

The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

—VOL. I., No. 17.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1898.

YEAR, \$1.50; COPY, 5C.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
"A WINTER'S TALE," MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION	1
OF DEEPER BIRTH	2
AN ANCIENT CHURCH	3
BROTHERHOOD—Chords of Harmony	4
SOME CURIOUS FIGURES	5
AN OLD STATUE	5
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT	6
Charlie's Ride.	
The Dream-Child.	
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE	7
The Day of Judgment.	
Stereopticon Views.	
Reports of Work.	
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES	8
Reincarnation in Nature.	
Activities.	

"A WINTER'S TALE."

A MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION

BY MRS. RICHMOND GREEN.

Part III.

PROUDLY Hermione leads the way, and the guards reluctantly do their master's bidding, and bear the queen to prison.

The courtiers plead for their queen. No doubt is in any mind as to her purity and sanctity. All hearts bleed for her. To justify to his people his tyrannous proceedings, Leontes dispatches two messengers, Cleomenes and Dion, to the Delphic Oracle to learn what the great Apollo may reveal.

In the meantime, Hermione in the prison gives birth to a daughter prematurely, forced by the terrible anguish of these bitter weeks, and her maternal grief that her son Mamillius has been kept from her, augmented by the rumors of his illness and pining for his mother. Weep for her! weep for her! let your hearts melt with pity for this dear woman, this wife, this mother, titles of honor, where the queen is all forgot. Weep for her! as holding her new-born child she says, "My poor prisoner, I am as innocent as you."

But "Stone walls cannot a prison make." Hermione is a free spirit no iron bars can fetter. The immured, the prison-bound is he whose soul is hampered, the cruel, jealous king. Hermione, speaking from her anguish, within the gloomy prison walls, utters words which reveal the repose of her innocence; but for Leontes when he next speaks from his palace chamber, there



THE GUARDS BEARING THE QUEEN TO PRISON.

THE FOURTH 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.

needs no prison grating, no clanking chain, to prove his spirit fettered. "Nor night nor day no rest." His diseased mind is now his prison house, his accusing conscience his sleepless jailer.

One of the most remarkable feminine characterizations of Shakespeare is Paulina, who in her devotion to the queen, in her courage and self-reliance, in her vindication of the truth, and her fearless "holding up the glass" to Leontes, stands unrivalled among the whole feminine creation of the Shakespearean world. Her motives will bear the closest investigation, the sunshine of a loving spirit gleams through her every word. But know her well, make her your friend, she will be as faithful to you as to her king and queen. You may trust her infinitely. She is the wife of Antigonus, a nobleman, and is honored by the closest friendship of Hermione. Full of tenderest sympathy she comes to the prison to bring some comfort to her royal friend, but finds the orders are strictly given that no one shall be allowed to see the queen; but she is permitted to see an attendant, and so learns of her condition. In conversation with Emilia she learns that the queen has given birth to a daughter prematurely. Paulina asserts boldly that the king is insane, that some one must show him the truth, and that the duty falls upon her as friend to both:

"I'll tak't upon me;
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-looking anger be
The trumpet any more."

Then, quick as thought can be born, comes to her the possibility of the helpless infant's mute intercession for its mother:

"We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails."

Hermione gladly gives her consent, and Paulina bears her charge to the palace. She is denied admittance by the attendant noblemen, Antigonus, her husband, among the number, who advise her of Leontes' command that no one should come about him.

Antigonus. "You must not enter."
Paulina. "Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me;
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? A gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous?"

Here is a tender, womanly heart that pleads for another, an intrepid soul whose fearlessness is born of the truth of her convictions, and she will not be restrained. Rejecting their counsel, she enters, bearing the child in her arms. Leontes, astonished at her boldness, commands Antigonus to compel her to withdraw. Antigonus, whose position was already very trying, the right hand of the king, his confidant and first attendant, yet feeling all sympathy for Hermione, deserves our pity, when forced to maintain the king's

command even against his wife, he says:

"I told her so, my lord.
On your displeasure's peril and on mine
She should not visit you."

Leontes, out of his own bitterness flings an arrow at Paulina as the representative of the sex he had so outraged. Turning to Antigonus he says: "What, canst not rule her?" Paulina answers, vigorously, but with the delicacy inherent in her womanhood:

"From all dishonesty he can. In this (Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honor), trust it,
He shall not rule me."

Antigonus shows in his next sentence more than his present trust, the growth of his confidence through a married life:

"Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble."

Besides Paulina's strength of will rising to the heroic, besides her depth of love as portrayed in the wife and the friend, she now reveals her wisdom:

"Good my liege, I come
And I beseech you hear me; who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours."

Is she not brave and true and tender? "Loyal servant"—does not the expression mean much? "Physician," who cures and heals, "counsellor," who comes, not flattering the weakness of a king, but daring to cut into the very heart of his folly. As she continues, "I say, I come from your good queen." Am I not right? Should not humanity be enriched by the knowledge of this ennobling spirit? Leontes flings back her words, "Good queen?" Paulina, nothing daunted, repeats her words with stronger force:

"Good queen! my lord, good queen! I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, were I

A man, the worst about you."
Is she not justice personified, holding aloft the scales and the sword? Is she not upholding a race of women in her justification of Hermione? We confess to have breathed deeper, truer breaths of freedom for the comprehension of this huge spirit. With unfaltering heart she repeats again:

"The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing."

Then Paulina lays down the child before the throne. Leontes becomes furious at the sight of it and orders Antigonus to bear it away. Paulina turns then to her husband:

"Forever
Unvenerable be thy hands if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness

Which he had put upon it."

From the first to the last she maintains her free thought and speech. Leontes then threatens her:

"I'll have thee burned."

In Paulina's retort lies a volume. The old ecclesiastical fires had not yet burned low, and the broad-minded Shakespeare put into these words of Paulina his own thought in the great question:

"I care not,
It is an heretic that makes the fire
Not she that burns in it."

With a final appeal to the weak-hearted ones who dare only to reflect him, she bids the tyrant farewell:

"You that are thus so tender o'er his follies
Will never do him good; not one of you."

Leontes revenges himself now upon the weaker vessel, and turning to Antigonus, makes him swear a solemn oath, under the penalty of forfeiting his own life and the lives of his wife and child. Antigonus swears to obey the mandate of the king, to bear the infant to some distant shore, there to leave her, "Where chance might nurse or end her." With anguish in his face, he says:

"I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful."

His heart bleeds as he folds in his arms the little innocent, and we respect his tenderness as he utters these words:

"Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity."

Antigonus goes forth, bearing the child to its cruel destiny. This ends the second act of the drama; and if we have followed it closely, the reader is now a part of the movement, in closest sympathy with each life; one in the dramatic unity.

(To be continued.)

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

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

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

Chapter X.—The Laird.

WHEN Marjory Mail recovered consciousness she found herself lying in bed. Her sister Osla was bending over her, and another woman dressed in the black garb of widowhood stood at the foot of the bed watching her anxiously.

"Where am I?"

Her sister smiled gladly, and pressed her hand. "Resting at Mistress Ollason's house." Then she added, turning to the widow: "Run, Maggie, and tell my husband to get awa home. It's a safe wi' our lamb, noo."

Then Marjory realized that she was at Locherd, with her old friend—her school teacher in earlier days, Margaret Ollason. Her daily mind was not yet awakened enough to consider what had happened to bring her there. She did not know that she had been unconscious quite two hours; that after vainly trying to restore her from the swoon into which she had fallen at the foot of that mystic pillar, her friends had almost despairingly hurried to Lochend, which was about a mile southward. Harold had carried her the whole distance in his arms, over the broken ground that intervened.

And he on getting his wife's hopeful message stole noiselessly into the room. Tears were in his eyes as he bent down to kiss Marjory, and his voice trembled as he said:

"Ye'll be a' right in the morn I hope."

Then he hurried out again, but beckoned to his wife to follow. "It's a mercy, Osla, that I can get awa'," he whispered; "for who do you think is staying here the night—of a' people in the world? Peter Goudie!"

"The laird?"

"Yea: he's collecting his rents hereabouts. Maybe, I sud spak' my mind ower freely, if I stayed longer, an' Eric wad suffer."

"Well, hurry awa. We musna upset our lambie, yonder. If she's not strong enough to rise in the morn, I wull send some lad or lassie ower to tell ye. Noo, dinna let the bairns be gluffed (frightened) about der auntie. I sall get ta bed wi' Marjory, after we hac gotten her some food: noo, buss me an' awa'."

Nature is a kindly mother to us in our extremity. Marjory was, ere long, wrapt in profound and healing slumber. Her dear sister Osla lay by her side, and I trow that the gentle harmonies of these kindred spirits aided not a little to bring repose.

Yet, they were sleeping—as they had slept together in their childhood—while fierce storms were beginning to rage around. True, the physical elements were peaceful, all that night long, and for many days after in the tempestuous Shetlands. But the dark forces of human passion and of human greed are strangely gathering for conflict under that very roof. And ages may pass ere their fury hath spent itself! Yet, foolish little man, who bemoans every wreckage of a common storm, *invites*, by his hourly conduct, such tempests as these; and then, because he cannot see the beginning of their end—plays the Pessimist!

Mr. Hoseason, as he started on his homeward journey, was stopped by a tall young man in fisherman's attire, who had been waiting for him just outside the house.

"Is she better?" inquired the young fisherman. "Yes; likely to be well in the morning, Eric, I trust."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Eric Ollason, fervently.

Harold shook hands and went on his way. Among other things he thought about on his solitary march to Burravoe was the curious fact that only two or three minutes before the young fisherman addressed him, the American

visitor had made an almost identical inquiry; in the same anxious tone, and had as fervently welcomed the news he gave.

And there could be no doubt about Hosea Cutt's sincerity. When Marjory fainted, his concern was not that of a casual visitor. When it became evident that they must seek the shelter of a roof for the insensible girl somewhere near at hand, Hosea wanted to carry her thither himself—almost claimed the right to do so. It was only when Mrs. Hoseason pointed out that her husband's experience was needed to carry her sister uninjured along the difficult path before them, that the American gave way. And just lately Mr. Cutt had jumped at the proposal that he should remain at Lochend for the night, and accompany Marjory and her sister home the following day.

"And I guess that Eric will want to come, too," said the Shetlander to himself, as he reflected on the revelations that Marjory's sudden illness had brought about.

We return to the house at Lochend. This was larger than most houses in that part of Shetland, and in recent years had been added to on account of the growing demand of tourists for accommodation. Lochend, besides having a convenient pier, is so situated that visitors to the islands who have completed the magnificent west coast trip by sailing up Ronas Voe—and beholding on their voyage some of the grandest rock-scenery to be found in the British Islands—can instead of returning the way they came, cross to Colla Firth, on whose northern side Lochend is situated, and await the east coast steamer, and *vice versa*.

So, Mistress Ollason's dwelling, a cottage originally, was slowly assuming the proportions of an hotel. Her brother-in-law Eric was responsible, chiefly, for the brighter prospects that lay before the widow. When her husband was drowned, while fishing off Fethaland, his brother had promptly thrown up his appointment as first mate of an American steamer, and hastened home to look after the widow and children. It was his savings that enlarged the house, and made it fit for travellers. This done, he did not interfere further, but earned his living as a fisherman among the companions of his youth.

Peter Goudie, "the laird," owns all the land round about, and he had come over from Hillswick, on the west side, to collect his rents, and also to study the prosperity of his tenants. He had just finished his supper in Mrs. Ollason's best room, and is now free to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Hosea Cutt.

The latter, relieved from the tension of the last few hours by the news of Marjory's restoration to consciousness, is well disposed towards every one. On another occasion he might have remarked that Mr. Goudie was disagreeably unlike in manner and appearance any Shetlander he had yet met.

The laird was a stout, broad shouldered man of about five and forty. He had a long narrow head, bald at the top, and long ears with big lobes. His forehead was low, and his nose was

small and slightly upturned, with wide nostrils. The whole expression of his features was most unattractive. His voice was harsh and brutal, like that of a ganger of laborers, or the typical workhouse master. But that his language suggested the educated man, there was nothing to invite intercourse with him on the part of the ordinary man of the world.

Mr. Goudie was by profession a stockbroker in Edinburgh. His annual visit to his ancestral estates in Shetland was a strictly business one. And the fact

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

THIS ancient piece of architecture is one of the many churches situated in various Puébls in Mexico. No authentic history can be had of their origin; even among the oldest inhabitants now living, not even a tradition remains; but they were presumably erected by the emissaries of the Catholic Church immediately after the Conquest, for the purpose of introducing their Christianity among the aborigines.

few hymns or chants before the saintly image.

The interior presents a strange and weird appearance; traces of a once ornamental and elegant decoration still linger. In small niches in the walls and in corners of the building are preserved to some extent images of Christ and the Virgin, very artistic and lavishly decorated with artificial flowers of many colors. The wooden cases in which they were originally placed are fast crumbling to dust.

In a corner of one of the rooms, in a



CHURCH IN ACASAGASTLAN, MEXICO.

that, for some ten years and more, his powers as a landlord had been restrained by legislation—the Crofters' Act—did not tend to geniality on those occasions that he returned to the land of his birth.

However, he was genial towards Mr. Cutt as soon as he had learned (by private inquiry) that the latter was not a native of Shetland, but an American traveller.

Of course, he could not remain unaware that this stranger was a friend of the Burravoe people who had so unexpectedly arrived at Lochend that night. And he duly noted Hosea's anxiety about Marjory; though it puzzled him to think what the young American—evidently one accustomed to good company—could be doing in such an outlandish region. Still, he was shrewd enough to see that, for the moment, he must treat his own country people with consideration, or risk affronting the visitor. So he opened conversation by remarking in his best Edinbro' style:

"I trust, sir, that the young lady will be herself again in the morning. I thought of sending for a doctor; but the nearest lives twelve miles away. Very primitive place—Shetland, sir, very primitive!"

(To be continued.)

This building is situated in a small village by the name of "Acasagastlan" on the north bank of the river Motagua at the foot of a spur of the continental mountain range called "Sierra de las Minas," and about twenty-five miles west of the city of Zacapa.

It was evidently built in the centre of a well-populated district and to accommodate a large number of people. The valley of the Motagua is quite extensive, and on all sides are traces of a once dense population. But the people left long ago; they dwindled away before the so-called civilization, or newer barbarism, until now only a few remain. Of what was once a populous village there are but a few dilapidated houses or hovels, and on the mountains and in the valleys adjacent the virgin forest again flourishes and the tigers prowl around in the jungle where once were the haunts of men.

The "Padres," or fathers, have also had their day. Their usefulness and power faded away with the population to which the edifice was dedicated. The religious services are now very simple, they are but a mere vestige of the former ceremonies, being simply the burning of a few candles before the crumbling altar or on some day dedicated to some saint, the singing of a

heap of dust, lie the life-sized images of Christ and the two thieves. The workmanship is almost perfect, the expressions on the faces are lifelike and well represent the character of each. But it is all there is left of what has been, and now everything is covered with the accumulated dust of years. The spider spins his web undisturbed in the hallways and in the dim and dismal corridors, while the bats have made their home where once echoed litanies, prayers and Gregorian chants.

On the left corner of the front of the building is a small round tower, up through which a spiral stairway leads to the roof and to the bells. The stairway is so narrow that two cannot pass, and the steps are worn until almost obliterated. Of the bells there are three in number, the largest bearing the date 1588.

The structure is built of small stones and lime with an alternate layer of bricks, and from an architectural standpoint displays strength, symmetry and considerable architectural talent on the part of the builders.

MEXICO.

"If thou be born in the poor man's hovel yet have wisdom, then wilt thou be like the lotus flower growing out of the mire."

The New Century

Edited by Katherine A. Tingley

Published every Saturday by

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

Room 7, 144 Madison Avenue

New York City

MR. CLARK THURSTON,

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL MANAGER.

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

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

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

Change of address should be notified without delay.

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

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

NOTICES.

ALL communications connected with the EDITORIAL department, MANUSCRIPTS, and BOOKS and PERIODICALS for Review should be sent to Katherine A. Tingley, at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, marked "Century." All business communications and subscriptions, should be addressed to Mr. Clark Thurston, Manager THE NEW CENTURY, room 7, 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW CENTURY is not responsible for views expressed in signed articles.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return unused manuscripts. All matter intended for publication in this paper must be signed by the full name of the author, but not necessarily for publication.

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

IMPORTANT.

SUBSCRIBERS will please take notice that the Business Manager of THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION has for the present changed his office to Room 7, 144 Madison Avenue.

All subscriptions and business communications relating to THE NEW CENTURY should be addressed to Mr. Clark Thurston, Manager, THE NEW CENTURY as above. Checks and money orders should be made payable to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION.

It is requested that this notice be carefully complied with in order to avoid delay.

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.

BROTHERHOOD.

CHORDS OF HARMONY

From the "Friends in Counsel."

ORGANIZED SEPTEMBER 29TH 1897.

DEAR COMRADES:

Standing at the threshold of the new cycle I believe we all feel the opportunity we now have and the good we can do if work together for the cause as brothers should.

Shakespeare's thought about

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
irresistibly springs up in my mind in connection with this new cycle. For I feel that a tide of spiritual outbreathing is heaving over the world and that this tide is now at the flood.

The poet further says, if these affairs are not properly adjusted, much is lost. In his words:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

I think of nothing that better applies to our present efforts and the present time as many must recognize.

Surely we should gather all the courage and energy that lie in our hearts to use in taking advantage of the great opportunity at hand. It is plainly our duty and our privilege, for do we not know, better than those who never think about it, that all men are brothers and should help one another?

I feel that the International Brotherhood League will offer us a great opportunity for carrying out much that will be a power among men drawing them to see the wisdom and deep meaning of Brotherhood.

Through this Brotherhood League many hearts have already been touched which otherwise might never have awakened to a truer life.

Let us put all our good-will and love into all we do, and bless humanity with the little or the much that lies in our power to give.

VERONA HAMILTON.

DEAR COMRADES:

No words known to mortals, when mortals are in their highest consciousness, carry within themselves the power and magic that do the words Love and Brotherhood.

The basis of all and everything in the universe is Brotherhood, and the goal is Brotherhood. This mighty power can do all things within the realm of the good.

We all know it would make of this world an Eden to-morrow, if men would say it should be so. Let us then see to it, dear comrade, each one of us in his own way, that we roll this world a little nearer heaven.

Perhaps it is not amiss, at the present time, for one brother to remind another to help all he can in making the harmony greater and grander and mightier than it ever has been before.

With all my heart I am hoping that all our hearts are in the right place, working for the peace and joy of all humanity.

"With love toward all, and malice toward none," we may conquer ourselves and the whole world.

Faternally,
EMERSON WALLACE.

DEAR COMRADE:

How long have you been theorizing and philosophizing over some little point of dispute, or how many hours have you buried yourself in some "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore"? Think you that will help? I do not hold to any such belief.

In my opinion our school-days have passed. If, perchance, some of us have not had the good fortune to receive an academic degree as Dr. of Metaphysics, I would say to those: Do not be discouraged; start in with a determination to make of yourself a *Helper*. By helping and assisting your more unfortunate brothers and sisters, you will be assisting yourself in the end.

Let us implicitly follow the grand lines of work laid down, and I am sure we cannot go far astray.

Faternally,
POLLUX.

DEAR COMRADE:

What do you do with a violin when one of the strings is out of tune?

You make haste to tune it in harmony with the others, do you not?

If you find the string genuine, the reunion proves easy; but suppose it to be so out of tune as to be imperfect and discordant; do you still keep it on the violin or do you replace it by another? Certainly the latter.

Yet you do not do it angrily, jerking it from the violin, but you lay it aside without thought against it, other than that it interferes with the harmony of the instrument, and it is your place to render perfect music.

Heartily and fraternally,
A FRIEND.

DEAR COMRADES:

There is such an outpouring of good-will and genuine brotherly love among us, so uplifting and so helpful, that it makes one feel that the whole world should share the peace and the joy that come from following the best and highest in man.

At this forceful time in the century let us be up, with our hearts on fire, in all our strength, at the post of duty, doing all we possibly can for the great cause.

With Brotherhood as our watchword, and weaponed with harmony, we must conquer. We shall therewith bring unto peace and unity a weary, suffering world.

With love and best wishes, yours,
JOHNSON ADDISON.

WELL-BELOVED COMRADE:

Have you realized that in these closing days of the cycle, we can do more with our own natures in twenty-four hours than heretofore in as many weeks?

"The only way to make a hope a reality is to believe in its possibility," it is said. Let us then hope and trust.

There is a marvelous nucleus of force, real harmony, here in New York

I count it the greatest privilege of my life to begin to realize what true harmony means. The loyal hearts understand how to "preserve harmony"—weaving it in with *purple* and *gold*; you are one of them—Comrade—I salute thee.

LOYALTY.

DEAR COMRADE:

You are tired, perhaps, weary and discouraged—you wonder "what's the use?" My love for you gives me the privilege of writing you, for you are—*myself*.

The reason for our being so tired, at times, is found in the approaching new cycle. We are brought face to face with our own natures. The field is strewn with Pride, Envy, Suspicion, Doubt; we can weed these out forever, if we but will.

In the lull following the storm comes *peace*, a beautiful flower. When the fragrance of the flower is perceived, we have attained harmony.

May the perfume of my love waft its harmony to thee. LOTUS.

DEAR COMRADES:

We sit together to-night thinking of various good books that teach us of harmony, and writing down the thoughts that come to us.

Events cluster thick about us and there must be for us a *chord of harmony* struck somewhere that is full and far reaching. My mind wanders to the tone that brings peace, harmony and purity, and I ask: is it not a blessed opportunity that is ours, to be in this great work of Brotherhood?

Surely we have, in that one idea, a note of harmony. Is it not that Wisdom-thought, that has brought us all into one movement, to work for humanity?

Ponder it, brothers, and you will find it a broad and solid base on which to build a full, harmonious chord.

Yours faithfully,
HOPE.

BROTHER SVEN A. ENGLAND, an earnest and devoted soul, has passed from this plane of life's fitful fever.

Our sympathy is extended to those who sorrow for him, but the true philosophy of life bids us hope that we shall meet again those we love and again work with them.

BROTHER IVERSON L. HARRIS, of Macon, Georgia, is on a trip to the North. He has addressed several Branch meetings since his arrival in New York City and at the Aryan Society he gave an interesting talk on the Nashville Congress and the great activity which has sprung from it extending throughout the South. He recently visited Bridgeport, Connecticut, and gave a lecture there.

Our Southern brother is a most enthusiastic and devoted worker. Wherever he goes he carries the spirit of brotherly love and arouses a new energy in those with whom he comes in contact.

He is one of the principal workers who brought about the great success resulting from the Jubilee week held in Macon a short time ago.

SOME CURIOUS FIGURES.

BY H. T. PATTERSON.

PART II.

IN music, in a chord, the number of permissible tones is 3, 4 and 5.

The diatonic musical scale with the simplest numerical equivalents is

do	24=	8
re	27=3×	9
mi	30=	10
fa	32=	8
sol	36=4×	9
la	40=	10
si	45=5×	9

$3+4+5=12$, the number of hours in the day, the number of inches in the linear foot.

$3 \times 4 \times 5=60$, the number of seconds in the minute, the number of minutes in an hour, the number of degrees in an angle of an equilateral triangle.

$8 \times 9 \times 10=720$, the number of minutes in the day, the number of degrees in the tetrahedron.

Adding together the numerical equivalents of the first four notes of the musical scale we have

$$24+27+30+32=113.$$

Adding together the numerical equivalents of the entire musical scale, having duplicated the last three, we have $24+27+30+32+36+40+45+36+40+45=355$.

113:355 is a ratio of the diameter to the circumference of the circle.

About the duplication of the three upper notes something will be said later on.

These interrelationships of the numbers in form, time and sound measurements and their further relationships to the figures of Hindu chronology could be carried much further. Enough has been said, however, to show that they are not fortuitous.

Turning to numbers, *per se*, we have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 as the first series. But, before the one comes the nought—not ought, represented by the circle, without beginning or end, the infinite—not finite. Anterior to the nought, or not ought, is that which is neither ought nor not ought, neither finite nor not finite, that which is indescribable even by negation, corresponding to a blackboard on which enumeration is figured, and which is, nevertheless, no part of enumeration. Thus, we have in enumeration, in the first series of numbers, twelve somethings, that is ten figures, the nought preceding the ten, and that on which enumeration takes place. In the twelve we have again $3+4+5$.

In light manifestation we have first, theoretically, its absence, or darkness; then (abstractly speaking) luminosity; then the ray; then the complementary colors; then the three primary colors; then the four secondary colors. The one ray, the two complementary colors, the three primary colors, the four secondary colors give 1, 2, 3, 4, which added together gives ten, the first series in enumeration. But adding luminosity (an abstraction) and darkness (a non-existent) we have again our 12, the $3+4+5$.

In plane form we have the circle,

alike in all its parts—a physical impossibility, though permissible as a metaphysical conception—endless, infinite, eternal, the nought, the assertion by negation, the beginning of definition. Back of the circle is space, concerning which even assertion by negation is impossible. After the circle, or nought, comes the line, or one. It has length but neither breadth nor thickness, is non-material, belonging to the realm of metaphysics. It divides the infinite, without limiting it, and may be termed a partial infinite. Following the line comes the angle, corresponding to two. It is, also, non-material, and may, likewise, be termed a partial infinite because it is unlimited in one direction. Next to the angle is the triangle. It corresponds to three. It is fully limited but is non-material, having no thickness. The preceding are non-conceivable, all being partially or completely unlimited. The triangle, being completely limited, is conceivable, though even it is a metaphysical conception and not a material something. Succeeding the triangle, and built up on it, is the tetrahedron. It corresponds to four and is solid or material. Thus we have again, beginning with the line and ending with the simplest solid $1+2+3+4=10$. Adding the circle and space we have, once more, twelve, $3+4+5$.

The Pythagorean triangle consists of ten dots arranged pyramidally, thus:

•••••

Here we have the 1, 2, 3, 4, as above. The four represents solidity, the field of physical man. Back of the four lies the three. It is knowable to that which functions in the fourfold, being contiguous to it, but is not to it a reality, as it is on another plane. The two and the one are dimly conceived, but are not realities, not even comprehensibles. The three represents consciousness, force and matter. To the brain consciousness they are not known in their essential nature, nor will they ever be, as they belong to another plane than that of the brain. The dot, or point, is the infinitely small circle, as the circle is the infinitely large point. Therefore, antecedent to the ten dots of the Pythagorean triangle is the circle, which by concentration becomes the dot. Anterior to the circle is limitless extension. Thus, again, we have our twelve, the ten dots, the circle and limitless extension.

In the Kabbalah there are ten Sephiroth. Adding En Soph, the limitless, which is and is not one of the Sephiroth, just as the circle is and is not one of the Pythagorean dots, and as nought both does and does not belong to enumeration—we have eleven. Reckoning in Bythos, the great deep, which corresponds to the black board, once again the twelve appears.

Originally there were ten signs in the zodiac, exoterically. Eventually it became known that there were two others. Thinking of the universe as a whole, instinctively, we regard it as a sphere. To our consciousness the earth is the centre of this sphere as the mind, perforce, reaches out equally in all directions. Should we attempt to

study the nature of the forces impinging upon the earth from without and consider the universe as a sphere, we would have the difficulty of a lack of differentiation, the periphery of a sphere being unbroken, continuous and alike in all its parts.

For the sake of convenience, should we consider this suppositional sphere as a dodecahedron we would have a differentiation which combined simplicity with variety, the dodecahedron having more sides than any other absolutely simple solid figure. This is why the ancients divided the heavens into twelve parts, as is indicated in the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Furthermore, the orbit of the earth lies in a plane. Consequently the earth passes through only ten of these divisions. This is why, originally, ten Zodiacal signs were revealed and two concealed. It also has a subtle relationship to enumeration, form, the number of the Kabbalistic sephiroth and the number of the dots or points in the Pythagorean triangle, in each case a revealed ten and a concealed two.

St. Paul, speaking of Abraham, his sons and his wives, says "Which things are an allegory." If this is so, then the story of Jacob, his wives and his sons was also allegorical. By one wife he had ten sons; by the other two. Another recurrence of twelve divided into ten and two.

Jesus had twelve disciples.

The Greeks had twelve gods in Olympus.

Arthur had twelve knights at his round table.

There are twelve notes in the chromatic musical scale.

But, let us return to the Kabbalah. We there find that the Elohim—gods—who created man in their own image are represented by the numbers 13415. Considering these anagrammatically, which is justifiable, as Kabbalistic students know, we have 31415. This is the ratio of the diameter of a circle to its circumference, the relationship of the finite to the infinite. It therefore properly stands for the intelligent creative forces because it is they which make the unmanifest, manifest; the infinite finite. In form the triangle, the square and the pentagon, divided by the line, thus $\triangle \mid \square \mid \circ$ (345), stand for the Elohim. We have in them the three plane surfaces on which simple solid form is built up, and the dividing line—that which separates the finite, the beginning, which makes manifestation possible.

When God revealed himself to Moses he showed his back side. The numerical equivalent of God, in this case, is 543, of Moses—man—345. Man contacts the outside physical universe through five senses. The outside universe is a manifestation of God. God in all great religions is a trinity. Thus man perceiving with his five senses four fold matter reaches in thought the three fold, to us the primal condition, the triangle, which is the first conceivable form. But man himself, made in the image of the creative Gods, is an emanation from divinity, in his essential nature triune, but acts through four fold matter in a five fold physical form.

Thus, it is fitting that he should be indicated by the 345.

In an old Hindu book it says: "for the sake of the soul alone the universe exists." The unmanifest becomes manifest as the universal soul, embodied nature. The individual rays, having completely emanated, return from the exterior to the interior, from the circumference to the centre, from manifestation to non-manifestation. To them nature reveals the ever open path. The seers of all ages have recorded that which has been revealed to them. As nature is one so are these records one. We have but to get the common key and all the doors will open. Old Aryan, Hebrew, Egyptian, Greek, Norseman had the eternal truth. So have we today if we will but seize it.

AN OLD STATUE.

ANOTHER interesting archaeological find has just been made by Prof. William Niven, the result of excavations made near Chilpancingo in Mexico. It points conclusively to the fact that the highest type of civilization existed in this land in ancient times.

The following report is taken from the *New York Journal*:

Although Prof. Niven had concession from the Mexican Government, the permission of the Indian owner of the land had to be gained before he could make his explorations. The property holder finally permitted the ground to be upturned for one day, providing he received half of what was discovered.

Before a depth of six feet was reached the explorer was rewarded. A round, diorite dish was found, in excellent condition. Then another layer of bones was discovered; a knitting needle, pearl ornaments, jade beads, and knives were among the trophies. The masterpiece, however, was a small statue, a kneeling figure of a king or priest, the hands lifted in prayer. It is executed with great skill. The calm, proud face shows peaceful repose. The eyes suggest its being a portrait. The mantle draped over the shoulders is daintily graceful and shows the genius of the artist, and the muscles of the torso and calves display his knowledge of anatomy.

The owner of the land was persuaded to sell his share, and the valuable relics were preserved for people more appreciative. Nothing could better prove the early civilization of this country than this remarkably well preserved statue.

"Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and as we pass through them they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue and each shows only what lies in its focus."

"Our greatness is always in a tendency or direction, not in an action."

"All I can say about immortality is this: There was a time when I was not, after that I was, now I am, and it may be that it is no more wonderful that I should continue forever now that I have a start than it was that I should begin."

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

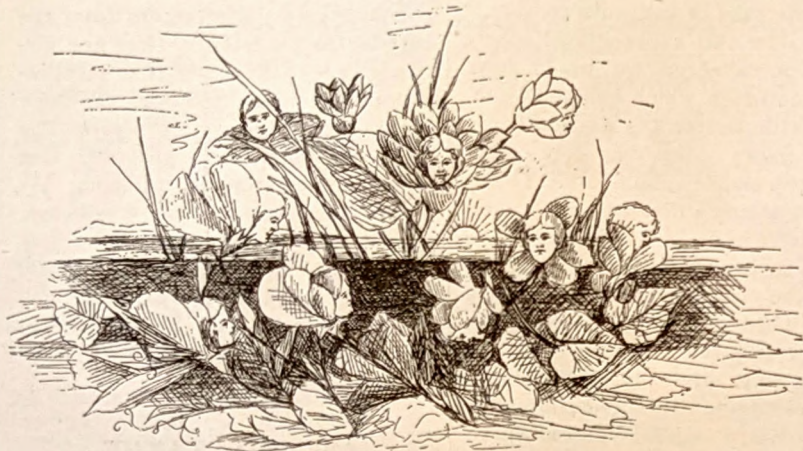
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

(LOTUS GROUPS)

OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

(UNSECTARIAN)

"HELPING AND SHARING IS WHAT BROTHERHOOD MEANS."



GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, MRS. E. C. MAYER

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

CHARLIE'S RIDE.

(Concluded.)

AT the bottom of a high hill where a bridge crossed a ravine, he saw a crowd of boys. They had sticks and were evidently bent on mischief. "Here he comes! Here he comes!" he heard them call. "Puncture his tire, puncture his tire!" called a big boy in a red shirt, brandishing a board over his head. All this time Charlie was speeding down the hill. He steered away from the boy, but the mischief-maker crossed his path, and just before Charlie reached him the rascal threw the board before the bicycle. Charlie made a quick shift but the wheel shot over the board, while the boys yelled like wild Indians. The momentum of the wheel carried bicycle and rider over the bridge and up the hill on the other side. Charlie expected every moment to take a tumble, as the board was full of nails, but he pumped for dear life and on he sped. How he ever escaped the nails and got up the hill he never knew. But the tires seemed to have withstood the shock, and the cries of the boys grew faint as he shot down another declivity. His heart beat like a trip-hammer and he breathed hard, but he kept steadily on, shutting his teeth with a determined mind.

By the time he reached the sandy road which proclaimed the "flats" his fright was over, but now other dangers seemed to rise like mountains before him. Tangled-headed, greasy Mexicans rushed out from adobe shanties to capture him. All their good traits vanished, and all their evil qualities and bad deeds marshaled themselves before him; now he could hear the lapping of the tide, as it pushed its way through the ditches. He was obliged to jump from his wheel and walk through the slimy, slippery, black mud and even through water occasionally. He seemed to see through the advancing twilight as through a black veil, but the little white flags helped him to keep the watery road and to find the

ford. It could not have been more than fifteen or twenty minutes, although it seemed ages to him when he reached the last bridge, on the other side of which he knew there was firm ground. The blue bay which had danced and sparkled as he went down, now seemed dark, sombre and forbidding. Looking up as he once more mounted his wheel cold chills ran up and down his back and his heart leaped into his throat as he saw a dark, moving object in the road before him. But in an instant more his fear gave place to joy as he heard the well-known cheery voice of his father ring out: "Charlie Boy, is that you?"

What a change came over all the world as he stood in the purple mist, with his father's arm about him. Once more the bay was beautiful and the silent hills seemed glad.

"How did you get past me without my knowing it, papa?" Charlie asked.

"I came across the bay in Dr. Walker's boat, little man, but we'll talk about it when we get home. Mamma is anxious about you. Are you able to ride the rest of the way?"

Of course Charlie said "yes," for he felt strong now, but he was very tired, his legs seemed like lead, but he once more nerved himself, and sturdily kept on his way. In another half hour they were climbing the hill to the house, the light in the window shining forth like a star.

Once more the familiar whistle and his father called out: "Here we are!"

What rejoicing in the little household! Mrs. Nelson wept tears of thanksgiving, while Professor Stein blew his nose very hard.

An hour later Charlie was in the land of dreams, crossing the flats in a mother of pearl boat, made all of abalone shells.

His mother stood by the bed, her hands clasped in silent prayer.

WILLIAM THONE.

"It is the mind that makes us rich and happy, in what condition soever we are, and money signifies no more to it than it does to the gods."

THE DREAM-CHILD.

THE Dream-Child lay sleeping in his soft bed that loving hands had prepared for him; and as the white moonbeams came streaming in through the half-open window, the face of the sleeper mirrored in subtle lights and shadows the fancies of the realm in which his soul was then journeying.

For this was the child of the angels, and they watched his little footsteps all day long, and when night came they put him quietly to sleep and then carried his other self away with them into strange lands, and sometimes far beyond the stars, and they taught him wondrous things. For though but a little child here on this earth, he was a bright and beautiful spirit in that other life, that came when night had wrapped him in her slumber-mantle.

He could see far beyond the narrow bounds of all that is made visible by the light of the sun; and his guardians taught him the mysteries of the stars and the radiant planets, that whirl forever through the depths of space.

And so it happened that on this moon-lit night, he had sunk gently away into dreamland with the last soft kiss of his loving mother still trembling lightly on his half opened lips. Suddenly he seemed to be with her in a wide open field, with the flowers and grasses nodding gayly to the soft breeze that came from a broad and beautiful ocean that stretched far, far away, into the dim distance.

He saw that the bright light that seemed to fill the air and glow in the wondrous colors of the sea, and sky, and grass, and flowers, was not as the light of the sun, for he could see no sun, but was golden and shimmering, and seemed to come in waves of amber, and sapphire, and opal, and rainbow tints, and was filled with all manner of fairy sounds and elfin music, and the laughter of clear voices, and was laden with spicy odors, and throbbing with life and love.

The Dream-Child turned to his mother and said, "This is my home that *once was*, and when we die *it will be*, and for all of us *it has been*." For the child seemed to be leading his mother, and teaching her the secrets of this strange land. But his mother said nothing; only ever she looked and listened in wonderment and amaze, as the Dream Child passed along.

Now they came to many stately houses set in beautiful gardens, and throngs of people passed hither and thither, all engaged in some work, but all at leisure to enjoy themselves in whatever way they might desire—study, exploration of nature's mysteries, or the society of their friends.

"Here is no misery, no despair, no toil, no sorrow," said the Dream-Child. "This is the earth, but more than the earth, for it is what we should like the earth to be; here we have all our wishes realized, and we can go to the root of all learning; and we call our friends of the past and present and at once they are with us, and all our hopes and aspirations are here fulfilled.

"Here we live in perpetual day and joy; and no one comes or goes, for we

are each where we wish to be. If I wish it I am here, but when I lose that wish I am there, on the earth, where I used to be."

And the mother listened and wondered; but the Dream-Child spoke on:

"Yes, mother! When we die we shall come here, and we shall be as all these we see here, but we cannot stay, only so long as we forget that we were ever anywhere else. For when we remember even a little of that, which to this land of purity is always forbidden, we are hurried away in a sleep-cloud and are born on the earth once more."

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you another place through which we must pass when we die, or we can never arrive here."

So he led the way to a mighty cliff, whose base was washed by the waves of a transparent, silent sea; and looking down their gaze penetrated the depths of the waters, and they saw another realm filled with fantastic shapes and shadows of men, and forms, that either wandered aimlessly about or drifted unconsciously, tossed hither and thither in the fierce eddies of soundless winds.

As they looked, they saw one of the forms of men that seemed to live, gazing at them intently, and suddenly it raised its arms imploringly, and they saw a bright star detach itself from its breast, and while the man sank back, as if in sleep, and was hurried away with the stream of its fellows, the star rose higher and higher, and at last emerged from the sea, bright and glorious in the form of one very dear to them, who had left the earth through the gates of death.

The Dream-Child said: "This has ever been the way with us all; and so long as the love of the beautiful and true lives in the hearts of men, so long will these stars rise from that darksome land and pass from this transcendent sea into the bright sphere of rest, which their fancy has already fashioned for them."

The mother said, "We did not come this way! How did we get here?"

"We came through the land of Deep-Sleep," answered the Dream-Child, "and we can always do so, but we may not stay. For ever as we live on earth the way is open, but at times, and not for long, for if it were we could not remain content in earth-life, and do our duty, as it is declared we must."

"And how shall we get back," said the mother.

"Through this golden gate," said the Dream-Child. "It is called Rosy-Morn, and we have but to pass through and we are safe at home again."

So saying he opened wide the door, and looking up, as he heard the tinkle of a silvery bell in the air, he found himself back again in his warm couch with his mother bending tenderly over him, the bright rays of the morning sun shining on her face.

A. B. G.

"Whosoever speaketh evil receiveth no good."

"Wise maxims have of old been laid down by men; from these it is our duty to learn."

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.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

EVERY Scripture has its day of Judgment, but unfortunately for humanity its true meaning has been obscured, and it is considered as being a time far removed when an implacable God, sitting in cruel and arbitrary judgment, shall reward and condemn without justice or love.

This conception acts on the low, semi-physical plane and makes fear of punishment the main-spring of human action—instead of reason, knowledge and wisdom.

That days of judgment are constantly recurring in every human life is made evident by even casual self-observation.

Every boy judges and decides his course of study. Arriving at manhood he decides as to his calling or avocation, his political and religious faith—days of judgment all—periods at which he must decide as best he can between the right and wrong course.

If not able to come to a clear decision by himself, the wise boy seeks the advice,—not of some other inexperienced boy—but of his father or mother who through experience have gained wisdom, and proved it by results obtained.

What applies to the boy, also applies to men, to communities, to nations and to humanity, but in much greater force and far-reaching results for good or evil.

If we substitute the universal and eternal law of justice in place of an unjust and revengeful God, do we not get a clear and reasonable conception of the Great Judge, the immutable Law of Justice and Love.

The closing of the great cycles are days of judgment for the human race, periods when the line dividing principle from lack of principle, selfishness from unselfishness, personality from selflessness, must be clearly drawn by each individual.

His own personality manifest in doubts, misgivings and questionings must be swept aside to permit of unprejudiced self-analysis and clear judgment, for on the decision depends his own self-chosen position either in the ranks of the sons of light or the sons of darkness—among the sheep or the goats.

But at such vital epochs, overarching individual destiny and making it infinitesimal in comparison, the destiny of

the human race hangs in the finely adjusted balance, and one individual decision may turn the tide for good or evil for centuries to come. Who will be so intent on self as to willfully—who so weak or thoughtless as to carelessly—cast the die for evil? Who dares the Karma of working against the light when such a momentous "Day of Judgment" is upon us, *to day and now*; a time when the fate of humanity for ages to come lies in the balance.

To day the ever contending forces of the universe for good and evil stand arrayed, on the exterior and interior planes, ready for the final combat; the skirmish lines are even now engaged.

Is this a time for argument and doubt, for indecision? Is it a time for following blind guides, who in their intense selfishness and ambition have become willing centres through which the forces of darkness act? Such are subtly and insidiously working under the guise of saviours, and, making a pretense of principle and friendship covertly attacking true principle and the reputation, character and work of those who by *their work* have proved themselves saviours indeed; this in order to catch the weak, careless and unwary and build for themselves a kingdom of darkness over which they might rule in satanic independence.

Comrades! beware of the scribes, pharisees and hypocrites who would lead you to destruction. Awake to a sense of the momentous responsibility that rests upon each one. Turn a deaf ear to sophistry and fine argument, to platitudes which poorly conceal the venom of envy, hate and checked ambition. Decide between the true and the false, on the basis of good or evil work accomplished by those to whom you look for guidance.

To-day, "He that is not for me, is against me." POERI.

FROM "FARTHEST NORTH."

BY NANSEN.

"Love truth more and victory less."

"He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper: but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances."

"Love is life's snow. It falls deepest and softest into the gashes left by the fight—whiter and purer than snow itself."

STEREOPTICON VIEWS.

THE CRUSADE AROUND THE WORLD.

THIS crusade started from New York, June 13th, 1896, returning April 4th, 1897, having traveled 40,000 miles and carried the message of Universal Brotherhood to all nations.

During the trip Mrs. Tingley made a rare and unique collection of pictures which she has had arranged for stereopticon display and it is her intention to have them exhibited throughout the country, the proceeds to be devoted to "International Brotherhood League" work.

The second exhibition was given to a large and deeply interested audience at Bridgeport, Connecticut, January 27th, with a fine descriptive lecture by Mr. Burcham Harding.

The following account is copied from a Bridgeport paper.

The pictures were places visited by the Crusaders who visited parts of the Old World last year, especially those points where in olden days the Brotherhood spirit was practiced and where it has lain dormant and only needed a spark to set the old energy stirring again.

The first views were of Scotland and the castle in which Mary Queen of Scots was kept prisoner. From there the Crusaders visited Ireland and examined the oldest druid monuments in existence, one of which was put up 2300 years ago. In this monument were signs and other data found, to this day on the walls in the old temples of India and other countries where the mysteries of life were taught. Some magnificent pictures of the Lakes of Killarney and vicinity were shown.

The next place visited was Paris, and among the pictures shown was that of Joan of Arc, which is in the Louvre.

The next pictures were of places in Amsterdam. From there the Crusaders visited Berlin and Heidelberg and Switzerland. The lecturer showed some magnificent pictures of Italy. The ruins of ancient Rome were remarkable likenesses of the scenes of to-day. The Crusaders passed from Italy to Greece, visiting the ancient temples of the countries through which they traveled. The Egyptian sphinx and monuments were visited and pictures taken of such interiors as could be procured.

The Indian cave temples were of the most interest to the searchers after ancient religious lore. In them were found some remarkable works bearing upon the ancient mystical lore given to the select men of the priests, whose life work was the study of the mysteries of life.

Ceylon and Australasia were next visited and the explorers were somewhat amazed to find a native chief in Samoa as well versed in many secrets of the American secret societies as were the members themselves. The lecture was intensely interesting throughout, and Mr. Harding gave some very vivid descriptions of some of the events which occurred in places of which pictures were shown.

These views will next be exhibited in Washington, D. C.

REPORTS OF WORK.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

The Sioux Falls Branch held its first Brotherhood meeting December 13th. Music was rendered by Prof. R. E. Bach and Mr. Stevens, followed by a fine address by Dr. George. The second meeting was held Dec. 21.

H. P. PETTIGREW.

NEW YORK BROTHERHOOD MEETING.

Sunday, January 23d, opened bright and clear, not a cloud to obscure the sun as a band of earnest, sturdy workers in the cause of brotherhood met in a new and beautiful hall, No. 459 Boulevard, between 82d and 83rd streets, New York City, to establish a new centre for humanitarian work on the West side. In the audience were many well known workers, among them Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, E. Aug. Neresheimer, Clark Thurston of Providence, Iverson L. Harris of Macon, H. T. Patterson, D. N. Dunlop, F. M. Pierce, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer and others.

The bright sunlight streaming in and blending with the soft music with which the meeting was opened, brought a peace and harmony that for the time subdued all discord of mind and the audience became one in thought and purpose,—a harbinger of the day when man shall, under the benign influence of the Divine in nature, cease selfish strife and with heart and reason united strive for the peace and happiness of all.

Catching the spirit of the meeting, Mr. Dunlop's thoughts on Brotherhood were presented by the unique and subtle word pictures, peculiarly his own, and by which the great truth was portrayed that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature." Mr. Harris followed with a strong and stately speech which drove the truth home to stay. Messrs. Thurston and Harding also made short addresses, after which questions were answered by Mr. Patterson and others.

One other was there who brought to the consciousness of all the great possibilities within the grasp of humanity to-day.

After a few moments of silence, followed by music, the meeting closed, and the people went forth to their homes, carrying perhaps some new and sensible ideas of life, its duties and possibilities.

These meetings will be continued every Sunday at 11 A. M. in the same hall. Those who know the originator of these meetings and the success that always follows any work undertaken by her, may well believe that from this nucleus will grow a Banyan Tree, with spread of branch and root ample to shelter the race.

EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

The regular Sunday meeting was held in Katherine A. Tingley Hall. The subject for the evening was "How to make the Home Happy," and several short speeches were contributed, and valuable advice based on the understanding of man's divine nature was given. Music is an all important element in these meetings and we are much indebted to those friends who render help in this direction.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND,

The following, sent out as a New Year's card, shows that the right spirit prevails among our brothers in England:

1st January, 1898.

THE EVERTON BRANCH,
(Phoenix Hall, Low Hill, Liverpool.)

Send cordial and fraternal greetings to all fellow-workers in the great and glorious Cause of Universal Brotherhood.

May we all place ourselves, with ever-increasing devotion, in the right attitude, to be centres of force—radiating harmony, sympathy and love to all mankind.

WORK! BROTHERS! WORK! THE RADIANT
DAWN IS HERE!

"So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives."

H. MILTON SAVAGE, President.

W. H. GRIFFITHS, Secretary.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

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

MR. E. A. NERESHEIMER, PRESIDENT.

"There is no Religion higher than Truth."

REINCARNATION IN NATURE.

PART III.

STRIP our nature to the core and we find a bundle of memories and reminiscences and to entirely destroy these would be practical annihilation. As with the man so with the cell. The cell in the embryo acts as it does, because it remembers how it acted during its previous incarnation in the body of the parent. At the recent session of the American Medical Association at Atlanta, Ga., Dr. Mason Good advocated the idea that specific memories could remain latent for several generations, and then suddenly appear in a distant descendant. Surely if this be true, no one can justly find fault with the logic of reincarnation, which goes a step further and claims that the essential nature of a person who died a thousand years ago may be transferred to an organism in harmony with it. It will also be seen that heredity from man to microbe, and in plants is only a type of reincarnation on the physical plane, and that reincarnation is a universal process in nature. The exact manner in which this occurs makes no difference with the fact and the principle involved. It is a generally admitted fact that a person may derive different parts of his nature from various sources, as for instance, a child may have some of the traits of its mother, other traits resembling its great-grandfather or perhaps an aunt, and it is conceded by nearly all observers that the stream of heredity does not always flow in a direct line, as for instance, a child may show a strong resemblance to its aunt instead of its mother. Shall we deny the fact because, like reincarnation, it is difficult to explain? That the subconscious memory of an ancient Roman should awaken in the person of a modern Englishman, would involve no greater mystery than does recurrent heredity as taught by modern science. The superficial student who rails at reincarnation and fancies that science has explained heredity should remember that he is living in a glass house.

Many different lines of research, if they are viewed without prejudice, tend to prove the doctrine of rebirth. Thought transference is really the temporary reincarnation of a portion of one person's consciousness in the brain of another person. Hypnotism throws still more light upon the subject. The school of Nancy has endeavored to reduce nearly all of the phenomena of hypnotism to mental suggestion, but for our present inquiry, the all-important question is the manner in which the suggestions are conveyed. It should first be noticed that the hypnotized subject will generally heed suggestions from no one but the operator, and Dr. Moll, in his treatise on hypnotism (p. 25) says that

the subject generally has little or no will of his own. It is plain that the operator must have succeeded in establishing some peculiar psychological relation to his subject which makes him little more for the time being than an extension of the operator's personality. To that extent the operator reincarnates in his hypnotized subject. In some cases, after the operator has thoroughly established this relation, he can transfer his own thoughts and sense perceptions to the hypnotized subject at a distance of several miles, and can compel him to obey his will by simply concentrating his thoughts and directing them to the subject.

The fact of thought transference in hypnotism may now be considered as well established. Prof. Puckey, in his *Psycho-Therapeutics* (p. 314) admits that he is forced, much against his liking, by the weight of evidence to admit that a person can be hypnotized at a considerable distance. Dr. Moll shows that this fact is still further confirmed by the experiments of such notable scientists as Richet, Ochorowicz, Canet, Myers, Gurney, Birchall, Guthrie and Max Dessoir. Dr. Moll also shows that people can be hypnotized while in ordinary sleep. With such facts before us, it is plain that the general principle of reincarnation cannot be impeached on scientific grounds. Neither can heredity be explained without involving the idea of reincarnation.

Reincarnation accounts for the other and higher factors in human evolution, above and beyond mere family and race influences and present environments, and explains genius and also eccentricity. If there were no factors in human development above the impulses of the animal man, the rise of civilization would be an unaccountable miracle and involve the fallacy of a self-acting machine. Reincarnation also accounts for the wide difference in mentality and character, between members of the same family, and explains why some are able to rise above the influence of inherited appetites and defects, aided by impulses coming over from some individual who lived in a distant age, and even this form of reincarnation may be looked upon as heredity operating in a wider circle, while all things are guided by a law of moral gravitation, like going to like. This alone can account for the tremendous variations in human character even within the same family, while the human being borrows its finer intuitions from a more distant spiritual ancestor, which is no more difficult to understand than recurrent heredity, where the nature of a distant ancestor has lain dormant for several generations and at last suddenly reappeared in a new-born child as soon as it is able to begin the manifestation of its innate nature.

Laying aside all notions of the miraculous and supernatural, and viewing

reincarnation as a natural process of evolution, we may not err in saying that what is most highly evolved tends to endure the longest, which is another way of stating the law of the survival of the fittest; consequently the finer or more highly evolved portion of man's nature tends to survive and reappear when a fitting environment is found, and thought-transference seems to prove that there is an intelligent principle in man which can pass beyond the limitations of the gross body and function on a plane of consciousness unknown to the ordinary physical senses.

Until recently, conventional science as well as conventional theology has placed under the ban such facts as thought-transference and clairvoyance, which tend to prove that there are other planes of life and being in the universe beside the world known to the physical senses. When these conditions have been more thoroughly studied, a flood of light may yet be thrown upon the puzzles of human evolution. In every age when these psychic powers have been carefully studied it has always led to one result—belief in reincarnation. It is the theory of life that an unbiased mind would most naturally think out for itself, and the analogies of nature and the requirements of perfect justice also support the idea of reincarnation as they support no other theory of human existence.

NEOCELSUS.

ACTIVITIES.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Extract from report of Amos J. Johnson, secretary, San Francisco T. S.:

The secretary has to report that the year 1897 has been a very prosperous one for Theosophical work—perhaps the most prosperous in the history of the society. Perfect unity of action has been manifest throughout, meetings have been well attended, a large volume of work has been performed, and there has been a considerable gain in members.

In order to show the volume of work I have included the meetings of the Pacific Coast Theosophical Committee, a corporation conducted almost wholly by the members of this Branch, and which acts jointly with the Branch in carrying on various auxiliary meetings. The record shows that 478 meetings have been held since the last annual meeting on December 29th, 1896, with an attendance of 29,000, while if we add to this the daily attendance of visitors at Theosophical headquarters and reading room, the total attendance would be 36,000. At these meetings 643 lectures and addresses were given.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Brother Sven A. Englund, of the Providence Branch, Treasurer of the Lotus Group, left his incarnation on the 25th December, 1897, aged forty years. From friends in far away Sweden, he heard of Theosophy and became a devoted member of the T. S. in A. His gentle presence made him a friend of the children and endeared him to all his fellow-workers.

In deference to the wishes of himself and family selections were read from the "Gita," and Brother Ross spoke of the Theosophists ideals on the last service for the dead. His body was cremated on Forrest Hills, near Boston, Mass., on the 29th inst.

H. P. B. BRANCH T. S. A.

The weekly meeting of the above Branch was held Friday, January 21st, D. N. Dunlop presiding. After reading the minutes of last meeting the Secretary read an unsigned circular. This was followed by an official letter from President Neresheimer which was heartily endorsed by all members. A letter from members of the Headquarters Staff was also read and enthusiastically applauded. The Branch then unanimously adopted a Resolution pointing out the danger to our movement in following the course indicated in the unsigned circular above referred to, expressing their loyalty to Mrs. Tingley as the Leader of the movement and offering their unqualified support in the future to all she would undertake in the interests of Universal Brotherhood. This was ordered to be sent to all Branches in U. S. Mr. Percival and Dr. Guild supported the resolution vigorously and it was carried with hearty applause. The following delegates were unanimously elected to represent the Branch at the coming Convention. D. N. Dunlop, S. Hecht, Rev. W. Williams, Dr. Guild, A. M. Stabler, S. Stern, Mrs. Stern, and were given full discretionary power to act on behalf of the Branch in all matters. Bro. Harris, of Macon, Ga., who was enthusiastically received, spoke of the progress of the work in that part. Bro. James Pryse delivered a humorous speech which caused much merriment, other speeches followed and were much applauded. The meeting was one of the most united and harmonious held for many a day. Every one felt happy and full of hope for our future work.

NEW YORK NOTES.

The Aryan meetings now being held are of very great interest and well attended, especially on Sunday evenings. Mr. Neresheimer, and Mr. Patterson, the Vice-President, have made a special endeavor to attract the outside public and interest them in these meetings, and have met with unusual success.

With Mr. Neresheimer in the Chair at the Aryan it often seems as though Mr. Judge were back again, for his impersonality, his love of harmony, his devotion to the work before all else, and his forceful address in speaking, all bring back the old spirit of the Society in earlier days. Mr. Neresheimer is said to be busily engaged with his numerous Theosophical duties and his outside business, but he seems in exceptional health and no doubt realizes the experience of many—that there is no tonic like work done unselfishly in the name of Brotherhood.

From an occasional peep into the Publishing Company's office, and a glance at the desk of its manager, Elliott P. Page, we should fancy that the demand for Theosophical books is increasing, which we are glad to say keeps Mr. Page in excellent spirits.

The activity of the front office at headquarters is always increased at the beginning of the year, and this is no exception. Mr. Fussell, Mr. Neresheimer's right-hand man, has his hands full of work but always has a pleasant greeting for visitors and time for everyone.

We understand that in *Universal Brotherhood* for February Mrs. Tingley is bringing out some familiar faces, also that some views of the offices in headquarters are to be given.

There are people who do not like to be "in the whirl of things," but when we consider that the "whirl" at headquarters is made up of work for brotherhood, and that almost every thought and act there is to promote brotherhood, we are inclined to say that it is good to be a part of this whirl and in to work to benefit our fellow men.

OBSERVER.