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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"MUSIC! AWAKE HER! STRIKE!"

QUEEN HERMIONE, LAST ACT OF "A WINTER'S TALE."

The New Century

Edited by Katherine A. Tingley

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1898.

In this number the Mystical Interpretation of Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale" by Mrs. Richmond Green, is brought to a close and with it the reproductions of the Sixth and Seventh Tableaux, given at the New York Brotherhood Bazaar in illustration of Mrs. Green's lecture on the same line as these articles. In this connection we desire to express once more our appreciation of the work of Mr. Albert Operti, who arranged these tableaux, which were so marked a success, and who, like Mrs. Green, gave his services free of charge.

We hope to give other interpretations by Mrs. Green in the near future, and also to have further contributions from Mr. Operti.

We give, by special request, on page 6, pictures of a house familiar to many. Mr. Crosbie promised this to the readers of the "Theosophical News," but before the views were ready for publication the "News" had been merged in the NEW CENTURY. We were recently reminded by Mr. Crosbie of his unfulfilled promise with the request that we carry out the plan as it was expected and would be of interest to many.

It may further interest our readers to know that at this house Mr. Judge did some of his most important work for the Movement during the last few years of his life, and also, that here the Council first met with his Successor after his death. Here many Council meetings were held before the Convention of 1896 and up to the starting of the Crusade. Perhaps, one of these days, some of the many interesting things which have taken place in this house will be made public.

POINT LOMA.

Extract from a letter.

On Wednesday we had the much-looked-for and much-hoped-for down-pour, but it lulled in the evening just before sun-down long enough to give us one of the strangest and grandest views it has yet been our fortune to see.

The whole sky was overhung with dark and lowering clouds of leaden hue; the mountains frowned in dim and shadowy outline; the whole earth was dark and misty; the sun was invisible. But away to the north the mountains were covered with snow, and for hundreds of miles. Then, as if by magic, a few aspiring peaks were lit by a celestial fire, as though a million suns were doing duty, instead of one; and the light, caught by a myriad crystals, was again thrown dancing in the air until the whole mountain-tops glowed with enchantment!

IDEALS.

One of the greatest evidences of the divine nature of man is the existence of ideals. Every man at some time in his life feels the power, the impelling force, of an ideal. The clouds break away for a moment, he sees the possibilities that lie before him, he feels a power within himself to realize them, his divine nature proclaims itself.

No ideal was ever attained without trust and courage which are themselves witness to its truth and power. The measure of our conception of the ideal shows itself in these qualities.

Can we believe the glorious picture that for one brief moment is open to our soul's gaze; can we, dare we, follow the promptings, the impelling influences that urge us on, that already have broken down all barriers and swept away all obstacles from our path? We see the deed already accomplished, the ideal attained—do we trust this vision that comes before our soul's gaze?

Trust! then with trust comes courage and with these, thus born of the ideal, comes strength.

We have seen the obstacles swept aside, we have seen the glorious end, yet our mind tells us the obstacles lie still in front, that we have still to meet, still to overcome them.

Yet trust, and we shall find our vision true. Each obstacle we meet will give way before us, the power that is ours will break each barrier down. We have seen the end, and if we trust, each step shall lead us towards that end. A rift has been made in the clouds of centuries; the tide in the affairs of men is now; it is ours to take it at the flood; it is ours to make assured the accomplishment of that ideal of Universal Brotherhood that has shone out to the whole human race. This is our ideal and in it is the power of that divine light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and which faileth not.

J. H. FUSSELL.

NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

A VERY interesting discovery has been made by Dr. Borchardt, of the Gizeh Museum, which adds immensely to our knowledge of early Egyptian history, provided it is fully sustained. The scholars have hitherto told us that the origins of Egyptian history were wrapped in absolute obscurity, and in particular that the founder of the first Egyptian dynasty, whose name was Menes, was a mythical person, like Cadmus of Thebes and old Anchises, and many other worthies who, in simpler times, were regarded as real men. To Menes was ascribed by the ancient Egyptians the canals of Egypt and the union of Upper and Lower Egypt into one kingdom. Last year a tomb was discovered near Thebes, and now Dr. Borchardt has identified that tomb with that of Menes, who turns out to have been a real character. The bones and the seal of Menes, whose body was burnt, not embalmed, and the inscription in which he calls himself the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, have been so clearly identified that it would appear there is little ground for doubt. At least the authority of M. de Morgan and Dr. Borchardt cannot lightly be set aside, and they are agreed as to this tomb being that of the real founder of the first Egyptian dynasty. In other words, Menes is no myth, but a real human being, the founder of a kingdom which endured, under the guidance of a great and powerful priesthood, for thousands of years.

It is clear that there is far more in ancient tradition than the scepticism of modern historians, especially of the German school, has been wont to admit. Much of the old Roman tradition, set aside by Niebuhr, has now been vindicated beyond all dispute by the actual evidence of brick and stone. The Biblical records, which some of the critics tried to dissolve away into thin air, have been justified by tangible evidence. One school of critics resolved Abraham into a sun-myth, but the personality of the mighty founder of the most tenacious race in human history stands out again in its imposing outlines.

In a special degree it may be said that a fairly complete reconstruction of Egyptian history and religion would be a most important contribution to the knowledge of the history of mankind; and this knowledge seems to be on the point of being obtained. According to M. de Morgan, real Egyptian history begins with a race of conquerors whose origin was probably in Babylonia. They brought with them wheat and barley, the ox, the sheep, and the goat, the beginnings of writing, and perhaps the use of tools. They blended with the primitive race, living in the stone age, and from that union the historic Egyptians proceeded. It was this mixed race which built the pyramids and temples. So far, have the researches into the history of old Egypt led us, and it is a long way.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BENARES CITY, N. W. P., INDIA,
December 31st, 1897.

To the Editor of the NEW CENTURY:

Dear Madam.—I shall feel highly obliged by your kindly giving space to the following in your most esteemed weekly journal which you have kindly sent to me from its first issue to the last number.

As an Indian I am bound to express my heartfelt thanks for the interest which your people generally, and you especially, take in Indian matters. The religion, philosophy and literature of Indians, which were thrown into oblivion for nearly nine hundred years, are getting new life and are cementing friendly relations with all education-loving peoples.

It is a great misfortune that in Europe and America those brothers and sisters who have not visited our land or associated with those who have visited India, have a very hazy idea of our society and civilization. We figured once in the history of the world as more civilized than *any nation*. A careful study of the Hindu Religion (*Vedas* in the original) will awaken any student to the fact that we are the first and primitive worshipper of Nirákár (invisible) God. Even today in religion, literature and philosophy we are not simply singers of our past glories but, sticking to the old principles, are making progress as our means allow.

Last year India was visited by you and several ladies and gentlemen from the American Branch of the Theosophical Society. In this city as in many others an Indo-American Theosophical Society was established. The society is not only alive, but attracting the attention of the thoughtful people. We believe that through the medium of the American Branch of the Theosophical Society the brotherly affection between the people of America and India will be more and more lasting.

It is our sincere wish that as the days roll on we may be more closely connected with the progressive Americans. We are the most backward people in science and art. Your science and art and our religion, literature and philosophy will undoubtedly be a good barter.

THE NEW CENTURY which you print and send out abroad with a view "to promulgate the broader-teachings of Universal Brotherhood" and which contains lessons of "Truth, Light, and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity" is not only read by the members of the Indo-American Theosophical societies in this country, but is quoted by the leading journalists of India.

Yours fraternally,

JAGDEVA PRASAD GOUR,
Vice-President Indo-American Theosophical Society, Benares.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

AFTER the fall of Adam and Eve—so say the orthodox—God entered into an agreement with Abraham, which was afterward renewed to Moses, by which the children of Israel were to receive divine protection and many substantial benefits in return for their observance of certain very harsh laws and a very irksome ritual. This was the Old Testament (or compact), and terrible penalties were to fall upon the luckless children of Israel if they failed to keep it. A new compact (καινὴ διαθήκη, badly translated *Novum Testamentum*) was afterward made beween God and Iêsous, who ratified it by his death. The book called the New Testament is a collection of writings supposed to be by the pupils of Iêsous. Yet it is not known when or by whom these writings were gathered together and placed in their present form. The originals are supposed to have been in Greek; but of the hundreds of Greek manuscripts extant only five that are reasonably complete are older than the tenth century. These five are:

The Sinaitic, now at St. Petersburg. It was discovered by Professor Tischendorf at St. Catherine's Convent, part of it being in a basket of litter given him to light his fire with. It contains, in addition to the commonly received writings, those of *Barnabas* and *Hermas*, and is a very careless and depraved copy.

The Alexandrian, now in the British Museum. It is incomplete, and shows many traces of the knife and sponge used in making changes and corrections.

The Vatican, now in the Vatican Library at Rome. It is very corrupt, has evidently been tampered with, and is remarkable for omissions, wanting the *Apocalypse* and some of the *Epistles*.

The Ephrem, now at the University Library, at Cambridge, England. It is a palimpsest, and very incomplete, wanting nearly half of the *Evangels* and about a third of the rest of the New Testament.

The Beza, also at Cambridge. It is a Græco-Latin copy of the four *Evangels* and the *Acts*, and is very corrupt, containing extensive interpolations.

Of these the Beza is supposed to have been made in Lyons, France, and the four others in Alexandria, Egypt. They are not older than the fourth or fifth century, and may have been made in the sixth or seventh.

It is not known with any certainty who wrote the various New Testament books: there is not one of them that has not been rejected as fraudulent by one or another of the theologians and Biblical scholars; and the authorship of every one of them is a matter of dispute. That some of the books are genuine and others spurious is quite clear; and it is equally clear that the rules of external and internal evidence followed by the critics and theologians are inadequate. In fact, there is no "external evidence," as the first three centuries of Christianity are involved in the darkest obscurity. All that can be done is to judge the books of the New Testament according to their merits, accepting as "genuine" those which agree with ancient philosophy, showing real knowledge of the laws of life, and in which philosophical and mystical terms are used accurately; and to reject as "spurious" those which show ignorance of the realities of life, and in which technical words are used blunderingly and with no appreciation of their actual meaning.

There is not the slightest difficulty in detecting the fraudulent works by this method: they are, *Acts*, *Romans*, I. and II. *Thessalonikans*, I. and II. *Timotheos*, *Titos*, *Hebrews*, I. and II. *Petros*, and I., II. and III. *Iôannês*.' No philosopher, or man interiorly wise, could possibly have written any one of these; compared with the other books of the New Testament their inferiority is glaringly apparent. Thus *Acts* is little more than a narration of magical feats and marvels, its author evidently laboring under the mistaken notion that thaumaturgical feats were proof of the sanctity and wisdom of the Apostles; whereas in the *Evangels* such signs and wonders are expressly condemned as affording no proofs of spiritual realities, and are kept subordinate to the narrative, being introduced merely to show the compassion of Iêsous for the suffering, to serve as the text for a moral discourse, or to embody an allegory. Not only was the author of *Acts* superstitious, but also his literary imagination was fearless and unrestrained, and it is to be regretted that his work ever came to be regarded as other than a romance.

The other books, which may be termed "genuine," are profoundly esoteric. The three *Synoptics* are apparently fragments translated from a mystery-drama, probably in Syrio-Chaldaic. That they are all from the same source is apparent, for they cover practically the same ground, and in many passages are word-for-word the same, yet differing in their sequence of events, and containing remarkable discrepancies. The theory that they were translated from an original Hebrew manuscript does not account for these peculiarities; but if three persons were separately to translate from memory a drama which they had frequently heard, the results would be similar to the *Evangels* of the three Synoptists. The *Evangel according to Iôannês*, however, is a Gnostic allegory, complete in itself, and bearing little resemblance to the three other *Evangels*. It bears every evidence of having been written in Greek, yet in such wooden and crabbed Greek as only a foreigner could write. Its author was certainly not a Jew, for he makes too many mistakes in the matter of Jewish customs, chronology, and especially geography,—mistakes which even the most ingenious commentators have never been able to explain away. His style seems to indicate that he was a Syrian. Despite the poverty of his Greek, his work shows rare literary qualities; the narrative is simple, direct and dramatic, a masterpiece of vivid picturing, poetic coloring, and tenderest pathos. Yet it is an allegory throughout, an allegory such as only a Seer, a Master of Life, could have written.

The *Apocalypse*, in contrast with the fourth *Evangel*, reads like a translation, and differs in form and imagery from all the other New Testament books. It is clearly from a Mithraic source; it has a martial ring, and its symbolism is that of the solar cult and star-worship. As an allegory, it covers almost the same ground as the *Evangel according to Iôannês;* yet the two are so utterly dissimilar that it is difficult to see how any one could have imagined that they were done by the same hand.

The writings of Paulos have suffered from unscrupulous interpolators; but the spurious passages are so unskillfully inserted, being in so different a style, and interrupting the sense, that there is no difficulty in expunging them. The style of Paulos is vigorous, candid and blunt; the interpolations are inane, having the whine of insincere piety. Paulos was a philosopher who dealt with the actualities of Being, a Seer whose gaze swept the infinities; his interpolators were but snivelling hypocrites. The fraudulent *Epistles*, such as that to the *Hebrews*, were probably attributed to him by his enemies in the Petrine faction, and have caused the world to form a false estimate of his character. He was not a dialectician, but a Seer, not a founder of the Christian church, but the active opponent of the usurpers, who built their house of straw upon the foundation which he as a wise master architect had laid.

The *Epistles of Iôannês* are palpable forgeries, written by some one who had not the remotest notion of the philosophical and mystical meanings of the fourth *Evangel*. The *Epistles of Petros* are not so unmistakably fraudulent; but if Petros wrote them he was even more dull-witted than he is represented to be in the *Evangel according to Iôannês*.

The Greek of the New Testament is very poor, and the Latin Vulgate is a singularly misleading translation. Yet it was from the Vulgate that William Tyndale rendered it into English; and considering the disadvantages under which he labored, his work was a really marvellous achievement. He was burned at the stake, and his translation has been the basis of every subsequent version. The King James version, though little more than a revision of Tyndale's, represents the best English of the Elizabethan period; but the modern revised version, though an improvement in a few points of scholarship, is a literary hybrid, an incongruous mixture of the English of two distinct eras. For purposes of close study all these translations are entirely worthless, not only because of their numerous inaccuracies, but because they fail to preserve the mystical terminology adhered to in the Greek, and which came from the Mysteries or Perfecting-rites. As these Mystery-terms have no exact equivalents in English, the task of making a close and accurate translation of the New Testament presents almost insuperable difficulties; and even if a correct translation should be made, it would be intelligible only to mystics and students of the occult. The writers of the New Testament were versed in the arcane sciences, and they deal with spiritual facts, psychic forces, and natural laws. The unwholesome vagaries of Theology did not obtain in the early Christian Society, but developed only after the voice of Paulos had been silenced by death, and the Mystery-truths had been lost. To study these works with profit, it is needful first to rid them of every vestige of Theology, even as the Archæolgist, in exploring a buried city, has to clear away the accumulated rubbish of centuries. To one who has the patience to do this, the New Testament offers treasures of occult lore undreamed of by the Theologian or the mere man of letters.

JAMES M. PRYSE.

WORSHIP.

Oh brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"A WINTER'S TALE."

A MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION.

BY MRS. RICHMOND GREEN.

PART V.

THESE were heathen times, and we must keep close to the atmosphere of the drama, and let ourselves feel all the mingled hope and fear experienced by the court, as the officers return with the sealed and sacred message of the divine Apollo. Hermione stands the central figure in the group, calm in the consciousness of her innocence, surrounded by the ladies of the court, supported by Paulina, while all eyes are fixed upon the returning officers. After the court forms, Leontes gives the command to open and read the oracle. "*Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.*" Then the whole court, in grand chorus, breaks into a pæan of thanksgiving: "Now blessed be the great Apollo." Hermione, folding her arms across her saintly breast, murmurs "Praised." The king impiously refuses the words of the oracle: "This is mere falsehood." As if in direct proof that these are indeed the words of Apollo, a messenger enters, bearing the tidings of the sudden death of the Prince Mamillius. This verification of the oracle terrifies Leontes into submission, and he falls upon his knees, and with uplifted hands seems trying to avert the thunderbolts of the gods. Hermione, who has borne all to this last, worst stroke (the death of her son), faints in Paulina's arms, and, by the command of the king, is carried into her chamber, followed by her loyal subjects.

It seems impossible, at this point, ever to take Leontes to our love or respect again. But we do; and it is that wonderful process by which we are made to do so, wherein lies one of the Shakespearean methods of enlarging our natures. We see clearly and conclusively all the processes of the soul; and as we know now, if we have studied Leontes carefully, the damning power of a passion, so it is also our privilege to contemplate, from this point, the healing, purifying power of remorse. It searches his soul and casts out the evil spirit, and we do take him to our hearts again, and forgive him. It is so human to err; it is so divine to forgive. His prayer still on his lips, Paulina enters, wringing her hands and crying.

"Woe! woe! the queen is dead."

She now thrusts the iron into his very soul, and lays bare before the agonized king the awful consequences of his passion, until, seeing that remorse is torturing him almost beyond endurance, she melts her reproaches into pity and the strength intended for rebuke becomes the rock of his consolation. Here we leave Leontes in solitude, crushed with the burden of himself, mourning the death of his queen and his son, and uncertain of the fate of the little innocent one abandoned in the wilderness.

We are prepared for meeting Antigonus, bearing the child into the vast,

"Where chance may nurse or end it;"

and we now find him in the remote wilderness of Bohemia on a lonely shore. The tumultuous sea, the threatening sky, the vessel tossing at anchor, and that darkness which foretells the fierce battle of the elements, are a fit prelude to this black and portentous deed. The transition from the trial scene with its brilliant assemblage, and the heart-throes of kings and potentates, to this outward desolation, made blacker and more threatening by the shadow of the cruel wrong, thrills us with

"That spark divine,
Which makes the whole world kin;"

and Antigonus, as he unfolds his dream, clasping to his heart the forlorn little princess, adds another shadow to the general gloom.

According to Hermione's wish as expressed in his dream, the child is placed upon the breast of its mother earth—a pitiless breast for a new-born babe—and Antigonus' words, as he lays her tenderly down, sound as a requiem for his own ill-fated end so close at hand:

"Blossom, speed thee well! . . . Poor wretch!
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoined to this——Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough; I never saw
The heavens so dim by day."

Watching the ominous heavens, and alarmed by the sounds of the chase and the growing darkness, Antigonus hurries toward the ship which avenging fate forbids his reaching. The combined oppressiveness of nature, and the cruel wrong are almost too heavy to be borne; and the wandering shepherd who breaks the spell, with his simplicity and vigor, brings life and hope to us anew. The hunters have terrified and scattered his sheep, and now, as he clambers down the rocky pass, we welcome him, and his manly voice and homely phrases become dear to us, as searching he stumbles upon this lambkin afar from its fold. With the superstition of peasant life he hesitates to touch the foundling, and in his fear calls loudly to his son; who coming at his call, with face full of a great alarm, scarcely finds breath at once to tell what he has witnessed. But at last the facts are told of Antigonus hurrying to the shore, of the pursuit by wild beasts, and of his instant death, and of the storm which tossed and wrecked the vessel. The old shepherd now discloses his stranger experience, and opens the wrappings of the child; they find a casket and gold. They swear secrecy, and bear their new found treasures home.

Here there is a lapse of sixteen years, which is a grievous dramatic fault; but it is mended with consummate skill. The last scene of act third, serving to bridge the long interval, and preparing for the opening scenes of the fourth act, fixes the events in Bohemia, and leaves the baby princess in the care of the old shepherd. Besides a personification of Time is introduced as chorus, and helps to join several periods, by preparing for us the growth of the princess Perdita, and for the appearance of Florizel, the princely son of Polixenes.

The two parts of the drama are utterly contrasting. The first movement hurried, stormy, passionate, a strife of conflicting sin and emotion; the last half, a sweet pastoral, brings us morning, and sunshine, and gladness, love and roses, the tinkle of sheep bells, and music of murmuring brooks.

Rustic fun and rustic simplicity are here; and over all and beyond all, the actor of many rôles, Autolycus; the rogue so keen and witty that we forgive his villainy, even in the midst of his most knavish tricks.

Once more we meet the king Polixenes, and Camillo. The king is inquiring anxiously for the young prince, Florizel, who absents himself too frequently from court. Camillo informs the king that rumor says the young prince passes his time at a certain shepherd's cot, and in the company of a most fair shepherdess. Polixenes bids Camillo to accompany him thither, and tomorrow, as that will be the festival of the sheep-shearing; and in disguise, that they may become a part of the group and see this fair maiden.

And now we must picture a roadway before the shepherd's cottage, and Autolycus stretched idly singing one of his snatches of song. He catches joy on the wing, and put us in a merry mood, as listening to the shepherd's son, who wanders down the road, he sets his snare for the simple fellow.

He picks his pocket, learns of the festival, and plans further mischief. Autolycus is not merely a fellow of infinite variety, but he is a relic of bygone ways and methods, and is not only interesting in himself, but interesting in what he suggests.

The clown, the shepherd's son, throws light upon the influence of Perdita in the cottage, and shows us in a few words that his adopted sister is mistress of them all, as, repeating her message, he says: "What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father has made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on."

Scene third, act fourth, is full of rich poetry, in perfect harmony with the springs of love in these pure souls, and we catch the very essence of joy and beauty as it is breathed from the sweet mingling of the whole. The shepherd's cottage, the grassy sweep of lawn, the porch all hung with blossoming vines, the tables spread beneath the trees, and lads and lasses in gay holiday garments grouped about, or flashing by in pairs, like happy birds. From the jarring clash and hurried movement of the first part of the drama, from its fierce battle with the strongest elements of our natures, from its pain and heartache, the restfulness of this scene comes to us as nature's sweet repose after her tempest and destruction. Soothed and comforted, we bathe our souls in its freshness, and rejoice in the innocence and sweetness of these youthful lovers. Is it not wonderful that the same power that has portrayed for us kings and courtiers, ripe manhood and womanhood, now opens to us this spring-time of the heart?

Florizel, the son of Polixenes, a graceful prince, while hunting, has met the lovely Perdita in the meadows, as she watched her flock. Enamored by her beauty, he has sought her in her home, and there the enchantment was completed. Sweet Perdita has given her heart, but fears the consequences, now that Florizel has told her his rank. Perdita appears to us in holiday array, and Florizel has wreathed her with flowers; and gazing at her, says:

"These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front."

In the course of the delicious love-warblings, Perdita lets us into her little trembling fear:

"Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did."

In spite of Florizel's strong assertions of his enduring love, through all trial, Perdita says: "O lady fortune stand you auspicious." The old shepherd now ushers in the guests, and playfully rebukes Perdita for being forgetful of her duty as hostess. Among the guests are King Polixenes and Camillo, in their disguise, and Perdita goes forward to greet them, and, calling to Dorcas to bring her flowers, and with grace, which is nature, and spontaneity beyond all art, she bids them welcome and bestows her flowers upon them. Polixenes is charmed with her graces, talks with her of her flowers, and is surprised at her bright replies; and Camillo, in his turn fascinated, says to the king, "She is the very queen of curds and cream." But the festival gayeties now prevent further conversation, and the rustic reel weaves itself, to the vibrant sound of the fiddle, into a many-hued ribbon, stretched across the green.

This scene is interrupted by a traveling peddler, who joins the lively group. Singing, he opens his pack, and the lads and lasses gather about him like bees around a hive; it is the sly Autolycus, who has disguised himself and now displays his wares:

"Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread, any lace for your head,
Of new'st and finest wear-a?"

Songs he sings to them and with them, sells all his goods, and picks every pocket worth the rifling. In the meantime, Polixenes, who has been questioning the old shepherd, has learned much of his son's devotion to the fair shepherdess, when Florizel, selecting from the guests his disguised father, and taking Perdita by the hand, calls upon him to "mark his contract." Tearing off his disguise in a passion, he answers the amazed prince:

"Mark your divorce, young sir,
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou, a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook?"

Then, turning to the trembling Perdita:

"And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;
I'll have thy beauty scratched with briars, and made
More homely than thy state."

But the poor old shepherd, who is innocent of Florizel's rank, is terrified beyond all, as the king turns his wrath upon him:

"And thou, old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week."

Polixenes leaves the dismayed group—Florizel comforts his love, and the little maiden gathers her courage sufficiently to say:

"I was not much afeard; for, once or twice,
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike."

Florizel, whom we have enjoyed as a lover, now wins our respect, as, rising superior to the difficulties about him, he communes with Camillo as to some plan by which, independent of his father, he may marry the fair Perdita. Camillo finding Florizel fixed upon a voyage in some direction, counsels him to turn his face toward Sicilia, the kingdom of Leontes, where he may be sure of a cordial welcome; and in this way hoping to bring about a reconcilation between the kings and to visit once more his home.

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READING OF THE ORACLE.

THE SIXTH 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.

Camillo makes all needful arrangements. Perdita and Florizel therefore embark, having first disguised themselves to prevent detection. Autolycus, who always happens upon the scene at the interesting moment, assists by lending his clothing, and assumes the court dress of Prince Florizel.

Meanwhile the poor old shepherd talks with his son as to the best method of appeasing King Polixenes' anger, and they decide to relate to the king all the facts in the finding of Perdita. This conversation is overheard by the omnipresent Autolycus, who being at this time in the garments of Prince Florizel, assumes the manners of the court, and strutting about under the plea of helping them in their dilemma, sends them on shipboard in the same vessel with the runaways.

When the ship has fairly started upon its voyage, Camillo breaks the news to Polixenes, and all falls as he has planned. Polixenes proposes to follow the fugitives. This they do at once.

Florizel and Perdita arrive first, and are announced at the palace. King Leontes and Paulina receive them joyfully. Leontes is much struck with the resemblance of Perdita to Hermione. The scene is interrupted by a messenger who states that King Polixenes and Camillo have arrived in pursuit of the fugitives, and are awaiting Leontes in another room of the palace; thither Leontes leads the cast-down lovers.

The suggestions of the meeting in that other apartment of the palace would fill volumes, if each thread of these human lives, now drawn together by the mysteries of fate, could be followed. King Leontes, whose life for sixteen years has been a sacrifice upon the altar of his remorse, goes to meet his old friend, the injured Polixenes. Camillo, the faithful counsellor, with a love the dividing years have not weakened, awaits the king. The old shepherd and his son, with a sense of heavy responsibility, and uncertain which way it leads them, are come to reveal the secret of the finding of the child upon the shore, and to show the mantle of jewels, those precious

X159 THE RESIDENCE OF KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

relics. Florizel, the noble-minded prince, invincible in his love, thwarted and crossed as it is; and sweet Perdita, clinging to her lover, yet as strong as the prince in her plighted affection, unconscious of her birthright, yet showing every inch a princess, growing as nature's violets, whose bloom is no less sweet, although the soil be poor and rough, is now to learn of her strange history, to rejoice in a father's love, and mourn a sainted mother. Paulina, whose strength of purpose made all kneel before her, as she gave herself to the duty nearest her (in the early years of the drama), even to the peril of her life, now is the very prop of the grief-worn king; all her passionate love for the queen seems softened and hallowed, and proudly she holds her place in this gathering, and silently endures her part of the sacrifice, the loss of her husband, Antigonus.

Picture this meeting as we may, and it is food for reflection. The occasion is brilliantly described by a group of noblemen who were present, and proclaimed the glad tidings.

Rogero.—"Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled, the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it."

The old shepherd has told his story of the finding of the child—has shown the mantle and the jewels found about her—and another nobleman brings the news. It is proved to be Hermione's mantle, by her jewel about the neck of it. A third nobleman states Paulina has urged the royal group to visit her gallery to see her famous statue of Hermione, sculptured by that rare artist, Julio Romano, and many years in doing. How full of Paulina's devotion is the next suggestion of one of the noblemen: "I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath, privately, once or twice a day since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house." This inference blooms into beauty when the story is complete, and we see Paulina clearly.

If we have lived closely to each of these human lives, we know more surely than ever before what the great spirit, creator, ruler, God, means when close to virtue he places vice. We are made to see that virtue is the light of the soul which vice cannot extinguish; we know one ray of its glory was never lost although buried beneath mountains of sin. In all studies of the frailties of human lives about us, we get scarcely more than facts and immediate consequences; life is not long enough to learn the fruition, and humanity is silent as to life's deepest lessons. Here we see what havoc in the soul a base passion causes; we see its cruel power to blast and wither all it touches; but we are not left to wonder at God's injustice, nor to feel despair at life's misery, because we see the process, and can follow its labyrinthian ways. We know not merely cause and effect, but the vital power given to the moral forces, through remorse, a consequence of sin, and love, the highest law of human life. King Leontes, whom, at one point of the drama, we despise, we pity in his despair; we take back to our hearts in his self-abnegation and repentant life. And we rejoice at his just appreciation of Paulina's long and patient service.

The finale sweeps majestically over the whole, takes up tenderly the severed and tangled threads of these sacred human lives, unites the broken, unravels the snarled skein, and weaves anew each separate thread. Like richest organ music, in one great wave of sound blending all into harmony, the notes of discord, like the clash of arms; the trembling minors, like repentant tears.

The closing scene presents Paulina's gallery of art. The mysteriously united group, father and daughter, king and king, lover and mistress, are come at Paulina's request to see her statue of Queen Hermione. As Paulina, drawing aside the curtain, discloses the perfect counterpart, each separate being of the royal group stands transfixed before it. Out of a silence all eloquent with prayers and tears, Leontes speaks words which send the life-blood leaping through our human veins, until our hearts pulsate with his:

"Chide me, dear stone; that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.
O thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?"

* * * * * *

The sixteen years of separation and remorse have purified and made whole his entire nature; his love for his beautiful queen the torturing years have but strengthened. As he gazes, lost to the world about him, what wonder that in his intensity he feels the statue moves. With suspended breath we follow his thought.

Paulina tries in vain to draw him from his growing consciousness of life and motion in the glorious form. Replying to her, yet never for one moment removing his eyes from the life-breathing figure before him, he speaks:

"Still methinks there is an air comes from her.
What fine chisel could ever yet
Cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her."

'Tis now Paulina's hour of triumph. For this moment she has given her soul's devotion through the emptied years. Seeing the way is prepared, the hour ripe with a promised fruition, she now awakens to life the statue-like Hermione, and her words, from their electric power, seem to give the vital spark to the marble form:

"Music! Awake her! strike.
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up; stir, nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs."

Down from her lofty pedestal now steps the glorious queen, and turning towards Leontes, holds out forgiving arms. Not daring to believe his vision, Leontes starts back amazed. Paulina, leading him with loving touch, places his hand in Hermione's: "When she was young you woo'd her; now in age is she become the suitor." And here, safe folded in Hermione's arms we leave the rejoicing king.

If students or readers glean but a part of the lessons these lives teach, they are broadened mentally and morally. If Leontes, in his passion, seems to demand more of mercy and charity than jealousy commonly demands, we must remember Leontes' soul was laid bare before us, and we were allowed to see every motion of heart and brain. Who of us, happily freed from the evils consequent upon mastering passions, could bear the sifting light through and through our calmer souls? Who of us are ready to believe "there is

X160 VIEW OF HUDSON RIVER FROM SIDE BALCONY.

more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men who need no repentance? " We say it over and mumble it, but we do not live up to it. A deep moral lesson has been taught us in this dramatic form of King Leontes, real life can rarely give to us; and then we owe to this grievous fault such a train of towering virtues as else might never have grown so dear.

To Paulina we say adieu, as, all forgetful of self, she rejoices in the joy of these hearts around her. It is clear that these long years of her own widowhood she has filled with tenderest solicitude for the comfort and welfare of her beloved and self-exiled queen. It is clear that her truthful words to the king, in her effort to recall him to his better self, did not alienate Leontes' heart, for he, too, leans upon her strong spirit, and she is as openly necessary to him as invisibly the stay and consolation of Hermione. Whether she marries Camillo or no, as Leontes suggests, we cannot say, but we may be sure she did *not* "take some withered bough " and spend her days in lamenting. Grieve over the loss of Antigonus she doubtless did; but the current of her useful life was too strong to be turned now. If she did not marry Camillo she still gave her life in blessing all these lives about her. Yes! and blessing all the broad world, who may claim her friendship as long as literature shall last.

For Perdita, having taken her to our hearts at once, we never need say adieu. She is ours, with her beauty and her freshness, forever and forever; and in life's cold and barren places, with an autumn in the heart, can waft to us the sunshine of a perpetual, blossoming spring.

For Florizel, love crowns him poet, and his pure, manly spirit crowns him prince; and although we know he owes much of his attraction to the reflected charm of Perdita's grace and beauty, we confess we love him because she does.

But Hermione still keeps her statuesque position, never descending from her pedestal. There she stands, monumental of all that makes a perfect woman. Borne from the court-room, at the close of her trial, in a fainting condition, she remained long in a swoon, which was death's counterfeit. Paulina believed her dead and acted upon that belief. Recovering from that death in life, can we wonder at her wish still to be dead to all the world? We cannot conceive of this self-poised, calm-centred woman resuming her position as wife and queen. Her mind is too clear, her soul too upright. So she dwelt apart, awaiting the fulfilment of the oracle, that the child "that was lost should be found." Her silent forgiveness of her husband was eloquent with that love which means reconciliation. But it remains for Perdita to unite what she had separated. And now Hermione, turning from Leontes, places her hands upon that kneeling daughter's head, and all her heart gushes in her words:

"You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials, pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head."

We may not put into words this essence of the soul, this divine afflatus, which, brimming from Hermione's heart, fills ours to overflowing. But we have met with the gods on high Olympus, and our souls are fed.

[THE END.]

FROM THE EAST.

Wind of the Sunrise land!
Waft to me, wandering 'neath these Western skies,
A little of thy balm—the peace that lies
Beneath thy shifting sand!

Breathe faint across the years
The fragrance of thy spices, when thine eyes
Were bathed in twilight dew—and lotus leaves
Drooped with their weight of tears.

HUDSON RIVER, RIVERSIDE DRIVE NEAR GRANT'S MONUMENT, NEW YORK.

What mysteries vague and grand
Lie all forgotten where thy soft airs sleep!
Into my heart the long-past memories creep,
Wind of the Sunrise Land!

A little while the haze
Seems lifted from the valleys; and the peaks
Whisper together in a tongue that speaks
Of long-forgotten days.

So sweet—so passing sweet—
Thou Wind of Morn and Spring! Remembrance grieves,
And drifts of gold and crimson Autumn leaves
Are wafted to my feet.

Wind of the morning's breath!
A moment—O! a moment—let me feel
Thy breathings o'er the lotus leaves that heal—
That heal the wounds of death!

Waft to me where I stand
Thy memories! Lead me gently, backward borne
From my eve's twilight to my twilight morn—
Wind of the Sunrise Land!

M. E. B.

"Oh, brothers! if but once we could look into the heart of a good and upright man, filled with love of the Divine and of his brother man, we should find there secret joys so living and pure, as to wish for nothing higher. The effect of duty is the diminishing of the evils afflicting humanity, to temper and tone down their harshness by bringing to bear upon them those things which are a source of joy and happiness unknown to those who are under the subjection of selfish passions and egotism.

"Duty, faithfully discharged, by the concatenation of those wonderful laws which produce order and harmony, results in the realization of justice. If you love not your fellow men, entertain no hope of freedom. If on the contrary each of you loves his brother as himself, you will not suffer him to be oppressed but in all circumstances will aid and succor him against unjust power and from this universal love will emanate an universal resistance against oppressions.

"In order to triumph, will nothing unjust. Respect the rights even of those who have trampled yours under their feet. Let the well being, the liberty and property of every one without exception be sacred to you, for duty extends equally to all. If once you violate duty, where will this violation stop? It is not by wrong and disorder, that wrong can be remedied."—*From "The Book of the People," by H. de Lamennais.*

"In the true natural order, the order or system, is not insisted on. Each object is first, and each last. That which presents itself to us at this moment, occupies the whole of the present, and rests on the very topmost point of the sphere, under the zenith.."—*Thoreau.*

NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame.
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came:
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

—*Blanco White.*

OF DEEPER BIRTH.

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

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

CHAPTER XII.

REFLECTIONS.

THE American awoke next morning feeling utterly wretched. Pity it is that a "pile of gold" cannot be mounted by its possessor so as to enable him to get above ordinary human dejection! Our hero—to use the conventional phrase—had, the previous night, appeared to the adoring eyes of "Farthing" Goudie as one placed far above common-place troubles; yet the poor millionaire now felt far more miserable than the average penniless vagabond.

Surely it could be arranged, in these resourceful days, for some smart fellow to invent a set of elevated, and *durable* emotions, for the exclusive use of the Plutocracy? I present the idea to New York's "mile of millionaires."

Perhaps it was as well, however, that Hosea Cutt paid some immediate penalty for his lapse into the financial frame of mind. His bad temper about Marjory's portrait was mainly due, I think, to whiskey—of which he had imbibed quite enough while under the magnetism of that kindred spirit of his, Peter Goudie. For the moment this incident may be left out of the reckoning. Not so his surrender to the commercial spirit. To say the least, had he not decided before ever the thought of visiting Shetland entered his head, that money making could be distinctly abandoned for some six months? Yet, barely a month of this had gone, and, in a single evening he had allowed himself to become hail-fellow-well-met with such a sordid specimen of the money maker as Mr. Peter Goudie. And this was the ending of a day charged with appeals to his better self! Thus, he celebrated Marjory's recovery from that unconsciousness, which, for all he could tell, might have ended in death!

Was there any excuse? Well, people are inclined to take a merciful view of the acts of those who are suffering from dipsomania—who are drink-sodden, to use a simpler term. The case of Hosea Cutt might possibly be looked at in a similar light. Only, instead of being drink-sodden, he was *money*-sodden. The malady appears to be an almost inevitable consequence of the habit of millionairing, so characteristic of our age.

Those who like, can bring in the notion of "Heredity" as additional excuse, and thus make poor Hosea utterly irresponsible for his conduct.

However, I fancy the young man himself was disposed neither to make nor to accept excuses for his action the previous night; when reflection thereon succeeded those vague feelings of misery which he experienced on first awakening.

How is it, by the way, that such feelings, and such reflections will spontaneously arise, with the morning, in man and woman, after an evening, or a day, that has been badly or poorly spent?

We bow our heads to the verdict of those awakening moods with unquestioning submission. How is this? Surely, because the man within has unerringly passed judgment on himself during those night hours of sleep, when the clamorings and the sophistries of our physical-world life have ceased to distract and distort. People talk vaguely of a far-off "Day of Judgment." Better that they fixed their attention on those blessed nights of judgment that lie so near unto each one of us. The Court opens every twenty-four hours of our lives! Only by persistently ignoring its wise decrees do we stumble so sadly in this work-a-day world.

Happily, the millionaire respected the judgment of the court as it began to get clear to his waking mind; and, by the time he finished dressing, he had resolved that he would have nothing further to do with the stock-broker laird than courtesy absolutely compelled. He was on the point of making a further resolve—which concerned Marjory Mail—when, happening to look out of the bedroom window, he caught sight of the sea, only some five hundred yards away.

"I guess, Hosea, you had better clear your brains by a good swim, before tackling that business," said he to himself. "You cannot afford to make an ass of yourself there."

So, picking up a towel, he stole softly down stairs and out of the house. It surprised him a little to find no one stirring apparently, but himself, although it was now past eight o'clock. Hesitating whether to make search in the house for some one who could give tidings about Marjory's health, his ear caught the sound of poultry somewhere to the rear. Walking round the house he found Mistress Ollason feeding her chickens. His heart sank, for her face looked troubled. But it was not about her friend. In another moment he had thankfully learnt that Marjory, excepting that she looked pale, seemed none the worse for that sudden attack. Indeed, she and her sister had been up for the last hour.

"Dey are baith awa in da toonship yonder," explained the widow, waving her hand toward the left. "Dey are trying ta render help to some friends." Then she added, hastily, as though to change the subject: "Ye wull find a perie geo (bay) whin ye git ta da watter"—pointing southward—"ef ye are aff for a swim."

He thanked her, and went his way. It was an ideal morning for a stout-hearted swimmer, such as Hosea Cutt. In his school days he did not care much for athletic sports, with the exception of swimming. Here he carried off a number of prizes, including one for saving the life of a companion. Later in life he kept up his interest in this delightful exercise, and it became a habit with him to unravel knotty business problems in New York bay, rather than in his counting-house. Experienced swimmers will agree, I think, that the mind becomes wonderfully steady and lucid during a good long swim.

The reader will probably divine Hosea's motive in plunging into the North Sea this morning. He had a problem—a very serious problem—to solve, and, to repeat his own phrase, "he could not afford to make an ass of himself" concerning it. In passing, it may be prudent to explain that there will really be no sensational sequel to the young American's venture into the sea. Heroes of fiction so invariably rescue some one, or are rescued themselves, or get out of their depth, or are troubled with cramp, or drift to an unknown shore whenever they attempt a morning dip, that I feel half inclined to apologize for the simple fact that Hosea, after swimming steadily for about a mile, turned his face shorewards, and reached the point whence he started in perfect safety.

Nevertheless he had done some stern battling amid the stormy waters of human illusion the meanwhile.

Before quitting the shore he had practically settled in his mind to ask Marjory to become his wife. He had been unaccustomed to failure in his undertakings; he felt dubious about the result of this enterprise. Therefore had he swum forth to quietly study the problem of his life and hers; to study it within the solitude of the mighty sea.

The first illusion he had to face and master was a common one: that he could endow her with his wealth. He caught himself imagining that, after she had accepted him—for his own sake of course—it would come as a joyful surprise to her that she would share $250,000 per annum with him.

"Bosh!"

This was his mental comment after some further reflection.

"Might just as well tell her, *as a pleasant surprise*, that I had already a wife in the States."

Then he debated the question of telling her all about his money bags *before* broaching the subject of love. It would be graceful to apologize for them, and then say in effect. "Take me notwithstanding my golden imperfections."

But probably that man Goudie would save him the anxiety of personally announcing his wealth. Hosea felt a spasm of self-disgust as the thought recurred to him of his own weakness the night before.

Should he decide to strip himself of those five million dollars of his before ever asking Marjory to marry him?

Was his love strong enough?

He couldn't honestly say at present. Besides, how was the business to be managed? He could not take off his money as easily as he had taken off his clothes. No; there was illusion in all these speculations of his.

Then he further reflected on the possibility of Marjory consenting to become his wife without any premeditated plan on his part. He had a sort of intuition that she cared for him. Perhaps he was overestimating his difficulties, and—

Supposing they were man and wife? She had graces and powers that would make her acceptable in any society. Yet, he saw clearly that it would be a burden rather than a joy he would be offering her to ask her to preside over such a home as his would be in New York. On the other hand, could he acclimate himself in Shetland for the rest of his days?

Illusions, all illusions!

Then came a little glimmer of hope. He would bury his love out of sight. He would abandon the thought of marriage. Instead, he would seek an occasion for telling Marjory some of the difficulties of his own life, as he had begun to see them in the mystic atmosphere of those northern isles. Frlendship could harm neither of them. It was above circumstances.

With such purposes in his mind, Hosea reached the shore. He dressed, and walked rapidly towards Mrs. Ollason's house. But still musing over his resolves, he did not notice that the path he had now taken bore to the right and up toward the hills where the fishing township lay. He discovered his mistake by finding himself in a crowd of people who were engaged in eager, if not angry discussion.

CHAPTER XIII.

"NO MORE NONSENSE."

"I will have no more nonsense. I mean to take what the law gives me; that is the end of the matter."

These were the words that first fell on the ear of Hosea Cutt as he approached the throng of crofters. They were uttered by the laird, with bitter emphasis. He was on horseback, and by his side stood a tall, lean Scotchman—his factor, Andrew MacWinter.

The American advanced no further, but quietly sat down amid the heather by the side of the path he had been following. It was not a case of eavesdropping on his part; for the gathering was evidently a public one. The whole township, men, women and children, appeared to be assembled; and all were too deeply interested in what was going on to have noticed him had he joined them.

"It is *not* the end of the matter, Mr. Goudie; for you will be acting unjustly."

Hosea started as he heard this reply, uttered by a woman's voice with calm earnestness. He frowned when the laird retorted, harshly:

"Excuse me, Miss Mail; there is no occasion for you to interfere between me and my tenants. I cannot allow it; I have said so before."

"But the women—the widow wives—whom you intend to turn out of their homes, have asked me to speak for them. Besides, *you* know that any one has cause to interfere to prevent wrong-doing."

"I know nothing of the kind, and I willna argue with you."

Then Mr. Goudie leant over his horse and said to the factor: "Serve notices to quit upon *all* who are in arrears with their rent. You understand?"

MacWinter nodded. "And what about the hotel, sir?" (Mrs. Ollason's place.)

"Give notice that she is to clear out in forty days. She has had no title under the 'Crofters' Act'—my lawyer tells me—since her rent has been above thirty pounds. Let her understand that plainly. I mean to put a stop to all this agitation."

"Can I help you to do so, sir?"

It was Hosea Cutt who spoke. He had sprung to his feet impulsively, and pressed through the crowd when he heard the laird declare, contemptuously, that 'he would not argue with Marjory.' It was on the tip of his tongue to say sternly: "Perhaps you will argue with me"; but that last remark of Mr. Goudie's gave a better opening.

Every one present showed astonishment at his sudden appearance on the scene, since to all but four persons present he was absolutely unknown. The indignant murmur that arose among the crofter folk, as they gathered the import of the laird's instructions to his factor, ceased at once. All heads were bent forward eagerly to learn what was meant by the singular interposition of this good looking, well dressed young fellow, who spoke to the laird himself like one accustomed to command attention.

Mr. Goudie turned angrily when his conversation with MacWinter was broken in upon, and exclaimed roughly:

"What the dev——?"

Then, as he saw who was the interrupter, he said no more.

Now, it seems to me that I have a nice dramatic situation before me. There is scope for depicting any quantity of mingled emotions on the not too pleasant features of this stock-broker laird of ours. For was he not discovered in the very act of playing the local tyrant, by a *bona fide* American millionaire, for whose (commercial) friendship he yearned? But, truth to say, Mr. Peter Goudie, at this eventful crisis, looked neither "baffled villain" nor "craven scoundrel," nor anything else worthy of the occasion.

He simply looked a fool!

Shetlanders have a very keen sense of the ridiculous. No one could understand why the advent of the young American should have so singular an effect upon the laird; but, at any rate, that burly personage looked so grotesquely silly that by a common impulse the whole assembly burst into a shriek of laughter.

A shriek, did I say?—a tornado! Those hardy Norse men and women are loud and deep-voiced in their merriment when the mood for laughter smites them.

As for the hapless laird, I think he would have fled before this outburst, but that Hosea held the bridle of his horse. The millionaire did not laugh, though it was difficult to resist the infection. He meant business just now, and needed to keep command of himself.

And the Scotch factor did not laugh either—on principle. He regarded laughter as somewhat akin to Sabbath breaking. Incidentally, we may note that Andrew MacWinter made an excellent factor (from his master's point of view), for this reason, among others; that Shetlanders did not conform to his own standard of godliness.

Now the factor mistook Mr. Cutt for one of those casual tourists who during recent years have discovered the Shetland Islands for themselves, and who show scant respect for the established powers—as is the wont of tourists. So while the folk were laughing he turned and addressed the stranger severely, saying:

"Young man, do ye no ken that yon gentleman is the laird o' Hillswick? Hae ye no respeet for yoursel' to tak sich a liberty—meddin' wi the laird's business? Gang your way man!"

"Hold your tongue, Andrew!" roared the laird; "this gentleman is a friend of mine."

The chance of bullying his factor was a god-send for Mr. Goudie. In a sense it restored his self-esteem; especially as Mac Winter instantly "curled up" and meekly apologized for his blunder. The blunder had its uses, however, as will be seen.

Women are, I guess, the born rulers of mankind. Marjory saw, in a flash, the practical value of the laird's claim of friendship. She did not stop to analyze, but took prompt action.

"Osla," she whispered to her sister, who was standing by her side, "rin among da folk and tell dem dat he is our ain friend too."

"And," she added, turning to Eric Ollason, "Eric, my lamb, do thou likewise; an's quickly. Say he is no stranger to our hearts and can be trusted."

Then she faced the laird, and said firmly but gently: "Our friend Mr. Cutt understands business. Will you accept his judgment, if the folk agree to do the same?"

She glanced quickly at Hosea. He took the cue offered, and said promptly in his dryest New York style:

"Case for arbitration, anyhow, I reckon, Mr. Goudie. State facts, indifferent referee, both parties yield a bit; dispute settled before lawyers have found the law about it. That's how *practical* men fix up things in my country."

The laird looked appealingly at his factor, but the latter was too crushed by his recent experience to be of any service.

"Of course, fools or knaves act differently," added Hosea calmly, as he took out his cigar case and handed it to Mr. Goudie.

The laird took a cigar. The business of lighting it gave him time to collect his wits. Onlookers observed that he flushed a deep red. Possibly the thought of that awkward alternative "fool or knave" caused this. Anyhow in the space of about two minutes he said, somewhat gruffly:

"Very well; let it be so."

The crofters, for their part, were in a better mood than when Hosea appeared among them. It was that hearty outburst of laughter which helped them to yield to the suggestion made by Mrs. Hoseason and Eric Ollason that they should trust the decision of their grievances to this American stranger.

So this impromptu "Thing-meeting began." And for the enlightenment of the reader it may be well to state that prior to the passage of the Crofters' Act, Shetland lairds had and exercised all the despotic power of Irish landlords of the older days. The Act in question placed matters on a fresh footing and curtailed the powers of the land holders in various directions that it were superfluous to enumerate here. However, like most British legislation, the Act provided back doors, so to say, by which persons (like laird Goudie) opposed to the spirit of the reform might escape from their new obligations.

Not to mince matters, the laird had simply availed himself of these "back doors" in his decision to evict sundry objectionable tenants. His motive for so acting was distintly a mercenary one. He wanted to get the whole township to contract itself out of the Act, to abandon its protection in short, and return to the old state of things, and he was using these evictions (that he could legally enforce) as a sort of lever to accomplish this somewhat dirty bit of work.

Hosea Cutt, as note book in hand, he moved among the crofters, gathering from one and another facts such as these, was unconsciously to himself getting some first rate education on the "rights of man." His business transactions had never brought him thus closely in contact with oppresor and oppressed. When, at the end of half an hour's inquiry among the laird's tenants, the American millionaire quietly asked Mr. Goudie to state the facts from his point of view, the latter fairly shrunk before the steady gaze of this young "giant of finance."

"Well what are your points, please?" repeated Hosea; for the laird, after feebly explaining that he relied upon his factor's information for any action he took, did not seem able to state what that information really was.

"Will you withdraw the notices to quit unconditionally?" queried Mr. Cutt, since he could get no direct reply to his previous inquiries.

"Yes!" came the reluctant response. "And what of the future?"

"I'll leave that to you, Sir."

This was nearly a random answer of the hard-pressed laird. But it hit the mark. Hosea felt uncomfortable in his turn. Was he prepared to take care of the future of this little township of Shetlanders? He did not know.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Hope not the cure of Sin till Self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou can'st not pay, the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

—*J. G. Whittier.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE (UNSECTARIAN).

LOTUS GROUPS.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, ELIZABETH C. MAYER.

CHILDREN'S PAGE CONDUCTED BY MISS ELIZABETH WHITNEY AND MISS MARGARET LLOYD.

A STORY.

PERHAPS the many little readers of this department may be interested in the following illustration of a little, eight-year old girl's sense of justice and discrimination.

On a visit of several weeks, to some little friends living in a small town in Louisiana, she was permitted by her parents to attend, with these friends, a Catholic day school, under the control and direction of a small community of nuns.

These kind-hearted women, having discovered that their priest was in need of a new set of linen, went to work to find ways and means of presenting him with the desired articles. The children were asked to give their aid in donating such small sums as they might have to spare out of their private little purses, or whatever their parents might give them for this purpose.

X162 "BABY TEMPLE."

A LITTLE LOTUS BUD.

Most of these children were daughters of small farmers with large families, in whose pockets, at all times, money was an article the supply of which invariably fell short of the demand. So, that, in answering to this call upon their assistance, the children's donations were in small sums ranging fromfive cents to a quarter of a dollar.

The little visitor whose circumstances and position in life were of a different order, donated a half dollar.

The following morning, upon entering the school-room, she was immediately seized hold of by some of the girls who rushed her up to a long strip of white paper, prominently tacked upon the wall, on which was written in type, the name of every girl, with the amount of her donation opposite. At the head of the list stood the name of the little stranger in large type and gilded letters.

"See, Amy," they exclaimed, "your name is at the top, in gilded letters; for you brought the most money, though you're not a Catholic."

The little girl looked at her name, blazoned forth in letters so much larger and finer than the names of any of her temporary companions, and she thought: Why should they try to show me off in that way? What have I done that I should be put above all the rest? My papa gave me the fifty cents. It's his money, not mine; and if they want to make any one feel proud, it is *his* name, not *mine* they should have gilded on that list. Perhaps they wanted to make me feel proud, as if I had done something great. It's nonsense. I'd rather see my name at the end of that paper, or not on it at all. I wouldn't be so foolish as to feel proud of giving away a little money that somebody else *gave* me to *give away*. What have I to do with it? And what do I care about a thing like that—seeing my name at the top of that paper, shining with gilt?"

"Arn't you proud, Amy?" asked some of the girls.

"No, I'm not," was the laconic reply. "And, besides, I'm going straight to the Mother Superior to ask her to take my name off that paper. The rest of you brought what your fathers gave you, and I brought what mine gave me. How, then, have I done any more than any one of you—any more than even this little tot who brings only one cent?"

"You can't go to the Mother, Amy; it would be no use. Your name must stay where it is," cried the girls. "It's all right, anyhow. You brought *all* your papa gave you, when you might have done as Blanche did—kept half of it for candy. See, here is her name, way down near the bottom."

"Yes, Amy, it's right that your name should be first; you brought the most money," said a girl of ten or twelve. "My name is just under yours. You see I could bring only twenty-five cents, and I had to work to get that much."

"You had to work for that money?" interrogated Amy. "You brought twenty-five cents that you gained by your own work, and I fifty cents for which I did nothing; that I got for the asking! Now say, girls, if you find any Justice in that paper I tell you it is all wrong. My name has no business being where it is. *This* girl's name should be where mine is. I'm going straight to the Mother to tell her to put *this* girl's name above mine."

And with characteristic frankness and promptness of action she rushed off in search of the Mother Superior. Being intercepted by one of the nuns, the child explained the cause of her dissatisfaction, and made her request that an exchange be made in the present order of the two first names on the list.

The nun agreed that the child's sense of Justice was fair and good, but the names must remain in their present order and arrangement, The Mother Superior had decreed that the name of the girl bringing the largest sum of money should head the list, and be honored above all the others in being printed in large, gilt letters.

The little girl, giving money, the result of her own labor, also agreed to its being right that the list remain unaltered.

But the little stranger insisted upon it, that though the Mother Superior might think it right to do that way, she was quite sure that her own mother would not think so when she heard about it. And though this happened nine months ago, she still thinks it was all wrong. E. D. P.

TWO BITES TO A CHERRY.

Scene: Children and Teacher seated under a cherry-tree at Lotus Home; Generous lad up in the branches throwing down cherries.

"This cherry's ripe."

Plump—down it came—in everyone's sight.

Scramble—jamble—"*Where's* that cherry!"

The Greedy One *gobbled* it—"Oh!—Oh!—Oh—! Who ever *heard* of anything so —— *mean!* There now."

"Quick! there's another—who'll get it—quick."

"Boo-hoo"—"*Tain't* fair"—"*I* haven't had one."—"Where's *my* share."

The Generous Lad called out, "Hold on, I've found a big jolly fat one—This is the ripest of all—Don't one of you touch it. It is all for our Teacher."

Down it came. Oh, how luscious and big it was! Wouldn't it just taste good! My!

"Thank you, dear," our Teacher said. "Why, it seems *most as big as my head!* I never could eat it *alone*. It must be shared—let-me-see—of course, with the *littlest* one."

It wasn't very easy, but she broke it in two. "I—think—this—other—half—must—be—for—you" She looked at the *next* to "the littlest."

The cherries were scarce. They fell to the ground, one-by-one—would they ever go round?

"We will break them in two—so each has a share. *That* is the way to be fair and square," so said our Teacher.

"But they are *so* little." "A half don't hardly *taste*." "Can't we have them whole, and take turns?" said the children.

"Oh, yes—if you like. But who is willing to take the *last* turn, supposing the cherries *don't* go round?"

'Twas indeed "a most solemn occasion." *Who* was willing to be the last? *Who* would run that awful risk ——! Excruciating thought.

The cherries fell—were broken in two. The Generous Lad was in despair.

"Teacher—*please*, teacher—this is *for you*—*Don't* give it away every time. Now, eat *this* one all yourself."

"But dear, how *can* I, until *each* has had some-it wouldn't taste *good* to me all alone," our Teacher said.

"It doesn't taste good, divided in two." "I'd a great deal rather give it to *you*." "Eat it *all* yourself—*I'll* wait till the *last*." 'I'd rather see you eat it, than have it myself." said all the Desire Children.

"Now, *this* is the finest of all. *Please*—Teacher, *please*—eat it *all*. Its the last I can find and its *best* of all."

The Generous Lad came down from the tree. Our Teacher held it *high* in her hand.

"Has *everyone* had some,—a *whole* cherry *each?*"

She held it toward the children.

"Oh, please, Teacher, please—please—*please*."

The Greedy one had tears in his eyes.

"If you only will eat it *all*—we'd *each* rather be last."

And Our Teacher ate it—Yes—ate it all. E. W.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

BY H. de LAMENNAIS.

From "Words of a Believer."

Young soldier, whither are you going?
I am going to combat for God and my country.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither are you going?
I go to struggle against injustice, for the holy cause of the people, and for the sacred rights of Humanity.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier.

Young soldier whither goest thou?
I go to combat in order to free my brothers from oppression, to break their chains and the chains of mankind.
May thy arms be blessed, youthful soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I am going to combat for those who are cast down and trodden under foot of wicked men, for slaves against their oppressors and for liberty against tyrants.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to combat that every one may eat in peace the fruit of his labor; to dry up the tears of little children who ask for bread and it is said to them, "There is no longer bread," what was left has been taken away.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither goest thou?
I am going to strive, that the poor may no more be despoiled of their portion in the common heritage.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither are you going?
I go to chase famine from the cabins of the poor and bring to their families, abundance, security and joy.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, where goest thou?
I am going to break down the barriers that separate nations and prevent them from embracing each other as children of the same father, destined to live united in the bonds of brotherhood.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither are you going?
I am going to fight for liberty of thought, speech and conscience.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, whither are you going?
I am going to combat for the eternal law of justice which protects the right, for the love that assuages all inevitable evils.
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!

Young soldier, where are you going?
I am going to struggle for all those who have a God in heaven and a Country on the earth.
May thy arms be blessed, yea seventimes blessed, young soldier!

A WISE LITTLE DOG.

THIS is the picture of a little dog whose name is "Spots." He is a very gentle, affectionate creature, and lives on West End Avenue in New York City.

Spots belongs to a lady who loves all children, and works, trying to do something to make them good and happy.

Spots is called a King Charles spaniel, is a pretty, dainty little creature, with long, black curly hair, and big brown eyes, and is very polite.

When his mistress goes down to breakfast in the morning, and he goes with her (for Spots always sleeps in her bedroom), do you think he scampers ahead of her down the stairs, as most little dogs would do, without thinking? No, indeed; he acts just as though *he could think*, and always waits until she has passed on, and then he follows after.

Many boys and girls could learn a lesson in politeness from this little dog. True politeness should be cultivated, for it shows goodness of heart; and everybody who knows Spots admits that he has a wonderfully noble, affectionate heart. One reason may be because he is governed entirely by love. He is just a sweet little morsel of harmony, all the time, radiating such a peaceful, harmonious influence that everybody loves him.

Spots' mistress has a secretary who opens her mail every morning for her. Spots always sits up on his hind feet and watches the proceedings, and he seems to know whether the news is good or bad. Should the letters contain something sad or disturbing, then he looks very worried, and unhappy. But should they contain good news (such as something about the children), he barks, jumps about, and shows his delight in every way possible.

Another quality Spots possesses is great courage. Though but a tiny, little creature, he would walk straight to the biggest kind of a dog and attack him,—if he saw any harm coming to his beloved mistress. He watches her, night and day, just like a sentinel on guard. At night he is so watchful that when the wind blows around the corners of the house, or he hears any noise, he jumps up and runs to the door to see what is the matter. He possesses many of the noble, brave qualities of a lion.

Spots will never eat breakfast in the morning until his mistress has taken hers, and once when she was very, very sick, and the doctors did not know whether she would ever get well, little Spots sat at the foot of her bed, without tasting a morsel of food, for three days and nights.

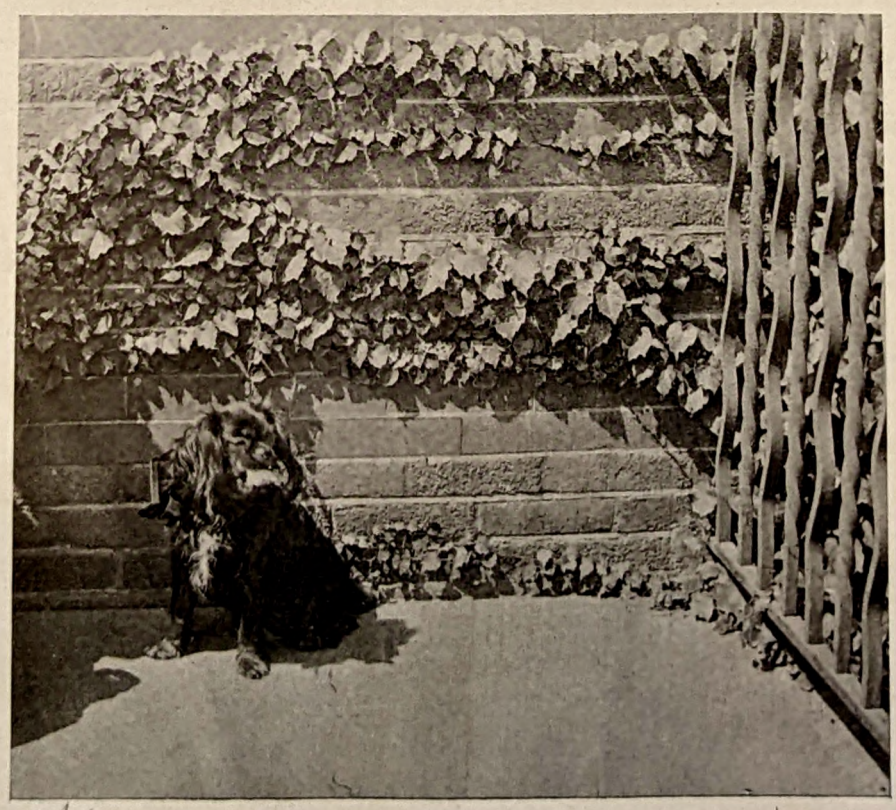
The above picture is not a good one of Spots, because he was feeling rather forlorn and alone. His mistress was travelling in foreign lands, and had been away from him a long time. Nothing would console Spots, and so he shows his feelings in the picture.

After all, little dogs are not so very different from little children; only children have this advantage: *they* can speak and express their feelings. Spots can do everything *but talk;* he even *sings.*

Now, children, can you tell the name of Spots' mistress? People that know her very well sometimes call her by the name of a beautiful color. It is not red, it is not blue, nor is it pink or green. What do *you* think it is, children?

Let us always aim to be kind to all animals, they are a part of God's great family. Teach them to trust you, and you will find that these little four-legged creatures will be faithful, grateful comrades.

WILD ROSE.



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PASSING EVENTS.

After the Lotus Group.

Informal Coöperative Meeting held each week.

Supt. "Well, how did it go to-day?"

Faithful Teacher. "It seems really excellent to vary the arrangement of classes by having them all together."

Treasurer. "We seem to grasp the ideas better; kind of stand by each other—get a better connection some way."

Secretary. "It holds the attention better: there seems no opportunity for whispering and giggling."

Treas. "I tell you what it is: this whole business is getting solid. It is no more like a year ago than if there was no connection."

Supt. "Well, there isn't any, in a way. For now it is under the I. B. L., and it certainly makes a marvelous difference. It has a 'come to stay' feeling now. Really permanent and solid, as you say."

Sec. "Yes, we hold our own remarkably well; we have *quality* if not *quantity.*"

Supt. "We seem to have sifted out a good deal of chaff. Those annoying children have dropped out, of their own volition, apparently."

Sec. "Those who come seem to *insist* on it some way. Already they are asking me why the L. G. can't stay open all summer. They don't want it ever to close."

F. T. "It pleases me to see the way they regulate themselves. A few Sundays ago two of the girls were much annoyed by one of the lads. Finally the elder turned, with quiet dignity, and said if he didn't stop, *she* would leave the room. It seemed to awe him, for there has been no more disturbance."

Supt. "Don't you think promptness has been noticeable since we have had the 'penny fine' for tardy ones?"

Treas. "I notice the number of pennies has beautifully diminished since the first few Sundays. By the way, we never had such a full treasury in all my experience of this work. Not only here, but in the Branch work and the general expenditures. Money never before came in so easily. We have always had deficits to worry us until this year."

F. T. "Worry don't seem to belong to the work now. It is all so harmonious. One hasn't a doubt but that everything is all right."

Sec. "That reminds me of the Brotherhood meeting this morning. Wasn't it wonderful? I never believed there could be so much harmony."

Supt. "The power of the Universe certainly seems to flow through the I. B. L. work. It seems to be a regularly defined channel. Do you notice how every phase of the work demands co-operation? One person alone cannot channel the force. It takes a group——"

Treas. "Perhaps that is because it starts from a centre and flows out in circles."

Sec. "Will the committee arrange a special programme for next Sunday, as it is the last of the month?"

Supt. "Yes, they meet at my house; and a report will be made to you before Sunday."

Sec. "Time is up, friends. Shall we adjourn?"

EYE WITNESS.

"Our Queen, we will not leave thee
For any stranger fair.
Together, bound together,
Each one will do his share."

—*Lotus Leaflet.*

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

FOUNDED APRIL 29TH, 1897.

OBJECTS.

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of heir 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,

H. T. PATTERSON,

148 Centre Street, New York City.

BROTHERHOOD.

THIS name, Brotherhood, is one which should make the blood flow stronger and the pulse beat quicker. At this place in the book of time the word Brotherhood is displayed in large type on almost every page. The whole of organized life is fairly honeycombed with institutions which profess to have brotherhood for their corner stones. It is a matter of big concern to all earnest laborers in the vineyard of human life, to know why at this special period the thought of fraternity should occupy a place of so much prominence.

The ordinary answer to the question is that men are beginning to see that the welfare and even the continued existence of modern civilization depends upon the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood and the application of the principle to the myriad affairs of every-day experience. This answer, however, is not complete, for the question "Why do men catch this view of things just now and why do they form this estimate of the needs of the hour?" still remains unanswered. I feel certain, if we would obtain a satisfactory solution of the puzzle, we must first appreciate what the essential nature of Brotherhood is.

In pondering over this word the knowledge you seek arises in the mind; it comes gently, softly, slowly; but soon it takes certain accurate shape, as definite and clear cut as a right angle. This knowledge shows you that Brotherhood is a living being, an enduring, actual, underlying fact in nature, a moving spirit in life. This spirit is by no means a shadowy vapor, or a theoretical abstraction, but a substantial, intelligent power.

I look upon all these qualities and characteristics, these aspirations and desires, which constitute so large a portion of ourselves, as actual spirits, beings, things; likewise Brotherhood is a being, a radiant, single One who inhabits every speck of earth space and mundane time.

Brotherhood, though it is the Radiant One, works in harmony with the Law. This uncreated god, this luminous exhalation, this highest god of the pantheon, in conformity to Cosmic law, sleeps at times and anon awakes.

For unnumbered ages he has slumbered on his deific couch, the world forgetting his presence, save for the reminder springing like an electric thrill from the motion of his heaving breast; but now the night has passed, the morn appears; the God awakes, and from the hibernating, dormant state begins to stir, to rise. This divine motion then is the primal cause, the ultimate source from which springs the deluge of notions, interests, hopes, ambitions and plans, each having Brotherhood as its tone and centre.

The simple fact is that the great, mighty being, Brotherhood, that substantial, intelligent power, is now active, and in consequence is an inner urge behind the minds, the nerves, the hearts of men; it presses for expression, it needs must utter itself, so that ere long we may expect it to flow forth in a perfect flood through every channel and door of exit, till in the centuries before us it will enliven the earth with its nourishing blessedness.

Once we have discovered how profound a thing Brotherhood is, it becomes evident that the various efforts to form fraternal and social organizations, to pass laws, to distribute gifts among the poor with the hope that such means alone will blot out the ugly spots on our modern life, will prove inefficient. Of course any sincere labor to lessen the burdens on the shoulders of the unfortunate should be continued. If the labor is unselfish it is divine, if it is done intelligently it will be effective, but it should be known that if the mighty truth about Brotherhood, which I have attempted to set forth, is not made the basis of any undertaking, then to a large extent will the undertaking be love's labor lost?

The great purpose then, which both God and Nature have in view, so far as human life on Earth is concerned, is to establish unity in diversity; to exhibit in the world of visible effects, the same Might, Majesty, Dominion, as dwell eternal in the unseen realms.

The writer of this article disclaims any intention of unfairly antagonizing the efforts of many people who are attempting to bring more justice and happiness into the world through the medium of colonization, socialistic, political and other kindred schemes. He feels absolutely no partisan prejudice, hatred or contempt for such people; on the contrary he loves and honors them, and would delight to serve them, and through them serve the "Great Orphan" Humanity. Simple duty compels him to point out the obstacles and dangers.

So long then as the divine side of man, and the super-sensuous laws of life are left out of the calculation, so long as the magic influence of Will, Aspiration and Thought are left unconsidered, just so long will the problem remain a hopeless puzzle; just so long will any organization which attempts the great work, remain minus the tremendous energy and power necessary for the accomplishment of its mission.

A great activity can be developed without evoking this divine fact of underlying and indwelling Brotherhood, but therein lurks a danger. Such activity is generated by playing upon the material, animal chords of the people's nature. This side of man is essentially selfish and passionate. Consequently when we arouse the animal material man, and draw him away from the dominance of the divine, we have simply developed a dangerous savage, a cunning brute.

An organization made up of events of this character, may accumulate considerable energy and show much power, but it will be a matter of time and opportunity for it to become an engine of destruction. Its inherent Selfishness and lurid desire will break forth under the ripening sun of suitable conditions. And just as a river which has been put up behind embankments will destroy every thing in its path, when it leaps from its confinement, so will the waters of such an organization controlled for a time behind the dams of false philosophy and deceptive motives, at last break through and pour a living stream of desolation on every object within the reach of its demoniacal currents.

In order to build a party or society which will be permanent, which will have the requisite intelligence, power and substance; which can successfully grapple with the monsters abroad in the land, which will shed a blessing on the earth and bring about a golden age, it must be built upon the bed rock principle that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; it must be animated by the unceasing motive to demonstrate that principle in every act of its organic life; finally it must be lit up by an ever-present willingness to respond in every part to the deific prompting which always throbs in heavenly pulse beats from its foundation heart of unity and perfect harmony.

A Brotherhood of this kind would cover the earth with gladness and with joy, it would heal the nations, it would fill the earth with glory, and with an unimaginable splendor.

IVERSON L. HARRIS.

VOICES OF THE CENTURY.

No. II.—F. DE LAMENNAIS.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

"BURY me amongst the poor, uprear no monument, plant no stone on my grave, and let no man write my epitaph." These were the last words of one of the most illustrious men of this century who have sacrificed their lives in the sacred cause of Humanity. His biography is a record of the struggles and trials, the hopes and disappointments, the desertion of friends and persecutions of enemies, which have to be endured by a great soul on its ascent to the higher and diviner life.

The history of the early martyrs of the church with all its thrilling incidents of fiery trials and terrible suffering, outlines no life more noble, displays no career more lofty and unselfish than that of Lamennais, the preacher and prophet of Universal Brotherhood who has been termed the Modern Savonarola. Such, however, is the character of the age, with its unceasing struggle for the means of existence and conflict of opposing forces seeking to gain supremacy in society, that the name and memory of its greatest and loftiest souls soon become eclipsed and forgotten. Yet are they not dead but speaking still and their works do follow them, whilst the influence of their lives and the lofty ideas to which they gave expression, become an integral part in the great ocean of human life and thought which rolls all round the world.

Born in the year 1782 at St. Malo, in the province of Brittany, one of the wildest and most rugged parts of France and yet the mother of

some of her most gifted sons, as Abelard, Renan and others, and at a time when political and social society was convulsed and shaken to its very foundations, the circumstances and surroundings of his childhood could not fail of producing a profound and deep impression upon the boy's plastic and sensitive nature.

His father was a wealthy merchant and shipowner who had been ennobled for his patriotic services and humanity towards the poor, in supplying them with cheapened corn during a time of great scarcity. Yet such was his modesty of character that he never made use of his title with its privileges for his personal interest and aggrandizement. Young Lamennais' mother, of a most gentle and saintly disposition, and of Irish descent, died when he was about five years old.

Whilst a youth he was slender and small in stature, nervous and weak in health, lively and restless in temperament. Even then, he was a great reader of books and under the tuition of his elder brother acquired such proficiency and knowledge of Latin that at ten years of age he could read any books of Livy, the Roman historian.

His uncle, a priest, and also a great classical scholar, perceiving the innate powers and genius of his young nephew, and desirous of attaching him to himself and superintending his education, arranged with his father for the transference of the boy under his own roof. He found that he had a great love of nature and was fond of straying in the woods and fields and making comparisons between various objects both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. He also discovered that he had a mind of his own, and that at times he was very wayward and indocile so much so, that as a punishment, his uncle frequently compelled him to remain alone for hours in the library which was well stocked with books, and especially with all the works of the philosophic writers of the 18th century. Instead of a prison, it proved a very palace of delight to young Lamennais and became the means of his intellectual quickening and development. There he first became acquainted with the great authors of ancient and modern philosophy, and of morals and divinity, especially with the writings of Rousseau who is styled by Carlyle as the prophet of the French Revolution.

So well versed did he become in matters pertaining to controversial divinity, that the priest who prepared him for his first communion and entry into the church, absolutely refused to accept him, through chagrin in being unable to answer the boy's puzzling questions and confute the arguments he put forth on religious topics. It was not until he was twenty-two years of age that he became a member of the Roman Catholic church and assumed the tonsure at the same time that his brother was ordained a priest.

Both of them returned together to their ancestral home at Dinon, and amidst the wild and romantic scenery of the district and the enjoyment of an ample library, spent the following five years in long and protracted study of the Greek, Hebrew and modern languages, also the works of the Church fathers and controversialists. In 1809 he became a priest. His letters of that period reveal a view of his lofty devotion and the inward joy and peace of mind of which he was not to taste in after years.

The political and spiritual state of France at that time was something fearful and shocking to one who, like Lamennais, was endowed with a lofty mind and true nobility of soul. The Church was corrupt throughout. Its hierarchy of bishops and clergy were plotting and counterplotting against each other, intent upon their own personal interests. Using all the wiles and tortuosities of a crafty diplomacy, their object was to ingratiate themselves with the usurping Emperor Napoleon regardless of the spiritual wants and necessities of their dioceses. Hence Religion, becoming a mask, a gilded sham, skepticism and infidelity the most rampant became widely prevalent in all classes of society, sapping the foundation of and corrupting all that was noble and moral in human nature and belief.

On the return of the Emperor from Elba in 1815, Lamennais along with many others, fled to England, where he remained until the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. Coming back to France in 1816 and viewing the awful spiritual state of his country and seeing no prospect of its salvation except through the aid and ministrations of the Church, he published, though with vague misgivings of its success, his famous work on "Religious Indifference," which at once raised him to the pinnacle of public fame. It affected the whole of Europe like a spell. Since the time of Bossuet, the eloquent and renowned French divine, no clergyman had exhibited such genius and power as a writer and thinker.

Shortly after, on visiting Rome, he received a most flattering reception from Pope Leo XII., who pressed him to take up his abode in the Vatican palace, and even offered to confer on him a Cardinal's hat, styling him the last of the Church Fathers. His, however, was a nature that cared not for worldly distinctions. An ardent lover and seeker after truth, endowed with a desire to help and direct humanity in the way best conducive to its happiness and welfare, he looked not at "the things that are seen but at the things that were unseen," for those were, in his eyes, fleeting and temporal, these lasting and eternal as the ages.

In 1830 occurred the second French revolution, when in conjunction with his friends, Abbe Lacordaire, Abbe Gerbet and Montalembert, all endowed with liberal ideas and broad sympathies as himself, Lamennais started *L'Avenir*, a paper which attracted considerable public attention by its advocacy of the liberty of the press, of an enlightened and better system of education and freedom of opinion. Jesuits and bishops taking fright plotted to bring about its suspension by Episcopal censure.

Lamennais and his associates again visited Rome to unfold their views and ideas to the newly-elected Pope, Gregory XVI. On his arrival he could only secure an audience of fifteen minutes with His Holiness, who talked of art and then offered him—a pinch of snuff. After waiting in vain for a further conference, he returned doubtful and disheartened with his visit to Rome. Staying at Munich on their return home, a letter of severe censure and condemnation from the Pope reached them. He submitted, but the iron had entered his soul. The time was fast approaching when he was to wake out of his dreamy state of trust in ecclesiastical institutions as the regenerators of society.

He returned to his boyhood home, and watched with pained and sinking heart the final extinction of Poland, crushed to death by Russia, with the sympathy of Austria and before the approving eye of Rome. He had hitherto regarded and looked up to his Church as the defender of the poor and down-trodden, the champion of their wrongs against the tyrant and oppressor, the exponent of those eternal principles of right and justice without which there can be no true religion, no real piety. But to witness the spoliation of Poland, connived at, winked at by one who in his eyes was the Divine vice-gerent; well—the scales fell from his eyes.

Two alternatives presented themselves, to take up the cause of Humanity or remain the obsequious adherent of external authority. He hesitated not a moment.

In one week he poured out the prophetic inspirations of his soul in the famous book, "Words of a Believer" (*paroles d'un Croyant*), in which he becomes revealed in all the grandeur of a great prophet, the defender and upholder of truth and justice to Humanity against the world's grasping and unrighteous potentates. It is a wonderful production, a strong book. Its sale became enormous. In a short time a hundred editions were printed in all the European languages.

It tells of the coming of a perfected and regenerated society, to be governed by love, though hindered awhile by the dark forces and powers of evil and injustice. By ecclesiastics it was condemned as "The Apocalypse of Satan"; by others, such as Renan, it was described as "a tractate of aphorisms, but having the vigor and sacred breath of a Hebrew prophet." To the author it brought loss of friends, rupture with old associates, excommunication, but none of these things moved him. He had made his choice, and henceforth he became the apostle of Humanity and belonged to the people alone.

Book after book came teeming from his prolific brain, one of which, entitled "Country and the Government," brought him a year's imprisonment and a fine of 2000 francs. Thus he lived and labored in the advocacy of the principles of right and justice as the only basis of true government. Universal Brotherhood was his motto, and truth, light and liberation for Humamity his watchwords. Well and valiantly, never discouraged aud disheartened, he fought on till the *coup d'etat* when Napoleon III. became Emperor of France, when he retired into private life. He had fought a good fight, he had finished his work and kept his faith in the great cause of Brotherhood.

In 1854 the end came. In Pêre la Chaise he lies buried, but no man knoweth his last resting place (*au milieu des pauvres*) amongst the poor and suffering whom he loved so well and truly. His life is his monument, his works his epitaph, and "Well done, good and faithful servant of Humanity," the benediction of his name and memory, rendered by posterity.

The extracts given elsewhere from "The Book of the People" and "Words of a Believer" enable us to form a correct estimate of his teachings and the noble idea of duty which he considered essential to the bringing about of a better state of society.

"How brightly shines the star of hope over us. It seems to me that nearly every one loves his fellow men a little more; that hearts are softening at the sight of distress and sorrow more deeply than ever before; into the souls of many is creeping, strongly and surely, the feeling that all men are brothers. The very air is filled with a music that rings *hope* into every atom of one's being." *S.*

"Nothing is so narrowing, contracting, hardening, as always to be moving in the same groove, with no thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us."—*Dean Stanley.*

"There is no war between the old and new;
The conflict is between the False and True."
—*H. Van Dyke.*

BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS.

One of the great features in connection with the gathering of Theosophists at Chicago will be the Brotherhood Congress, which is to be held in the Central Music Hall, one of the largest halls in the city, on Sunday evening Feb. 20th.

At this meeting speeches will be delivered on many subjects connected with Universal Brotherhood and of interest to various branches of thinkers. Good music will form an important part of the program and its influence in connection with Brotherhood work will in this way be emphasized.

As an illustration of this at the Sunday morning meetings recently inangurated in New York City, music has been one of the most interesting and helpful parts of the exercises. These meetings have brought forcibly before the minds of all the true spirit of Theosophy, which evokes harmony and peace and elevates the mind to a higher plane of thought, indicating the glorious possibilities that lie before us in the future.

At the Chicago Congress many of the most prominent workers in the Society will be present. Brother J. A. Anderson will come from San Francisco, bringing with him all the force and enthusiasm generated by the loyal hearts on the Pacific coast. His presence at the Convention will be beneficial and strengthening. Brothers Purman and O'Rourke from Ft. Wayne will be present. They represent a centre of activity which has always been regarded as one of the strongest in the Society, and within recent times this fact has been amply confirmed. Brother Stevens from Buffalo, where so much practical Brotherhood work has been done, will also be present. Brothers Harris and Hanson will attend from Macon. Mr. Harris has recently spent some time in New York and all who have met him have learned to love his straightforward manly spirit and the fearless way in which he gives expression to the principles he represents.

Mrs. Richmond Green, well known in connection with the mystical interpretation of Shakespearian literature, will accompany Mrs. Tingley to the Congress, and her presence there will also be felt.

Mrs. A. L. Cleather and Brother Basil Crump who have already made so many friends throughout this country are expected to be present. We know from past experience their ability to interpret Wagnerian music, and if they have time to repeat their lectures and interpretations, many will be enriched by the experience. They will also form at the beginning of this important cycle, a new link with the European work which will have beneficial results in the future.

Dr. Eric Borgen will attend as a delegate from Sweden and in this way an important connection will be made with that large centre of Theosophical activity which will also result in good.

Among others who will attend on that occasion may be mentioned Clark Thurston of Providence, F. L. Blodgett of Seattle, Brother Sweet of Indianapolis, Brother Crosbie of Boston, Brothers Fussell, Page and Harding, from the Headquarters, Brother Lindsay, late of London, Eng., and Bro. Dunlop lately of Dublin, Ireland, also Dr. Guild, of N. Y. Dr. Buck will be present and speak at the Congress. Last but not least President Neresheimer who has so endeared himself to all the members by the many years of impersonal service he has rendered to the cause.

Readers of the CENTURY will remember some time ago that the editor outlined the grand possibilities of a Universal Brotherhood Congress at glorious Point Loma, probably next year. This seems to hold out such a wonderful prospect that it is difficult to realize what it means. Representatives from all over the world gathered together on that eminence, overlooking the Pacific, the eye stretching far away in every direction taking in the beauty of the surrounding scenery; the invigoration of the scent laden breezes; nature adorned in her most beautiful garments of spring, and a climate so idyllic that the gods may once again descend fom their Olympian heights and communicate their thoughts to mortals.

It may not be out of place in this connection to mention that Dr. L. F. Wood has arranged for the opening of Point Loma House on the 18th of February, and no doubt this will be largely patronized on such an occasion. Already several persons have arranged to go there to escape the bitter cold of March, among them Brother Temple and his wife from Pittsburg who will pass through Chicago on their way. Dr. Wood has tried to make the place as comfortable as possible and all who visit will find that nothing has been left undone to make Point Loma House a desirable place of residence.

OBSERVER.

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WILLIAM C. TEMPLE.

TO many of our readers the face of William C. Temple is a familiar one, and to these the portrait which we present needs no label. To those who have never met him, as well as to those who know and love him, this counterfeit presentment of so tried and true a friend to the Theosophical Movement can bring only pleasure.

Mr. Temple joined the Theosophical Society in October, 1888, his application for membership bearing the endorsement of William Q. Judge and Alexander Fullerton. At that time he was a resident of New York and for several years worked under Mr. Judge's direction. He was a trusted and stanch friend of both H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, never turning away from his allegiance to them as the Leaders of the Movement, never abating his personal regard and friendship for them living and dead.

While Mr. Temple has never sought to make himself prominent before the world in his theosophical work, he has been a help and an inspiration to many by his unwavering fidelity to principle and by his loyal support of the chosen Leaders of the Movement.

His magnificent speech, made at the Convention of the T. S. A. held at New York in 1897, will be long remembered by those who heard it and by those who read it in the printed Report which was sent out to all members.

It would be a good thing for every member of the T. S. A. to-day to look up this speech, read it carefully and ponder its frank and manly words. The prophecy therein contained has, even now, been fulfilled, and the fire has been lighted on "the altar of sacrifice" which he foresaw would be made ready.

Mr. Temple is a resident of Pittsburg. He is associated with large business interests throughout the country, and is well known and respected in the commercial world. He conducts his life on the broad principles of brotherhood, and many a one can testify to having been benefited by his liberal minded and philanthropic spirit. He is an example of the theosophical business man now frequently run across in the business world.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

The Brotherhood League performed a remarkable act of charity last week. Their method was a new one, and seems to have produced much good.

The object of the society's charity was a scarlet woman of the town. She had just undergone a dangerous and rare surgical operation, and her condition under the most favorable circumstances would have been critical. Instead of having proper attention and comfortable clothes and nourishing food, she lay in a hovel on Dutton alley, neglected and on the brink of eternity. Her past life had been fearfully wicked, and she had sunk to the lowest depths of depravity. She lay in her wretched room awaiting death, and no one came to help her.

The story of the pitiful condition of the woman in some way reached the ears of one of the members of the Brotherhood League, who immediately called the attention of the others to the sad affair. The ladies of the organization immediately volunteered to go and see the woman. So, accompanied by one of the gentlemen of the society, several ladies called upon the poor, suffering woman.

They found her almost starved and very near the gates of eternity. When her visitors entered she sullenly gazed at them and asked them if they had come to pray. They told her that they had not, but that that they only wanted to assist her. The woman looked relieved, but still seemed suspicious. The ladies set to work to make her comfortable. A nurse was sent for, good provisions were ordered and a doctor summoned. Every day flowers were sent to her and every day the disciples of the brotherhood of man called to cheer her and supply her wants.

She improved very slowly, and on account of the unsanitary condition of her surroundings, it was thought best to remove her to a more healthy locality. Her new friends told her that she must be taken to some place where she could enjoy fresh air and freedom from noise. They suggested that she go to the hospital. The fallen woman was silent for some time, and then said she had a mother in a nearby town whom she had not seen for years and she would go to her. So the League made arrangements to send her to her old home.

Last Friday she left to spend her last days in the home she had so grievously disgraced. The fallen women of the city met in her squalid room to bid their sister a last farewell. They seemed greatly surprised at the action of the new Samaritans, and asked many questions about the new League. They said that if women of their class were treated by society and the churches in the same kindly manner as the society had used their sister, there would be some inducement for them to reform.

DEAR SIR:

In answer to your request for a letter, I will tell you that I am feeling some better since my arrival home. I have not the words or the power to write them, in which to express my gratitude to you and the ladies of your society for all you have done.

I am gratefully yours,

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SAN DIEGO BAY.

I. B. L. ACTIVITIES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Brother Thurston reports that a Brotherhood supper was given to over eighty persons on January 31st. It was another indication of the success that attends the efforts of those who enter into the practical work of the I. B. L. with enthusiasm. It is not only the supper, but the ideas of Brotherhood disseminated at such gatherings that makes them so beneficial. Many a heart goes away filled with hope and courage to help along the battle of life.

ACTIVITIES

OF THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

E. A. NEREDEIMER, PRESIDENT.

"THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEOSOPHY.

AN OUTLINE.

THIS philosophy postulates the spiritual unity of all being, that all souls are in essence divine hence that all souls possess the same potentialities and inherent powers.

(2) That all nature, all the manifestations of being, are under law, absolute, universal. That the law of periodicity governs alike universes, suns, planets, man, each having its day and night, life and death, alternately manifesting in the world of conditioned existence and passing into the world of subjective reality. That all action is subject to the law of cause and effect—the law of Karma.

(3) That the purpose of existence is the attainment of perfection through evolution and repeated rebirths, that the soul must pass through all forms from lower to higher until it attains all experience and knowledge, progressing first through the inherent natural impulse and, afterwards in the case of conscious man, through individual effort.

That Brotherhood is the highest expression of the law of Nature and is in harmony with our divine nature and hence that true progress and happiness can come only through the exercise of Universal Brotherhood and compassion.

X166 H. P. BLAVATSKY.

H. P. Blavatsky was the recorder of the philosophy for this century in the following works: *Isis Unveiled*—A Master-Key to the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology, 1877; *The Secret Doctrine*—the Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy, 1888; *The Key to Theosophy*, 1889; *The Voice of the Silence* (compiled), being chosen fragments from the "Book of Golden Precepts," 1889; The Theosophical Glossary, etc., and was also founder and editor of Theosophical magazines published in India and England.

When H. P. Blavatsky left America, William Q. Judge was left in charge of the movement in this country and through his successful methods of work and propaganda he won for Theosophy a wider recognition and consolidated the ranks of the Society.

On April 28, 1895, the Society in this country was reorganized as *The Theosophical Society in America*, William Q. Judge being elected President for life. This action was followed by similar action on the part of the Societies in Europe and Australia, these also reorganizing as *The Theosophical Society in Europe* and *The Theosophical Society in Australasia* and electing William Q. Judge President.

He was the founder and editor of *The Path*, A Magazine devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, Theosophy in America, and the Study of Occult Science, Philosophy and Aryan Literature—founded 1886. He was also the author of *Echoes from the Orient*—A Broad Outline of Theosophical Doctrine, also *Letters That Have Helped Me*, *The Ocean of Theosophy*, 1893, and English versions of the *Bhagavad Gita* and Patanjali's *Yoga Aphorisms*.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

IN THE GARDEN, Nature presents to the senses, to the mind and the experience of man a diversity without beginning or end. In the varied play of the senses, and in the constant change of emotion and feeling, man contacts physical nature at an infinite number of points, and in the panorama of events is forever forming new combinations and ringing the changes on light and shade, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, in search of the better and the best. Diversity is thus endless so long as life lasts, and man's conscious experience thus continually expands.

In thus testing nature at many points, and combining experiences through the exercise of the senses and the feelings, man creates his world of ideas and presents the external world to consciousness in terms of sense and time. For the greater part, such experience is motiveless, and the knowledge of nature thus derived is an illusion. We know nothing as it is, but only as it affects us, the action and reaction between sensation and phenomena, and we are led from one combination of events and emotions to another in search of a resting place and final happiness, and we are forever doomed to disappointment. The desire for change is often substituted for the desire for happiness, and man becomes involved deeper and deeper in the illusions of matter. This is, in brief, almost the universal experience, the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

X167 WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

The alembic in which all the varied experiences of life are precipitated is the mind. Deriving thus through the senses and feelings our knowledge of external nature, these are in the mind subjected to the discriminating judgment, weighed, measured and classified as harmful or helpful, degrading or elevating, foolish or wise, according to apparent results.

If the judgment which thus discriminates were always dispassionate, if it could act untrammelled by fleeting sensation, the love of pleasure and the behests of self, it would readily discern the permanent and the true, and the tree of knowledge would bear the lasting fruit of wisdom. But on the contrary, that which is evidently designed as a means to an end, becomes the end of all experience, and we miss the purpose and meaning of life.

In the meantime, that which in man is able to take cognizance of diversity, is in itself a unity, and that which senses the fleeting and phenomenal is itself permanent. This is the conscious self-identity in man. This remains permanent in the midst of all changes in experience, no matter how far the horizon of experience may expand. To discriminate between the fleeting and the permanent, the seeming and the true, is the beginning of wisdom. This is to subordinate the senses and emotions to the judgment, to leave the mind in the clear light of certain knowledge, and constitutes the only real difference in the last analysis between the sane and the insane, the true and the false.

That each must necessarily differ from the other by virtue of the range and diversity of individual experience, will be readily admitted. That the self in each is essentially the same, and that permanency means substantial identity, seldom occurs to us.

Here lies the real cause of all human sorrow, of all injustice amongst men, of all unhappiness in life. Man is an epitome of nature. If there be any substance, energy or law in nature that is not latent or active in man, he is thereby forever barred from any knowledge or experience regarding it. He cannot sense or contact, apprehend or experience it in any way. But if this be true on the outer phenomenal side of man's being, must it not be equally true on the subjective side, in regard to the essential and permanent? It would be impossible for man to know God, or to apprehend that there were any God, did not God dwell in him as the source of his being, the everlasting fountain of his life. That man does not know himself, and least of all his fellows, is because of his ignorance of this inner divine realm, the citadel of the soul. We have so magnified the outer realm of sense, that we have lost the knowledge that any other exists.

The whole of modern science concerns itself with the phenomenal side of life. The whole of evolution is conceived as related to the variations of experience, derived from the senses and the perceptions of outer things. All social relations and institutions amongst men, as all relations and experiences between individuals, concern largely the outer realm of sense-perception, the changing emotions and feelings of daily life. Hence we know nothing as it is, but only as it seems in a moment of transition, or in a series of transient events. We continually misjudge because we never understand. We are familiar with bodies but strangers to souls. We are involved and lost in illusions, and truth is an alien and a stranger within our gates. People live together for years on terms of the greatest intimacy and yet are strangers still. Indeed it is only the blind instincts of the soul that draw us together and cause us to seek fellowship with each other. Nothing short of this could sustain us in the midst of disappointment and sorrow, satiety and disgust. We are seeking blindly for that which continually eludes us; for happiness and peace and rest on the billowy ocean of feeling, and the whirling maelstrom of passion, unmindful of that quiet haven, the soul, where only the permanent and the true can be found.

Who is satisfied that he has completely and truthfully expressed himself? Who does not feel that he is continually being misunderstood and misjudged? Who amongst us is habitually as charitable toward others as toward himself, and always assumes the better or the best for others, even against appearances, instead of worse and the worst?

No thoughtful and sincere person will deny that the foregoing is a truthful portrayal of the average experience of mankind. It is the bitter fruit of experience from the tree of knowledge of good and evil. It is a necessary experience, but in no sense a finality, a means to an end yet not the end itself. Like a pilgrim to a fair country, man has become bewildered and lost by the way, and so he wanders in a vicious circle that is circumscribed by self, till he loses all but a faint tradition of the fairer land beyond. The senses, emotions and feelings designed as means to an end, as the way to knowledge, and not knowledge itself, usurp the place of truth and land us in bewilderment and despair.

The remedy and the rescue lie within man himself. The problem of human evolution is not solved by admitting failure here, and by relegating it to an invisible country in an unknown realm. Never till the average intelligence of mankind is satisfied that the best possible achievements and results individually and col-

lectively, have been accomplished here on this earth, will human life be regarded as anything short of a failure, or human evolution anything better than a cruel joke. The perception of the possibility of a better state, an ideal republic, that obtains with many, and is longed for by the few, presupposes the possibility of its attainment.

The perfectibility of man on this earth is the ideal of this human evolution. That man should advance for ages toward an ideal goal, only to degenerate in the end back to barbarism from whence he came, would savor not only of Divine caprice, but would deprive all evolution of either law or beneficence.

The fruit of the tree of knowledge is the range and diversity of man's experience whereby he may learn to discriminate between good and evil, between the permanent and the fleeting, between the true and the false. He must not only learn to distinguish, he must eventually choose, and according to his choice must he rise or fall in the evolution of the soul.

J. D. BUCK.

POINTERS.

MANY of the dangers that beset humanity today are subtle, and unperceived. Students who have studied, even to a limited extent, know how easy it is to establish currents of force which get beyond control and work considerable harm.

The hour is ripe with possibilities for good or evil. Before entering on any field of action all should endeavor to realize to the fullest extent possible the necessity for calmness, patience, and dignity.

In the whirl of events let us always consider our position. When in doubt we should go slow and free ourselves from the mental attitude of criticism or condemnation, while in no way sacrificing the principles we hold. Let us not take upon ourselves the awful karma of raising the barrier of personal ambition or encouraging it in another.

While all nature is in travail to give birth to a higher civilization, it is our privilege to assist, if we can sink our personal wills and give free scope to the spiritual agencies at work. No false sentiment should hinder us from defining clearly our position, even when members of our own family or those with whom at some time we have worked closely together are acting contrary to the true principles of our ancient order, the hope of fraternity throughout the ages.

In all things pertaining to the welfare of humanity let us emphasize points of agreement and not of difference. Let us construct on a grander scale than ever before an edifice wherein all that is lofty, noble, heroic, and pure shall find free expression, and wherein all that is truly godlike shall manifest itself in a more striking form than ever before.

All reformers and martyrs have given their lives for such a glorious consummation, every age and time has contributed. All forms are but feeble images to express the immortal spirit behind.

As we conform more closely to the living ideal we shall free ourselves from too much attachment to the outward form. Where organizations have failed, it has been in this direction. We stand to-day at a point in the history of the race where all that is best in the past can be given more ample expression, where everything good that has been evolved from the struggle of the ages can be given a synthetic embodiment. All we have to do is to follow the highest principles and be careful that no impulse leads us in the wrong direction. Unattached to outward objects but attached to the living spirit let us rise to heights of spiritual freedom hitherto untouched.

The whole world lies before us; men and women everywhere are waiting on this message of the new age, which shall overcome obstacles hitherto lying across their path, by eliminating everything that evokes prejudice and opposition.

We see the struggles of nations epitomized in organizations large and small where an endeavor is made to embody a higher conception of right. Crises are brought about by those whose actions are based on selfishness and love of position and power, who seek to cover themselves under the pretext that "the end justifies the means."

If we look around us we shall see evidences of a few prominent in this work for brotherhood seeking to further their own ends by taking advantage of the trust formerly reposed in them. They have talked about principles, and reiterated again and again the statement that they would sacrifice their lives rather than raise the turbulent forces of distrust, but alas! they find too many who hold up their hands, and help them on their path of destruction. Short sighted philosophers indeed, that they cannot see how soon such methods defeat themselves.

D. N. DUNLOP.

ACTIVITIES T. S. IN AUSTRALASIA. (N. S. W.)

SYDNEY, December 19, 1897.

THE feature of this month's activities in Australia was the general annual meeting of the T. S. in Australia (N. S. W.), which was held on December 19th in the afternoon and evening at the Society's Headquarters, No. 8 Bond Street, in the Lecture Hall of the Central Lodge.

The duly accredited delegates of The Central, The Isis, the Tibetan and the Harmony Lodges were eleven in number, a distinct advance upon the one lodge with its twenty odd members who made the stand for Brotherhood when our beloved Chief W. Q. Judge was attacked not quite three years ago.

The officers of the past year were reëlected, namely, T. W. Williams, President, Frederick Strafford, Vice-President, and E. J. Redman, treasurer.

Three important resolutions were passed, one of regret for Brother E. T. Hargrove's resignation and of appreciation of his past services; a second recommending to the forthcoming Convention of the T. S. in Australasia that Brother E. A. Neresheimer be elected President of the T. S. in Australasia in his stead; and lastly, one in appreciation and support of The Leader of the Theosophical Movement, Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley. All were passing standing and with acclamation, and the latter with an additional three cheers.

The President's report gave the increase of members as over a hundred per cent. and the yearly meetings of the combined Branches as five hundred odd.

The Lotus work for children is steadily proceeding and some of the other activities mentioned were the advantageous move into larger quarters, No. 8 Bond Street, with the immediate result of larger audiences at the public meetings, and the distribution of over 5000 leaflets by two lady members in the public parks.

In the evening the meeting was open to the public and the well filled room bore witness of the interest taken in the proceedings.

Brother Williams opened the meeting and gave a short résumé of the history of the society and the work accomplished. Brother Marshall, President of the Central Lodge, should have followed next, but was not well enough to speak and Brother Dwyer, President of the Isis Lodge, was unable through pressure of work to attend in the evening.

Sister Gawthorpe, President of the Tibetan Lodge, spoke on "Sympathy," and was followed by Brother Herbert Daniell, who spoke on "Theosophy." Brother Clement B. Hilliard spoke on "Simplicity," and Brother Strafford on the "Perfectibility of Man." Mrs. E. I. Williams took as her subject "The Leader of the Theosophical Movement." Brother J. A. Andrews and Brother Harold Daniell spoke respectively on "The Scientific Reality of Brotherhood" and "The Power of the Printing Press." Brother E. J. Redman spoke on "The Progress of the Ages," and Brother Paul Ferris on "Happiness." Brother Ernest Williams gave a short exposition of "Reincarnation," and Brother A. A. Smith brought the proceedings to a close with a short address on "What Constitutes Authority," followed by a reading of the letter sent to the Convention of the T. S. in Australia last year by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley.

The speeches were interspersed with songs and music. The musical committee for the evening were Bros. A. A. Smith and Hudson, and their efforts gave great satisfaction to all present.

Sister Skepper preceded the speeches with an overture and Brother Smith played the closing piece. The songs sung were "Nazareth," by Brother Victor of the Tibetan Lodge; "Come to Me ye Weary," by Brother Skepper of the Central Lodge, and "Consider the Lilies," by Mr. Brady.

The proceedings were harmonious from start to finish and characterized by a spirit and energy which speaks well for the future of the movement in Australia.

TO MEMBERS T. S. A.

NEW YORK, February 11th, 1898.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

Greeting:

Being the focus here at Headquarters of the expressions of the members from all over the land, I can reflect in a few words the status of feelings on all matters throughout the Society.

I deem it my duty to inform you that all is well, indeed, wonderfully well, considering the subtle means which had been adopted to upset members in their adherence to their ideals and to sway them from the Path which they themselves had selected and which had been thought to be the right path towards helping the spiritual regeneration of mankind.

An issue has been raised so as to make it appear that members of the T. S. A. were not exercising perfect independence and freedom by tacitly admitting the spiritual help and guidance which this Society enjoys at the hands of its original Founders.

This issue, though intended to unsettle the ideals, has had the contrary effect on the members; the fact is that their intuitions have become keener, their disposition to demonstrate them more spontaneous, in short an awakening to the duty of defending these ideals and principles has taken place among the majority of the members of the T. S. which had hitherto been confined to the Inner Council of the Esoteric School alone.

The whole body of the T. S. A. has in consequence risen to a much higher plane, which will make greater things possible in the future than have yet been accomplished.

The larger the circle of souls that can push forward into the new cycle, the greater will be the power and influence of these grand ideals which are the heritage of the world, but which have to be given to it by the instrumentality of this organization.

The coming Convention will give an opportunity to solidify the members of the Society into such a unity of stability and force as will bring the cause of Universal Brotherhood forward with a bound, where no attempt of whatsoever kind can retard its progress or power to affect this age, and turn the tide of the entire civilization towards Brotherhood.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,

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