

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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INTERPRETATION OF "A WINTER'S TALE."

BY MRS. RICHMOND GREEN.

This description may be considered an introduction into the Shakespearean world:—a world where humanity never disappoints you; where all the forms are truth and nature, which as long as literature shall last will feed the hungry soul. Count it a priceless advantage to become a member of this exalted community; to quit your politics, your shop, your kitchen and your ball-room, and enter at will the royal palace and the shepherd's hut. Humanity ordinarily lacks the opportunity to meet a sublime soul: yet through the power of Shakespeare any one of us can illumine a quiet hour with the companionship of souls more choice than we usually meet with in experience.

This pastoral drama is supposed, with reasons almost conclusive, to be among the latest works of Shakespeare. It is written in the poet's ripest style, and shows that knowledge of the inner lives of men and women which must be the result of experience. It is not as well known as the plays which the stage of to-day represents, but it is crammed with excellences, rich in characterization, and varied in its scenic effects. One must know it well before its full beauty can be caught; and each being of the drama should become a familiar friend.

In the opening scenes we are introduced into the court of Leontes, King of Sicilia, and the fair Queen Hermione, who shares his throne, and has



SCENE IN THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

THE SECOND OF THE SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS IN THE "MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION OF A WINTER'S TALE," AT THE BROTHERHOOD BAZAAR, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11TH AND 13TH, 1897.

the undivided love of her people. A pure, sweet woman—"not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food"; from whose life such repose and dignity, such purity and sweetness, such wifehood and motherhood and blessed friendship breathe forth, as might elevate and crown with beauty the women of God's earth.

The mighty magician weaves his spell around us, and we are in the enchanted circle. Our real walls, poor or rich though they may be, fade away; and stately arches, and rich tapestry, and all that fertile imagination can create for us, lend their beauty to the scene. King Leontes and the fair Hermione are urging a lengthened visit from their guest, Polixenes, the King of Bohemia. Polixenes and Leontes have been friends from early boyhood, but for some years have been separated; still keeping up an "interchange of letters and loving embassies." At the moment of our introduction to King Polixenes he is making his adieu at the close of a nine months' visit, Leontes urges a longer stay, and failing to persuade his friend, appeals to his queen. "Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you." Thus urged, Hermione adds entreaty to entreaty. Her words, playful but persistent, overcome the decision of King Polixenes, and he gracefully yields to her persuasion.

At the moment when Queen Hermione has won the consent of King Polixenes to lengthen his visit, there bursts into a devouring flame the jealousy which has been smouldering in Leontes heart. This outburst falls upon the happy scene as the hail-storm in a soft June day—sudden, black, threatening, then tearing all before it.

The passion of jealousy is ugly, distorted and low; and it poisons the heart and brain of its victim. It has been said by some of the critics that this jealousy of King Leontes was unnatural, too abrupt. But the careful reader is carried into the past of each of these human lives. This is but the moment of its birth in the soul. The spark was lighted long ago; and now, fanned to a flame, it blazes beyond control. Who of us can be conscious of all the power within us for good or evil? How much lies dormant until the awakening? During this nine months' visitation doubtless the king has felt his guest more than once in the way—tired perhaps of the divided attention of the queen. One may easily conceive of a soul, to whom jealousy is possible, finding more or less to feed upon during this lengthened visit. Besides, we all recognize the fact that we have no right to expect reason where jealousy reigns. The light of the soul goes out in its darkness.

Leontes bids Hermione to entertain Polixenes in the garden. With his eyes following them (a distorted vision now), fondling his boy, Mamillius, his words lay bare to us his secret soul. There are no hidden places—there is no reserve in nature. The mighty portrayer gives us truth. It may be truth lofty and sublime; it may be virtue, magnanimity, loyalty, love; it may be vice and lowest passions, but he gives us truth. The innocent, unsuspecting

queen and the loyal friend, all unconscious, walk together in the sunshine.

In the frenzy of his jealousy, Leontes attacks his counsellor, Camillo, who maintains his own calm centre, and stands firmly on the basis of his trust in himself and those about him. Utterly unprepared for this condition of Leontes' mind, Camillo fails to catch the spirit of his innuendos. Unconscious of the king's interpretation of his words, Camillo reveals clearly to us the simplicity of his noble spirit; and his utterances become torches to illumine for us the dark and devious methods of this self-feeding passion, jealousy:

Leontes. "Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer."

Cam. "You had much ado to make his anchor hold."

When you cast out it still came home."

Leontes. "Didst note it?"

The bitterness in Leontes' sharp tone, not the question, causes Camillo to give him a sudden look of inquiry, then to answer calmly:

"He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material."

Another flash from Leontes:
"Didst perceive it?"

See how marvelously the brain process is revealed to us in the reflection which follows, which is a communion with himself, and must be so understood:

"They're here with me already, whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so-forth! 'Tis far gone
When I shall gust it last."

He infers from Camillo's simple reply that the court has observed and commented upon the relation of Polixenes and Hermione, and has given himself already a name so odious that the very thought of it still more inflames his passion. From this moment every word from Camillo only adds fuel to the flame. In spite of the false imputations of the king, though charged with cowardice, dishonesty and treachery, Camillo still preserves his dignified equipose. He boldly answers all the accusations in one stupendous sentence, full of virtue and wisdom, and great in the patience which means all that can be gleaned from the word obedience.

The king, as remote from the regions where Camillo dwells as Camillo dwells remote from him, now puts into words his whole thought, and clothes it in such form as fits its substance. Camillo, roused by this slander of his queen, rises now to the sublime:

"I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so,
without
My present vengeance taken."

Then melting into compassion for the king's ungrounded calumny, firmly rebukes him:

"Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you
less,
Than this; which to reiterate were sin,
As deep as that, though true."

Leontes finds in these words only

new food for his wrath, and pours out a torrent of vile suggestions upon the alarmed Camillo.

Doubting now the sanity of his king, his mind is full of questions as to the best method of dealing with him. As Leontes reaches the climax of his thought and purpose, which is the murder of Polixenes, he says:

"Thou mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink."

Camillo is prepared for him and assents, to calm the king, to close the interview, to think alone, and consider the best course for the good of all. Here Leontes leaves him. At this critical moment Camillo's heart yearns toward his imperilled queen. His soul is overflowing with a great sympathy for her, which he unselfishly pours out before considering his own horrible position:

"O miserable lady! But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the
poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to
do 't

Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will
have
All that are his so too. To do this
deed

Promotion follows. If I could find
example
Of thousands that had struck anointed
kings

And flourished after, I'd not do 't. But
since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment
bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't."

What sermon upon the power of virtue could touch the soul more keenly than this dignity of virtuous thought, lighting us through the darkness like a torch? This is but one instance. The Shakespearean world is crowded with such examples of virtue glowing triumphantly over the depths of vice.

But the play moves on. King Polixenes, who is supposed to have met King Leontes in the ante-chamber, wonders at the brusqueness of his manner, and ponders on the cause. In this condition of mind he comes to Camillo and questions him. When urged to the bitter truth, Camillo confesses Leontes' suspicion that Polixenes "has touched his queen forbiddenly." Polixenes utters these memorable words:

"O then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the
best."

Camillo urges Polixenes, for the sake of the queen, for both their sakes, to flee the court and seek Bohemia, and without delay prepares for their escape.

This is the position of affairs at the close of the first act. Of Hermione, the central figure of the play, the grand, womanly woman, we have seen as yet but little; still the impress is strong, and she has our heart sympathy at once. Fair, beautiful, heroic queen! Would your spirit could be spread abroad, that every mother, wife and daughter might catch but a breath and rejoice to claim you as their own. It is the feminine element in Shakespeare which, beyond all others, insures the immor-

tality of his genius. For as woman is closer to nature than man, so a literature that would endure must combine the masculine and feminine.

This is the one play of the great master's where the force of the sympathy, truth, and patience of a woman's invincible spirit holds her above all the contending elements of the moving drama about her. We have in Henry VIII, the noble Queen Catherine as a central figure, but the great Buckingham and Wolsey divide the glory. Hermione stands alone looking down majestically upon the tumultuous court. Here the first act closes, leaving the dear queen all unconscious of her wrongs; Leontes, feeding the flame of his jealousy; Polixenes and the good Camillo, fleeing under the protecting shadow of the night.

Act second opens in the queen's private apartment, where, surrounded by her women, she is telling childish stories to Mamillius, her son. Into this scene, full of sweetness and repose, breaks the angry king, now terrible in his wrath, having learned of the flight of Polixenes and Camillo; and hurls these words at the unsuspecting queen: "Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you have too much blood in him."

(To be continued.)

"As rain breaks in upon an ill-thatched hut,
So passion breaks in upon the untrained mind.

"The foolish follow after vanity; deluded
men!
While the wise guards earnestness as his richest
treasure.

"Follow not after vanity, nor familiarity with
the delight of lust,
For the earnest and thoughtful obtain ample
joy.

"When by earnestness he has put an end to
vanity,
And has climbed the terraced heights of wis-
dom,

The wise looks down upon the fools;
Serene he looks upon the toiling crowd,
As one standing on a hill looks down
On those who stand upon the plain.

"Earnest among the heedless;
Wide awake among the sleepers;
The wise make progress, leaving those behind
As the swift steed the horse who has no
strength.

"It is good to tame the mind,
Difficult to hold in, and flighty;
Rushing where'er it listeth;
A tamed mind is the bringer of bliss.

"As the bee—injuring not
The flower, its color, or scent—
Flies away, taking the nectar;
So let the wise man dwell upon the earth.

"Not where others fail, or do or leave undone,
The wise should notice what himself has done
or left undone.

"Like a beautiful flower full of color, without
scent,
The fine words of him who does not act ac-
cordingly are fruitless.
Like a beautiful flower full of color and full of
scent,
The fine words of him who acts accordingly
are full of fruit."

—From the Dhamma-pada.

CEYLON.

People the world over are acquainted with Ceylon through their appetites, but how many really have any idea of the country, its people, and the histories of either?

An examination of the somewhat meagre records leads one into the midst of a strange but strong, intelligent, and independent people, whose history is lost in the dim past. To-day a casual observer would class them as belonging or related to the great East Indian race; but a closer observer finds marked points of difference which are difficult to account for unless they had a different origin.

In and about Colombo, the sea-port city, the people are mild tempered, gentle and kindly, and while as a rule they are above medium size, finely proportioned, strong and healthy, many of the men are of a distinctly feminine type in looks, voice, and manners, which is further accentuated by their long hair, dressed woman fashion, twisted and worn in a knot behind, while it is held back from the forehead by a U-shaped comb such as are worn by American school girls.

Beyond the business centre of the city the homes of the people stretch for miles, one story roomy houses nestled and hidden among the tropical growth of palms, cocoanut and bread-fruit trees. More than scant clothing is unbearable in an atmosphere which reminds one of the comfort to be found inside a woolen blanket saturated with wet steam. Brown, lithe, muscular and practically naked Jinrickshaw men transport one in their little two-wheeled carriage topped hand carts at smart horse pace for hours at a stretch without "turning a hair," as the Irishman said.

Leaving Colombo, one travels by rail 72 miles through some of the finest scenery in the world to reach Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, situated 6174 feet above sea level. One seems suddenly to have stepped into another world, so different is the scenery, the buildings, and especially the people. The picture herewith shows a group of Kandy chiefs, whose looks readily convey the idea that while they are kindly, they are also haughty, reserved and not of a kind to be trifled with. A visit to the Botanical Gardens, the Temple of the Tooth (Budha's), a drive around the lake and town, pleasantly occupy a day; then dinner and a refreshing night's rest in the clear, crisp mountain air fortifies one for the return trip and plunge into the Turkish bath atmosphere of Colombo, and bustle and preparation for boarding the outgoing steamer. The delver into old race history leaves Ceylon with regret, for Ceylon is rich in prehistoric monuments, ancient Hindu and Buddhist temples. Ample evidence remains to show that there once existed on the island a great empire. The remains of stone palaces, as well as temples testifies to this. There are also evidences of an elaborate system of irrigation canals, covering portions of the country like a network, and so excellently constructed as to be a marvel to modern engineers. No one can say what caused the decay and ruin of the ancient capitals of

Ceylon, which, like Delhi, have crumbled away, leaving only barren memorials of their former greatness. The carved pillars, ornamented fragments of temples, and stone slabs skillfully wrought, which are now scattered through the jungle and in some instances overgrown by dense forests, attest both material grandeur and far-reaching antiquity. It would seem as though nature had tried to cover up the wrinkles of age with the fresh bloom of vegetation. Possibly these remains are of a race which once trod the beautiful island before the pyramids of the sphinx were reared.

"What a fool I am! Rin, Dora, rin up stairs. There's a letter fra Brabister pinned in Osla's pocket. It's for Mr. Cutt. I clean forgot a' about it."

The American looked surprised. His astonishment grew when he opened the letter a minute later, and some money rolled out of it onto the table—half a sovereign and some silver. Like a man of business he counted it. There were nineteen shillings and sixpence.

The letter came from the mother of the red-headed lad who had found his missing box made of cloves. How it had been restored is a matter to be explained presently.

"Sir, I hope ye wull excuse the liberty I am taking but duty to my children stands first so I return with gratitude for your kindness 19 shillings 6 pence out of the POUND you gave my son becas he pickt up the perie box you had lost he has gotten 6 pence for himself which I honestly think is his due he is now a happy bairn.

"He didna at the first seem wishful to part with that pound and overcome the spirit of greed that had gotten a first grip upon his heart but I bade him ask himself what his grandfather wad ha thought about the matter I felt proud of my bairn when he said at the last he



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KANDY CHIEFS.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

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

BY WM. JAMESON.

Chapter VIII continued.

"Well," he observed, "I propose that we agree to differ. We must all take the world as we find it." He was going to add, "I don't believe in Fraternity being more valuable than gold, because in my experience, nearly every man has his price, and is rarely contented with that." However, he had the sense to pause. To say this in Shetland, where a man with a paltry ten thousand dollars thought himself rich would be a gross insult. Nevertheless the *Thought* had gone forth, and in due season would claim its price.

"Noo," said Mrs. Hoseason, "I think you men folk have had fighting enough. Let us all tak' a run up the hills while the night is young. Shall it be Brabister or Houlland way?"

At the mention of the word Brabister her husband slapped his thigh and exclaimed:

Anyhow, he had given the boy a sovereign, and then wondered to himself if he wasn't stingy.

CHAPTER IX.—THE GIANT'S GRAVE.

Harold Hoseason's behavior as his guest was reading the letter was interesting to observe. He muttered reproaches against himself for his forgetfulness, yet winked at his wife, and smiled knowingly at Marjory the meanwhile, and altogether acted in a fashion that was far from regretful. Of course he didn't know the contents of the letter; but he knew the writer, and he saw those coins scattered on the table. Here then, he divined, was a splendid and practical conclusion to his own recent argument on the purchasing power of gold, etc.! It was as much as he could do to restrain himself from laughing aloud in his glee.

The millionaire frowned as he read the letter. "What utter nonsense!" he exclaimed, when he had finished. "Listen."

Then he read it aloud; but we give the letter as it was written, with feminine indifference to punctuation.

wadna disgrace his grandfather for all the gold in the world.

"But he didna care to carry the money back himself becas ye might think him a fool so I gave way about that I doubt not ye wull understand what wis in the lads mind as ye have been a lad yourself lasses are not so shy at his age which is 13.

Your respectful servant

MARGARET EWANSON."

The box referred to was restored to its owner in a very simple way. Hilda Logie could learn no more from it. Indeed she seemed indisposed to try. What her heart craved for—definite knowledge about her daughter's fate—had been obtained, and she appeared satisfied with this. Perhaps, the glimpse she caught of her grandson, Hosea Cutt, Sr., repelled her. I cannot say. There is generally, some fitfulness in the moods of psychometrists. However, the box was given back to the finder. In the meanwhile Mr. Cutt discovered his loss, and Marjory contrived to send word to the lad, who when he restored it was rewarded, as a matter of course, with that trifling sum, a sovereign.

(To be continued.)

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NOTICES.

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

The Editor of the NEW CENTURY is not responsible for the views expressed in signed articles.

Subscribers will please follow the number of each issue, in checking their file, and not the date.

Nos. 1 and 2 are now out of print and all subscriptions must begin with No. 3.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

In order to make room for special matter on first page, the Editor has had to temporarily discontinue her notes on the Crusade around the world. They will be resumed at an early date.

In our last issue the back page was given up to advertisements which appeared in N. Y. Bazaar program. All those who advertised in the program were promised a free advertisement in the N. C., this forming its contribution to the Bazaar.

Mr. Albert Operti, an artist of great ability, whose services in arranging and posing the Tableaux Vivants at the Brotherhood Bazaar were so invaluable, was one of the members of an important exploring party in the Arctic regions, not very long ago. We hope to be in a position to publish an interesting contribution from him on the subject at no distant date.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The divine laws which govern the manifestation of the vibratory forces of nature, cannot be forever stayed. At a certain epoch there come forth forces which break through all limitations of whatever kind they may be.

We are, in this cycle, in close proximity with this new solar energy, this force which endows the strong with fresh courage and removes the timid gently from its course, to be no longer weights on the wheels of the chariot of life.

These forces at work to-day cannot be brought down and enshrined within the limitations of the past. Humanity is reaching out to receive them as something dropped on its travel down the ages. Men are beginning to realize that their divine birthright is no dream. The utterance of the statement brings with it a living power reviving the embers in the heart. It is possible to reach to day a higher plane of thought than could be reached yesterday. All Nature is evolving forward rapidly to a higher civilization.

Students who have reached a certain point sometimes wish to have full explanations given to them so that in some way they may derive personal benefit from the knowledge; but without the stimulus of effort, without trust, without faith, nothing is possible. We go to sleep with full faith that we will arise the next morning. We sow a seed with full faith that Nature will perform her part and the seed spring up to bear fruit.

* * *

We need to-day a simple faith and trust, and in this we will find ourselves living in a condition where everything is possible; where everything we touch will blossom forth and bear gladness and joy to others. Receiving ourselves unstintedly, ungrudgingly of that large and ample life which animates everything throughout universal space we shall give freely with open hearts so that no impoverished life shall ever flow from us.

In the true condition of mind and heart there arises a sweet peace which does not descend upon us from above, for we are in the midst of it. It is not like the sunshine, for no transitory clouds obscure its rays, but it is permanent and ever-abiding through all the days and years. Nothing can move us when that condition is reached. We have but to take the first step in the true spirit of brotherliness and all other steps will follow in natural sequence. We have to be warriors and fight the old fight unceasingly, but leagued with us in this ancient fight are all the hosts of light. Behind man, behind all institutions, broods the eternal spirit of Compassion.

* * *

We should not become so absorbed in the little achievement of to-day as to render it impossible for us to receive the key to the wider knowledge of the future. If we began to realize the voice of the soul working behind the ordinary mentality, we would consciously become receptive to higher influences and more spiritual realities, we would

bring about that condition within ourselves where we should hear the divine melodies, restoring harmony throughout all Nature. In this way, we should become pioneers, opening up the vision of men to the vast and unexplored regions of life, and being conscious of this possibility, so stimulate every energy that the very atoms in space, the atoms composing every organism, would change and begin to respond to the divine impulse.

Look at the simple fisherman, throwing his line into the sea, bent on catching a fish yet struck with awe at the great blue depths stretched out before him, the wide horizon bringing him into touch with the sweep of that universal life pulsating everywhere. Look at the sailor fired by that peculiar influence which arises from his outlook upon the Great Waters seeing them in their varying moods of sunshine and of storm. He, too, unless brought under degrading associations, unconsciously reaches out to higher planes of thought and feels that gentle touch which seeks to envelop humanity in that air, which is native to it.

A. D. (Cambridge, Mass.): Which is the oldest university in the world?

The University of Fez, in Morocco, called the Keronine, which was founded in the ninth century by a woman, native of Keronan, in Tunis, called Fatma the Holy. Not only is this the earliest of all universities now in existence, but during the tenth and eleventh centuries it was almost the only source of learning to which wandered students from all parts of the world, Mahometan and Christian alike.

The Internationalist. The December issue to hand exhibits some characteristic features, and is in many respects promising. As its editors make no announcement to the contrary we presume they accept responsibility for the views of their contributors. If so, they seem to endorse some inconsistencies. Being young ourselves we can sympathize to a certain extent with our contemporary, as we know how readily the most vigilant editorial eye may pass such things unobserved. We would like to see *The Internationalist* publish some current news; and doings of T. S. and I. B. L. work in England and other parts. We have looked in vain for some report of the progress of the Home Crusade work undertaken by Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump. We hope to see the editors adopt a more vigorous policy and make the magazine more representative of the work in Europe. In doing this they will unite a literary excellence with the present practical lines of work throughout the world, and receive a wider support because covering a wider field. We wish *The Internationalist* every success. Subscriptions (\$1 per annum) should be sent to The Publishers, 13 Eustace Street, Dublin.

The Providence Branch is fortunate indeed in having Brother Clark Thurst-

ton as its President. He was a trusted friend of William Q. Judge, and is beloved by members throughout the United States, and in England, where his visits have always been looked forward to with sincerest pleasure. His quiet steady enthusiasm evokes response wherever he goes, and his devotion to the cause acts as a stimulus to all.

"Of course the greater the progress towards deliverance, the less this will be the case, until, to crown all, human and purely individual personal feelings, blood-ties and friendship, patriotism and race predilection, will all give way to become blended into one universal feeling, the only true and holy, the only unselfish and eternal one—Love, an Immense Love for humanity as a whole. For it is humanity which is the great orphan, the only disinherited one upon this earth, my friend. And it is the duty of every man who is capable of an unselfish impulse to do something, however little, for its welfare."—*The Occult World.*

INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES.*

"In all the Indian tribes," (page 78) says a writer who has spent several years in that quarter, "the doctor or medicine man, holds a rank second only, and at times superior to, the chiefs. The arts they employ, the magic they use, and the varied information they must necessarily acquire, can be obtained only by persons possessing natural gifts, and after severe trials by fasting and privations.

"When young men or women are approaching maturity, it is customary for them to prepare themselves for the duties of life by an ordeal of fasting, by which means they are enabled to determine their future career and ascertain whether or not they are qualified to act as doctors (for, with these tribes female operators are quite common). A young man who had passed through the ceremony of the fast, thus related it to me:

"When my father thought I was old enough to seek my To-wah-na-was (or guardian spirit), he told me his views and wished me to prepare myself. I thought over the matter for three days (Klone sun nika wawa kopah nika tum tum; or, three days I talked with my heart). At last, when I had concluded, I took with me my axe and my wooden bowl, and getting into my canoe, I paddled up the Whilapah River to the foot of that black looking hill which you see (pointing to a bluff hill about six miles up the river), and, having hauled up my canoe, I filled my bowl with water, and went up to the top of the hill, where I built a fire. For three days and three nights I kept my fire blazing brightly, and did not sleep at all, nor did I eat. At sunrise I washed myself all over with water from my bowl, and dried myself by the fire.

*Henry R. Schoolcraft, Author. Editor, Francis S. Drake. Published by Lippincott Company, 1891.

I kept awake by singing and calling to my To-wah-na-was, and by dancing and jumping over and through the fire. The third day I saw everything appear as if it was surrounded by the sea, and in that sea were the different kinds of To-wah-na-was. Those that we first see are not the medicine To-wah-na-was; it takes many more days before they appear. But I was faint, and I only saw an inferior spirit, but he has made me a canoe builder and a hunter. If I could have remained longer I should have been a doctor."

These fasts are the most sacred act of the Indian's life. Like the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains the impressions received during these ceremonies remain fixed on the mind, and are never obliterated in after life. The name of the To-wah-na-was, or guardian spirit, is never mentioned to the dearest friend. And it is only by hieroglyphic drawings of whales, lizards, porpoises, or birds that an idea can be formed of what the image of the spirit is like, or the shape in which it was presented to the mind of the seeker.

TRUTHFUL DRESS.

No woman has a right to be commonplace. To be commonplace is sinful. We are not using the possibilities within our reach, to make us individual; not using the talent given us.

As we develop breadth of character, tenderness, largeness of heart and mind, we of necessity express in our physical being the inner conditions; our bodies must become gracious, graceful, beautiful. With harmonizing thoughts and love of the good and beautiful, comes the desire to symbolize in dress our ideas of pleasing lines, graceful folds, and harmony of color.

May we not say that the conventional dress, with its stiff, unyielding lines portrays the unyielding nature of the age? The restricted waist, pinching shoes and glove, typify the repressed conditions. The glare and crudeness of color represent the harshness of judgment and lack of feeling. The strict obedience to conventionalities and the fashion-plate are the manifestation of the fear and cringing from criticism and public opinion.

With the development of our better selves must come health of body and freedom and beauty in dress. As our natures expand our body desires room to expand. The pinching shoes and cramped waist of repression must give way to freedom of movement, ease, and comfort. We may then feel and express consideration and compassion for others, instead of one's twingeing personality.

When we have found an ideal, it is necessary to dwell in the thought of that ideal until it becomes a part of our very being, then that which is fully formed in the thought world must inevitably become manifest in our lives; but first be sure that our ideal is a high one, that it is pure and unselfish and that its realization will benefit others, then meditate on it in the solitude of your chamber, and alone with nature, and presently a warmth will glow in

the heart which tells you of the birth of enthusiasm, that wonderful engine of power—enthusiasm, "the genius of sincerity, without which truth accomplishes no victories." But beware lest our enthusiasm, instead of heroism, should beget fanaticism; the fanatic is one who would *compel* all to think as he does, who desires to tie others down to his system, to convert and bind his fellows for their good because in his opinion, his system is the only right one.

Humanity is one on the plane of soul, but minds are individualized and each must be free to accept or reject any system of thought.

The greatest good to the greatest number is a fine thing, but justice to all is finer.

Now that we understand heroism to be the grandeur of service, we can see that there is a call for heroism. "The age demands heroes. How many will respond?" The service of humanity is the glory of man, we are all able to partake in that glory, it is open to everyone to sow seeds of kindness, friends! Humanity will never be redeemed by politics, by systems of government and such like, we must be radical and go to the very heart which is the centre of being, there we find love, tenderness, compassion and self-sacrifice.

Let us realize that the immortal soul resides in all men, we have gone about too long meeting men as merely animal bodies, let each one greet his fellow as an immortal soul, and so address him as to help instead of hindering that soul's manifestation in daily life. By thus doing love and sympathy and bearing one another's burdens will become more universal and the birth and growth of heroes will hasten the coming of the Golden Age.

With the greater consciousness of our real being will come fearlessness, which may scorn conventionalities and thereby praise or blame.

With the development of "feeling for color" we shall feel the sympathy which is expressed by harmony of color and purity of lines.

With these subjective qualities expressed in dress and made objective, artistic dress becomes an educational, ethical factor—refreshing and uplifting others as well as one's self.

EMILIE NIEDLINGER.

WALT WHITMAN.

While Walt Whitman, like many poets, painters, musicians, and pioneer teachers in the thought world, died in obscurity and poverty, his works without wide appreciation, even tabooed by many recognized literary lights, the fact remains that as time passes and his writings become more widely known and understood, their rugged beauty and strength, the wide grasp and deep insight into the nature and soul of things, the lawless disregard of the literary yard stick combine to project his works and his personality into the sea of literature like a beetling promontory challenging attention and offering refuge and encouragement to the great mass of humanity; more than this,

Whitman, perhaps to a greater extent than any other poet, voices the commonplace—more clearly expresses the basic, elemental and generic forces which govern men and things.

How truly he strikes the deep-toned chords of universal nature in the following:

"E'en as I chant, lo! out of death, and out of ooze and slime,
The blossoms rapidly blooming, sympathy, help and love.
From West and East, from South and North, and over sea,
Its hot spurr'd hearts and hands humanity to human aid moves on:
And from within a thought and lesson yet.

Thou ever-darting Globe! through Space and Air;
Thou waters that encompass us;
Thou that in all the life of us, in action or in sleep!
Thou laws invisible that permeate them and all,
Thou that in all, and over all, and through and under all, incessant!
Thou! Thou! the vital, universal, giant force resistless, sleepless, calm,
Holding Humanity in thy open hand, as some ephemeral toy,
How ill to e'er forget thee!

For I too have forgotten,
(Wrapt in these little potencies of progress, politics, culture, wealth, invention, civilization)
Have lost my recognition of your silent ever-swaying power, ye mighty, elemental throes,
In which and upon which we float, and every one of us is buoyed."

Can anything be found in literature which more concisely and grandly expresses the reign of Universal Law?

His remarkable versatility is shown by the masterly way in which he handles a wide range of subjects.

Holding his place close to the earth and sea, and in the common-place, everyday lives of men, he sweeps out into the universe bold and free to bring back treasures of thought which he offers to the world in words and phrasing which all can easily understand.

How simply he expresses his grand conception of Deity in the following:

"For his o'erarching and last lesson the greybeard Sufi said:
Finally—my children, to envelop each word, each part of the rest,
Allah is all, all, all—is immanent in every life and object,
May-be at many and many-a-more removes—
Yet Allah, Allah, Allah is there.

Has the astray wander'd far? Is the reason why strangely hidden?
Would you sound below the restless ocean of the entire world?
Would you know the dissatisfaction? the urge and spur of every life;
The something never still'd—never entirely gone, the invisible need of every seed?

It is the central urge in every atom,
Often unconscious, often evil, down-fallen,)

To return to its divine source and origin, however distinct
Latent the same in subject and object, without one exception."

Notwithstanding the fact that two-thirds of the world's population, and that the most intelligent part, believe in evolution and its opposite re-incarnation—that Christ taught the same, and that reason and common sense prove the existence and operation of these twin laws to the western mind such belief may appear strange and altogether foolish. Be this as it may, Walt Whitman enjoyed such a belief else he could not have written the following:

"Nothing is really lost, or can be lost.
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world,
Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing;
Appearance must not foil, nor shifting sphere confuse thy brain.
Ample are time and space—ample the fields of nature.
The body, sluggish, aged, cold—the embers left from earlier fires,
The light in the eye grown dim, shall duly flame again;
The sun now low in the west rises for mornings and noons continual.
To frozen clods ever the springs invisible law returns,
With grass and flowers and summer fruits and corn.

While Whitman's writings are universal in their range, and apply to all the world and its people; he leaves no room for doubt as to his nationality. His deep and intuitive insight into American life—the peculiarly subtle and unprecedented circumstances and combinations controlling its inception and growth, and out of which has evolved a people new and unique in the history of nations, all come within the easy scope of his masterful mind, and he handles the complex subject with a clean cut deftness and grasp unequalled by any other American writer. Can Americanism be more concisely and completely formulated than it is in the following extract.

"Some colossal foundry, the flaming of the fire, the melted metal, the pounding trip-hammers, the surging crowds of workmen shifting from point to point, the murky shadows, the rolling haze, the discord, the crudeness, the deafening din, the disorder, the dross and clouds of dust, the waste and extravagance of material, the shafts of darted sunshine through the vast open roof-scuttles aloft—the mighty castings, many of them not yet fitted, perhaps delay'd long, yet each in its due time, with definite place and meaning—such is a symbol of America."

His abiding faith in democratic rule, his strong personality, his energy, directness and bold disregard of set forms in style and diction, his intense patriotism mark his nationality and make his name dear to American hearts.

May it not be among the possibilities of the future that Whitman will be enthroned as the first truly American poet.

POERI.

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



CHARLIE'S RIDE.

BY WILLIAM THONE.

(Continued.)

As he picked his way across the lowest place and came to the opposite side where he could obtain a better view, he spied a rider in the distance. He thought it was his father and his heart beat more quickly. Wouldn't it be jolly to see the surprised and happy smile of his father? But, no, the bicyclist turned off to Old Town, so once more he trudged on, seeking solid ground where he could again mount his wheel.

At the end of the "flats" he sat down and waited what he thought must be ten minutes, then he again pushed on to the city. It was nearly supper time, but he knew his father must come, so on he rode. He reached the outskirts of the town and pushed along the dusty India road as best he could. This was the way his father usually came. He passed the school house, and saw the big clock on the court house. It was half past six! How quiet everything was! He crossed the electric car tracks, then up the street to the hotel where he knew his father sometimes had business. Here he dismounted and stood by the corner, dusty, tired, forlorn and dejected. He had ridden fourteen miles!

Two hours earlier, Mr. Nelson, Charlie's father, had met an acquaintance, Dr. Walker, on that very spot.

"Nelson, we shall be very much pleased if you will take a sail with us this afternoon," said the doctor. "We will start in half an hour for home from the wharf, foot of K Street. Will you join us?"

"But you see I am on my wheel," answered Mr. Nelson, hesitatingly.

"Oh, we can stow that away all right," laughed the doctor. "I have taken my own over, even in the 'Bubble.'"

"The Bubble?" queried Mr. Nelson.

"Yes, she's a trim little craft. I just bought her to run over the bay. She brings us to town in thirty-five min-

utes, with a fair wind. But to-night Santa, from La Playa, is going to take us all over in his boat, she's a spanker. She can outsail anything of her size on the bay. You enjoy a good sail, don't you?"

"Well yes, when the water's not too rough I do Dr.," said Charlie's father, as visions of a coast-wise steamer tossing in the long swell of the Atlantic, and himself stretched on the deck close to the rail, rose in his mind. "And then the road to Roseville is none too smooth."

"Right you are," said the cheery doctor. "It will save your legs a deal of churning. I know from experience. Will you come up to the office and go with us, or will you meet us at the bay?"

"I have some business to attend to first, so I think I'll meet you at the wharf."

"All right, don't fail, good bye," and the bright disciple of Esculapius scudded up the street.

At the appointed time Mr. Nelson met Dr. Walker and his nautical wife, who was also a physician, at the pier.

Mrs. Walker had been "raised" in a New England seaport, and was a born sailor, with a generous hand and a heart big enough to take in all the world. She believed in short skirts and stout shoes, and carried her ideas into practice. She had caught the doctor some twenty years before, and could therefore afford to disdain the usual female primp and frivolities. But she seldom lost her good humor, born of a regular liver and a good digestion, and worshipped at the shrine of "Dr. Fritz," as she called her husband.

"Mr. Nelson, let me introduce you to Miss Sage, and to my niece, Miss Walker," said Mrs. Walker, as the boat pushed off and the sails filled. "We're going to take these young ladies over to give them some fresh air to-night, so they'll be in trim for examination tomorrow." "Here, Fritz, don't you capsize the craft," she called out to her husband almost in the same breath, "but make the line fast astern and

we'll tow the 'Bubble.' She rides like a cork, the pretty little 'Bubble.' 'Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble.'"

"Fire burn and caldron bubble," added Mr. Nelson, continuing the quotation. "But it's 'double,' not 'bubble.'"

"Yes, it's double," laughed Mrs. Walker; "took two of us this time. Port your helm, port your helm there, skipper; we want to keep her close to the wind, don't we? Ho, ho! you're at the helm, are you? I thought something was the matter!" she added, as, turning from her place at the bow, she saw her niece at the tiller, being coached by the pleased Portuguese. "Luff Nellie, luff," she laughed.

"You be still, Auntie," replied her niece. "If you bother me I may carry you to the bottom of the sea."

"The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe, and a scornful laugh laughed he," quoted Mr. Nelson.

The doctor, who was stretched full length on the deck, gazed skyward and smiled serenely.

"Those are the flats we see off there, aren't they?" asked Mr. Nelson.

"Yes, and we'll soon be in," answered the doctor.

"We have been a longer time than I anticipated," said Mr. Nelson; "Charlie was coming to meet me."

"Oh! that's too bad," said the kindly doctor; "but then, you see, we have been beating against both wind and tide." (To be continued.)

LOTUS GROUPS.

GERMANY.

A Lotus Group has been formed in Berlin, Germany, with Frau Dora Corvinus Supt. Much interest is manifested in Germany regarding this work among the children.

BUFFALO.

The Buffalo Lotus Circle No. 1 had their Christmas festival on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th, in the headquarters of the T. S.

The ladies went around in the highways and byways, and collected children ranging in years between 6 months and 72 years. Some of them were bare-footed and destitute, but they were all given warm comfortable clothing provided by kind and sympathizing friends. You may be sure all came. Each member of the Lotus Circle had been told to bring with them some child who had had no Christmas.

Wednesday evening arrived, all who attended formed in line and marched into the large room, it would have done your hearts good to have heard the exclamations of delight and wonder when they beheld the bright and cheery scene. Refreshments consisting of coffee, sandwiches, ice cream and cake, were served, after which began the entertainment of the evening.

Mr. Orth as Santa Claus, distributed the gifts, great was the surprise and pleasure depicted on the faces of the grown-up strangers upon hearing their names called, and upon stepping to the platform to receive some pretty little gift. Some little fairy had made it his business to learn the name of each one present and whisper it to Santa. Everyone was remembered. Much amusement was afforded when Mrs. Stevens came forward with a large package, which, she said was for Santa himself, when he opened it, there before all present, appeared an immense coffee cup and saucer which would answer equally well for wash bowl and pitcher.

After a jolly frolic the guests departed highly

pleased, smiling and happy. All conceded the Lotus Circle festival a grand success. It seemed to generate the spirit of true Brotherhood.

ELLEN L. CALKINS.

Sec'y.

WASHINGTON.

The children of the Lotus Group connected with the Blavatsky Branch, Washington, D.C., gave a very beautiful and interesting entertainment on Sunday eve., Dec. 26. The exercises were conducted by the Supt., Miss Annie B. Rowell, in her own sweet and graceful manner. The central point of interest being of course the great Christmas tree laden with beautiful trimmings and presents not only for the children of the Group, but for the little invited guests; some of whom had that evening only, as a sweet reminder of the day. The Weaver Brothers furnished the beautiful mandolin music during the lighting of the tree and throughout the evening.

Mrs. Marian F. Gitt opened the exercises with a short address, calling attention to the fact that only a few weeks had elapsed since the Group had organized with four children and now about 30 on the roll, and out of this activity, help and comfort had been carried into the homes of the poor to the extent of clothing, food and even Christmas festivities for the sick confined to their rooms; we have been practising Brotherhood for that is what Brotherhood means "Working and Sharing." She said, "it made them very happy indeed to have so many share with our little friends the pleasure of their first Christmas tree and that she felt that there would be many happy returns."

Prof. Townsend, his daughter Miss Ada and Miss Jameson, gave bright recitations that kept the children in constant laughter. The children sang sweet songs and a number gave recitations appealing to the Brotherhood quality in man. At the close of the entertainment ice cream and cake were furnished to all. The hall was crowded and congratulations were poured upon the officers, many expressing great amazement at the wonderful result and the very quiet way it was all worked out. The officers, Miss Rowell, Mrs. Gitt, Miss Coffin, worked hard and constantly to make it a bright sweet day dream for the little ones and they were ably assisted by Miss Lee, Mr. Coffin and members of the Branch.

MARIAN F. GITT.

CHICAGO.

Miss Elizabeth Hooker, Secretary of Chicago Lotus Group No. II, sends a very interesting sketch of the work so far done. "We started on the 28th of November with a musical entertainment to which all the children and their parents in that neighborhood were invited. The children in this vicinity are quite lawless as it is near some of the car shops. We had about 200 children present."

SAN FRANCISCO.

Miss Clara Brockman, Supt. of San Francisco Lotus Group, writes that the school is growing so rapidly they will soon have to enlarge their quarters.

JACKSON.

Mrs. Jessie Cheadle, Secretary of the Jackson Lotus Group, writes "We had a Christmas tree in Hansen's Hall Christmas night at which all our Lotus Group received presents and candy and so did all the other children present. A short programme was given by the children. Hall was crowded. After presents were distributed children and all enjoyed themselves for about an hour playing games."

NEW BRITAIN.

The New Britain Lotus Group, as the Superintendent writes, gave a delightful Christmas entertainment consisting of a dinner, followed by a spectacular production of "The Pilgrim's Progress." After the play a fairy Godmother dispensed gifts to all.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

ORGANIZED BY MRS. KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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

OBJECTS.

1. To help workmen 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.

BUTTERFLY WOMEN.

Those who desire to help fallen women, feel their hearts grow big with love and pity as they think of the miserable lives, full of pain, disease and dishonor, spent by "our sisters of the streets." Often our eyes are so dimmed by the tears of compassion, that we fail to see another order of "fallen" women whose mischievous influence is more widespread, whose need of succor no less great, than that of those social outcasts, who make no pretense of living humane lives.

The women of whom it may be said, that, like butterflies they flit from flower to flower careless of aught save the intoxication and pleasure of living, have indeed fallen far below the noble ideals of womanhood sketched for us by the master poets, fallen too below the beautiful imperfect realizations of womanhood found amongst the dwellers in every-day life.

These women-butterflies, seekers only of pleasure, excitement and conquest, have become very common in all grades of society during the past decade or two; their thirsty pursuit of pleasure was at first in some sort a protest against the home-keeping, housewifely, narrow and hard life lived by women in the preceding generations. But it soon grew into a passion, which is affecting an increasing number of young women.

Forgetful of the noble life offered to women as embodiments of compassion and love, forgetful that in every woman the light of the soul, the warmth of love, the beauty of unselfish service, should be so seen and felt that she becomes a silent witness of the divine spirit in man. These butterfly women, whose souls—if indeed they have ever awakened—are kept carefully under an equivalent for chloroform, thrusting aside all responsibilities, both those specially belonging to women and those laid on the whole human race; failing

to see that if leisure has come, as the result of past merit, such leisure is owed to the race, and should be paid either in polishing tools and acquiring the use of further tools, or in direct and immediate service such as each day may bring forth; these butterfly women devote themselves, during every moment not occupied in obtaining money for their own use, to the pleasures obtainable from every species of self-gratification which may appeal to their fickle and unhealthy fancies.

The evil influence of such women is widely spread. Men drawn to them through the awakening of animal passion, find them heartless, pitiless and false; if such a woman receive any man's first love his belief in truth, in spirit, in a noble humanity, is shaken to its foundation, and the wound then given often reacts on outcast women to their deeper downthrusting. Younger girls are infected by these human butterflies, who rail at the duties of motherhood, and profess to admire those mothers who thrust their children on one side to admit of the fuller tasting of pleasure. Women of thinner purses learn to despise old-fashioned virtues, learn also to spend every penny that can be earned on cheap finery, every moment of leisure in the idlest amusement, and no longer think it admirable to visit the sick, clothe the naked or feed the hungry. Why should they? Do not those to whom they look up with envy and admiration waste every moment they can call their own, and indeed many to which they have no just claim? Are not the thoughts of these butterflies ladies full of dress, of idle men, of vain images?

What words pass their lips of greater import and weight than gossip, or scoff, or careless untruth? What work occupies their hands but some article for self-adornment or the latest piece of fashionable frivolity?

Shall not an effort be made to reach fallen women of this type, to rouse their souls from the sleep of death, that they may FEEL to their inmost depths the beauty and majesty of the divine in Life? Thus awakened they will seek in the depths of their hearts for light, and will see truly the great and noble responsibilities laid on them by reason of their being women of the human race. And so they will shelter the children in their arms, leading them gently over the stony paths of life, and guarding the open child souls from selfishness as carefully as a gardener shields his tender plants from winters' frosts.

Then will the desolate little ones of our cities begin to learn what mother-love is, and to feel the comfort of garments made by skillful loving hands. Then will these women help men up the road to perfect manhood, and aid them in keeping alive the fires of truth and of unselfish and lasting love.

Then instead of butterfly women basking in the heat rays of sensual idleness, the lands will be full of women whose hearts have become tender to the world's pain, and whose hands have grown rough and hard in moving stones and thorns from out the path of the feeble, and blind, and young.

GEORGIE A. H. BRERETON.

I. B. L. ACTIVITIES.

PROVIDENCE.

There are probably comparatively few persons in this city who understand or take any interest in Theosophy. But there are also comparatively few, especially among the gentler sex, who do not understand or take interest in bazaars. Therefore the opening night of the bazaar in Sterling Hall, held under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League, stamped the affair as an unqualified success. While the occasion is known as the "International Brotherhood League Bazaar," it is more directly under the patronage of the Providence Theosophists, but it has been materially aided by many prominent people of this city and Pawtucket who are in sympathy with the objects of the League.

The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted particularly to increasing the funds for Brotherhood suppers for the poor and homeless and to establish active work among poor and destitute children, so as to prepare them to become workers for humanity; to ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women; to assist those who are or have been in prison to establish themselves in honorable positions in life; to help workmen to realize the nobility of their calling, and generally to relieve human suffering wherever it may be found. Incidentally, however, the I. B. L. will in its international character extend its sphere to the races of the world and try and promote a real Brotherhood of Humanity.

The decorative effects of the bazaar have been under the personal supervision of Alfred J. Roberts, of Pawtucket, and are peculiarly unique and attractive.

Among the specialties are Palmistry, by Miss Mary E. Bliss; the "Angelus," self-playing piano; "Klondike Trading Post"; the Children's Lotus Circle booth; art, jewelry, sterling silver, fancy goods, express, refreshment and candy stalls.

The articles on sale offer an attractive display for Christmas shoppers.

The bazaar will close with a fairy and Brownie dance by the children of the Lotus Group, modelled after the form which has attracted so much interest at the I. B. L. bazaar in Scottish Rite Hall in New York.

The hall was filled to its utmost capacity last evening, in fact, to such an extent that the fancy dances given by children lost part of their effect on account of the lack of room in which to move. The feature of the evening was the presentation of the "Brownies and Fairies' Dance." The dance was originated and the children taught by Miss Clara Pierce. The boys were dressed as Brownies and the girls as fairies. The dance, the figures of which were graceful and harmoniously combined, was given with a faithfulness to detail which, combined with the *naïveté* and grace of childhood, did not fail to charm the onlookers. The dance itself was all the praise needed by the creator and teacher. The gypsy dance given by girls at the Trocadero recently was given again and scored a decided hit, as it did on its first presentation. C. Stuart Bolting in this dialect and black face comedy act created plenty of merriment.

The booths did a thriving business. Those in attendance at the booths were the following:

Lotus Circle booth—Mrs. Marietta McAuliffe, Miss May Miller; variety booth—Mrs. J. E. Aldrich, Mrs. A. C. Angell; lemonade booth—Mrs. G. D. Williams, Mrs. C. Gorton; fancy goods—Mrs. F. E. Shaw, Mrs. A. C. Abbott, Mrs. W. P. Avery; art and jewelry—Mrs. E. E. Maguire, Mrs. A. Whittemore, Miss C. Hyde; palmistry—Mrs. Anna Percy, Mrs. M. E. Bliss; express office—Miss Charlotte Little, Mrs. Edgar Pratt, Miss Mary Pratt; candy booth—Miss Alice Bolting, Miss Alice Sweet, Miss Jennie Johnson; sterling silver novelties—Mrs. N. J. Greenfield; "Klondike Trading Post"—C. W. Brown, Miss Alena Loeffler, Miss Lillie Roberts, Miss Bessie Smith; refreshments—Mrs. Lewis Sweet, Mrs. L. Bamforth, Mrs. Dollie Dodge, Mrs. Charles Hopkins, Mrs. M. E. Seward, Mrs. A. B. Griggs, Mrs. A. F. Franklin, Mrs. M. A. Goodrich.

FONTANELLE, IOWA, Dec. 10, 1897.—We are helping all we can. We are in perfect harmony with our leader and all the work. After the holidays we intend to hold some I. B. L. meetings. We feel our "inter-dependence" and are glad to follow one who puts the axe at the root of the tree. Fraternally, A. H. McD.

IRELAND.

From "Internationalist," December, 1897.

The objects of this League, which we have already explained, were brought before the public in Dublin at a meeting held on Sunday, November 21st, at 13 Eustace Street. Though Ireland has been the home of a fierce nationalism for many years, these greater ideals were well, even enthusiastically received. We who carried the meeting through felt the deep tones of another Voice mingling with ours, and knew that this was no phantasmal movement but one long brooded over by the fostering Powers, and that force would be given for the execution of our plans. O human heart, one utterance prompted by thee has more magic and eternal power than the incantations and enchantments of the Magi!

These meetings, preliminary to the actual formation of a branch of the League, are intended to awaken interest, and will continue until January, when more definite steps will be taken.

POINT LOMA.

Extract from a letter from W. T. P.

This is a great place for observations; several things that I have known only theoretically, from study of astronomy, I have had practical demonstration of here. Each day brings something new.

The General Committee of the Brotherhood Bazaar have requested us to publish their expression of heartfelt thanks to all friends who contributed so freely to make the Bazaar the success it was. Many who were not members of the T. S. contributed on account of their interest in the work of the I. B. L.

Reports continue to come in from Branches throughout the country indicating how successful their Bazaar work has been. The report of Mr. Neresheimer, the Treasurer, will be published as soon as possible.

In addition to reports sent to Mr. Neresheimer, as Treasurer, Bazaar Committees should report result of their work to me for publication in this paper.

H. T. PATTERSON,
Supt. I. B. L.
146 Centre Street, N. Y.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

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

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

THE CLOSING CYCLE.*

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Who is the person who gave out the concrete statement that 1897 was to be the close of the cycle when something would happen? It was H. P. Blavatsky. There is not the slightest doubt about it that she did say so, nor that she fully explained it to several persons. Now is there any doubt at all that she said, as had been so long said from the year 1875, that 1897 would witness the shutting of the door? What door? Door to what? What was or is to end? Is the T. S. to end and close all the books?

Nothing is more plain than that H. P. Blavatsky said, on the direct authority of the Masters, that in the last twenty-five years of each century an effort is made by the Lodge and its agents with the West, and that it ceases in its direct and public form and influence with the twenty-fifth year. Those who believe her will believe this; those who think they know more about it than she does, will invent other ideas suited to their fancies. She explained, as will all those who are taught (as are many) by the same Masters, that were the public effort to go on any longer than that, a reaction would set in very similar to indigestion. Time must be given for assimilation, or the "dark shadow" which follows all innovations would crush the soul of man. The great public, the mass, must have time and also material. Time is ever. The matter has been furnished by the Masters in the work done by H. P. Blavatsky in her books, and what has grown out of those. She has said, the Masters have said, and I again assert it for the benefit of those those who have any faith in me, that the Masters have told me that they helped her write the *Secret Doctrine*, so that the future seventy-five and more years should have some material to work on, and that in the coming years that book and its theories would be widely studied. The material given has then to be worked over, to be assimilated for the welfare of all. No extinguisher will fall, therefore, on us. The T. S., as a whole, will not have the incessant care of the Masters in every part, but must grow up to maturity on what it has with the help to come from those few who are "chosen." H. P. Blavatsky has clearly pointed out in the *Key*, in her conclusion, that the plan is to keep the T. S. alive as an active, free, unsectarian body during all the time of waiting for the next great Messenger, who will be herself beyond question. *Thereby will be furnished the well-made tool with which to work in grander scale, and without the fearful opposition she had without and within when she began this time. And in all this time of waiting the Master, "that great Initiate, whose single will upholds the entire movement," will*

have his mighty hand spread out wide behind the Society. Up to 1897 the door is open to anyone who has the courage, the force, and the virtue to TRY, so that he can go in and make a communication with the Lodge which shall not be broken at all when the cycle ends. But at the striking of the hour the door will shut, and not all your pleadings and cryings will open it to you. Those who have made the connection will have their own door open, but the public general door will be closed. That is the true relation of the "extinguisher" as given by H. P. Blavatsky and the Master. It seems very easy to understand.

"Many are called, but few are chosen," because they would not allow it. The unchosen are those who have worked for themselves alone; those who have sought for knowledge for themselves without a care about the rest; those who have had the time, the money, and the ability to give good help to Masters' cause, long ago defined by them to be work for mankind and not for self, but have not used it thus. And, sadly, too, some of the unmarked and unchosen are those who walked a long distance to the threshold, but stopped too long to hunt for the failings and the sins they were sure some brother pilgrim had, and then they went back farther and farther, building walls behind them as they went. They were called and almost chosen; the first faint lines of their names were beginning to develop in the book of this century; but as they retreated, thinking indeed, they were inside the door, the lines faded out, and other names flashed into view. Those other names are those belonging to humble persons here and there whom these proud aristocrats of occultism thought unworthy of a moment's notice. What seems to me either a printer's error or a genuine mistake in ———'s article is on page 26, where he says: "Will be knowledge generally diffused throughout the *cultured classes*." The italics are mine. No greater error could seem possible. The cultured classes are perfectly worthless, as a whole, to the Master builders of the Lodge. They are good in the place they have, but they represent the "established order" and the acme of selfishness. Substitute *masses* for *cultured classes*, and you will come nearer the truth. Not the cultured but the ignorant masses have kept alive the belief in the occult and the psychic now fanned into flame once more. Had we trusted to the cultured the small ember would long ago have been extinguished. We may drag in the cultured, but it will be but to have a languid and unenthusiastic interest.

We have entered on the dim beginning of a new era already. It is the era of Western Occultism and of special and definite treatment and exposition of theories hitherto generally con-

sidered. *We have to do as Buddha told his disciples: preach, promulgate, expound, illustrate, and make clear in detail all the great things we have learned. That is our work, and not the bringing out of surprising things about clairvoyance and other astral matters, nor the blinding of the eye of science by discoveries impossible for them but easy for the occultist. The Master's plan has not altered. He gave it out long ago. It is to make the world at large better; to prepare a right soil for the growing out of the powers of the soul, which are dangerous if they spring up in our present selfish soil.*

NEW YORK, Jan. 9, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR NEW CENTURY,

Dear Madam: Will you kindly permit me to use the columns of your paper to inform the members of the Theosophical Society in America, that, as one of a special committee I had part in drafting the letter sent out by the President of the Theosophical Society, in America, under date of January 3d, calling the annual convention for February 18th next:

That, in handling many papers there was an oversight which led to the omission of a sentence which should have preceded the first clause in the letter and which called attention to the fact that it was a statement of Mrs. Tingley's and was of great import.

The clause referred to is the one which says: "We are now approaching the beginning of a new cycle. The date, February 18th, must have a great significance to all members. The promise for the future appears before us almost a living reality. The record of this day will pass down to posterity as the most important in the history of the movement."

Yours very truly,
H. T. PATTERSON,
Chairman Special Committee.

ACTIVITIES.

PHILA., Dec. 31, 1897.

During the summer and fall, I have been with my father on a vessel engaged in coast wise trade. Circumstances allowed me to have my family with me so I had no permanent address. We are again in Phila and I trust fitful fortune will permit us to remain.

During our trips on the water, we were at many places, principally in the Eastern States and always sought out the Theosophists. During the summer, I believe, there was little activity among the various branches, but in every town and hamlet there seemed a great readiness to receive the message Theosophy bears. At Portland, Me., we did not see any one of the branch, but saw there were workers for the magazine "Theosophy" was on sale in several prominent news stores and book stalls. At Salem, Mass., we found Mrs. Chase a most tireless worker in the cause of brotherhood. At Bangor, Me., Miss Joyce has a small but enthusiastic band about her, and though the branch is young, it seems strong and vigorous and bound to grow. At many of the smaller towns, Theosophy had never been heard of, but a few words regarding it aroused interest at once. The whole section which we visited seemed wonderfully ripe and ready to join in the movement to aid humanity and spread the cause of universal brotherhood and peace. C. BRUSH, JR.

MACON, Ga.—Since the report read at the last convention was made the movement in the South has advanced more than a little. The advance itself is principally significant as a sign of the future, for there seems to be some certainty that events of considerable magnitude may burst upon us at any moment.

Several of the Southern Branches have been unable to do much, owing to local difficulties, in this category are Memphis and New Orleans, which have been held back on account of the yellow fever scare, and at two other points various personal troubles have prevented a vigorous growth. But all of this has been more than balanced by the high degree of success at other centres.

Three new branches have been started—one each at Waco, Texas, Houston, Texas, and Savannah, Ga. The Branch at Savannah, Ga., starts out under most auspicious circumstances, it has several strong people in its membership, and has for its President, Mr. S. A. Chapiot, who was a tried and true member of the Macon Branch, before moving to Savannah, and who has had the benefit of quite a varied practical experience in the work of the movement. Besides this he is devoted and loyal to the leader, and is a gentleman of much intelligence, information, and energy.

The event of greatest importance which has taken place in Dixie Land,—perhaps in many a long century,—was the visit of Mrs. Tingley and her able body guard to the Nashville Centennial. She then took charge of a series of meetings, which were so pregnant with hope for this Section, that the truth could not be stated about them without incurring the charge of reckless extravagance.

After the Nashville Convention ended, Mrs. Mayer and Mr. Patterson—two members of Mrs. Tingley's Band, visited Louisville for a short stay, and animated that vigorous Branch with a spark of the true fire.

About a month later the Macon Jubilee arose out of the invisible and opened a way for the hosts of the succeeding years to come from the long sleep, out into the joy of golden days. Details of this affair have already been published.

ATLANTA, Ga.—The great commercial and industrial centre of the South Eastern Section, has shown evidence of forming a reliable nucleus around which, in time, great multitudes will gather.

Last, but not least, there is a devoted band out in the Lone Star State—at Denison, Texas—which will be found on duty always, and which is devoted to the movement and loyal to the Leader.

From a broad survey of the field, there can be no doubt that the South has a greater opportunity now than heretofore.

IVERSON L. HARRIS,
Sec. So. Com. for T. S. Work.

A Home Retreat, established by Messrs. Wood and Opperman, at Point Loma, in close proximity to the grounds of the School R. L. M. A., is to be opened on February 18 for the accommodation of those who wish take advantage of the delightful air and climate. The Editor takes pleasure in calling the attention of readers to the opportunity thus afforded.

CONVENTION T. S. A.

The Convention of the Theosophical Society which is to be held in Chicago, February 18th, bids fair to be more important than any preceding convention of Theosophists.

The great Brotherhood Congress, which will be held in one of the largest halls of that city, will introduce many interesting and helpful features for the coming century.

*From *Irish Theosophist*, January, 1895.