

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.

Part II.

KING Leontes then roughly seizes the child, as if to part them, Mamillius clings wildly to his mother, while she, with wonder, fear and imploring love, reaches towards her child her sheltering arms. Thus addressed in the presence of her child, her women, and the attendant noblemen of the king, the queen rises, and with horror and surprise asks—

"What is this—sport?"

No reply but the awful accusation hurled mercilessly at her, that Polixenes is the father to her unborn child.

Hermione cannot believe her senses, and calmly denies the charge. 'Tis then the infuriated king, losing all control, adds insult to injury, and, appealing to the astonished noblemen, before the whole group, dares to assert Hermione guilty. The women, weeping, gather about her, the courtiers are all in sympathy with her, as this matchless woman, self-poised, strong-centred, answers from her purity:

"Should a villain say so

The most replenished villain in the world,

He were as much more villain: you my lord

Do but mistake."

Leontes, unheeding her words, accuses her further of being privy in the escape of Camillo and Polixenes. Hermione, with a dignity that reaches and



"WHAT IS THIS—SPORT?"

THE THIRD 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.

bleses all humanity, makes reply so simple, loving and true, so free from all bitterness and reproach, that it stands as a tablet of beauty, a light for the world.

"No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this
grieve you
When you shall come to clearer
knowledge, that
You have thus published me? Gentle
my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly
then, to say
You did mistake."

With angry retort the king, calling
upon his guards, bids them bear her
away to prison. Hermione, serene,
strong, tender, unwilling to believe the
cruel words are from her husband's
heart, in her entire love for him, seek-
ing some outward explanation, some
force of circumstance, says:

"There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good
my lords,
I am not prone to weep as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain
dew

Perchance shall dry your pities; but I
have

That honorable grief lodged here which
burns

Worse than tears drown."

Still no reproach for all this cruelty;
too deep the wound. Turning to her
weeping attendants she says:

"Do not weep, good fools:
There is no cause. When you shall
know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in
tears,
As I come out. This action I now go
on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wished to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall."

(To be continued.)

SAYINGS OF THE RABBIS.

A MAN may be known in three ways:
By his purse, his voice, and his
anger.

Scandal injures three persons: He
who utters it, he who hears it, he of
whom it is said.

A penny in a jar makes a great noise.
The punishment of the liar is that no
one believes him, even when he speaks
the truth.

The world is like the buckets in a
well, the full one is soon empty, the
empty one soon full.

The emulation of the wise is the life
of science.

If some one says, "I have studied
and learned nothing," believe him not.
If another says, "I have learned, but
never studied," neither believe him.
But if still another says, "I have
studied and learned," he is to be be-
lieved.

Who is wise? He who can learn
from every one. Who is strong? He
who can control his passions. Who is
rich? He who is satisfied with his
lot. Who is honorable? He who hon-
ors others.

It is not things, but the opinions
about the things, that trouble man-
kind.



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MRS. H. K. RICHMOND GREEN.
Shakespearian reader and student who gave
the Mystical Interpretation of "A Win-
ter's Tale," at the recent New York
Brotherhood Bazaar.

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

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

BY WM. JAMESON.

Chapter IX—Continued.

"UTTER nonsense!" repeated the
American somewhat petu-
lantly, when he concluded his reading.
"Why need the woman have interfered,
and what earthly objection could the
boy's grandfather have offered?"

Nobody answered him for the mo-
ment. In fact they could not under-
stand his annoyance at what seemed to
them very natural conduct for a Shet-
land mother. On the other hand, Hosea
Cutt, like thousands of other wealthy
men, had never come across any one who
declined to take money he offered. This
was one more fresh experience for him.
It was disagreeable; it was contrary to
his accepted code; he mentally charac-
terized Mistress Ewanson's action as a
"damned piece of impertinence." Poor
millionaire!

Then Mrs. Hoseason broke silence by
saying with unwonted energy, as one
defending a dead friend:

"My father used to say that Erasmus
Ewanson was the wisest and grandest
man he ever knew. Yea, and he cried
like a bairn himself at that old man's
grave. I never saw my father cry be-
fore. That man's death was in truth a
loss to the whole parish. I well re-
member him for he often came to our
house, and though he was only a fish-
erman, I don't know of any one who was
more honored. There was nothing
very striking in his appearance, but his
eyes were love itself, and there was al-
ways just the faintest tinge of red some-
where in his face. I think now the color
must have come from his soul; it was
more a light than a color."

"It's true Marjory, isn't it?" she con-
tinued, turning to her sister; "we were
only little things, but we were always
glad to go a bit of the way home with
him? He didn't bother us much about
religion, but often when we would come

running to overtake him, our hands
filled with heatherbells and ferns, and
our bare feet falling noiselessly on the
soft mosses, we would overhear him
speaking to the Master, and there
would be such a far away look in his
eyes. One could not tell what he was
seeing. Mr. Cutt, it is true; I do not
know what that man saw, but he would
turn to us and speak about the flowers
and the young lambs that were run-
ning about, and the blue sky and the
rain and the sun as if he understood
everything about them all. And when
we left him he would hold our hands
and say, 'Little children love one
another.'"

"Yea, and Erasmus was a man of
dauntless courage, too—both moral and
physical,"* added Mr. Hoseason, feel-
ing, perhaps, that his wife's descrip-
tion needed the balance of sterner
qualities to be at all acceptable to a
man of the world. "Many is the fisher
he has saved from drowning; and he
stood out like a rock against Peter
Goudie, the laird, and his factor too, in
the old days, before the land laws were
changed, when folk could scarce call
their lives their own."

But, unfortunately, Mr. Cutt was not
in the mood to appreciate the higher
qualities of any one. So he merely re-
plied, in a conventional tone, "A fine
man, I should judge," and relapsed into
silence.

A moment after, he tore the letter
that had occasioned Mrs. Hoseason's
eulogy into small fragments—wrenching
it almost spitefully apart; and, gather-
ing up the coin on the table with busi-
nesslike carefulness, placed it in his
pocket. Then he yawned, but instantly
checked himself, like a well-bred
man.

Not an item of his conduct had es-
caped Marjory's observation that even-
ing. She covered her eyes wearily as
she noted this last evidence of his in-
difference to spiritual influences.

Her sister, however, whose insight
was less keen, just felt herself guilty of
making a long speech; and, conse-
quently, responsible for putting life
into the little party again. So she
once more suggested a stroll among
the hills.

"Let it be Houlland way," said Mar-
jory suddenly. To this no one raised
objection, and in a few minutes they
were all outside the house and walk-
ing southwards. As they went along,
Harold, who was walking by Marjory's
side, pinched her arm and whispered:

"So ye were afraid our friend might
come across yon red-headed lad if we
went towards Prabister, and just box
his ears for his presumption—eh? Ye
are a cunning lass, Marjory!"

Marjory had not thought of this con-
tingency when she suggested an oppo-
site direction. But she entered into
humor of the situation at once and
added:

"Or, perhaps scold Mistress Ewan-
son herself—wha kens?"

* To be frank, the description of this old man is
not my own. It is, save a few trifling alterations
for the purpose of adaption, an extract from a letter
written to me by a dear cousin of mine, describing
one she knew at her home in the far north of Shet-
land.—W. J.

"Lord save him!" exclaimed Harold,
with a solemn shake of the head. Mis-
tress Ewanson had a wide-spread repu-
tation for not fearing any man, her hus-
band included.

The blessed influence of humor
helped to raise Marjory's spirits. And
the influence spread, so that in a very
few minutes all the party were plying
their tongues merrily. The capitalist
was buried out of sight (if not dead),
and his host—slightly dogmatic in ar-
gument as he was at times—had re-
sumed his more easy position of gen-
eral entertainer.

Presently, when they had travelled
far enough to earn their first rest, he
began to tell stories, at which he was a
famous hand. He was a sort of Wilkie
Collins in his way. He would begin
by telling something distinctly credible,
yet wondrous. Then would follow a
tale wondrous but doubtful, and so by
easy stages, his solemnity increasing
the meanwhile, until utterly most pre-
posterous narratives of adventure
(mostly his own) roused his wife and
sister to action in the interests of truth.
The comedy that ensued was rare fun.
He would not budge an inch, and they
gave him no mercy.

Hosea, heartily enjoying all this, fell to
speculating how he could manage to
live away from such delightful people.
"And delightful country, too," he
thought as his eye wandered to the
road they had travelled. It rises slowly
from Burravoe to Houlland. From the
point where they were sitting the bay
or voe beneath looked like shot silk of
bronze tinge. In daylight the low hills
between which the road ran, on which
the crofts of the fisher folk were thinly
scattered, could scarcely be called at-
tractive, owing to the total absence of
trees and the broken nature of their
mossy covering. But like a homely,
honest face, the beauty of the district
comes from expression rather than form.
Under the calm of a Shetland summer
night all blots disappear. And such a
night! The moon, southeastward, the
sun to the northwest, retinting sky and
sea and land at every moment by their
combined efforts!

And, oh! the vast, glorious quietude
in which Nature is steeped, while the
eye is indulged with such indescribable
harmonies of color!

The millionaire forgot himself, for-
got the pleasant ring of human voices
close at hand. For a few brief moments
the Voice of the Silence held dominion
over him.

* * * * *

"Well, we had better start again,
Harold. By the way, why not go as far
as the giant's grave? You spoke about
it to Mr. Cutt on the boat, you will re-
member, and he has not been there
yet." It was Mrs. Hoseason who
spoke.

"The very thing!" exclaimed her
husband. "We shall be in home again
by eleven o'clock, and there's no dark-
ness to bother us this night. What do
you say, friend Hosea?"

The American nodded assent.

"Now for an archaeological wrangle,"
cried Mrs. Hoseason, as they were on
the road once more. "But woe is me!

What have I done? I shall be a lone woman this night." Then she looked roguishly at her sister, and Mr. Cutt remembered what his hostess had said on board the steamer about her "learned sister."

The road they got into shortly was an easy one (for Shetland). It rose gently until in about an hour's time the object of their quest came into sight. From the point where the so-called giant's grave is situated, the road slopes downward towards Lochend, a township on the Colla Firth. Before quite reaching this township, however, it bends to the right and extends about a dozen miles further to Hillswick on the west coast of the mainland.

To the average tourist there is nothing particularly attractive about those two upright stones, some 10 feet in height, and standing about 30 feet apart, which occupy the crown of a lonely glen in northern Shetland.

Mr. Cutt, however, had read a good deal on the subject of ancient stone monuments; and being an Agnostic, he held firmly to the popular scientific view that everything of this sort was the product of barbaric or semi-barbaric races in the dim past.

So he eagerly examined these two upright stones, the first he had actually seen of the kind, and after carefully entering particulars of their position, appearance, etc., in his note-book, listened with marked attention to Mr. Hoseason's account of local traditions concerning them.

The Shetlander's lively wife, however, as soon as learned discussion had fairly begun, deliberately seated herself out of ear-shot and taking out her knitting needles, began knitting with playful energy. From moment to moment she would look up and shake her head sadly, and then noticing that Marjory was standing at a distance also—in fact, resting against the northward stone, she beckoned, with many a grimace, to her "learned sister" to join the other two in their scientific palaver.

But Marjory was not in the mood for anything that involved argument especially with the man whom it was her duty to help. His present eagerness reminded her of the poet's lines about

"One who would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave."

So she remained beside that stone while the two men continued their examination and discussion of its fellow at the other end where she stood. She had taken off her hat and was resting her head against the cool pillar, when she became conscious of a change in the appearance not only of her friends but also of the surrounding scenery. What she saw as she gazed with more and more intentness was:

In the distance, snow-capped mountains rising one upon the other. Fringing their base were clustering fir trees. Nearer was a strip of lowland with scattered dwellings gleaming white and red upon it. It stretched to the shores of an almost land-locked bay—a broad expanse of blue waters, on whose calm surface rode at anchor a number of strange looking ships similar in outline to those she had seen in pictures of ancient Norse life. But close into the shore of the lake lay a vessel

whose trim, antique also, was not such as she could remember.

And standing on the shore were three people whom she recognized among a crowd of others. The foremost of these bore a strange resemblance to the American millionaire; only he was much taller and stouter built (almost gigantic in fact), and his hair fell in golden clusters upon his shoulders. His attire was peaceful, but his bearing suggested the man accustomed to arms. Kneeling in front of him, and displaying some rich texture of silken stuff from a bale close at hand was a dark man in oriental garb. He was like her brother-in-law Harold, only his nose was more hooked; in fact his features were almost Hebrew in cast, yet bolder and franker. Then—whether admiring the trader or his goods—there stood unmistakably her own dear sister, much in appearance as she was before Harold married her. And oddly enough, she was industriously knitting, although in attire she seemed like the rest, as living in years long, long ago.

How long this transformation lasted, Marjory could not tell. She suddenly became aware that her friends were looking at her anxiously, and then she felt herself sinking to the ground beside that ancient stone, and both past and present became a blank.

She had fainted.

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERHOOD BAZAAR IN BOSTON.

The accompanying illustration of the group of workers in the Brotherhood Bazaar held in Boston, December 13th-15th, must interest many of our readers. As is well known, many bazaars were held throughout America and Europe in December, for the benefit of Brotherhood work, but few were more successful than that held by our Boston comrades.

The success was the more marked by the fact that while other bazaars were being held in Boston at the same time by various charitable institutions, which were unsuccessful,—one being said to have lost over a thousand dollars—the Brotherhood Bazaar cleared several hundred dollars.

This is one more proof of the value of determination and united effort and shows that success must follow any unselfish humanitarian work when it is undertaken in the right spirit.

Reports received from every quarter bear testimony to the widespread influence exerted by these Brotherhood Bazaars, and the enormous good they have accomplished in addition to their

first object—the raising of funds to carry on further work. Many who took part gained valuable lessons and experience, and advanced the interests of the cause of Brotherhood, especially by bringing out its practical side and testing its true relation to our modern civilization and life.

"The world has nearly run the round of materialism, unfaith, egotism and cynicism; and is prepared for a great movement of enthusiasm and disinterestedness; a new birth; a renovated civilization. No *individual* can effect this; but yet it must be wrought, or the race of men be annihilated. Omnipotence will not permit selfishness to reign supreme forever. An association of men, using the great magical agent, Sympathy, and themselves inspired by profound Faith and earnest sincerity, with an indomitable will and courage, may do so."

"In times when we thought ourselves indolent we have afterward found that much was discovered and much was begun in us. It is said all martyrdoms looked mean when they were suffered."



"HELPERS" AT BOSTON BAZAAR.

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellowman: with an infinite Love, an infinite pity-poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy bed of rest is but a grave. O my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!—truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one;

like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature which in the ear of Heaven are Prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel step-dame. Man, with his so mad wants, and so mean endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that 'Sanctuary of Sorrow,' by strange steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the 'Divine Depth of Sorrow' lie disclosed to me."—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus*.

"Death can no more be an absolute end than birth is a real beginning. Birth proves the preëxistence of the human being, since nothing is produced from nothing; and death proves immortality, because existence can no more cease to be than nothing can cease not to be."

"When the man of genius discovers a real law, he possesses thereby an invincible force of action and direction. He may die in the word; but what he has willed is accomplished despite his death, and often by means of his death."

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IMPORTANT.

IN ORDER to make perfectly clear the basis upon which the NEW CENTURY is conducted, I will state that I founded the CENTURY, that I have full charge of the editorial department, and that this is entirely separate from the financial management, which is in the hands of Mr. Clark Thurston, of Providence. Up to this issue all unsigned notes and editorials, except quotations, have been by myself, but in future, to avoid any possible misunderstanding, I shall sign the editorials.

The letters of encouragement received from all parts have been very gratifying and I wish to assure the readers of the CENTURY that I hope in time to raise it to the standard of high literary merit, based upon the broadest line of brotherly love, which I had in view at the time of its inception.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

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

OUR DUTY.

The deluded despise me in human form, being unacquainted with my real nature as Lord of all things. They are of vain hopes, deluded in action, in reason and in knowledge, inclining to demoniac and deceitful principles. But those great of soul, partaking of the godlike nature, knowing me to be the imperishable principle of all things, worship me, diverted to nothing else.

TO-DAY, as a people, we are by our thoughts and actions affecting to no small degree the record of the next century. We are adding one more link to the chain of events on both the lower and the higher plane of evolution.

It is high time that we eliminated from our minds unfaith and egotism, cynicism and selfishness, and prepared ourselves to be a part of the great movement of spiritual life which is now close at hand, within the reach of all.

The question that arises in the minds of many who aspire to serve humanity is "where is my place; what is my duty?" Surely if the motive is pure and unselfish, if the true sense of justice and love of principle dwells in the heart, the answer is bound to come from within for there is the Knower.

And to know that Knower, to feel the real vibration of that great eternal Will, and receive its help and support in all difficulties which beset us from the outside lower plane of existence, we must not be satisfied with intellectuality alone but must live in the spirit, in the sunshine and beneficent love of our Master, and thus learn true wisdom.

Living on the mountain-top, in thought, in the glory of peace and good will to all mankind, we shall attain a better understanding of human nature and a better knowledge of how to serve it. Peace will be there in spite of the storm, in spite of the turmoil and blind fanaticism below, and we shall gain the courage to strike the blow, if necessary, with a loving hand that will stay the power of darkness which seeks to blind and mislead those who, in seeking the path, see not the subtle forces around them; we shall, by our attitude on both the interior and the outward plane, show them that our duty is not to follow them, not to encourage them to work away from the light.

The work going on on the lower plane is of a most subtle nature, it hides itself behind the most lofty philosophy; the highest expressions of principle and Brotherhood obscure the real motives of men.

What of the trusting ones, those who try to live unselfishly, those who seek neither prominence or place? Should we not by our attitude of mind and love of principle hold their hands in helpfulness and point to the dangers that beset them? Truly our responsibility is great and our duty is clear; let us not fail.

One seeking the true path of knowledge finds no time to work against the law or men. He realizes the importance of attending to his own duty and leaving his neighbor to find his. The love of power is leading many to the path of quick destruction.

The world seems mad to-day, moving towards a point at the end of this cycle where only staunch, firm, tempered hearts can turn the tide in the affairs of men to a higher plane of action.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

SOME CURIOUS FIGURES.

BY H. T. PATTERSON.

THE most important figures in Hindu chronology are:

4,320,000, the number of years in the maha yuga.

1,728,000, the number of years in the krita yuga.

1,296,000, the number of years in the treta yuga.

864,000, the number of years in the dvapara yuga.

432,000, the number of years in the kali yuga.

These figures in themselves, and when divided into simple numerical parts bear close relationships to the dominant figures—both taken as wholes and divided into simple numerical parts—in form, color and sound vibrations, divisions of time, and linear and solid dimensions. The relationships are too numerous and close to be accidental. If not accidental they prove, on the part of their originators, a subtle and far-reaching knowledge.

If, in addition to studying the relationships to the dominant figures in form, color and sound vibrations, we enter into the realm of kabbalistic lore, Pythagorean philosophy, metaphysical investigation and the essential nature of number we find ourselves in an almost unlimited expanse of new ideas, where thoughts pour in overwhelmingly.

Let us begin with the most unquestionable relationships:

$432,000 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 2 \times 1$.

In plane geometry we have the triangle, square and pentagon as the three forms on which the simplest solid figures, the tetrahedron, the cube and the dodecahedron, can be built up. The number of sides in these figures are respectively

3 4 5

The simplest forms in plane geometry are the triangle, square, pentagon and hexagon. The numbers of degrees in these are as follows:

triangle $180 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 1$.

square $360 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 2$.

pentagon $540 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 3$.

hexagon $720 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4$.

180 is $1/2400$ of 432,000, the kali yuga figure.

360 is $1/1200$ of 432,000.

540 is $1/800$ of 432,000.

720 is $1/600$ of 432,000.

The simplest forms in solid geometry are the tetrahedron, cube and dodecahedron. The numbers of degrees in these three forms are:

tetrahedron 720

cube 2160

dodecahedron 6480

$720 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4$.

$2160 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4 \times 3$.

$6480 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4 \times 3 \times 3$.

720 is $1/600$ of 432,000, the kali yuga figure.

2160 is $1/400$ of 864,000, the dvapara yuga figure.

6480 is $1/200$ of 1,296,000, the treta yuga figure.

In plane geometry the circle is the extreme or inclusive form. The number of degrees here is—circle 360.

$360 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 2$.

360 is $1/1200$ of 432,000, the kali yuga figure. The simplest right angled triangle with unequal sides, has sides proportional to each other as

3 : 4 : 5.

In dimensional measurement we have:

As the number of inches in the

linear foot 12

$12 = 3 + 4 + 5$.

12 is $1/36000$ of 432,000, the kali yuga figure.

As the number of inches in the

square foot 144.

$144 = 3 + 4 + 5 \times 3 + 4 + 5$.

144 is $1/3000$ of 432,000 the kali yuga number: As the number of inches in the

cubic foot 1728.

$1728 = 3 + 4 + 5 \times 3 + 4 + 5 \times 3 + 4 + 5$.

1728 is $1/1000$ of 1,728,000, the krita yuga number. In time measurement we have:

As the number of seconds in the

minute 60:

As the number of minutes in the

hour 60.

$60 = 3 \times 4 \times 5$.

60 is $1/7200$ of 432,000, the kali yuga figure: As the number of hours when the sun is at the equator in the

day of light 12.

$12 = 3 + 4 + 5$.

12 is $1/36000$ of 432,000, the kali yuga figure: As the number of

seconds in the hour 43,200.

$43,200 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4$.

43,200 is $1/10$ of 432,000, the kali yuga figure: As the number of seconds in the

day and night 86,400.

$86,400 = 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4$.

86,400 is $1/10$ of 864,000, the dvapara yuga figure.

Summarizing the above, we have, as the figures of the simplest right angled triangle with unequal sides, 3, 4, 5, which are the least numerical parts, in whole numbers, in plane geometry (including the circle), in solid geometry, in linear and solid dimensions, and in divisions of time; and these figures are repeated, as shown in the beginning of this article, over and over again in the Hindu yugas, or great cycles.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. H. K. Richmond-Green, whose picture we give on page 2, is a prominent member of the T. S. in America, and a most devoted worker in the Theosophical Movement. Her home is in Easthampton, Massachusetts, where she has gathered as a nucleus a strong and vigorous band of workers for Brotherhood.

An advanced student of Shakespeare she has, since her study into the esoteric teachings of Theosophy, stepped into a new field of thought. The unique and admirable way she brings out the mystical side of Shakespeare, stamps her as a person of rare ability and one who should be a great help to the Cause in the future.

Mrs. Green's splendid work at the New York Bazaar was gratuitous and served in a large degree to make it a success.

REINCARNATION IN NATURE.

PART II.

(Continued from number 14.)

MAN is constantly aware of something within him which we call consciousness. This he knows directly. The existence of matter and force he knows only by inferences drawn from his varying states of consciousness. We say we see a tree, while we see only a mental picture of the tree, and hence infer that the tree actually exists. All of our senses are governed by this law. We have seen that the fallacy of materialism arises from the entirely unwarranted assumption that matter and force are destitute of consciousness. Nor is it apparent now that which is destitute of consciousness could ever produce a form endowed with consciousness. In that case the effect would be greater than its cause, and contains that which its cause did not contain, and the materialist would find himself in the same boat with the orthodox theologian, believing in a power that can create something out of nothing. On the other hand, many, who are now considered notable authorities in mental philosophy, and who have no sympathy with Theosophy, admit that consciousness must, in its essential nature, be as indestructible as matter and force. The moment we perceive that every atom in the universe possesses consciousness and memory, we have found the missing link in scientific theories of evolution; but once we admit this fact, which holds true as far as the microscope can guide us, it is impossible to successfully assail the logic of the reincarnationist, for the simple reason, that, if consciousness is indestructible, there can be no more consciousness in the universe now than there has always been, and, from this, it follows that the consciousness in every existing form must, in some way, have been transferred from to it from a preëxisting form and this is essentially reincarnation, and it makes no difference in what way the consciousness was transferred, so far as the main principle is concerned.

Aside from theosophical considerations, the experience of every day life might teach us a most profound lesson. Let us say a man returns home benumbed from cold and hunger. He eats a hearty meal, and the numbness is replaced first by acute pain and then by a pleasurable glow of warmth and increased sensation. He has now more animal or physical consciousness than he had when benumbed by physical exhaustion. Where did he get this additional consciousness, if not from his food? And now could he have gotten this from the food if its molecules were unconscious? Only two explanations are possible in this case. Either the area of physical consciousness was broadened by contact with other conscious molecules, or else we must suppose the increased consciousness resulted from a miracle that can make something out of nothing. If, now, our first supposition be true, it follows that the consciousness of the physical man "of the

earth, earthy," is only the sum of the consciousness of the molecules of which he is composed—the conscious molecules in the food he ate, reincarnating in him, and the German philosopher who declared that "the man is what he eats," saw one phase of an occult truth.

THE BASIS OF EVOLUTION.

The reader should here remember that we are simply arguing for reincarnation as a fact in physical and visible nature without considering the more spiritual aspect of the doctrine. Let us now try to discover where lies the missing link in the scientific doctrine of heredity and physical evolution. Herbert Spencer says that the cells coming from the parent body have a tendency to arrange themselves into the form of the species to which they belong (Prin. of Biol. § 84), but he is unable to explain why this is so. In the paragraph preceding this he assumes atavism or recurrent heredity to be a fact, but elsewhere says of heredity in general "we have to bear in mind the inherited results of actions to which antecedent organisms were exposed and to join with these the results of present actions" (Prin. of Biol. § 266); and in the same paragraph says that the facts and data are too scanty to do more than furnish an approximate explanation. Thus the much vaunted doctrine of heredity will be seen to have no real scientific foundation, beyond the bare fact that that offspring show a general tendency to resemble their parentage and species.

The whole matter may be summed up in a single question. Why do cells have a tendency to assume the same form and shape as the parent? Science confesses its inability to answer this question, but if we start, as in the Sagas doctrine, with the idea that every cell, molecule and atom in nature has some degree of consciousness and memory, the solution of the problem will be found at hand. Herbert Spencer admits that the nature of the parent is, in some way, impressed on each cell, and that the cell afterward tends to act in accordance with its previous education, and this preserves the orderly development of all the different hierarchies in nature. (See Prin. of Biol. § 263.) Is this process based on a low form of consciousness and memory? If so, the explanation of heredity is easy and complete. The cell remembers and repeats its past actions just as an individual does. This shows how it is that physical and mental tendencies can be transferred to the offspring from the parent, and it really constitutes a sort of cellular reincarnation. All known developments of human character are based upon memory of past experience. The idiot is what he is, because he cannot remember his past experiences and profit by them. The existence of race memory is admitted by nearly all scientists and is the basis of what is called instinct—a word that covers up a vast amount of ignorance. To merely say that animals have instinct explains nothing.

The fact of race memory is too well established to need much discussion

here, but Spencer's "Principles of Biology" (§82) relate the instance of the mother of a litter of pups, and who had previously been taught to beg. One of the pups taken from the mother when six weeks old, took spontaneously to begging when it was eight months of age. Spencer also says it is a well-known fact that sporting dogs will spontaneously take up, in the field, the ways and habits previously taught to their parents. This transfer of memory from parent to offspring is really a low form of reincarnation, which operates at short ranges from parent to offspring. A moment of reflection will demonstrate the truth of this. If you take away a man's thoughts nothing but a lump of clay would be left, and how could a man have thoughts without a memory? The fact that memory can be transferred in any way from parent to offspring, and even to distant descendants, as science admits, involves the essential feature of rebirth.

(To be continued.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY A. B. G.

FOR a mass of people who disbelieve in a vicarious atonement, and eternal punishment, but who have faith in the immortality of the soul and its successive reëmbodiment on earth, there is no logical argument which can convince them that the death penalty is wise or necessary even in extreme cases.

The question becomes more complicated when one has to deal with those who believe in redemption, and remission of sins; but not so involved as to deny a vigorous and reasonable appeal based on vital principles that are common to their standpoint and that of those who disagree with them.

The spectacle of a deity incarnated as a Saviour with the purpose of universal salvation to all those who will hear, even unto the eleventh hour, inspiring his incarnation, is an object lesson in itself that forever sets the stamp of error on any human attempts to modify that motive as a basic principle; and when, by personal example, the messenger himself submits to the vile death of a malefactor, the lesson of divine love becomes complete; and lacks no detail which can limit the sphere of universal compassion.

The tremendously terrible and dramatic expression of the will of the deity, in the tragedy of Calvary, can not by any trick of argument be supposed to imply simply redemption; but must by every reasonable mind be exalted to an exposition of the universality of forgiveness. And so we find, in the utterances of the Christian Saviour, a constant attempt to teach humanity to love, forgive, and help one another.

If such are the facts, is it either brave, or loyal, to shift the burden of responsibility for a legitimate endeavor to help a fellow being to the Almighty by a horrible execution, instead of helping the beclouded soul to regain its equilibrium with the mass of society of which it is an immortal part?

Is it right to do less than, as is said, Christ did, when he exhausted all

efforts with his fellow men, even to giving up his life?

The Christ example nullifies all texts that differ in principle or teaching; or else it represents God as dealing in superfluities, which cannot be imagined.

If Christ was the Son of God, and equal with the Father, then he was, and is, to the whole Christian world an incarnation of Truth, and the vital spirit of his example, which must be the final test, is admitted by all investigators to have been love, without limitations, for all; and toleration even to self-sacrifice.

The force of example, therefore, is evidence, to Christians, that murder is within the scope of divine mercy, even when superlatively horrible.

What justification can be found in the Christian world for a course that conflicts with the teachings of its Master?

Harmony would require that like processes of thought and conduct should prevail in man and God, where the methods are well understood. Any departure from this principle implies confusion, and must end in spiritual degeneracy. And so there is an unconscious acceptance of this fact in that all nations have reduced the number of capital offences, because their punishments seemed to increase the number of crimes, and also demoralized the people.

The publication of the details of a capital crime of murder is sufficiently stimulative to weak-minded, imitative acts, by other criminals, without the still greater impulse which flows from a judicial repetition of the original crime.

If punishment is not expressed in Christ's example; and mercy is the only inspiration, then men in substituting revenge, or punishment, for compassion, are involved in an antagonistic system to that of the Christianity as taught by the Master's life, and they thereby repudiate the effort which is the basis of its present expression.

Society, as a mass, knows that the true method of punishment is remedial, and corrective, to the individual offender, and acts upon that belief as regards all minor offences; and only stoops to an admission of weakness when confronted with the supreme test that demands a divine instinct of compassion and love.

Humanity refuses to look itself in the face when that face bears the brand of Cain; and so hires a judicial assassin to destroy the image that reflects its greatest weakness.

Christ, we are told, lived with those whom he knew would be his murderers, and tried, till death, to help them. Is there any good reason why Christians should do otherwise?

The species lower than man have no comprehension of the Universe. Why should there not be, above man again species more intelligent than he? Before using his powers to take measure of God, would not man do well to know more about himself? Before attacking transcendent truths, ought he not rather to verify the truths that immediately concern him?—Balsac.

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.)

"OH, I guess he won't go beyond Roseville. I told him I'd go up Jennings' cañon. But then I didn't expect to be so late."

"You can't do it, you can't do it," called out Mrs. Walker, a little later, "You'll have to tack, Santa, you'll have to tack!"

The bearded red face of the Santa was wreathed in smiles, but he said nothing, and he kept on his course. Soon, however, he acknowledged the wisdom of Mrs. Walker's words, and good naturedly tacked, which brought the boat close to the wharf, and soon all the cargo was landed.

Bidding good-by to his new found friends, Mr. Nelson once more mounted his wheel and pushed up the cañon road, a little anxious because he was so late. He kept a lookout for his son, hoping he might find him waiting, but at that moment Charlie was in the city. As he neared the house he gave his usual whistle, and his little daughter ran to meet him.

"Where's Charlie Boy?" she called.

"I haven't seen Charlie," he answered, "did he go to meet me?"

"Why, yes," said his wife, who came to the door at that instant. "He left about four o'clock. He was so happy and proud. He asked if he did not meet you at Roseville, if he could not go on. I said, yes, but I told him you might be late. And you did not meet him, where can he be?" and her mother's heart was full and anxious in a moment.

"I came across the bay in Dr. Walker's sailboat," said Mr. Nelson. "I thought I would get home much sooner and probably meet Charlie in the cañon."

"We are all through supper," answered Mrs. Nelson, "but I kept yours and Charlie's warm. It is almost 7 o'clock. Will you attend to the stock first, or will you have supper? You must be very tired."

"I will be back in a few moments, and then have some tea."

He hastened to attend to certain duties made necessary by ranch life. As he walked hastily along he was joined by Herr Stein, a German professor who was staying at the ranch for a time. "Do you think Charlie's all right?" asked the Professor solicitously.

"Yes, Charlie's a bright boy and careful, but the flats are a bad place to cross, especially at high tide."

"Yes," mused the Professor. He was concerned, but he folded his hands behind his back, bent his head thoughtfully and said nothing. Mr. Nelson soon returned to the house. He could eat nothing, but he took a cup of tea. Then kissing his wife goodbye he once more mounted his wheel and spun down the cañon road to meet his boy.

The sun had set but the few clouds in the eastern sky were still softly tinted by the lingering rays from behind the western horizon. It would soon be dark as there is little twilight in California. Spurred by this fact Mr. Nelson seemed to fly down the cañon in imminent danger of life and limb from the rocks, which now frowned as he sped by. He soon passed Roseville, out into the purple mist of the advancing evening. The blue bay with its silver rim lying in quiet beauty to his right. It was so still he could hear the slightest sound for miles away. As he neared the flats he could hear the gentle purring and gurgling of the water as it crept upon its prey, the low lands, and his fertile mind manufactured plans for all sorts of emergencies.

Back on the hill in the little white house, kind Herr Stein was reading to Mrs. Nelson to divert her mind, stopping ever and anon to say something encouraging. But Mrs. Nelson's heart was heavy. Was it the will of God that her son too was to be taken from her, had they come thousands of miles seeking health to meet only sorrow and death? She had just been reading in the paper of some dreadful doings of Mexicans in "Old Town." All

charm and romance communicated to this place by "Ramona" vanished as she thought what might happen to her innocent boy at the hands of the Mexicans. Her crucified soul was suffering agony, but she tried to listen to the words of comfort being murmured by the gentle professor. Worn by the very intensity of her emotion, and soothed rather by the metre than by the words of the reading, she gradually gained internal calm as well as outward seeming, and thought she was prepared for what might happen.

Charlie watched the big clock on the Court House. He was anxious about his father, but thought he must have missed him on the flats, where so many roads lead to the same place. He was weary but he scarcely knew it, his anxiety and excitement carried him above merely physical ailment. It was seven o'clock, almost sundown, when he again mounted his wheel. His rest had imparted strength, and he sped down the street past the Court House, where the big clock held a warning finger at him. He turned into India road, near the border of the town, where houses remind you of beads on a string, far apart.

(To be concluded.)

HEART-LIGHT MAKES SUN-LIGHT.

MARCUS is a little comrade of the Sun. He lives in the sunniest city you ever saw. It is the very centre of the country and the sunshine seems to go out in circles.

Marcus wakes up with a sunny "good morning," and a kiss for everybody. He gives you a comfortable, warm feeling just like a ray of sunshine.

When Marcus was a baby the first words he said were:

"Prit-tee, Prit tee,"

just like a little bird. When people would say:

"Who do you love?"

He always said:

"Me—wuv—evrybody."

Marcus is thirteen now; and the sun shines from his eyes, and his lips and his fingers just the same.

All the grandpapas and grandmamas open wide their arms when he appears. The grown-ups always smile. The children beg him to come and play, for when Marcus is around, nobody gets cross, and Marcus makes everything go right.

As for the wee tots and babies—well, they just coo and gurgle with delight, and love Marcus almost to pieces.

Birthdays and Christmases he gets presents from *every one*. And the funny thing is, he always seems surprised that people are so *very* kind.

He is busy all the time, doing something for some one and finding pretty things wherever he is, and making things pretty all around him.

At Christmas he arranges the holly all over the house, where it looks prettiest. He finds the earliest spring flowers. He remembers things people like. He runs in "just a minute" to see the old people and the sick people.

At parties he notices the little strang-

ers and goes and sits by the very shy ones.

When a grown-up is cross and begins to scold and every one feels kind of shivery and wishes they were somewhere else, Marcus speaks up cheerily "Oh, it isn't such a *terribly* awful thing *please* don't feel that way," and throws his arms around the neck of the angry grown-up with a kiss that always brings a smile.

Marcus sees something pretty even in those stiff, cold people whom you and I wouldn't *dream* of kissing, and as for the "dreadfully improving" and those tiresome *disapproving* people! Well, they don't affect Marcus any more than the snow and ice affect the warm sunshine. Marcus beams on them, and there is a song in his voice when he says "How—do—do?" and he throws his arms around their necks (you and I wouldn't dare to) and kisses them—and they melt *just like snow*. You can see little rivulets of smiles creeping around the severe eyes and chins.

You see, Marcus never *asks* whether any one loves him or whether people *want* him to love them, any more than the sun stops to ask whether you *want* him to shine. Angry clouds, sullen, discontented, grey skies and rude little storms, sometimes feel very important and try to block the way, but the sun shines just the same.

That is the way with Marcus' heart. It loves every one, whether old or young, or rich or poor, or sick or well—it makes no difference. Marcus' heart goes on loving, and loving, and loving—and now, as his little brother says:

"I don't know what we *would* do without Marcus. He is the *sunshine* of our house."

E. W.

LOTUS GROUPS.

BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn Lotus Group No. 2 opened on Nov. 21, under the most favorable auspices and has now twenty-three members. A house has been hired in the Twenty-sixth ward, 551 Liberty Avenue, a district populated by workmen and their families. One of our members lives in the upper part of the house and contributes much to the homelike atmosphere. Attractive pictures on the wall, the drapings of purple and yellow, the bright, sunny windows, and above all, the eager, interested faces of the children make a Sunday morning hour one of the happiest of the week for both teachers and children. The officers of the Group have but one wish—to carry out instructions to the best of their ability. We expect to go on with other branches of the I. B. L. at this same centre and are making all our plans to this end. The outlook is most promising.

IDA GIBBON, Secretary.

SOMERVILLE.

Somerville, Mass., Lotus Group No. 1, formed a week ago with good promise of success. We are only a small branch of fifteen members, but our members are interested in the work.

MARY E. ALLEN, Superintendent.

"When thou makest offerings to God, offer not that which he abominateth. Dispute not concerning His mysteries. The god of the world is in the light above the firmament and his emblems are upon earth."

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

Organized by KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

OBJECTS.

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

SUPERINTENDENT OF GENERAL WORK, MR. H. T. PATTERSON.

ORIENTAL WEAVERS.

THE Oriental woman in the estimation of the popular mind is one who leads an aimless and rather secluded life of luxurious idleness. Yet that this view is an erroneous one is known to travelers and has been further exploited by an article recently published in the *London Mail*. Here we read that the simple truth is, the large majority of women in the east work quite as hard for their daily bread as do their sisters in the west—aye, even harder, as a rule. There are thousands of women in Turkey, Persia and other countries of the Orient who support themselves and their families by weaving. None can match them in making tapestries, carpets and other gorgeous productions of the loom. No machine has yet been invented which can do the marvelous work of these Oriental weavers. Yet many of these women work for pitiful wages. After cleaning and preparing the wool and shaping it into a lovely piece of tapestry, all they receive is the equivalent of from two to four shillings a week. The woman who can earn seven shillings is considered a *Cræsus* and her husband esteems her so much that he never thinks of beating her! The money is always paid to the husband and he invariably appropriates it.

The article goes on to say that the weavers are very womanly, fond of gossip and while they are at work their tongues are constantly going. Perhaps this is one reason why they have so obstinately refused to herd together in factories, where the constant whirr of machinery, not to speak of the surveillance of a foreman, would very probably compel them to keep silence. In order to fashion a first-class carpet or piece of tapestry, the weaver must not only have a memory which will prevent her from making the slightest mistake while copying the design, but she must also possess a lively imagination and a thoroughly developed artistic sense. For the first-class weaver does not copy, she creates. She invents her own designs, she combines the various tones, she chooses the dyes and shades, and, finally, she obtains those effects which seem so charming to us of the west, and with such good reason.

NOTICE.

The Chairman of each I. B. L. Committee will please send in a concise re-

port of all work done by the Committee up to February 1st.

H. T. PATTERSON,

General Superintendent of the International Brotherhood League.

REPORTS I. B. L. WORK.

MACON, GEORGIA.

The meeting at Theosophical hall last night was largely attended and was certainly unique. It witnessed the exit of the old year and the coming in of the new. The meeting was called to order at 9.30 o'clock by Mr. Harris, who announced that the audience present were more than welcome. Prof. Card's orchestra then played the Phonograph march most delightfully.

Mr. Charriot addressed the meeting on the "Cycles and Brotherhood" and brought in the fact that previous to the historic period which he counted as five thousand years, a mighty civilization had been upon the earth; that we were the same people who built that grand development of human power, and that the cycle had now arrived for us to repeat the past, by building something grander and more perfect still.

Mr. Walter T. Hanson then held the attention of the audience for thirty minutes in a splendid address on the same subject. He gave a learned description of the zodiac and said that the sun in his majestic sweep through space was drawing the earth and its people into places it had not seen for uncounted ages. He said that just as a man was subjected to unaccustomed influences when he visited the country or when he went to some great metropolis from the place of his ordinary residence, so were the human race in the presence of unaccustomed influences now we were reaching a new place in the zodiacal constellations.

Mr. W. A. Rounds then delighted the assembly with a violin solo; the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Mr. Iverson L. Harris then took up the subject and gave some simple, plain illustrations, which showed there were recurrences of certain thoughts, emotions and aspirations, just as day and night, spring, summer, autumn and winter came again and again. He also said that at certain times a mental or heart effort could accomplish more than at other times, just as a man could raise more flowers in the spring with a given amount of energy than he could in the winter.

Mr. Harris closed his able address by suggesting in eloquent words that the best resolution one could make was to renounce selfishness and resolve to consecrate one's self to the true worship of the divine by doing selfless labor for his fellow men.

The meeting was then adjourned for an hour and a half, during which refreshments

were served and the audience entertained by songs and recitations by Mr. E. D. Stow and Miss Minnie Miller.

At 11.55 o'clock the audience were assembled and were elevated by the "Simple Aven," by Thorne. An extract from the "Bhagavad-Gita" was read, and the audience then became silent for seven minutes, during which they distilled some of the essences from the departing time and gave the tone to the coming period. At 12.03 o'clock the band played appropriate music.

Mr. Stow then rose and stated that he was going to send an appropriate message to the leader of the Theosophical movement throughout the world, and invited any one present to sign it with him. At 1 o'clock the message was numerously signed.

"Do I think that the marriage of the sickly and diseased ought to be prevented by law?"

"I have not much confidence in law—in law that I know cannot be carried out. The poor, the sickly, the diseased, as long as they are ignorant, will marry and help fill the world with wretchedness and want.

"We must rely on education instead of legislation.

"We must teach the consequences of actions. We must show the sickly and diseased what their children must be. We must preach the gospel of the body. I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease—to leave a legacy of agony.

"I believe the time will come when men will refuse to fill the future with consumption and insanity. Yes, we will study ourselves. We will understand the conditions of health, and then we will say: We are under obligations to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children."

"What a terrible tragedy was that East-end fire in Dixie Street. When the bodies were discovered the eight-months baby was scarcely touched by the flames, for the mother shielded it instinctively with her arms. She was terribly burnt herself, but she protected her babe. Ah, what a wonder is maternal love! All the dogmas of religion are dwarfed by its sublimity. The student of evolution sees in that maternal love the very secret of civilization. It is the primitive germ from which all morality has been developed. Love knows nothing of conscience, it is true; but conscience is born of love. So said Shakespeare, who seems to have understood everything."—*Free-thinker*.

Every individual can be an important factor in this work of real reform. In realizing his true position he recognizes his Soul, and can help others to do the same. A united effort in this direction would bring into play such an omnipotent force that no unjust conditions could withstand it.

The New Century is upon us, with its dawn of a brighter era, and the sure hope that it will be attained. Let all help in this noble work of the International Brotherhood League.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The business meetings of the Convention will be held on Friday, morning and afternoon, and Saturday morning, February 18th and 19th. The place of meeting is not yet arranged, but will be in a few days.

Besides the business and official meetings, several other interesting meetings will be held. On Thursday afternoon and evening a meeting and reception will be held in beautiful new Steinway Hall, on Van Buren Street, and it is expected that many friends from different parts of the world will be present. There will also be choice music.

On Saturday evening in the same hall one hundred stereopticon views of the Crusade around the world, illustrating many incidents of the Crusade and places visited by them will be shown. These slides were specially made for Mrs. Tingley from photographs from her own private collection and were shown at the New York Brotherhood Bazaar. Among them are several views of the rock-cut temples of India, and of the pyramids of Egypt also of South Sea Islanders and Maoris.

The most interesting of all the meetings will be the great Brotherhood Congress to be held in Central Music Hall on Sunday evening under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League. Special music will be provided. At this meeting will be given an exposition of the broadest teachings—religious, philosophic, and scientific—relating to the objects of the League and showing the necessity of practical work along these lines to establish Universal Brotherhood.

Arrangements are also being made for a meeting on Friday evening, but are not yet completed.

Any additional information as to meetings may be obtained from the undersigned during the Convention.

J. H. FUSSELL.

I. B. L. CONVENTION.

A special Convention of the International Brotherhood League will be held in Chicago, February 18th or 19th. It is hoped that as many members of I. B. L. committees as possible will be present.

LOTUS GROUP REPORTS.

Mrs. E. C. Mayer has asked for a report of the work done by all Lotus Groups to be sent in by the Superintendent of each group.

FROM POINT LOMA.

Stanley Fitzpatrick writes: Dear CENTURY: The new hotel and sanitarium at Point Loma is rapidly nearing completion and Dr. Wood is east purchasing the furnishings.

Standing just outside the school grounds, it looms up a most conspicuous landmark, as it can be seen for miles from almost any direction.

The flag of the school still floats on the sunny air—for on this favored spot there are no harsh winter blasts. Around the cornerstone a considerable portion of land has been cleared of the brushwood and wild flowering shrubs and vines which grow so luxuriantly on Point Loma.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

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

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

TO MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The following letter was read to the members of the Inner Council on January 7th, and would have been sent to all members if time had permitted. As this has not been possible, I place it in the T. S. columns by request.

JANUARY 7, 1898.

DEAR COMRADES:—I take this opportunity at the beginning of the new year, at the approach of the new cycle, to assure you that I am not unmindful of your needs. At no time since I stepped publicly into this work have I been able to give as much attention to each Branch as I desire. The increase in membership, and the wide public interest aroused in Theosophy have brought increased work with few additions to the number of trained helpers. The strain, therefore, on myself and those comrades closely associated with me at the centre, has been very great.

The Branches and centres organized by the Crusade around the world required my first attention. They had not the opportunities of the older members nor the experience in connection with the organization during past years; and so it was necessary to give them personal attention in order that the help given them by the hurried visit of the Crusade might bear its full harvest of good fruit.

In the midst of all this work I was called to found the NEW CENTURY and even then, when it seemed that I had reached a point that I could undertake no more, I was importuned by Mr. Neresheimer to take charge of *Universal Brotherhood*. I accepted this duty feeling that in so doing I could indirectly help my fellow comrades.

By some of these means I have accomplished but little in comparison to what will be possible when I am relieved of some of the detail work which I have to undertake at present. When the time comes that I have more trained helpers around me who can do this, I can then get closer in touch with all through personal correspondence and otherwise.

Theosophy is no longer obscure. At the beginning of this new cycle we are entering upon a more glorious field of work. To recall the struggles of H. P. B. in the early days, when with three or four persons around her she faced the obloquy of the world, and later, William Q. Judge, left in America almost alone, sowing the seed which made later developments possible, and then to look at the success to-day is indeed encouraging and inspiring. The trust of the members carried through the Ark of the T. S. when in times of shadow it was endangered; to-day, when no permanent harm can befall

our work, that same trust should be maintained. This Movement must go on advancing; it cannot be retarded; no limitations can hinder it. Above and beyond all boundaries exists the Universal Theosophical Movement.

Let your minds dwell in unity on such a thought and the beginning of the new cycle, the 18th of February next, will be a marked day in the history of this Movement. It will be a pivotal point from which we can, by acting on the broadest lines of brotherly love, enter the new age with opportunities hitherto undreamt of.

To all members who have helped to uphold my hands in this great work, I send my most heartfelt thanks and assure them that they have, by their faithfulness, made greater work possible for me in the future. Let all keep in line and act, and triumphant victory will surely follow.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

NEW YORK, January 13, 1898.

To the Editor of THE NEW CENTURY:

When Mrs. Tingley announced to me the importance of calling the Convention for February 18th and 19th, the beginning of the new cycle, I at once called a meeting of the Executive Committee.

Having obtained their decision I at once issued a circular to all members T. S. A., but in case any member should not have received it I ask you to print it. The italicised parts are exact quotations of Mrs. Tingley's words.

It may be well to point out that, considering the financial depression throughout the country during 1896 and part of 1897, and the loss of some of our best financial support, the condition of the T. S. to-day is most satisfactory.

Since I accepted the Presidency and Mrs. Tingley has been consulted on all matters, I have to report that the Society is now in better financial condition than it has been for eighteen months past.

I have every reason to believe that we can enter upon the work of this year upon a good financial basis and our hearts full of hope and courage for the good of our Cause.

E. AUG. NERESHEIMER,
President T. S. A.THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.
Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue.
NEW YORK CITY, January 3, 1898.

TO ALL BRANCHES AND MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA,

DEAR COMRADES:—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 as almost a living reality. The record of this day will pass down to posterity as one of the most important in the history of the Movement.

The Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in America will be held at Chicago, Illinois, on the 18th and 19th of February, next. The first session will commence at 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 18th, and the address will be made known as soon as possible.

All members are entitled to attend the Convention. In order to avoid confusion with regard to representation and voting, the attention of Branches is directed to Article IV, Section 3, of the Constitution: "The basis for representation and voting in said Convention shall be one delegate for the first five members, and one for every ten after."

Delegates and proxies should have written credentials signed by the President or Secretary, and indicating the number of votes the Branch is entitled to. They should have full power to act for the Branches they represent.

Branches in arrears for dues will have no power to vote or have representation; the same rule applies to the case of Branches in which the number of members has fallen below five.

Any Branch not able to send a delegate is entitled to send a proxy or to specially appoint a member of the Convention to represent it. All Branches following this course but not knowing whom to appoint should indicate their wishes, at the earliest moment, to Mr. J. H. Fussell, the Secretary to the President, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, who will hand them to the President so that he may make the necessary arrangements for the representation of the Branch.

Printed proxies can be had at any stationery store, and should be duly filled up and signed by the President or Secretary of the Branch. Branches intending to send delegates to represent them or desiring someone to act as proxy should forward this information to the President's office (T.S.A.) at as early a date as possible, so that the lists may be made out in good time for the Convention.

Branches are requested to make up their annual reports to February 1st, and to forward them to the President on that day, if possible.

This Convention promises to be stupendous,—one such as we have never had before, and in keeping with the importance of this great cycle. Therefore Branch Presidents should make a point to be present and feel it a privilege to participate in the work on such an occasion.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,
E. A. NERESHEIMER,
President T. S. A.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

144 Madison Avenue,
NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1898.

To all Members of the T. S. A.:

DEAR COMRADES:—In view of the fact that recently a circular letter has been sent to all Branches T. S. A. which was not authorized by me, canvassing support of a certain program for Officers and Executive Committee, to be elected at the next Convention on February 18th and 19th, at Chicago, I deem it my duty to point out to the members that the offices of the Theosophical Society in America do not require preliminary canvassing like a political organization. On the contrary, in accordance with our own tenets and teachings, we must know and conduct our affairs rather with spontaneity and intuition than with premeditated and purely intellectual action. If this be done by the members in convention they will not easily err in selecting all the officers who will best

serve the interests of their beloved Society.

Another point, very important at this time, is our duty to preserve this part of the movement—our Society—on the direct lines which were represented by H. P. Blavatsky in her time, William Q. Judge, in his time, and Katherine A. Tingley at the present time, and help to carry it forward into the next century in spite of storms and opposition which we must necessarily encounter in this effort. My own exact position is that I will hold strictly to these lines of our successive Leaders, honestly and sincerely believing that the interests of the entire Movement are amply protected, and that it is one of the most important means to advance the entire human race towards a happier and better condition in the course of time.

Sincerely,

E. AUG. NERESHEIMER,
President T. S. A.

ARYAN BRANCH T. S. A.

A most enthusiastic meeting of above Branch was held on Tuesday last, the 18th inst. President Neresheimer presided. Brothers Harris, Macon; Stevens, Buffalo; Thurston, Providence; Dr. Wood, Point Loma, and D. N. Dunlop, were present, also many members of the H. P. B. Branch. After the minutes were read the Chairman called on Bro. Harris, of Macon, who made a vigorous speech regarding the extraordinary success of the recent work in that town. Bro. Thurston was then called upon and spoke about the development of the I. B. L. in Providence, and showed those present the result that followed from carrying out the suggestions of the Leader in putting into practice the spirit of true brotherhood. The Chairman then called on Bro. Stevens, who spoke of the "Wayfare" in Buffalo. At an early stage in the proceedings Mrs. Tingley arrived, and on being invited to the platform was received with great enthusiasm, all present rising and applauding vigorously.

The Chairman then read a statement to the meeting clearly defining his position. This clear cut, manly declaration aroused strong feeling of love for President Neresheimer.

The next business was the election of delegates to the Convention. The following were nominated and elected unanimously: E. A. Neresheimer, F. M. Pierce, H. T. Patterson, Mrs. Mayer, Miss Churchill, Mrs. Cape, E. B. Page, Wm. Lindsay, B. Harding, J. H. Fussell.

We are told by some of the oldest members that never in the history of the Aryan Branch has there been a more marked expression of unity and harmony.

IMPORTANT.

Any circular in connection with Theosophical work should not be recognized as having my approval unless my written signature is attached.

KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

NOTICE.

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, E. A. Neresheimer and Katherine A. Tingley, who have been named for certain offices in a recent circular sent to members of the T. S., have refused to accept the names mentioned on that circular as candidates for these offices.

E. AUG. NERESHEIMER,
President T. S. A.