

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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Every use of will force which is not in harmony with universal Love, must react on the one so misusing it, with disastrous consequences in proportion to its power.

Character is nature in the highest form. It is no use to ape it or to contend with it.—*Emerson*.

"The primitive Light of the Deity, who is nothing, filled all space, is space itself."

"To produce in ourselves moral and intellectual equilibrium is the 'Great Work' of the Hermetic Sages."

"To preach equality to that which is below, without teaching it to rise, is to pledge yourself to descend."

"The symbols of the Sages become the idols of the vulgar; the allegories and myths of the wise, the fictions of history."

All true action clears the springs of right feeling, letting their waters rise and flow.

A MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION.

The accompanying illustration gives the first of the series of Living Pictures given at the New York Brotherhood Bazaar in connection with the "Mystical Interpretation of A Winter's Tale." We shall give later a complete account of the interpretations of this drama by Mrs. Green, and so need only point out now that King Leontes (on the right) represents the lower nature of man struggling under the influence of jealousy while his Queen, Hermione, represents the soul.

❧ ❧ A HAPPY NEW YEAR. ❧ ❧



X. 14
THE FIRST OF THE SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS IN THE "MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION OF A WINTER'S TALE,"
AT BROTHERHOOD BAZAR, NEW YORK, DEC. 11, 1897.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

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

BY WM. JAMESON.

CHAPTER VIII.—DISCORD.

After dinner, as the children were going to bed, Mr. Cutt was reminded of a question he had meant to ask earlier; namely, when the song was written that he had heard them singing during the afternoon. Was anything known of the author?

"Lost in the mists of antiquity!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoseason, with mock solemnity. She never overlooked a chance of poking fun at the antiquarian zeal of the others present.

"Dinna believe her," said Harold, shaking his head. "It's nothing further off than a Shetland mist that Laurie Nicolson could be lost in, and he's to be found in Edinbro' at the present moment, I guess. A rare good fellow, respectably dressed, too, and with nothing of the London-made poet about him!"

"You know him, then?" said the millionaire. His commercial experience had never brought him into contact with a poet, and he felt interested.

"Well, I have met him a few times at Lerwick; but Marjory knows him better. He likes her to sing his songs. She teaches music in Edinbro', you know."

But Mr. Cutt didn't know. He felt once more that he was among a singular people; who were never in a hurry to disclose their private affairs, nor to show what they could do. There was a piano in the room. This belonged to the pleasures of winter. In summer—well, Marjory had no vanity, and she had other sources of enjoyment.

"I should like—" said Mr. Cutt. He hesitated for a word. It was Marjory's singing he wanted. He had lost sight of the poet Nicolson.

"Sing us that song called 'Fraternity,' Marjory, please," said her brother-in-law. "It's in plain English," he added, turning to Hosea, "so ye'll understand it better."

Then Marjory sang. Truly as one inspired; for the vision of that mystic figure seen on the hills came suddenly into her thought:

FRATERNITY.*

"No anthem to the God of War
Nor love song to the fair;
Our song shall be fraternity,
The compass, plumb, and square;
The mystic symbols brothers know,
As only brothers can,
In word and deed, a noble creed—
The brotherhood of man."

"In love or war, where brothers are,
A brother's heart-blood warms,
In love or war, he'll not be far
When sounds the call—'To arms!'
But gathered round the social board,
A brother knows his plan,
To fashion fair, by plumb and square,
The brotherhood of man."

"Not level down, but level up,
A brother's work shall be,
Then shall arise, before all eyes,
The building—unity."

* From "Songs of Thule," by L. J. Nicolson.

So by the symbols, brothers know,
We end as we began;
And higher hold than rank or gold,
The brotherhood of man."

There was silence for some minutes after Marjory had sung this song. Things that touch us deeply do not evoke praise. Gratitude is more the feeling aroused, and this refuses sometimes to be worded.

But, although our American millionaire was conscious that the deeper parts of him responded to the sentiment of "Fraternity"—as they had responded to other harmonious influences brought to bear on him since his stay at Burravoe—and his action that very afternoon in begging for his host's friendship was evidence thereof—still, the "successful merchant" aspect of his character, which recently had been kept under (by events, rather than by any design of his own), now suddenly became evident. Indeed, how could any millionaire—and especially one who had assisted in the carving of his own fortune—regard the sentiment expressed in the closing lines of this song as other than a challenge? Mr. Cutt might possibly not have said what he thought; but that as luck would have it, Harold Hoseason broke the silence by shouting, rather than singing, these lines:

"And higher hold than rank or gold,
The brotherhood of man."

He banged the table with his fist when he came to the word *gold*, and then flourished his arm defiantly, more like an ancient Viking than a modern Fraternitist; and when he had finished singing, he slapped the American heartily on the back, saying:

"Isna dat grand, Brither! grand!"

The millionaire shrugged his shoulders, and made answer in a voice that sounded strange and unnatural to folk who had as yet discovered only the holiday aspect of the man. New York—nay, Wall Street itself, stepped to the front and accepted the challenge.

"I don't know," he said; "We all like that kind of thing from poets and dreamers; but I am a business man, and—"

"So is Laurie Nicolson," interrupted Harold, "Yea, and it wad tak a smart fellow to get to windward o' him in a bargain. But I beg pardon, go on."

"I was going to add," resumed Hosea, "My practical experience tells me that we must take the world as we find it. Fraternity is like Heaven, something we talk about when we are hard up for a fact. Now the real thing doesn't exist—in America, at any rate, and I don't think there is much of the article in London from what I saw of the place. Of course there are plenty of agitators, who like sharp men on the Exchange are ready at any moment to sell a stock they haven't got; but in the States we know how to deal with such fellows. We business men quietly let them build up a reputation with the mob, on the Fraternity ticket or some other crank, and then, when they have established a market price, well—somebody else steps in."

Marjory had been listening with painful intensity as the American was

thus stating his views. Ten minutes earlier her heart was full of hope for the man of her dream, whom she was bidden to help. Now he had vanished utterly, and she beheld in his stead a mere man of the world.

"Silence!"

She realized the wisdom of that injunction, and thereupon hope revived a little within her.

She looked at her brother-in-law, and her look said "be patient, Harold." There was need. His dark, Spanish eyes were flashing ominously. He could thoroughly enjoy a wordy battle, and was careless how his tongue bit when the fray began. Yet he too was not unaided. He recollected that talk about blood-brotherhood a few hours before, and responded quietly:

"But, remember, Shetland is not America, Hosea."

His friend reappeared for a moment, and looked a bit ashamed of himself. Then New York held sway again, and replied, with a smile and a bow to the two women:

"Ah! this is Arcadia; this is the exception that proves the rule."

"We are just plain flesh and blood like the rest o' the world," responded Harold abruptly.

"So you think; but if you travelled."

"Travelled, man!" replied his host, breaking into that genial laugh of his, "Travelled! why the men-folk of the Shetlands are the greatest travellers in the world. Ye needna tak my opinion by itself. A cousin of our ain from London was staying with us a while ago. Well, he spent a night at the Haaf (deep sea) fishing, wi' a crew of six men. In the morn, when he returned, I asked him how far they had gone (with the boat I meant). He answered, 'all round the world.' Then he explained—he was 'a chiel amang us takin' notes' ye ken—that when they were all chatting over their meal, after the lines were laid he found that one of the crew had been on a polar expedition, another had lived in India, another had sailed a score of times to Australia, another had travelled right across the States, and altogether that half dozen Shetland fishers made him feel very ignorant."

"And our people have plenty of time in the winter to talk about their travels, and so knowledge spreads," added Marjory, quietly. She noticed that Mr. Cutt looked less like a representative New Yorker than he did some moments earlier.

But the man of the world was not yet beaten off the field. Unfortunately it was Harold himself who brought that objectionable personage back again. He was telling of his own travels, prior to settling on the "Auld Rock," and wedding the girl he had left behind him; and went on to say, with a frankness born of that vow of friendship made earlier:

"I brought back a couple of thousand pounds wi me, so I'm a rich man mysel' ye understand, and have no fear o' lairds or any such folk. And still I hold wi Laurie Nicolson."

He was about to sing the refrain once more, but Marjory put a gentle hand on his arm.

Hosea Cutt smiled cynically at that

simple Shetlander's notion of riches. He thought to himself, "why I could buy up the whole of these islands without feeling it!" He did not dream of saying as much; for he was not a vulgar millionaire, as the reader will have observed. However, that smile cost him dear, although it was not observed by those present.

(To be continued.)

STATUE OF BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA, JAPAN.

This wonderful statue was cast in the year 1252 by Ono Go-ro-ye-mon. Its original place was in a fine temple, but the building was destroyed by an inundation from the sea at the end of the fifteenth century and the statue has since remained in the open air. The statue is nearly fifty feet high, and some idea of its proportions will be gained from the fact that the eyes are four feet long, the length across the lap from knee to knee, thirty-five feet, and the circumference of the thumb about three feet. The whole is composed of bronze cast in pieces and brazed together with the chisel.

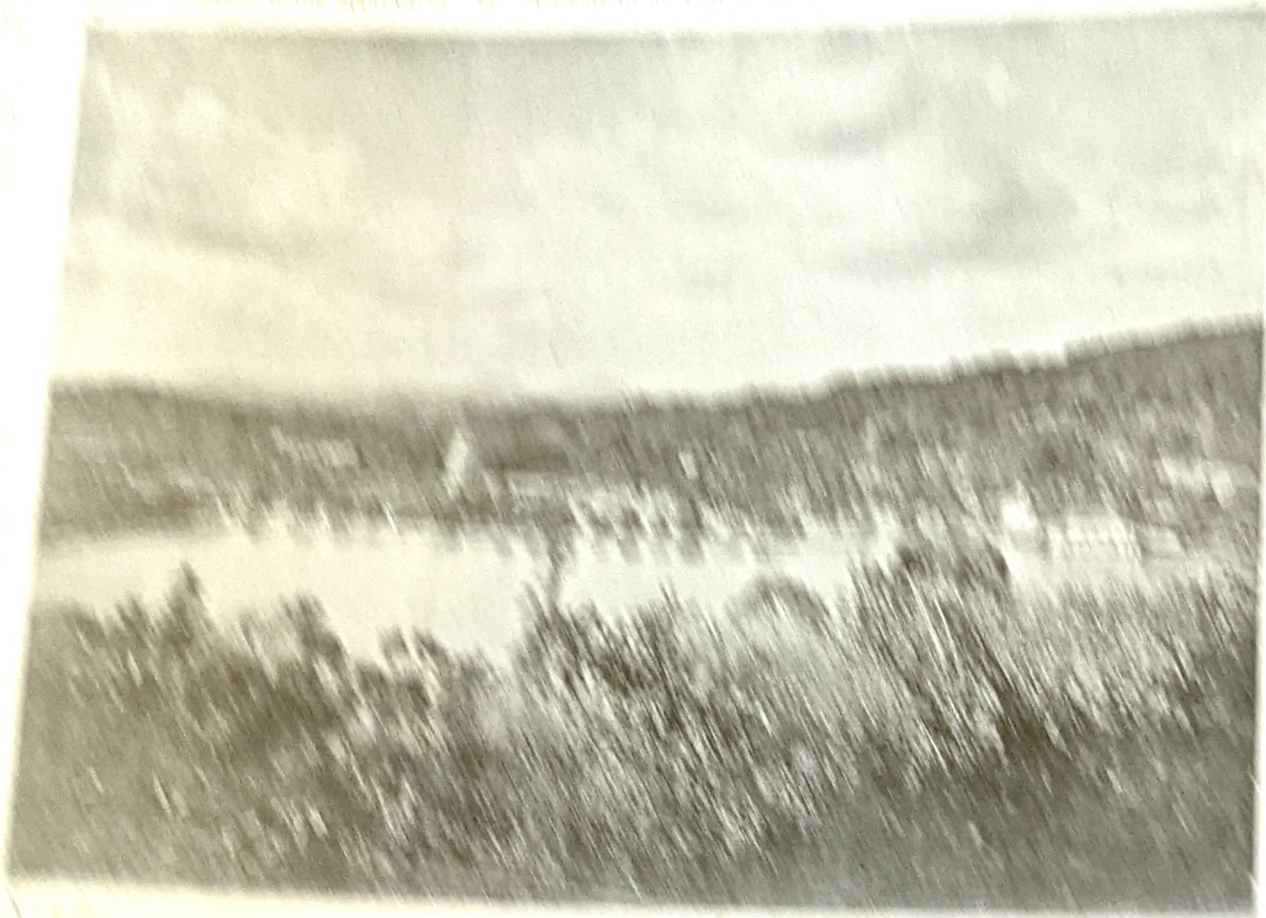
All travellers who see the statue are impressed with the majestic calm and the beauty of the face. Mr. John La Farge when he visited Japan, wrote a very fine description of it, part of which we reproduce. He says: Now, freed from its shrine, the figure sits in contemplation of entire nature, the whole open world that we feel about us, or its symbols—the landscape, the hills, the trees and fields, the sky and its depths, the sunshine playing before the eyes of the seated figure, the air, in which dance all things that live in air, from the birds that fly to the atoms of dust, and the drifting leaves and blossoms, the confusion or the peace of the elements, the snow in crystals and the rain in drops. All this world of ours, which to the contemplative mind is but a figurative fragment of the universe, lies before the mental gaze of the Buddha. Unwinking, without change of direction, he looks forever; his will is forever subdued and held beneath him, as his fingers pressed together indicate his freedom from all the disturbances of that past of being which is subject to time and change, and his cognition, undisturbed, envelops and images the universe in final contemplation.

"Truth is infinite and man's power to think, makes it possible for him to comprehend it. It is knowledge—self-knowledge which enables man to rise in his majesty and peep over the highest mountains of ignorance, thus causing it and its fictions, to fade into their native nothingness."

"Men, weary of the light, take refuge in the shadow of the corporeal substance; the dream of the void which God fills seems to them far greater than God himself; and hell is created."

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ, Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it."

If losing all thou gettest wisdom by it,—thy loss is gain.



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NOTICES.

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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.

We have received many appreciative letters with regard to the twelve page issues of the CENTURY, many wishing that it could be permanently enlarged to that size. This will be quite possible at a future date, but at present we must feel our way gradually and direct our efforts to perfecting the paper in every way until it reaches the ideal standard.

During the past few weeks the pressure of work has been very great and some subscribers may not have received their copies. If they will inform us we will see that everything is put right with as little delay as possible. We are also making enquiries at the Post Office with regard to some complaints from subscribers who have not received their copies, and where we are certain that they have been mailed in the usual course.

* * *

In the future we hope to have an occasional article from Mr. D. N. Dunlop, the former editor of an Irish publication well known to a number of our readers. We are also making arrangements with other writers for special articles which will be of interest to all.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We stand on the threshold of a new year and a new cycle. Surely these periods of time—measurements of eternity—mean much for us all. They mark the evolution of all things. The old order of things passes away and we are brought face to face with the great and grand possibilities of the new.

"A happy new year" may seem mockery to some, so many sad and unhappy ones are in our midst for whom the new year holds out little hope. How remarkable it is that so many in such circumstances are able to drag on through misery and wretchedness so well. What power is it that keeps them going? It is the soul, urging on though unconsciously perhaps, to the greater possibilities of happier and better days.

To all such we have a duty to perform. We can convince these heavy-laden ones of their divinity, of that God-like power latent within themselves, and encourage them with the idea that a realization of its truth would develop new energy, so that even in the old environment surrounded on all sides by the darkest clouds, they would be able to see "the silver lining."

I say, then, a *happy new year* deeply and from the heart because I realize that through the potency of such a thought a key will be furnished to open the door to a new life for all who are unhappy.

Many people become so absorbed in their own will and their way of looking at life that they positively refuse to listen to the soft whispering of the soul within; and so they must plod on and fall and suffer, but in this very process of evolution the mind is going through a change and becoming free. During the past few years great advance has been made in scientific discoveries. There has also been going on a great improvement in the minds of men. At this time, the beginning of the new year, forces are at work which cause men to pause and look into the causes of things. People begin more than ever to realize the power of thought upon the life of the world.

Let us look for a moment at some aspects of life which materially affect the progress of humanity. Take for example those shut in prisons. Examine their life-history and see how far the influences of environment and heredity have been responsible for their condition. But a deeper research will show that these are but effects, the causes of which lie deeper. Evil desires and selfish thoughts that so insidiously work in the minds of parents affect the rising generations. The narrow grooves of thought through which mothers seek to lay down the law as to what occupations their children should follow, draws them often from the true purpose of their lives, and hampers the expression of the divine principles within them. There can be no question about the mother's love, but sometimes by this very means, mistakes are made which affect the minds of the young so materially that their power for good be-

comes dwarfed and sometimes they go to pieces altogether. When, however, without selfish ideas of personal advancement, the mother follows her intuition, the results on her family are vastly different.

Even when all these influences are considered a point is reached where no further light is possible unless the idea of re-birth is understood. How differently parents would act if they fully realized that their little ones came "trailing clouds of glory" from a great past, travelling down through the ages to the present time. The nature of the age in which we live affects all: William Q. Judge wrote with regard to it: "The Gods are asleep for awhile. But noble hearts still walk here, fighting over again the ancient fight. They seek each other so as to be of mutual helpfulness. We will not fail them. To fail would be nothing, but to stop working for humanity and brotherhood would be awful."

The currents of thought at work throughout the whole organism of humanity are registered on the minds of all as on a sensitive plate. In every country there are thousands concentrating their minds on the injustice under which they suffer, and in no way does this condition of things affect the world more deeply than by prenatal influences. And so children are born into a thought atmosphere stifling to the soul.

It is our privilege, my comrades, to help to lift the thought of the world, to aid humanity by discouraging every barbarism, every inhuman act. All material advancement is but the foreshadowing of the great light which will be shed upon the problems that affect the deeper life of men, in the coming years, particularly through the now unknown law of vibration. Let us concentrate our thought on this work, until, in the words of the old saying, "the whole world is pervaded with the heart of love." Let us refuse to accentuate differences in any way and turn all our attention to the practical application of the ideas of universal brotherhood. Let us enter the new year full of this larger hope, full of determination and courage. Maintaining this mental attitude persistently, we will not waste our time looking for the failings in each other and trying to gain selfish advancement for ourselves but with our hearts full of love and in the old spirit of heroism and selflessness battle constantly for the light, a united army of workers in the cause of suffering humanity.

With these responsibilities dare we turn away from the light of our Master's countenance and the help which He gives.

* * *

Mr. RANDALL writes:—

Word reaches me of the fatal change that has come over a college student—a young man naturally gifted with charming qualities of heart and mind. He detested vivisection—but experiments were *forced* upon him in his college course. It was not long before these brutalizing associations accomplished their odious work; his repugnance once overcome, he fairly de-

lighted in the exciting scenes. The activities of his now perverted nature, which were formerly employed in kindly deeds, were turned to a cruel passion; he was restless from cruel instincts; in cruel acts he found amusement and delight.

That perverted evil doer, Jesse Romero, owed his terrible inheritance to the morbid tendencies of a mother who used to watch the bloody doings at the slaughter house—thus blighting his future prior to his birth.

The imitative child, who as a fitting compliment to his inhuman teacher, crucified his cat to a piece of board, as an impromptu "operating trough," practiced incipient infantile murder in his heart, and it is not unlikely that in later years he will have to pay the grim penalty which law and justice mete out to the murderous malefactor. Should the guillotine fall on his (once innocent) head?—or on that of the tutor who shaped his final destiny? On some guilty head must fall the dark and awful shadow of reproach and condemnation. Let those who have in charge our educational methods answer this solemn question!

* * *

The October number of *Notes and Queries*, a monthly magazine of History, Folk-Lore, Mathematics, Mysticism, Art, etc., published by S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H., contains some interesting reading.

* * *

It is with great pleasure that we have to acknowledge receipt of interesting letters from India and Greece, expressing heartfelt satisfaction with the NEW CENTURY, and its importance in aiding the work in these parts. The particular interest of the letters from India is the news they bring of the progress of the work in that country. We hope on a suitable occasion to publish extracts from these letters.

* * *

With reference to the words of a "Master of Wisdom" which we publish on page 7 of this issue, we should like to point out the emphasis that is laid upon the necessity for *practical work*. In this age, when so much value is put upon the intellectual side of our philosophy, and when precept is substituted for example, it is well for each one to consider his position, for it is so easy to be misled by finely expressed sentiment, and to forget that truth is a sharp two-edged sword that cuts both ways. Day by day we are gratified to find that members throughout the Society realize the importance of practical work and the necessity for assimilating the teaching of past years so as to be in a position to utilize it with satisfactory results in the Cause we serve.

"Life is no series of chances, with a few providences sprinkled between to keep up a justly failing belief, but one providence of God; and the man shall not have lived long, before life itself, shall have taught him, it may be in agony of soul of that which he has forgotten;—and he will have to read, written on the dark wall of his imprisoned conscience, the words awful and glorious, 'Our God is a consuming Fire'."

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

Conscience, one of the divinest gifts to man, the voice of the higher nature, ever pointing out the path to the true, the pure, the good, is yet an excuse for actions the most contrary to its own nature and origin. "For conscience' sake" covers a multitude of motives. Conscience is impersonal, and it is not easy to follow the impersonal path. Yet most men and women desire to be thought impersonal and impartial, and some go so far as to persuade themselves that they are so, or at least that they would be so should any great crisis arise. And so "for conscience' sake" is used as a cloak for all forms of selfishness, pride, ambition, just as personal ends are often covered up under the pretence of "principle."

The fact of the matter is that we are very prone to self-delusion, and we like to persuade ourselves we are much better than we appear. And, if we speak of our real selves, it is true that we are better than we appear, but then we shall not be concerned so much about the appearances, though we shall also realize that our actions, our thoughts, and words all fall short of what we might make them.

Then too we like to be considered independent; and to act for conscience' sake and on principle is a sign of independence. But do we not often misunderstand "independence," do we realize the paradox that is involved in true independence, do we realize our dependence one on another, have we found the secret of true service, true devotion? True independence includes these also.

On every hand we find those who are lacking in trust and confidence, in hope and courage. They are not content to take the present as it is but become fearful for the future. They cannot enter whole-souled into any undertaking, but take it half-heartedly and with the proviso that if their conscience should not approve of anything that may turn up in the future, why of course they reserve to themselves the right to act according to their conscience. Poor fools, if the work be not good why enter upon it at all. In 999 cases out of a 1000 it is themselves who lay the foundation for their conscience's disapproval—a disapproval of themselves and their own attitude, not of the work, though self-blinded they cannot discern where the fault lies.

We all know the fate of him who having once put his hand to the plough turns back, but what of those who having taken hold, having seen that the thing was good, having *once made up their minds to it*, having resolved to *go through with it*, do not simply turn back but deliberately work against and hamper those who still go forward? "For conscience' sake" was it? Nay, but for the sake of the will o' the wisp of a personality.

Perchance they think they had fully tested the work and that they understood the workers, but not so—the work is not yet complete, and they having cut themselves from it can never understand it, but will more and more misunderstand and misconstrue it. They think the work has changed, but it

does not change save by growth, and in growth there is always that which remains ever the same and changeless.

Wait long, if you will, weigh and consider, listen for the voice of conscience, ere you set forth upon the work which is the work of your inner life; but once having set foot upon the path, turn not back; *once you make up your mind to it, go through with it*. Once you pledge yourself—DIE rather than break your pledge.

The personal man may rebel; pride, ambition, selfishness, may seek to draw you away from your trust, but conscience never. Be true, for conscience sake. Fulfil this work that you have entered upon for conscience' sake. "Bring into line with conscience, the will, the affections and the intellect, and you shall have light." J. H. FUSSELL.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

BY J. D. BUCK, M. D.

If we take as a fact in human life the permanency of self-hood, the conscious identity of the ego, we shall find it in marked contrast with the changing panorama of events derived through the senses in the experiences of life. As the latter belong to the body, the former belongs to the soul. We have thus unity in the midst of diversity; permanency in the presence of change, and each warranted from universal experience. It is neither logical or necessary to beg the question and assume the existence of the soul. It is only necessary to point to the fact of the conscious permanent identity in every rational human being, as related to, yet distinct from the changing and evanescent, and it is as reasonable to designate this element as Soul, as to call its physical tabernacle the body. The criterion that only the physical and the tangible are real, and the sensuous only true, by whomsoever made, is a living lie, disproved by every conscious act in the experience of a child. It is the strangest possible commentary on our boasted XIX century civilization, on all our boasted science, and our revealed religion that such a criterion should practically obtain. It is the very apotheosis of the sensuous, and the deification of matter, and it has deprived man of his birthright, brought society to anarchy and universal strife, and led countless millions to despair. It is this deification of the sensuous that has beclouded the soul. It is the fruit of this upas tree of knowledge engrafted from the scions of the animal plane, that has poisoned the tree of life and blasted its fruitage which was for the healing of the nations. If from all our bibles and revelations man has failed to derive this plainest of all truths, let him seek it now in the recesses of his own being, in the basis of his own consciousness upon which all his sensuous experience depends, and without which he would be as senseless as a lump of clay. The tyranny of the senses has dethroned the King of Life, and inaugurated a reign of spiritual darkness, of animal selfishness, lust and greed.

It has already been shown that man epitomizes physical nature and that there is therefore either latent or ac-

tive in him that which responds to every atom, molecule, element or mass; and likewise to every potency of power, as to every vibration or heart-throb in the universe, whether synchronous or discordant in its relation to the whole. The sensuous life of man thus involved in a world of change, is alike changeable and evanescent. Change is the essence of phenomena alike in nature and in man.

Law and order underlie the phenomena of nature, and hence we may recognize stability, discern unity, and forecast events. This order, stability and unity, is thus the subjective or spiritual side of nature; a negation to all phenomena, a contrast to, yet the cause of all change, and it is as reasonable to call this stability, Divinity, as to call its outer manifestation Nature.

Here again, just as we found in the fact of man's conscious identity the existence of the soul, so we find in the in-dwelling order and stability of Nature the manifest existence of God.

In thus referring to certain facts in universal human experience, it may be remarked that we are not assuming the existence of Divinity, and thus begging the question, but resting on evidence that is undeniable because persistent and universal. The life of man is thus equally derived from and involved in both Nature and Divinity, and his essential nature and continual experience are as definitely related to the one as to the other. Just as the knowledge of nature is derived by intimate contact of the changing sensations in man with the changing phenomena of nature, so our knowledge of Divinity is equally basic and intimate by parity of essence, order and stability of the soul of man with the soul of the universe. If through the diversity of individual experience, every one necessarily differs from his fellow, and if from this organic necessity come all contrasts and all disagreements amongst men, so that we really know neither ourselves nor others, on the soul-side of man's being in its relation to Divinity we may find unity and concord. To really know each other, we must know God, and this becomes both reasonable and practical as God, equally with Nature, is in us. It is because man has conceived an extracosmic "absentee God" that he has lost the consciousness of both God and the human soul. It may be objected that this is too great familiarity with the mystery of Divinity. But does man really know anything in nature or in man as it is? When knowledge of God is thus recognized, it will be found to reveal and illumine the book of Nature. Our knowledge of God will be natural, and our knowledge of Nature, Divine. It is our onesided view that has left us in ignorance and led to confusion and despair.

Just in proportion as man recognizes and uses this two-fold source of knowledge that lies at the basis of his being, will all obscurity and perplexity in his life disappear.

As soul-consciousness in us expands we shall recognize it in others. We shall recognize permanency and harmony, and be fully conscious of immortality. There will be no longer fortuit-

ous emotions, evanescent sentiments or mere intellectual beliefs, derived from phenomenal experience, accepted with hesitation, and often relinquished with fear, or beclouded with doubt. They will be the ripe fruitage of the tree of life garnered by wisdom in the citadel of the soul, as palpable and undeniable as any passing experience, but joyous and everlasting as our heritage from God.

If the individual life of man may be thus illumined and inspired, the result of such knowledge on all social relations will be equally beneficent. Man will contact his fellow man on the basis of concord and unity. We shall not measure each other by the passing sensation of the moment, by the fleeting emotion of an hour, by the likes or dislikes of selfishness, by the behests of lust and greed. All these are but the passing shadows on the shifting screen of time, possible only in the sunlight of the soul. If all souls derive their being from Divinity, then is there a Divine unity of souls, and we shall recognize each apparently separate soul as one with us in God, hence as our very selves. We shall first assume, and always recognize the good in others, and never doubt or deny its existence, and so this common bond of union will draw all men together.

Who can imagine the revelations in store for us? All the love and affection that we know, all the sweet and tender sympathies of life, have thence their origin even now. They have come in spite of all our differences, and in the face of all our unkind criticisms, and our searching for grounds for disagreement.

If the sunlight of the soul, struggling through the clouds of selfishness and hate, has given us all that makes life worth the living, and our only foretaste of heaven, what may it be when with deliberate design and vigilant watchfulness we roll back the clouds and let the sunlight illuminate and warm the waste places of life?

This is indeed the Tree of Life that is for the healing of the Nations. The old allegory declares that man having eaten of the fruit of the Tree of knowledge of good and evil, was expelled from the Garden of Eden lest he should stretch forth his hand and partake of the Tree of Life, become as Gods and live for ever. Man has it in his power to eat of this same tree of life and be restored to paradise. This is the allegory of the Flaming Sword placed at the entrance of Eden. It cuts both ways, and he who knows the Master's word can come and go at will. That word is Love; and its manifestation is Divine Compassion. It is at once the "Kingdom and the Power," the "Stability and the Harmony" of Divine Nature, the source, the essence, and the manifestation of conscious identity in the soul of man. We must give a larger and more definite meaning to evolution. The true basis of ethics must pass beyond the transient and the expedient, and rest in the permanent and the true. The criterion of conduct is not to be discerned from observed effects, for these are far-reaching and ripen slowly, often only after many generations. The basis of action lies in the fraternity of man, and in the unity of the human race. Altruism is its law, justice its aim. Brotherhood is concordant form of expression, and universal love and Divine Compassion its crowning glory.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

ORGANIZED BY MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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

GREETING.

DEAR COMRADES ACROSS THE WATER:

At the present time, when "Peace on earth, good will to men" sends its echo throughout the world more manifestly than at any other time of the year and thrills the hearts of those who love their fellow men, is it any wonder that Theosophists take up the word with a hundredfold enthusiasm; for is not that proclamation "Brotherhood"? And I believe that Christmas-tide always helps to make the bond between man and man a more brotherly one. With so much force in this direction thrown out into the world just now, what a tremendous power for good, all these good thoughts from multitudes of minds will create.

A most practical demonstration of brotherly care and love was given by a number of our workers among the children and families of those who most need assistance, in a material way as well as love and brotherliness, at 607 East 14th Street. Beautiful Christmas trees were decorated for the delight of the children and a real live Santa Claus dealt out from his well-filled bag many pretty things and useful articles, which of course the children enjoyed and appreciated. The children sang many of their pretty Lotus Group songs; a musical entertainment was given, and the evening closed with a few "silent moments." It was the best Christmas celebration, surely the most brotherly that I ever witnessed. The most beautiful feature of it was the spirit of love and true kindness, devoid of the taint of charity, which could be felt in everything. It did one's heart good to look upon these children, and the grown-ups too, and feel that we are all one, happy and harmonious.

I suppose that it is the desire nearest the hearts of us all that the New Year's bells will ring to the whole world the mighty sounds of a great harmony that shall bring all human beings into the fold of Brotherhood.

With best wishes for you all and a Happy New Year. Fraternally yours,
RAY BERNSTEIN.

I. B. L. ACTIVITIES.

Dr. W. H. Dower, together with the vice-president, Mrs. F. J. Myers; the secretary, Mrs. E. K. Mundy; Miss Earll, superintendent of the Lotus circle, and Charles Dower, musical director, went on Friday last, and again yesterday, to Auburn, where they found good audiences assembled, called out by notices in all the papers there. Violin solos, with piano accompaniment, were rendered. Speeches were made on general theosophy, on states after death, on reincarnation, on Christianity and theosophy.

Meetings are to be held every Tuesday evening in a small hall in the Joy building, in Railroad Street, at 8 o'clock.

This room is often used by the Labor league of this city. All are invited to these meetings. Short talks are to be given and all will be invited to join in the discussions that will follow. Three such meetings have been held in the room of the Theosophical Society in the Bastable block, but it is inadequate, and hereafter they will be held in the Joy building.

Special meetings for men are held Monday evening at No. 128 the Bastable—every first and third Monday evening in each month—at 8 o'clock. The object is to awaken special interest along lines of personal purity and responsibility. These meetings are conducted by men. There are also special meetings for women, conducted by women.

* * *

At the inception of the I. B. L. work, the Cambridge T. S. members sent the following, "Success to the International Brotherhood League in all its lines of work."

Cambridge T. S., will co-operate to the best of its ability.

The following resolution was passed:

Whereas, The recent Crusade around the world has opened a new vista in the affairs of humanity; newer and greater possibilities of moulding the thought of the world now, right at hand, and not in a far distant future to be won in other lives.

Therefore, We, the Cambridge Branch, resolve and hopefully call upon our brothers everywhere, to arise to this opportunity of binding in mutual helpfulness a nucleus in every nation throughout the earth; diverting every possible resource at our command to strengthen the bonds of this International Brotherhood, and hasten the time when our Crusade may again go forth to widen the area of this new order of ages of which the heavens again approve.

* * *

On account of the coming convention T. S. A. in Chicago, and the work in connection with that, and other matters which our printers at headquarters have recently had in hand, there has not been time to issue instructions with regard to enlarging the organization of the International Brotherhood League, but a circular will be sent out as soon as possible. The enormous interest which has been aroused throughout all parts of the country where this work has been undertaken, indicates the great possibilities of its future development. From Buffalo, Fort Wayne, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Toledo, England, Ireland and other parts, we have recently received news of a most gratifying character, all pointing to the fact that the I. B. L. opens up new opportunities among people hitherto uninterested in brotherhood work.

"O Nature!—or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art not thou the 'Living Garment of God?' O Heavens is it, in very deed, He then that ever speaks through; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?" . . .

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

(LOTUS GROUPS)

OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

(UNSECTARIAN)

DEAR COMRADES:

Just glancing at the flag floating in the clear blue sky reminds one of the higher things of life and makes you ignore the petty trifles, and your one object becomes to attain to the higher and spiritual, thus helping and teaching all. Your sincere friend and sister MAY PART-
RIDGE, Point Loma.

CHARLIE'S RIDE.

"Which way will you come home, Papa?" said Charlie, as he stood by his father, who, with foot upon treadle, was ready to mount his "wheel."

"I will return by way of Jennings' cañon, taking the short cut across the hills and mesa," answered his father, "but I am going down the further cañon." "Well, good-by, Papa, give me a kiss," and so saying his father bent down, receiving and giving a caress, for such was the habit of these two chums, father and son. "I must go speedily, Charlie boy, for I don't like to ride against the wind, which is rising," added his father, "Well, good-by. Good-by."

The modern steed silently shot down the hill, carrying the father onto the road which crossed the mesa, leading to the cañon. Charlie stood quietly watching the receding form, which rose and fell like a boat on the billows, as the wheel shot up and down the irregularities of the road, but the bicycle was hidden by the shrubs and brush growing in profusion and nodding under the impulse of the wind. One wave of the hand, and he was gone, shut from view by the advancing hills.

Like many others Charlie's parents had come to California seeking health in the golden sunshine and magnetic currents that sweep the land bordering the grand old Pacific. But the very intensity of the life waves had proved too strong for his invalid sister, who only a year previous had passed beyond the reach of all things earthly.

Circumstances had located the family on virgin soil in the country, near the sea, but on high bluffs and cliffs, from the tops of which one could see away to the northwest the back of Santa Catalina Island, as she shook the salt waves from her like a great whale. To the southwest the islands of Corpus Christi looked like huge Egyptian mummies lying on the bosom of the sea.

Charlie had watched these marine beauties on many occasions, and at times the clouds and mists, which enfolded them took fantastic shapes; huge genii seemed to rise from the ocean and gathering the islands in their fleecy arms disappear with them into the depths. But the sparkling fairies which ride on the sunbeams always fetched the islands back to their homes, sooner or later, and then there was great rejoicing both in the air and in the water. The waves twinkled and sparkled in delight throwing back the iridescent colors caught from the sky which was alive with forms of beauty.

More directly to the south the table lands of Old Mexico (Lower California) rose huge and grand, above the horizon, arousing visions of swarthy Mexicans with black eyes and tangled hair, and of gay Dons or Spanish Cavaliers, stories of whom Charlie had heard repeated, by the old postmaster who came to California in '49.

In the grey light of the early morning, when the weather was clear, the schooners of the Portugueser fishermen gathered a mile or so off the coast, looking like a flock of sea-gulls skimming the waves.

Off to the east was the bay of San Diego, peaceful, soft and blue, beyond which lay the city itself, nestled on the slopes, while in the back-ground the tall peaks of the Cuyamaca Mountains pierced the sky.

Charlie loved all this; loved the white curling surf, the quiet blue bay, the purple hills, and the sweet smelling earth. But as his father disappeared and the "goodby" rang in his ears, a curtain seemed to fall down before his soul. He gazed at the city in the distance. He could see the broad lines which marked the streets, and fancied he heard the hum from the human hive. Catching sight of the road over which his father would pass, as it curved around the bay, a thought leaped in his mind. It had been latent before, but it now assumed form. "I will go meet him," he said, half aloud. So turning swiftly he entered the house to obtain his mother's permission.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Charlie, fresh, sweet and clean, from a bath, mounted his little wheel and took the road to the cañon. He was happy and bright with a heart full of love for all the world. He pushed the treadle with a quick, light stroke, bringing the glow to his cheeks as they met the soft, warm air currents created by his motion. He was going to meet his father!

Arrived at the cañon he stopped and gazed down upon the little village of Roseville, sleeping by the bay; across the blue water to the great hotel rising from its island foundation, and then to the vessels in the harbor, and the distant city on the hills. The evening rays of the sun made the houses glow as if by interior illumination. A vision of his father rose before his mind. He waited, but the well-known form did not appear. Slowly he walked down the steep path to the winding road at the bottom. Here he mounted his wheel again and a few minutes brought him to the end of the cañon. But his father was not in sight. Still, as that was the only road, he knew his father must come that way, so with a light heart he sped along the road.

Coming to the second cañon he paused. Surely his father would not take that route; no, he said he would come up Jennings' cañon; so he pushed on. He could see for several miles along the road but no one was visible. To his right the water of the bay softly lapped the shore; to his left the hills sloped back to meet the sky, shutting out all view of the highlands above.

(To be continued.)

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"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

REINCARNATION IN NATURE.

LIFE AND MOTION.

Were it possible to say just what life is, it would be an easy matter to solve most of the mysteries of nature; yet the most profound student of natural science is as ignorant and helpless as a child in the face of this problem. If we attempt to define what we mean, when we say that an organism or object is alive, we find that our notion of life resolves itself into the idea of motion. The child and the savage are apt to think that any moving object is endowed with some sort of a conscious spirit which causes the motion, and, curiously enough, when we try to determine whether an object of any kind is alive, we at once find ourselves reduced to the same intellectual level as the child and the savage, and judge of the existence of conscious life in an object by some of the various forms of motion. If a fly or an ant remains motionless, we cannot easily decide whether it is alive or dead.

When even a man lies motionless upon the ground, and we find no movement of the breath or beating of the heart, we judge that he is dead, however natural the features may appear, while the eye often has the same appearance in ordinary syncope as in death. Plant life is manifested by putting forth leaf and blossom which is also a form of motion. Not a single atom in all the known realms of nature is motionless, but on the contrary is in a constant state of vibration. Light, electricity, color, sound, heat, smell, taste, touch, sight, chemical affinity and repulsion, growth and decay are all known to us by various rates of vibration. Hence we find it impossible to distinguish between life and motion, and even within our own brain conscious life is inseparably connected with motion. Every thought requires a specific amount of vital force, and the brain worker may exhaust his fund of vitality as rapidly as the hod-carrier.

Our own consciousness furnishes us with all of the direct knowledge we have respecting the origin of motion. We are conscious of an inscrutable power within us which we call WILL, and that this power is able to change the course of the natural or latent forces into a countless number of different directions, and the untutored savage infers from this that all motion has its origin in conscious will. We, who proudly regard ourselves as enlightened, spurn the idea of the child and the savage as superstitious and absurd, yet we have not even "a working hypothesis" to put in its place, and our atheism has impressed itself upon the very language of every day life and we say "it rains," "it hails," "it snows," while the ancient nations, whom we now call heathen, were wont to say "God rains," "God hails," "God

snows," while our well-beloved English language gives us no hint whether God, the devil, or nobody at all operates the forces of nature. Yet it is not at all difficult to show that some of the forces, which we consider natural and cosmic may originate in intelligent design; as for instance,—we could not positively swear that a rain storm was not caused by some one exploding dynamite in another locality, as done on the western plains, or it may have originated from the shock of artillery in great battle, nor can we say that all the phenomena of nature may not be produced by beings higher than man and lower than Deity, like the Gnostic Demiurges. The theory is just as tenable as any other.

The votaries of what is called exact science are not always free from the fault of the theologians, and like to consider their own theories and deductions as fixed and settled facts. The writer well remembers an incident of this sort in his school days, while attending the lectures of a famous physicist, who was demonstrating that gravity could be converted into exact equivalents of heat, and I asked why it could not also be shown that heat could be changed back into gravity? The only reply was a rather petulant reproof for asking such a nonsensical question, yet, to this day, I fail to see that the question was inappropriate, for the true answer to this question might show that gravitation is not a universal law of nature, and thus unsettle an "assured fact" of science, and tend to finally resolve all phenomena into cosmic will and ideation, and thus confirm the intuition of the child and the savage, so that all the operations of nature would appear as the result of the action of intelligent cosmic Powers arranged in hierarchies, and even writers like Spencer admit that every known form of organized life is arranged on the principle of the hierarchy. May we not suppose that nature is all of one piece?

THE TRANSFER OF LIFE AND MOTION.

Let us now ask whether life is the cause of motion and organization, or whether organization is the cause of life, as the materialist supposes? In his "Principles of Biology," Vol. II, Chap. 2, Herbert Spencer says that specks of protoplasm show signs of life before any trace of organization can be detected. This and other similar facts throw the weight of evidence in favor of the idea that a pre-existing life is the cause of organization as set forth in the ancient Sagas doctrine, which teaches that soul is the cause of form and evolution. Every form of motion that we are able to explain is found to originate in conscious will. In all other forms of motion we know only effects, but not the source in which the motion first originated. We know that every form of motion from man to microbe origi-

nates in some form of conscious will. We can even detect signs of it in certain plants; nor can we certainly say that chemical affinity is not the result of some sort of conscious choice on the part of the molecules.

Herbert Spencer says that "Plants as wholes assume unlike attitudes toward their environments." (Prin. of Biol., Vol. II, § 215), and also "Under ordinary circumstances, a plant will profit by having its axis so twisted as to bring the appended leaves into positions that prevent them from shading one another." (Prin. of Biol., Vol. II, § 241.) Spencer also shows that the individual shapes or forms that plants assume are due, not only to outward environments, but also to the internal forces residing in the plant. (Prin. of Biol., Vol. II, § 215.) This seems to indicate that some low form of consciousness resides in the plant and guides its evolution.

Let us now consider the indisputable fact that life is being constantly transferred from molecule to molecule and from body to body, just as motion is transferred from one billiard ball to another. In the great laboratory of nature nothing is lost, and the life force is stored up in the root and seed of the plant to awaken again to its old familiar haunts in the coming springtime. If we now liken the individual man to the hidden life force in a perennial plant, and compare his thoughts and actions during life to the leaf blossom and fruit of the tree we will find a most perfect analogy between the two. The stem and leaves of the plant are a type of the body and personality, which is dissolved at death into the plastic forces of nature, as is the stalk and husk and withered leaf. Then the part of the human consciousness which is the basis of the real man and his most essential qualities is withdrawn into the root (the thought body) as is the essential life force of the plant, and there it rests in a subjective state of gestation until the time of rebirth. This peculiar life force which shapes the plant and is the basis of its essential attributes is like the subconscious memory in man which is the basis of human character. In the life of the perennial plant, which awakens to its countless yearly incarnations, nature gives a hint of the rebirth of man, and what may be the course of his evolution. This great truth, which nature is everywhere striving to teach us, may be summed up as reincarnation or the transfer of life from body to body, and this life existed before the evolution of form.

THE TRANSFER OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

The most extreme materialist will hardly deny that life and force or motion are one and the same thing, manifesting under different conditions and in different stages of evolution. Now the scientific world almost without exception believes in the indestructibility of matter and force. A burnt tree equals the weight of the gases and vapors into which it is resolved; the same is true of force, when the loss by friction is considered. Nothing better illustrates this law than the human body. The will cannot generate force out of nothing; but can only direct

and use the forces generated by the food taken into the body or the forces absorbed from the heat, light and electricity of the atmosphere.

(To be continued.)

An important paper with regard to the work of the past two years is being sent out to all members of the Theosophical Society. This paper has been written by Mr. Neresheimer and other members at the centre who are closely in touch with the various departments of the work and give many interesting details about its development, and the marvellous success achieved.

The following is an extract from this report: "During the past two years over 2600 members have joined the Society. In 1896, the number of new members was double the number in 1895; in 1897, the number was 35 per cent. greater than in 1896, and 150 per cent. greater than in 1895. Even during the past two months there has been an increase of 65 per cent. over the two months preceding."

* * *

"SOME WORDS ON DAILY LIFE,"
(Written by a MASTER OF WISDOM.)

Theosophy should not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical ethics, epitomized in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy MUST BE MADE PRACTICAL; and it has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless digressions, in the sense of desultory orations and fine talk. Let every Theosophist only do his duty, that which he can and ought to do, and very soon the sum of human misery, within and around the areas of every Branch of your Society, will be found visibly diminished. Forget SELF in working for others, and the task will become an easy and a light one for you. * * *

"The majority of the public Areopagus is generally composed of self-appointed judges, who have never made a permanent Deity of any idol save their own personalities—their lower selves; for those who try in their walk in life to follow their *inner light* will never be found judging, far less condemning, those weaker than themselves. What does it matter, then, whether the former condemn or praise, whether they humble or exalt you on a pinnacle?

"They will never comprehend you one way or the other. They may make an idol of you, so long as they imagine you a faithful mirror of themselves on the pedestal or altar which they have reared for you, and while you amuse or benefit them. You cannot expect to be anything for them but a temporary *fetish*, succeeding another *fetish* just overthrown, and followed in your turn by another idol. Let, therefore, those who have created that idol destroy it whenever they like, casting it down with as little cause as they had for setting it up. Your Western Society can no more live with its Khalif of an hour than it can worship one for any longer period; and whenever it breaks an idol and then besmears it with mud, it is not the model, but the disfigured image created by its own foul fancy, and which it has endowed with its own vices, that Society dethrones and breaks.

By their works ye shall know them.

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