think we must give a wider meaning to the term duty than is usually accepted. Does not duty mean more than to labor, does it not also mean to wait, is there not an inner as well as an outer life? Do the passions, desires, loves, hates and ambitions form the whole of life? That they form a great part of that which we call life is true, but not a single man or woman in the world but has touched the inner life where these have no part and has felt an aspiration after that which is infinite, nameless, eternal.

The sun in the heavens gives light to the world; the spiritual sun, which is the heart and centre of each man's life, gives light to his little world. The sun shines ever, the clouds which obscure it from our gaze do not belong to it, but to the earth, and so, too, the clouds which hide the spiritual sun belong not to it, but to our personal lives. Is it not strange, yet nevertheless true, that many, many people hardly notice whether the sun shines or not and never see the beauties of the sunset or the glories of the star-lit skies? Fewer still take heed of the shining of the spiritual sun or listen to the whisperings of the inner life. Yet herein lies the secret of peace; herein, too, lies the secret of strength. Deep in the heart of each peace may be found.

Withdraw for a moment from the turmoil of life, enter into the sanctuary of your own heart. No life is so active, so full of care that a moment cannot be spared to do this. If you can give but one earnest thought to this at night, one earnest thought on waking, it will affect your whole life, it will open for you the gates of peace, it will keep strong the thread that binds you to the heart of life.

Dr. Cyon writes: "He who cannot follow some fine nerve thread, scarcely visible to the naked eye, in the depths, if possible, sometimes tracing it to a new branching, with joyful alertness, for hours at a time; he who feels no enjoyment when, at last, parted from its surroundings and isolated, he can subject that nerve to electrical stimulation; or when, in some deep cavity, guided only by the sense of touch of his finger-ends, he ligatures and divides an invisible vessel,—to such a one there is wanting that which is most necessary for a successful vivisection. . . . No wonder such a writer as I have just quoted abominates the cowardice that makes English and American vivisectioners claim that they hope to make valuable discoveries."

The Royal Commission, to whose report was attached the name of Huxley and others, was constrained to declare, "It is not to be doubted that inhumanity is to be found in persons in very high positions as physiologists; we have seen that this is so."

"The Law of Love is the perfection and *ne plus ultra* of all religion and all philosophy."—Albert Pike.

"PICTURESQUE" NEW YORK.

BY M. L. GUILD.

"The old world is so picturesque!" our amateur artists say as they show us the sketches they have brought home, sketches whose artistic value lies, so their makers suppose, in the fact that they depict poverty, dirt, decay.

The true artist knows, however, that decay and dirt are never in themselves beautiful; that they make a picture which pleases only when there is in it something besides these, something that appeals to the heart of the on-looker because it tells a story of struggle against that very poverty and decay. Unfortunately these would-be artists, these seekers after "bits" and "studies" do not need to cross the ocean to find subjects for their pencils. In this new country, in New York, in almost any of our large cities the truly picturesque can be found. But if the artist be also a lover of his kind, his heart will be wrung even more often than his eye delighted, for at every turn in the poorer districts are found pictures indeed, and pictures that tell of brave fighting against great odds.

"It makes those people very angry to be called poor and dirty, as the papers have so often done in their sketches," a good worker was heard to say the other day, "but they are dirty, you know."

Of course they are dirty, and of course it makes them angry to be called so. For in the majority of cases the dirt is no matter of choice but an almost inevitable result of the conditions of life. The woman of wealth in whose home each member has one or more rooms to himself and who has plenty of servants to take care of that home knows how constant has to be the battle waged with dust and dirt in order to keep that dainty home as she wishes it. How much more difficult must this same contest become when it is carried on in two or three small rooms where six or seven people have to cook, live, eat, wash, sleep.

Take for instance one house that was visited in New York. It was a two-story wooden house that had not for many years seen a coat of paint and on the cracked steps of which we trod dubiously. On the first floor was a family consisting of father, mother and five children, who are living, with all that means, in two rooms, the larger one not ten feet square. Yet even under these conditions there was an attempt, a real one too, at cleanliness. The still young, though very tired-looking, mother apologized for the looks of the room and said that she was "just going to scrub it up a bit." We wondered how she would set about it; for the tiny room seemed quite full with the stove and table and baby carriage and all the little ones standing about in the way. But the ragged edges of the worn oil cloth on the floor did show that they had at other times felt the scrubbing-brush. It must have been frequently too for the room was not so very dirty considering that five pairs of little feet were constantly tracking in mud from the street which was their only playground. And in this case the little ones had to

be about nearly all day for there are so many children in the neighborhood that the schools have room for only half of them at a time; so the boys go in the morning and the girls in the afternoon.

Is it any wonder with all these conditions that the rooms seem dingy? Rooms thus used soon grow smoky, the wall-paper dark and torn, the furniture worn and broken, and little can be done by the dwellers but to endure. For soap and water will not do everything, and the landlords make few repairs not demanded by the board of health. There is little money left to replace furniture when, as in the case of the family mentioned, a rent of eight dollars a month must be met; when, coal which has to be bought in small quantities—for what place is there to keep it?—costs from ten to fifteen dollars a ton; and when seven bodies have to be clothed. And all on the money earned by a day-laborer!

"But we don't have a *very* hard time," said the brave little mother cheerfully, "because my husband nearly always can get work down by the river. Jimmie helps some too. He splits wood afternoons because there's no school for him then."

"Ah, then you have another boy?"

"No'm. That's Jimmie there. He's seven years old and quite strong."

In the basement of this same building two young men had just started in business as carpenters. They had carefully whitewashed the tiny place, scarcely large enough to hold their lumber but sweet with the smell of new shavings, and making a refreshing contrast to the outside of the house with its peeling brown paint and broken shutters hanging lamely on their hinges. Yet the contrast gave almost as much pain as pleasure. One could not help wondering how long the little place would hold its own amid its surroundings, and wishing fervently that the two manly young faces might remain as energetic and hopeful.

In another home, not far from Water Street, where the family of six is growing up, the mother—there is no father—is struggling hard to keep three rooms for them.

"You can't keep decent—so many of us—in two rooms."

No, nor in forty such rooms one would think; tiny dark places leading directly off the street. Yet for them a rent of twelve dollars a month must be paid. To meet it and the other living expenses the mother works out by the day whenever she can; but the mainstay of the family is the boy of sixteen who works in a neighboring store. As the boy's wages are their only certain income the straits to which the family are sometimes driven can be imagined. Naturally they are obliged to take advantage of every chance of making a penny, and they do it bravely and even cleverly. For instance, as they are on the ground floor at the front of the house they have set an empty barrel just outside of the window and have run rough boards out from the window to the barrel. On this improvised counter, covered with newspapers, they here established a very poor and tiny

little fruit stand with so little, so very little on it! Two small piles of apples, the one marked two for one cent, the other one cent apiece; some home-made taffy, a few, even smaller, apples, stuck on pointed pine chips and dipped in the taffy and selling two for one cent with a few bags of peanuts made the stock in trade.

It seemed like a child's play and we asked the girl of thirteen who was in charge of the "store" if it were hers.

"Yes'm," she answered with a bright smile while she pulled her dingy shawl more tightly about her head, for it was very cold, "me mother keeps this store."

"Do you make this candy?"

"Yes'm. Me mother does."

"Do you sell much?"

"No'm. Not very much—but it helps a little."

Even that little was necessary, and the precariousness of that little will be seen when we remember that the little business venture is entirely dependent upon the weather and that a few days of rain may mean the loss not only of the poor little trade, but of much of the stock itself.

Somehow as we looked at it all, the old barrels, the rough boards, the poor little "stock," the very cheerfulness of the thirteen-year-old store-keeper lent additional pathos to this "picturesque" bit.

Yet all this is prosperity compared with what may be found a few streets west of this. There in the houses surrounding the fresh and carefully laid-out Mulberry Park—the old Five Points, of gruesome memory—are conditions where real filth and squalor prevail.

Few of these people here speak English and it is consequently very difficult for any one not familiar with their language to give them anything but very temporary help. Their ignorance of English also makes them dread to get separated from each other, and the landlords, knowing this, have taken advantage of it to charge rents which are absolutely exorbitant. But rather than move away among strangers the people stay here and, because they of course have only just so much that they can pay are forced to live together, to herd rather, almost like animals. The stairs and corridors of these dismal places emit most frightful odors; but they are so dark and so narrow that it would certainly be very difficult to clean them even if there were any one to do it. And in back of these houses are others—which are worse.

Truly the one half of the world not only does not know, but cannot imagine, short of the actual seeing, how the other half lives.

We love, and those we love die, and we cling to the hope, to the wish that we may meet again. Love was the first to dream of immortality, and as long as we love we shall hope.—*R. Ingersoll.*

"The whole frame of things preaches indifference. Do not craze yourself with thinking, but go about your business."

WALT WHITMAN.

The following conversation took place at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s between two admirers of Walt Whitman, who were enjoying the fine exhibit of rare old editions, and manuscript, letters and photographs:

"How much seems to depend on the way a man wears his hair and beard! Do look at this photograph, it bears no possible resemblance to those of later date."

"Yes, I've been noticing the great variety of pictures. This one looks like a Rishi or wise man. Yonder is a portrait of a regular beef-eater of old England."

"Here is one which is a fac-simile of an old German doctor I knew abroad."

"Yes, and here is a genuine American farmer! While the one above is like Rip Van Winkle. And down here is a Hebrew type. What a chameleon the man is!"

"It is a strange thing; I spoke German and those Danish, and yet we understood each other in a trice. Yes, my friend, the language lies in the eyes and its key in the heart."

"That bronze bust suggests an old Roman. Here are several more that one would take oath were creoles."

"This one is the most ordinary of the lot, a plain every-day type."

"But that one over there isn't ordinary. Don't it send cold chills through you, with its weirdness? It suggests the ghastly thing in Ethidhorpa, 'I am the man.'"

"Yes, one fairly hears a sepulchral voice issuing from it."

"It all goes to show how vividly a man may retain to himself the feeling of 'I,' yet not be recognized even by old friends, after a long interval—outwardly, of course. For that subtle inside something that reveals identity, shows forth sooner or later, carrying the real man through infinite appearances."

"It seems appropriate for Whitman to stand for so many types when one thinks of his writings, being such a mirror of the Universe."

"This letter of Emerson's looks interesting—about 'Leaves of Grass'—evidently. 'I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed.' 'You must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start. * * * I rubbed my eyes a little to see if this sunbeam were no illusion, but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, *i. e.*, of fortifying and encouraging.'"

"Surely Whitman needs no higher commendation. Nine editions of Leaves of Grass are given here, besides all the other books. It certainly evidences his popularity. That special personal edition of his complete works looks fascinating."

"Yes, let us hope the fortunate owner appreciates his good luck."

E. W.

"A good intention clothes itself with sudden power. When a god wishes to ride, any chip or pebble will bud and shoot out winged feet and serve him for a horse."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

(LOTUS GROUPS)

OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

(UNSECTARIAN)

"HELPING AND SHARING IS WHAT BROTHERHOOD MEANS."

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

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."

THE SECRET.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how in ancient ages
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

R. L. S.

PICTURES OF LOTUS HOME.

The children were forbidden to run up and down stairs and over the house. It was the second day. A small lad was discovered upstairs and greeted with "Why are you here?" Opening his hand he revealed sticks of chewing gum he had gone after, and replied, "I c'n git a penny off'n her," pointing to a small girl just appearing at the top of the stairs, with an envious group in her wake.

Here was a neat little problem to be solved by the teacher. Disobedience combined with greed!

In flash light pictures the situation presented itself.

If deprived of the gum to impress the lesson of obedience the children unquestionably would feel a sense of injustice. *Why* should they not have that which rightfully belonged to them? *Why* should they not go in and out at pleasure? Their very lawlessness as yet made it impossible to grasp any idea of privacy or consideration of others. But Desire—Greed of Gain—Selfishness, deep rooted by heredity and environment—these stood out in capital letters, demanding immediate action. So quickly she said, "Oh no, surely you don't want to do that! The people who come here, don't want to get things away from each other, and if anyone has something that no one else has, then it is divided between all of them so that each one has a share. Don't you want to count the children

and the pieces of gum and then divide evenly all round?" Eagerly the lad raised his head, his eyes lighting with pleasure at this evidently new idea. *Of course* he would share, and he did it most generously, to the immense satisfaction of all present. The envy and greed gave way to such a balmy state of mind that it seemed ripe soil for seeds of obedience. The children loved to "play soldiers," and if soldiers were soldiers because they all stood by each other and obeyed whoever was at the head, then *they* must do the same, and obey because it was *right* to obey, else they never could be soldiers.

It seemed almost impossible to get the children to stick to the thing they were told to do. The Dish Brigade would be outdoors flourishing dish-cloths in the air, the Lamp Brigade would be off gossiping with the Broom Brigade and a voice from the kitchen would be heard complaining, "Them children have run off and left dishes piled up here."

The children were used to threats and harsh measures and it was discovered that by simply using the words, "Have you done *your share*?" The deserter returned in silence, with flying heels to her post.

One of the noon trio was sick. The question arose, *who* was to take her place? Each one present already had his or her share. "But," it was explained, "you know the noon dishes are the hardest of all. Does it seem quite the fair thing to leave it all to the two? Is there not someone who has a great deal to do who is perfectly willing to help out? It must be because you really and truly *want* to help, and not complain about it."

Instantly a 13-year-old lad spoke up—"I'll help by wiping the dishes."

Pleased surprise and respect was visible in the faces of the group, for the lad had out-door duties, but was ready for an emergency, even if it did come outside his line of work.

Self-control was most effectively taught in the moment of silence before sitting down to meals. To have the

delicious food before their hungry eyes and not *grab* meant sowing seeds of resistance to bear fruit in later life.

A tea party was held one afternoon by a few, more or less on the sick list, who were unable to join the merry group who were going up in the woods for ferns and flowers. Duly the feast was spread and guests seated in state. Ceremoniously each in turn, beginning with the "littlest," took a slice of orange. Oh, how tempting that dish of candies was! But it wasn't polite to grab, *of course* not.

It was a terrible battle for the "littlest." Physically unable to keep his gaze away from that fascinating dish, yet his tiny fingers heroically clutched the edge of the table until "his turn" came. With "Please" and "Thank you" in its midst, the "party" was indeed a superior affair. Everyone ready to help and each to do a share was what made a beautiful home. And that is what we were all to do at Lotus Home. And that was what Brotherhood meant, that everyone had a share in this world and always to be ready to help the brothers and sisters all over the world as well as in one's own family. Thus it was that the motto was made, at the first "regular hour in the schoolroom." A box of colored chalks and blackboard were the only materials on hand. So pieces of brown wrapping paper were cut for each. Choice of colors and "the way the words sounded best," were left to each to decide. But the musical voice of one child swung into the rhythm, "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," chanting it over and over, and saying, "I like it. It sounds so *nice*." The others all agreed. One of them said "I shall pin mine in our room and when I wake up in the morning, I shall see it the first thing."

The visible results were inspiring to children and teachers alike whatever the effects on the former may be, it is safe to say that the latter will feel them unto the third and fourth incarnation.

THE DIVER.

Have you ever seen a diver in his queer-looking costume, go down, down, through the clear water and walk about on the solid sea-floor, looking for pearls or for lost treasure, or repairing the cable, or exploring sunken vessels?

Anyhow you have seen pictures of it all, and you know the curious arrangement by which pure air from above (his native sphere) is continually supplied to him.

An idea has occurred to me about it, and I want to know how it strikes you.

The diver going down from his natural element, in a cumbersome apparatus, leaving his comrades, and down below, even if he is among other divers, unable to communicate with them fully,—patiently he comes down again and again, time after time till his object is attained.

Stop here and think what that reminds you of.

Our inner selves come down, down through the clear ether, and grope about here in a clumsy physical-body

apparatus. They leave their comrades and their native region where they could exercise all their faculties. If they meet fellow-divers here they can only signal to them and postpone real intercourse till they meet again in their upper airs.

So then a dive into the waters of earth life seems no longer than one plunge does to a diver.

I shall leave out the other things I think about it.

Now, if it seems to you that there is any sense in the idea, just start and write down in what ways the two are like, and in what ways unlike. Send what you think to the Editor and probably she will print it for me to see and I'll be in a great state of excitement till it appears.

Your brother in arms,
WILD IRISH.

A little boy spent the day in the country at his grandmother's not long ago. Such a good time as he had, running and racing and shouting for all he was worth! At last night came and, tired and sleepy, the little boy sought repose. "Oh, grandmamma," he cried as he kissed her good-night, "now I know what a hollerday really and truly is, for I've hollered all day long."

A little fresh air waif was spending his first day in the country. When the cows came up in the evening to be milked, he went down to the barnyard with his host to see the operation. The cows were standing about placidly, and as is their custom at that time of day, were contentedly chewing the cud. The boy watched the milkmaids at work and his eyes dwelt with growing wonder on the ceaseless grind of the cows' jaws. At length he turned to his host and said: "And do you have to buy gum for all them cows?"

A little boy had been naughty at dinner, and had been sent away from the table just as his favorite dessert—cabinet pudding with butter and sugar sauce—was being served. About nine o'clock that evening, when the other children had gone to bed and his parents were alone in the sitting-room, a tear-stained little face and a white-robed figure appeared at the door. "Mamma," it said, bravely, between sobs, "you told me never to go to sleep when anything wrong had been done until it was all fixed up right, so I came down to tell you that—that—that—I—forgive you and papa for what you did to me at the dinner-table."

Freddie was left in care of an inexperienced young aunt. One day he greatly alarmed her by announcing: "Auntie, I th'wallowed a pin."

"Oh," groaned his aunt, "Freddie, you'll die."

"Oh no, Auntie," said Freddie, reassuringly; "it wath a th'afety pin."

Letters in regard to I. B. L. work to be sent to the above at 148 Centre Street, New York.

Letters in regard to children's work to be sent to Mrs. E. C. Mayer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

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.

WOMEN'S MEETING AT THE
MACON JUBILEE.

The meeting for women only, held yesterday at the Theosophical Hall by Mrs. Mayer may without overpraise be pronounced the most successful and interesting meeting of the jubilee week.

There was not a vacant seat in the hall and many of the audience had to be shown to seats in the ante-room.

Mrs. Ross White presided with much grace and a womanly timidity which was charming. The exercises began with a piano solo by Miss Bonn, who interpreted one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" with great feeling and tenderness.

In a few words conveying much to the minds of the audience Mrs. Ross White introduced Mrs. Mayer of New York, who is in Macon in the interest of Theosophical work generally and the Brotherhood League particularly.

Mrs. Mayer is endowed with so much personal magnetism; she is so much in earnest and her words carry with them so much of inward force that in listening to her one loses a sense of time.

For these reasons, the address seemed, if anything, too short. But in reality Mrs. Mayer was speaking something more than thirty minutes, and in that time enough was said to give her hearers food for thought for days together.

At the outset Mrs. Mayer disclaimed all intention of coming to advise the women of Macon. What she wished to do, she said, was to call their attention to those things which are often times overlooked and neglected. Her work had made it necessary for her to study conditions, and therefore there were many things which are of paramount importance to women, or rather to the race, which women are inclined to disregard. Mrs. Mayer then went on to inquire why we see such signs of weariness, ennui and discontent in the faces of so many we meet. Worst of all, we see evidences of cynicism, world-weariness, in the countenances of the youth of the land. Why? And what are our remedies? Is it soul salvation? Have we not fed the material natures of our children and ministered to creature

wants while neglecting to feed their spiritual natures and supply food for souls? Have we taught them that in striving for rest and peace and happiness one must teach one's self to listen for and to discern that voice within, which is the true guide?

Mrs. Mayer then proceeded to state in a general way some of the teachings of Theosophy in relation to these things, dwelling markedly upon the metaphysical fact of the duality of mind and accounting therefor by known and generally accepted psychological laws.

From this point the speaker naturally led on to the subject of the responsibility of motherhood, notably in the matter of pre-natal forces in the formation of character. Here was perhaps to her hearers the most vitally interesting and instructive part of the address. Mrs. Mayer grew eloquent as she dwelt upon the necessity of pure-mindedness and noble and courageous thinking on the part of expectant mothers. Usefulness, self control, mental and spiritual equilibrium and poise are mental and spiritual traits which a mother must feel herself in honor bound to transmit to the child, whom already she loves so absorbingly. To this end women should rightly understand and solemnly appreciate the true marriage relationship. It is impossible to do justice to this part of Mrs. Mayer's address. To say she voiced the sublimest aims and ideas of womanhood is to put the matter with distressing feebleness.

The old truth that the first seven years of a child's life determined the child's character was stated with such force that it seemed almost the statement of a new and startling fact. Mrs. Mayer said that it is in these first seven years that a wise and true mother teaches her child to listen to the "voice within," and to be guided by that solid voice, or, as the most of us are taught to call it, conscience.

Mrs. Mayer then proceeded to dwell for a few minutes upon what is usually spoken of as "rescue work," though not once did she use this form of expression. No one but women can save women, said Mrs. Mayer, and how can women save women but by themselves becoming pure-minded, self-controlled, firm and forceful?

The world is to be made better. And it is to be made better by women. To do this it is not necessary that women should go beyond their own homes. In their own home circle they will find work enough to do. And yet there have been history-making women. From ancient Egypt to the present time Mrs. Mayer enumerated examples to prove the statement. Each period of world history has woman's impress upon it for evil or for good. But, leaving out of the question these phenomenal instances, a woman's work lies within her home, where from her own strong and pure spiritual individuality she wields a force which shall make for righteousness.

Upon the conclusion of the address Mrs. Ross White made announcement of further meetings for last night and this evening, after which the ladies present were cordially invited to come forward and meet Mrs. Mayer.—*Local Press Report.*

"Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and souls in perfect solution and compels every atom to serve an universal end."

FIRST OBJECT OF THE I. B. L.

BY BURCHAM HARDING.

"To help workingmen and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life."

Human nature varies little as the ages run their course. The bitter and the sweet remain virtually unchanged. The untamed animal resents control, and continues to fight against constraint. Man resists and chafes under the necessary limitations of daily duty. It was the same in the days of ancient Rome, as the poet Horace relates that even at that time the sailor's dearest hope was to possess a farm, and the farmer sighed to go to sea.

Yet the animal must either submit to be tamed or pass out of this plane of evolution, and man, chained to his daily round must learn to perform his allotted task with cheerfulness.

How can we help each other to realize the nobility and necessity of our occupations? Failure to realize our true position in life, has brought about a set of conditions in our midst which makes this a very difficult task.

It seems, at the first blush, a mere mockery, to tell the millions who struggle year after year to keep the wolf of hunger from the door, that they must recognize the nobility of their calling; and this feeling is deepened when we approach that ever increasing crowd of workingmen and women who would gladly toil could they find employment.

This first object of the International Brotherhood League is distinctly humanitarian, it seeks to remove the wrongs and hardships with which the world is teeming at the present epoch, but it recognizes that as man has brought about these conditions of trouble, it is by his own effort the remedy must be applied, and liberation gained. There are already too many societies and organizations, well intentioned truly, which recognizing the hardships of present conditions, yet expend most of their force in attacking others, and in striving to reform some other class.

The International Brotherhood League adopts the method of beginning its reform at home, by helping each of us to endeavor to understand our own true position in life.

The greater part of our unhappy surroundings arises from a failure to understand our position, we lack any true standard for action, and so are liable to be ignorantly led astray to barter our rights for political promises, which are like the proverbial pie-crust, or to follow injudicious and self-seeking leaders, or to fall victims to our own greed, cupidity or ignorance.

What is our true position in life?

Life relates man to two worlds. While living in a body, and during waking hours he is connected with this outer material world. But man is also an immortal being, a soul, who lived before this body existed, and will continue to live after its death. This permanent and undying soul is man's real self, which connects him with another world. Neither of these aspects of man can be ignored. Of the two the soul,

which exists continuously is of far greater importance than the body, for the latter lives but a short period in this world and is then discarded by the soul, returning to the dust.

The analogy of nature shows that everything follows the same law. The minerals, plants and animals take forms, retain them for a time and then decay, but the indestructible essence of matter builds itself other coverings. The outer form is temporary but the inner essence is eternal. In man the soul is eternal, the body but the temporary covering. Our true position in life is therefore far more intimately associated with the soul and its concerns than with those passing ones of the body.

Every school of philosophy recognizes that at the root of nature there is a Unity, one boundless principle, from which all things proceed, and to which all return. Call it the First Cause, or God, or the One Life, or what you will, it pervades everything, and is the cause of their existence.

We perceive further that all parts of nature coöperate, each part helps the others, and without that aid they could not grow and progress.

Every element must render its help for even one seed to grow, and all parts of our bodies must work harmoniously, otherwise we suffer. Coöperation, or helping and sharing, is nature's Law. It is so because all are in their essence part of a Unity, God, or the One Life.

(To be continued.)

MARCHING HYMN OF THE
CRUSADE.DEDICATED TO THE LEADER KATHERINE A.
TINGLEY BY JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(Printed by request.)

I.

The stricken world lay groaning 'neath its weight of sin and shame.
Its cry rose up to heaven's gates and did not call in vain.
Compassion's hosts the Word sent forth; "Assuage thy Brother's pain
And Love shall set men free.
Wake! Wake, the light to see!
The Peace! The Harmony!
The universal Truth that is the Brotherhood of Souls
Shall lift Humanity."

CHORUS.

Children of one, common Mother
Pass the Word from each to other.
Work! Work on for Man, our Brother;
Work for him is Joy!

II.

"From sea to sea, in every land, shall Love's Crusade go forth.
Without that Love the thought is poor, thy deeds of little worth.
Light, Truth and Liberation bring to every soul on earth,
And Light shall lead ye on!
The light that makes us One!
The Heart that is our Sun.
The soul of man in unity and freedom shall arise
When Love with self hath done."

CHORUS.

Selhood shun and never sue it.
Follow truth and never rue it.
Will and Trust and Love shall do it:
Universal Joy!

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

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

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

THEOSOPHY AND PRACTICE.

BY D. N. DUNLOP.

It has been frequently stated that Theosophy is a system of philosophy which explains life. It is so, assuredly, but it is more. That it has been misunderstood, misinterpreted, and even misapplied, there can be no doubt whatever. All systems of philosophy have passed through similar stages: it is inevitable and need occasion us no surprise. The time comes, however, when the initial steps are safely passed. During the last twenty-five years Theosophy has evolved through many phases. It has now to emerge from its chrysalis amplified, made more intelligible and more complete. The steps now taken may determine its course for ages. One with a universal grasp must direct it; the different elements of human life and character must be understood; the highest philosophy brought down to the needs of the lowliest; the Heavens must stoop to kiss the Earth.

Look around at the conditions of life and see what is needed. People generally have been taught to believe in a perfect providence ruling all things, and accept it instinctively, but in a world full of uncared for wants the intellect cannot follow out the clue.

Tennyson wisely and sweetly sings
"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete."

This the heart of man cherishes as a belief, but the grim facts in a struggling world cause him to relegate the self-evident truth to the realm of fancy. The golden thread of destiny men have been unable to follow. What beautiful conflagrations are the stars—but they are distant. Close at hand there is a constant struggle—a worm is at the root of every blossom. The bitter cup must be drained to its last drop. Human hearts are ground to pigments every day. "Nero is on the throne and Jesus is on the Cross in every age and and time." Men see that Nature's laws are impersonal and invariable and think there is no pity in her plan. Raphael once composed a beautiful picture of St. Marguerite, showing how, with no weapon but a lily she walked through the yawning jaws of a dragon. That is all very well for romance, but in real life, somehow, the dragon acts differently. Hunger goes unfed, nakedness unclothed; weakness without protection and misery without hope or consolation. Mice seemed better cared for than men. Each nation grips the other by the throat. Men listen to the poets and the philosophers, but in the midst of squalor, disease, brutality, and all the vices, where is the evidence that what they teach is true? There seems a contradiction somewhere. The so-called practical man dismisses philoso-

phy as a sentiment, and little wonder—so many so-called schools of philosophy are simply dissecting rooms. These philosophic dissectors naturally lose human sympathy. Their philosophy is used in argument in support of inaction in a deed of mercy. Above all things study must be pursued; the feeble stir of a "centre" in the body may lead to the discovery of its existence, and if any one will say that lessening some human suffering or bringing joy to some human heart is of more value than a thousand such discoveries, our philosopher will demur, and quote from, the Bible, the Koran, the Shastras, or some such authority in support of his position—so easy is it to prove anything from a text-book. Philosophy not applicable to the everyday needs of humanity is practically useless. Words will not feed a starving body, nor theories a soul that is hungry. People wonder that the world moves slowly and smile at the enthusiasm of reformers, because what they seek for does not take place immediately. The cold criticism of a cynical philosopher is more retarding in its influence than the "emotional" sentiment of which he so often complains.

Ideally, philosophy may be perfect, but practically the greatest part of the work of perfection has yet to be done. Theosophical philosophy teaches that man is the heir of the world, but until this divine power is put into actual service, of what avail is the theory. Philosophy must not be left floating in the air, but find shape, realization, and practical embodiment in the service of humanity. The divine sympathy comes to man through man and must be incarnated before the evil effects of our civilization are neutralized.

Humanity is the expression of the divine presence. Men are the measure of the divine principles, not any system of philosophy. Human sympathy and justice are divine instruments. This world is ours to conquer, ours to transform into conformity with the divine laws. Philosophy must be ultimated in human effort; it must be woven into every simple act of life. The needs of humanity evoke heroes; they are in our midst to-day; they sacrifice every personal consideration, every comfort, the approval of their fellow men, yea life itself, to lead mankind to a more righteous future. They fling themselves against the scorn and menace of their time to make philosophy applicable to every human need.

The divine spirit is the helpful spirit. Every power within us is required to accomplish all that we strive after in our highest moods. Whatever is good, is possible. The divine must advance through the human to visibility. The paths of the infinite must be made through human nature to reach every circumstance. The measure of the divine deed to-day is the exact measure

of human care that is it, and the smallest trifle is not unimportant. It will thus be seen that philosophy to be of any use must become human. The farmer, the fisherman, the laborer, the inventor, the scientist, the producer, the philanthropist, are all true philosophers—the agents of the divine. Their task is noble, because tho' unconsciously to themselves it may be, they are all working to diminish the evils that inflict humanity, and helping to evolve at last through every channel the perfect order; they are partners in the work of redeeming the world.

What was the work of those whom the world recognizes as its greatest? Feeding the hungry, healing the sick, consoling those in sorrow and despair. They were the true philosophers—types of what all should be. Said Job of old: "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause I knew not I searched out."

The man who seeks to investigate the sorrows and woes of the world—to the extent of his practical work is a divine philosopher and his philosophy is the true one. Every generous act, every consoling word, every friendly or kindly look, every little courtesy, partakes of the divine. Might we not then give some attention to this philosophy and put it into practice. Efforts that have been going on for ages are now being specialized; a new touch is involved in everything we touch in the spirit of this broad philosophy. The little atom that you and I can evolve helps on the mighty work.

GREAT BAZAAR.

The "Bazaar" is upon us. Under the direction of the General Committee—Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, Mrs. E. C. Mayer, Mr. F. M. Pierce, Mr. H. T. Patterson, Mr. W. Lindsay, Mr. Herbert Crooke, Mr. D. N. Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. Stern, and the indefatigable Mrs. Sarah Cape—for weeks preparations have been going on. Provisions for the different booths; customs have been the restaurant have been coming in; curios gotten ready—Greece, Sweden, India, Egypt, Ireland, France, Scotland, Germany are represented—jewels, mirrors, lamps, embroideries, ware from various countries, everything conceivable has been coming in. Some have been busy at this, others in rehearsals for the "Shakespearean readings" with mystical interpretation and illustration by means of tableaux vivants.

When one walks about "Scottish Rite Hall," where the bazaar is held, he is impressed by the excellent taste pervading all departments; also by the skillful groupings and novel effects. Amongst the notable things are pictures—some on exhibition only, some also for sale—sent in from numberless directions; one by Machell, of England.

There is keen anticipation in regard to the evening entertainments.

The program is as follows: Entertainment Friday and Saturday evenings, Mrs. H. K. Richmond Green, reader, will give the mystic interpretation of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," throwing new light upon this masterpiece, of great value to all interested in the

works of the great poet. Illustrated by tableaux vivants, under the direction of Albert Operti, artist, with orchestral accompaniment. Stereopticon views, Monday and Tuesday evenings. Tour of the American Crusade around the world. A visit to Rome, Athens, the Pyramids of Egypt, the rock-cut temples of India, Samoa, the South-Sea Islands, and places of great interest. Many views never before shown, selected expressly for this entertainment.

The series tickets are only available for Friday, Saturday and Monday. For Tuesday's entertainment new tickets must be purchased. The last night of the Bazaar we presume the usual course of selling everything possible at reduced prices will be followed.

Success to all the other bazaars and the great "International Brotherhood League." May the wave of inspiration roll on and on, until the new century has dawned and has in its turn become the new age.

To all Branches of the Theosophical Society in America:

GREETING!—With the approval of Headquarters, and the permission and approval of Mr. M. A. Opperman, the present owner of the picture; a reproduction of a photograph of the magnificent painting, "The Path," by R. Machell, London, Eng., is submitted for your approval. As a mystical and symbolical study it has no equal in modern art. The price of the picture has been placed so low as to be within the reach of every member of the society.

The price for a single copy is 50 cents, or 5 copies for \$2.00, postpaid, additional copies, 40 cents each.

To secure the best effect, the picture should be framed to the colored plate—or to the picture itself, the latter with a deep mat. The descriptive explanation written by Mr. Machell should be cut out and pasted on the back or preserved for reference.

All the profits will be used for the benefit of the Theosophical movement. Two copies, one black and one brown, are sent with this—with the hope that you will be able to use them both and order more. The picture should be in the home of every member of the society.

Remittances should accompany orders which may be made by postal note or stamps, or New York draft or express order. The two pictures sent with this will not count as part of the five at 40 cents. If no more are ordered, \$1.00 should be sent or the pictures returned. We will forward stamps for return if requested to do so. All correspondence should be addressed, and all remittances be made payable to W. A. Stevens, care The Buffalo Theosophical Society, 95 West Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Make all your friends Christmas gifts of Machell's great picture, "The Path."

On The Outer Rim; Studies in Wider Evolution; by George E. Wright.* This is an unpretentious book of eighty-four pages, in which the author gives his ideas concerning various theories of evolution put forward by writers of the present day. No effort has been made in the book to say anything new or startling, but the author has condensed much matter that is usually given to the reading public in a heavy and not easily digested form. The ethical ideas contained in the volume are particularly good.

* Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, Chicago.