

# The New Century

TO PROMULGATE THE BROADEST TEACHINGS OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

"TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION FOR DISCOURAGED HUMANITY."

EDITED BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

VOL. I., NO. 24.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1898.

YEAR, \$1.50; COPY, 5c.



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JOSEPHINE,  
EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.



# The New Century

Edited by Katherine A. Tingley

Published every Saturday by

THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

CLARK THURSTON, BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL MANAGER  
144 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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SUBSCRIPTION per year, including postage, \$1.50 for the United States, Canada and Mexico; \$2.00 for other countries in the Postal Union, payable in advance. Single copy, five cents.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the Editor, manuscripts, reports of work, books and periodicals for review, should be sent to Katherine A. Tingley, Editor, THE NEW CENTURY, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, subscriptions, etc., should be sent to Clark Thurston, Manager THE NEW CENTURY, 144 Madison Avenue, New York

CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS should be made payable to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION.

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

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1898

IN this Nineteenth century, in the whirl of disturbance and persecution, where man's hand is raised against his brother man, one cannot help feeling almost an infinite pity for those who follow the downward path of destruction and unbrotherliness while they prostitute the glorious principles of freedom.

The poor tramp glories in his life of *freedom from work* while he regales himself with the drippings of the beer barrel, and enjoys the ease and comfort of long tramps through the country, begging from door to door for food which he is too lazy to earn. Even he commands a sort of half-hearted respect, for poor fellow, he rarely does harm to any one but himself. If the inner depths of his life could be revealed, we might find that his environments, from his very birth, had afforded him no opportunity to know the real meaning of life,—its great responsibilities and possibilities.

But what of the man who is knowingly seeking to destroy our ideals of freedom, and control all that we hold sacred as a helpful force for humanity? The one whose circumstances in life have placed him in a position to know right from wrong, who has had the tender and loving guidance of a Mother's love, who has lived in the environments of high ideals, who has had the support and encouragement of devoted friends, who has been blessed with the comforts, and even luxuries of life, and yet heartlessly, cruelly and persistently makes war on his brothers for selfish aims and personal advancement? The tramp glories in a *life of freedom from work*, this man glories in his love of power and prominence, while he hides himself behind the misleading words of "independence," "autonomy," and "freedom."

The first is the harmless man, the second the dangerous one, a moral assassin determined "to rule or ruin." He, living "at a point in space" singing the anthem of freedom, flooding his own great world with his "divine utterances."

While we cannot help him in Comradeship, and encouragement of wrong-doing, we can, with the tramp and all other unfortunate mortals, hold him in the interior keeping of our hearts, and by thoughts of helpfulness and right action hope for the day to come when the light of his soul shall shine, and he shall find the true path.

Hundreds of examples can be found every day of the misuse of the highest principles, of the perversion of high ideals and great truths, of the planting of the seeds of dissension and the spirit of warfare among men, of the persistent endeavor of the lower forces to destroy our glorious work of Brotherhood.

*Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age.* It menaces, to no small degree, the progress of our civilization. Its power cannot be broken or destroyed, until man has had ingrained into his heart, and mind, the fact that he is divine in nature, until he realizes that he possesses the immortal potentiality of good, that *true freedom* exists only where the higher law holds in subjection the lower. Not until he seeks to gain the ascendancy over his lower nature, can he do his highest duty to his fellowmen, or be a brother in the truest sense of the word, or live in the freedom of Freedom.

Let us hope with that grander hope of the soul, the energy of right action, that the day is not far distant when the great sweeping force of Love—of true brotherliness, shall encompass humanity, when the knowledge of right living shall be in the grasp of all, and shall be lived in the truest sense of the word, when children shall be conceived, and educated in the atmosphere of purest thought and grander action, then and not until then shall humanity commence to build the solid foundation of a golden age and work in the kingdom of freedom.

The following by Walt Whitman is a fine conception of Freedom and well worth quoting many times:

"It is not only true that most people entirely misunderstand Freedom, but I sometimes think I have not yet met one person who rightly understands it. The whole Universe is absolute Law. Freedom only opens entire activity and license *under the law*. To the degraded or undeveloped—and even to too many others—the thought of freedom is a thought of escaping from law—which, of course, is impossible. More precious than all wordly riches is Freedom—freedom from the painful constipation and poor narrowness of ecclesiasticism—freedom in manners, habiliments, furniture, from the silliness and tyranny of local fashions—entire freedom from party rings and mere conventions in Politics—and better than all, a general freedom of One Self from the tyrannic domination of vices, habits, appetites, under which nearly every man of us, (often the greatest brawler for freedom,) is enslaved. Can we attain such enfranchisement—the true Democracy, and the height of it? While we are from birth to death the subjects of irresistible law, enclosing every movement and minute, we yet escape, by a paradox, into true free will. Strange as it may seem, we only attain to freedom by a knowledge of, and implicit obedience to, Law. Great—unspeakably great—is the Will! the free Soul of man! At its greatest, understanding and obeying the laws, it can then, and then only, maintain true liberty. For there is to the highest, that law as absolute as any—more absolute than any—the Law of Liberty. The shallow, as intimated, consider liberty a release from all law, from every constraint. The wise see in it, on the contrary, the potent Law of Laws, namely, the fusion and combination of the conscious will, or partial individual law, with those universal, eternal, unconscious ones, which run through all Time, pervade history, prove immortality, give moral purpose to the entire objective world, and the last dignity to human life"

K. A. T.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

(FROM A MEMBER OF THE "INDIAN SECTION.")

CHOTANAGPUR, T.S., RANCHI,

28th January, 1898.

To Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, New York.

RESPECTED SISTER: I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the NEW CENTURY. It is an excellent periodical and contains very important articles; my brothers have read it with great delight. The works of the Crusaders published therein are most laudable and reflect great credit on them for their disinterested and unselfish actions and the sacrifices they have made for the cause of Universal Brotherhood. *Exemplary!* This alone shows the hand of the helper in the work of our American brothers.

"A tree is known by its own fruits," whatever the antagonistic people may say. It is my firm conviction that America is protected by the powers and my brothers in this country all agree with me in this view. They also believe that all the Branches of the T. S. in America have enjoyed from the beginning the highest celebrity and stood first in the work for humanity. The Head of the T. S. made his Lodge first in America, though H. P. B. and W. Q. J. and every sincere theosophist will admit this.

"Man proposes, God disposes, hence the purposes of the *Sadhu* Crusaders were so literally fulfilled. No envy or obstructions could stop the progress of the workers who work under the Powers and under Their influence. If They be for us who can be against us? The Crusaders were respected by all people wherever they went and they have performed very successfully their appointed work. "I came down from Heaven not to do my own will but the will of Him that sent me" was the motto of the blessed Nazarene and with this view the Crusaders went around the world—being sent by the will and wish of their protector.

Revered sister, we heartily congratulate you on your success in your mission for the Cause of humanity and we are very happy to understand that the objects of our society have been so widely propagated by you and our venerable Crusaders.

The last quarrel with our revered American brother J. has indeed brought a curse on the Indian Section and it could not as yet resume its former energy. In fact it has done simply nothing in 1897.

Another sin is creeping in our section, which is the selection of some selfish people to rule over the active members. This has sorely mortified many, and they are growing indifferent and slack toward their public work. I am always afraid of this high-handedness and am working with a broken heart. I thought I would be happy in working now in the Indian Section but a sad disappointment met me; consequently my heart is not here but gone to America and lodged in New York. When I remember your sympathy with my work I become encouraged and my heart becomes full of joy.

N. C. G., President.

## WAGNER INTERPRETATION.

THE Wagner entertainment given by Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump at the Waldorf-Astoria on March 19, was a great success. The audience was very appreciative and gave close attention throughout. An entertainment is to be given in Boston this week and Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump are to return to England next week.

These Wagner interpretations are of the greatest educative value and in London and Newcastle during the past year they were hailed with enthusiasm. The time will come when the public will be educated largely by means of music and the drama of the highest character. Some of our grandest ideals can be portrayed in living pictures before the world. Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump carry on the work under the auspices of "Universal Brotherhood" without any recompense and at great sacrifice. Since Mrs. Cleather returned from the Crusade she has lectured all over England as well as in Sweden and Holland. Mrs. Cleather is possessed of a striking personality and has given up everything which women in the higher walks of life usually hold dear. She is an accomplished lecturer and musician and has a charming manner which endears her to all who are brought in contact with her. Mr. Crump has given up all his prospects in the legal profession in order to devote all his time to the work for Brotherhood. He is a professional musician and is possessed of great literary ability, and makes a fine impression as a public speaker. Wherever he is known he is loved and respected.

"It is better to leave no footprints on the sands of time than to let them show that you were walking backward."



## VOICES OF THE CENTURY.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

No. IV.—"NOVALIS."

"WHOM the Gods love, die young," was a saying amongst the ancients by which they accounted for the frequent premature disappearance from the plane of earth life, of their fairest and their best. It was a beautiful thought, indicative of the high state of spiritual enlightenment to which, in those early ages, they had attained, and with great appropriateness may it form the epitaph of Novalis, one of the greatest minds that have adorned the present century. His short, brief life was a loan to the world, a magnificent parading of that divine humanity which, whether we realize it or not, is the ultimate destiny of man and unlocks the mysterious enigma of earthly existence.

Herein, we cannot but think, lies the true meaning and moral value of the appearance of great souls amongst us, that though too often unrecognized and unacknowledged as such, they are really living prophets, resuscitating and strengthening within us those principles of hope and faith in the ultimate triumph of right and truth which if extinguished would cause us to become overwhelmed with a lifeless despair. Excelsior! higher and yet higher! is the burden of their message, and universal brotherhood the gospel they all proclaim, each in his own peculiar manner, and tell us that the Golden Age is not only behind, but before us. Their messages, though apparently forgotten and discarded, ceasing when the voice that uttered them is heard no longer, yet are they not in vain and resultless; but find an entrance into receptive hearts, originating that process of spiritual regeneration and rebirth which causes them to turn from the idolatry of self and enrolls them among the sons of God and children of that Light which sooner or later enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

Novalis, whose real name was Friedrich von Hardenberg, was born in the latter part of the last century at Mansfield, in Saxony, a scion of that German race which has produced the most profound thinkers, philosophic and literary, in every department of art and science. Whilst a boy he was of a retiring disposition, and very affectionate in his nature, loving his mother with an intensity and ardor remarkable in one so young; from which we may detect and predict his greatness, for it has been an invariable characteristic of great souls that they have honored and loved their mothers. It was not till his ninth year that he manifested any sign of his future genius. A biliary affection from which he barely escaped became the turning point in his life, like to that mysterious complaint which assailed Carlyle and changed the whole tone and current of his after-career. Like one awaking out of a dream to new life, Novalis henceforward became a ready and eager learner in all branches of knowledge and scholarship.

He studied at the universities of Leipzig, Wittenberg and Jena, where he became acquainted with Schegel and also came under the influence of Fichte, one of the loftiest and great minds that Germany has produced and of whom it is said: "The philosophy of Fichte was like lightning; it appeared only for a moment, but it kindled a fire which will burn forever." It was the beginning of the higher life with Novalis, who passed through the vestibule of Fichte's philosophy into the clear realm of spiritual life and thought. Acceding to his father's

wish, Novalis engaged in the study of the physical sciences and mathematics in order to qualify himself for a government post in the salt works in Saxony. He had now attained the age of youthful manhood, being tall, slender and of noble proportions. He wore his light brown hair in pendent locks; his hazel eye was clear and gleaming, and the complexion of his countenance, especially of the intellectual forehead, almost transparent. Profile and expression resembled very nearly that of the Evangelist John, as he is depicted in Albrecht Durer's great picture, preserved at Nurnberg and Munchen.

Now comes the great romance of his life. Whilst residing in a country mansion in the neighborhood of Arnstadt he became acquainted with Sophie von Kuhn. The first glance of this fair and wonderfully lovely form was decisive for his whole life. As he gazed into those eyes of hers and caught the reflection of a wondrous world of light and beauty, and listened to her speech and discourse which sounded as the undertones of an intelligence not of this earth, did he recognize in her the lofty, pure soul that had left its far-away home, drawn into the orbit of earthly existence, that she might become the guide, the self-sacrificing agent in raising and elevating him into the one real life by which he might attain unto his true vocation and become a great world-teacher? We cannot tell. We only know that from his brief intercourse with her the whole tenor of his life and thought underwent a great change. Life became for him a glorified life and in her presence he caught the sight of a higher and nobler existence.

Three years glided by, and then a voice called her away and she returned back again to her own glorious home. Novalis himself followed her within four years after her departure, during which period were composed those works, such as "The Disciples at Sais," his unfinished romance of Heinrich von Ofterdingen, Fragments under the title of Blütenstaub and also Hymns to the Night.

He passed away on March 25, 1801. Ere doing so, and standing on the threshold of the century which is now fast hastening to its close, in that great life-moment he alone amongst moderns resembles the sublime Dante, and sings to us, like him, an unfathomable mystic song of an Il Paradiso yet to come. Loving external nature with a singular depth and holding unspeakable communings with her, he bids us to seek within her, within ourselves, the fount of all high inspiration, the incentive to every noble effort.

Nature, says he, becomes then no longer dead, hostile Matter, but the veil and mysterious garment of the Unseen, and the voice with which the Deity proclaims himself to man. Harmony is what the spirit strives to attain and promulgate, and in proportion to its success so is manifested the all-sufficiency of a high moral order in the Universe, and what is purest of man's nature comes into brighter and brighter clearness. The significance of the world is Reason; for her sake is the world here; and when it is grown and becomes the arena of a child-like, expanding Reason, it will one day become the divine image of her activity, the scene of a genuine Church of a Universal Brotherhood.

Let him, therefore, who would arrive at knowledge of Nature train his moral sense; let him act and conceive in accordance with the noble essence of his soul; and, as if of herself, Nature will become open to him. Moral action is that great and only experiment, in which all riddles of the most mani-

fold appearances explain themselves. Who-so understands it and in rigid sequence of thought can lay it open, is forever Master of Nature.

The following form part of his Fragments:

Where children are, there is the golden age.

The Bible begins gloriously with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and ends with the everlasting kingdom, with the holy city. The history of every man should be a Bible.

All faith is miraculous and worketh miracles.

The greatest of miracles is a virtuous act.

Man is the Messiah of Nature.

Every sickness is a musical problem; the cure is the musical solution.

If God could be man, he can also be stone, plant, animal, element, and perhaps in this way there is a continuous redemption in Nature.

The fate which oppresses us is the sluggishness of our spirit. By enlargement and cultivation of our activity, we change ourselves into fate. Everything appears to stream in upon us, because we do not stream out. We are negative, because we choose to be so; the more positive we become, the more negative will the world around us be, until, at last, there is no more negative, and we are all in all. God wills gods.

*Every act of introversion, every glance into our interior, is at the same time ascension, going up to heaven, a glance at the veritable outward.*

We conceive God as personal, just as we conceive ourselves personal. God is just as personal and as individual as we are; for what we call I is not our true I, but only its off glance.

In most religious systems we are considered members of the Godhead; members which, if they will not obey the impulsion of the guiding will, but will follow their own instincts, and refuse the rights of membership, have to submit to surgical treatment, and either be painfully cured or cut off.

He who seeks God will find Him everywhere.

Every reflecting man will seek out truth, and find it whatever he does, wherever he goes.

Love is the goal of the World's history—the Amen of the Universe.

1895—1898!

"THE theosophical movement did not commence with the present T. S. It commenced many thousands of years ago, if we believe that which we teach, and it will continue on, we suppose, many thousands of millions of years hence. The T. S. is but a name, and as long as it maintains the spirit upon which it was founded, it is a great name, but when it ceases its functions practically and becomes merely the seat of dissension among its members, it is better the spirit be preserved and the name lost, than the name preserved and the spirit lost. . . Now, but you accuse us, who wish to support this resolution, of being determined in our actions by personal regard, look over history and tell us what has been the action and operation of all great movements of mind and matter wherever found. Do they not always center about one man or one coterie? are we not compelled to fall back upon persons to lead us?"

A. H. SPENCER.

Boston, April, 1895.



## GREEDINESS PUNISHED.

It was the cloister Grabow, in the land of Usedom;  
For years had God's free goodness to fill its larder  
come:

They might have been contented!

Along the shore come swimming, to give the monk's  
good cheer

Who dwelt within the cloister, two fishes every year:  
They might have been contented!

Two sturgeons—two great fat ones—and then this  
law was set,

That one of them should yearly be taken in a net:  
They might have been contented!

The other swam away then until next year came  
round,

Then with a new companion he punctually was  
found:

They might have been contented!

So then again they caught one, and served him in a  
dish

And regularly caught they, year in, year out, a fish:  
They might have been contented!

One year, the time appointed two such great fishes  
brought,

The question was a hard one, which of them should  
be caught:

They might have been contented!

They caught them both together, but every greedy  
wight

Just spoiled his stomach by it; it served the gluttons  
right:

They might have been contented!

This was the least of sorrows: hear how the cup ran  
o'er!

Henceforward to the cloister no fish came swimming  
more:

They might have been contented!

So long had God supplied them of his free grace  
alone,

That now it is denied them, the fault is all their own:  
They might have been contented!

—Friedrich Ruckert, translated by C. T. Brooks.

## OF DEEPER BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON.

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

## CHAPTER XVI.

## HOW THE KETTLE BOILED OVER.

HOSEA was the first to speak. "I had  
fully made up my mind," he said,  
"to tell you some of my own  
thoughts—about myself chiefly—the  
first time I had the chance; but now I feel  
that somehow it can't be done naturally,  
after what has been said by that silly old  
man Flaws."

"Oh, don't pay any attention to him,  
please; he has already found about half a  
dozen future husbands for me; most of them  
are married by this time."

It cost the poor girl an effort to say this  
with a steady voice; but she realized that if  
any good was to come out of their present  
talk, personal feelings must be kept sternly  
in abeyance.

"Now tell me," she added, looking him  
straight in the eyes with appealing sym-  
pathy; "just suppose I am an old friend, with  
the right to know."

His lips twitched. Tears stood in his  
eyes. His heart understood the sacrifice she  
was making. And the very nobility of it  
became a temptation. Could she not be in-  
duced to spare herself?

But the calm strength of her beautiful face  
at that moment forbade the thought. With  
a sigh, he began his story by remarking,  
gloomily:

"I think that the best, and the worst, I  
can say about myself is that I have a pile of  
money; in fact, I am a five million dollar  
man, or what you Britishers would call a  
Millionaire."

"I judged you were rich; but I did not  
know it was as bad as all that with you,"  
said Marjory gently.

"It is not my fault," cried the American,  
vehemently; "I was born to wealth, and  
carefully trained to add to it, and I pledged  
my word to my dying father to make still  
more. He was awfully kind to me, so how  
could I help doing what he asked me? And,  
now——" He hesitated.

"And now," she repeated quietly.

"Well, I begin to understand why rich  
men commit suicide."

For a moment the girl wondered how peo-  
ple could ever be so absurd, since it appeared  
such a very easy matter for them to renounce  
their riches in preference to their lives.  
Then the thought flashed into her mind: *In  
whose favor should they renounce?*

He must have been brooding over the  
same idea, for he added: "I had practically  
settled it in my mind when I left the States  
for a holiday trip in Europe, to give up  
money making. But I can't help myself.  
A millionaire controls such a big machine  
that frightful disaster would be sure to hap-  
pen somewhere, if he suddenly stopped it."

"How?"

"Why in this way—take my own case. I  
am involved in countless financial or com-  
mercial transactions, from Japan to Italy,  
from Chicago to St. Petersburg. Well, sup-  
pose I told my debtors one and all that I  
wanted my money back, in order to build  
hospitals or found universities, or to get rid  
of it somehow or other on benevolent lines,  
say. Such conduct would just mean sudden  
ruin for a host of people (not to speak of  
starvation for those employed by them) who  
had been trading in the faith that Hosea  
Cutt & Son were incapable of doing any-  
thing eccentric or unbusinesslike."

"And it would not be wise to make these  
people a present of what they owe you," re-  
marked Marjory thoughtfully.

"Wise! I should think not. About as mad  
as to stand in the streets of New York and  
give twenty dollar notes to all the beggars  
who passed. Nine out of ten of them would  
be drunk for a week afterward at the least."

"And some of those released debtors of  
yours might become intoxicated in a way.  
I understand. Poor Hosea!"

It was the first time she had called him by  
his Christian name. His face flushed, but  
he resisted the temptation to dwell on this.  
She helped him by saying:

"Is there any other way that you can  
break off the fetters of wealth?"

He shook his head. "None that I can  
think of as right. I could easily change my  
business into a joint stock company at a  
profit, and afterward gradually withdraw my  
capital entirely from it, and then proceed to  
squander that capital in recognized forms of  
benevolence. That is a kind of almost death-  
bed repentance that many a rich scoundrel  
has attempted. But the whole thing strikes  
me as mean and immoral. The saying that  
'a committee has neither a soul to be saved  
nor a body to be damned,' applies equally to  
a board of directors. I can, working by  
myself, at least try to do business in a clean  
way, as far as American methods permit.  
The chances are that Hosea Cutt & Son,  
*Limited*, wouldn't have the slightest scruple  
as to how the money was got in, so long as  
a big dividend could be declared every half  
year. No; my poor father began trading as  
a slave dealer. I don't know that he could

help it. At any rate, I can avoid going  
back to his early method, so long as the busi-  
ness is in my own hands.

"But bad's the best, anyhow," he contin-  
ued bitterly; "and, meanwhile, it is a hate-  
ful misery to be so rich. Believe me, until  
I got to Shetland I could not go anywhere  
or do anything with perfect confidence in my  
fellow creatures. All the people I came into  
touch with, first looked at my money bags,  
and then made their plans accordingly."

"But you see our people don't know that  
you are a particularly rich man," said Mar-  
jory.

"One person, at any rate, knew I was rich  
enough to give away a sovereign, and sent  
nineteen and sixpence of it back! I haven't  
forgotten that circumstance. Besides, look  
at your brother-in-law, Harold. He is much  
better off than the people roundabout him.  
Do they shape their conduct accordingly?  
And then I have not forgotten how those  
crofters at Locherd stood their ground with  
old Goudie, the richest man in this neigh-  
borhood, I reckon. On the other hand, by  
the merest chance he happened to discover  
who I was, and his servility was simply  
loathsome. And what disgusted me most,  
when I came to reflect on the matter, was  
that I liked his flattery, and felt at home  
with the man. It was merely another acci-  
dent, through which I found myself at that  
meeting of the crofters, and learned more of  
Goudie's character, that fixed me up in the  
resolution to talk to you about myself, before  
I went away."

Marjory turned pale at those last words;  
but she replied steadily, and with a smile on  
her lips:

"I am afraid none of us are exactly angels  
in Shetland; although, honestly, I think  
there is more plain living and high thinking  
among us than is usually found in big cities  
like London or New York. Still, we needna  
talk about that; only I'm glad you are  
pleased with us in the main. Go on."

"Well, can you tell me, frankly, what a  
rich man is really to do, when he feels his  
wealth a burden? That is what I intended  
to ask you. I recollect you said one after-  
noon that every man must bear his own bur-  
den. But I feel so miserably weak: won't  
you help me to bear it, Marjory?"

Those last words had slipped from his lips  
in spite of good resolutions. There was no  
mistaking his meaning. The lover was domi-  
nant.

It was a critical moment for both of them.  
Had Marjory even lowered her eyes before  
his ardent gaze, it is probable that those two  
young people would by this time have en-  
tered the ranks of the commonplace, even if  
they had not begun to despise each other.

The "merest chance" brought release from  
this calamity. Old Gifford Flaws had fallen  
asleep over his task of tea making a little dis-  
tance from where they were seated. The  
small kettle he had brought with him for  
this purpose was consequently boiling over.  
The noise caused Marjory to look up. Then  
she rose, and stepping quietly to the peat  
fire removed the kettle. Thus do trifles  
make up life, in spite of all the romancers.

Our heroine's ready intuition grasped the  
significance of this trifle. At the very least  
it taught her what next to say as she resumed  
her seat.

"Before we bother ourselves about your  
burden of a million pounds, my friend,"—  
(he winced)—"let me ask one favor."

She spoke in a calm, sisterly fashion that  
could not be misunderstood.

"Well?" This was said almost snap-  
pishly. The natural man didn't relish his de-  
feat a bit.



"Now dinna be cross, or I willna deliver the lecture on ethics that ye are dying to hear."

The Marjory Mail of everyday life, mingling wit and wisdom with such cunning ease, spoke there. Poor vanquished Hosea could only laugh, and bid her ask what she liked.

"It is just this," she said; "I notice that you—and thousands of other folk, too, for the matter of that—make a good deal of that word 'chance,' when you can't see the drift of things. It is a stupid word, to say the least; especially when used by those who almost in the same breath talk about the 'reign of Law.' Ye canna have it both ways, Hosea."

"What would you say, then, instead—'Providence'?"

"Na, na; I hope to be my own Providence some day; and I wish the same for you. Anyhow, it is a blessing that the Law reigns. Something like that was in the mind of that wise man Paul, I think, when he spoke of the Law being our Schoolmaster to bring us to Christ."

The millionaire sighed. "You are too deep for me," he muttered; "I can't see what you are driving at."

"Wait a bit. This is the favor I want you to grant." She paused and then said slowly: "I want you to banish the very notion of chance from your mind, as you would a temptation to do evil. If you do this, I feel sure, positively sure (it has been my own experience), that just those very trifles that you have attributed to chance hitherto, will furnish—if you take the trouble to note and record them—a certain clue to the purpose of your own life."

He was silent. She was but echoing thoughts that had come unbidden into his own mind during the past month.

"Why did you come to Shetland?" she asked suddenly.

"I must think it out," he said, rising to his feet. "But I begin to see your drift, Marjory. Thank you."

"Noo, young folk," said a familiar voice; "sweethearting, like all ither things must have an ending. I have gotten ready for ye a bonnie meal on the top iv auld Ronas Hill. Tink iv dat, noo!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHORDS OF HARMONY.

FROM THE "FRIENDS IN COUNSEL."

(Correspondence Class.)

HEADQUARTERS,

144 Madison Avenue, New York.

In the Year of Universal Brotherhood, I.

I.

DEAR COMRADES:

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR! A happy new cycle: such are the greetings which spring from every heart and give expression to the joy and peace within. Oh, if we could only give to others what has been given to us fortune-favored ones? Never fear, Comrades. We may not be able to carry about with us a supply of this divine Love to talk about and deal out to whom we will, but this spirit of Compassion may deign to carry us, and use us and our words to reach and fill the hearts of others. This boundless love, this wonderful work for humanity, who can limit, who can stop it?

We need not be afraid of this desire to carry this new spirit we have received and know, "lest we shall act for self," for it is no personal desire but a sign, a prophesy of that unconquerable, all-pervading spirit of brotherly-love which shall sweep all before

it and become in this golden age the ruling factor in the hearts of all creatures. Let us not forget the joy of this spirit of brotherhood nor its peace, but unceasingly work that others may know with us that a golden epoch or humanity has come. Try!

DAY-BREAK.

II.

COMRADES:

Many of us have heard of the fountain of youth, a fable which recalls a sad history, and we have read of the Alchemists and their search for the load-stone which should transmute metals. Perhaps we too with our sceptical age, thought these myths for children. However this may have been, the true "helper," the true worker for brotherhood can doubt no longer, for he has had evidence before his own eyes of the truth veiled in these stories.

Our Movement has indeed bathed in the fountain of youth, and now that it has emerged with all the freshness and vigor of youth, with that divine fire that glows in the heart of a soul strong and pure, ready to battle with life's greatest mysteries, we see how aged and worn it had become in its hard battle, how its brain had become grooved and hardened in fixed ideas, how it had passed the point of creative power and full usefulness. Do you not see it in yourself, Comrade; do you not see it in your brothers and in the Movement? Behold it, and marvel at the Leader who possesses this mystic power of lighting your heartfire and mine, and restoring to us and to our Movement our lost heritage of youth with all its glories.

The founder came and built the instrument. The protector watched over and guarded it. Now the rejuvenator is with us, and we with her. It was built strong and heavy, it has been well kept and cared for. Now it has been transformed, it has become, under the magical touch of our Leader, a tool suitable for the golden age, a living instrument formed of the hearts of men.

PONTIAC.

III.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN AND COMRADES:

When our forefathers came to this country two or three centuries ago, and when, in this century, they opened up and settled in the great West, our whole civilization was one glad song of merry youth. To-day this is fast dying and the sins and skepticism of the old world seem wafted across the narrow ocean and finding too quick root among us. Discontent is rife among the laborers and foolish extravagance and separatism among the wealthy.

But one force can restore us to our rightful inheritance from our fathers who strove in friendly contest with Nature and found their way to her secret chambers. Forced equality will never help matters nor will the false independence of anarchism. The true spirit of Brotherhood is what is needed and that alone can allay the discontent, the foolishness and the selfishness of these modern days. It has often been suggested that our children will look back to these days in horror, as being as barbarous in their eyes as are the medieval times to us.

If this Brotherhood is a fact in nature, let us realize it and, seeing the barbarities on every side, work for better times and better opportunities for all. Our Leader knows what true brotherhood is and she knows as does no one else the corruption and needs of the times. Under her guidance the right keynote will be struck and that inner spiritual force will be invoked from the hearts of men, such as shall bring back our old days, our old happiness and peace.

Y. U-T-D.

## POINT LOMA.

A flying visit to this beautiful spot after a long journey fully repays one. It is truly one of earth's favored spots, and there can be no doubt that in the future people from all parts of the world will visit it. When one reaches the site of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity about 500 feet above the level of the sea, there stretches out before one a scene described by Warner as "one of the three grandest views in the world." This is certainly no exaggeration. The ocean and mountain scenery is simply wonderfully delightful and beautiful. The blue Pacific lies to the west and south; to the southeast the mountains of Mexico and immediately before one the shimmering San Diego Bay, and over all the great blue dome above filling the soul with a



X177

feeling of infinitude difficult to express in words. The scent-laden breezes with their invigorating qualities fill the air, and the quietness and stillness of the scene impresses the mind. What a great thing it will be when the school building is erected. One can imagine also how important a place the great world library may occupy here when the time comes. The sort of universal feeling one gets at the Point, stands out in strong relief to the narrow minded attempts going on elsewhere to limit the T. S. by all kinds of pretty proceedings not even becoming to school boys. The air is of such a quality out there that such things would be dissolved. The purity of the atmosphere, the serenity, the great expansiveness, the exquisite tints everywhere around, presenting a variety of satisfactions in one outlook such as I have never before experienced.

The Point Loma House is situated in the midst of these beautiful surroundings. It has every comfort and ought soon to be well-known all over the world as a desirable place to go for health, rest and change. From the verandas the view is entrancing. One feature of the house is rooms with colored glass. Every room in the house gets the sunlight and the effect of the warm rays striking through the colored glass has a charming effect. Beautiful grounds surround the house, spacious in every way and ornamented with beautiful shrubs.

I long to see our Congress at this beautiful spot. Having now got a constitution which eliminates the red-tape procedures which occupied so much of the time in our annual gatherings in past years, we can meet together (as Mr Judge said he hoped and looked for) to gather strength for our work and to talk about the matters which are uppermost in our hearts and minds. Surrounded by such influences as are to be found at Point Loma we shall enter on new paths of discovery and experience, of service in the great work of Universal Brotherhood.

In the course of a week a small publication will probably be sent out to members of the T. S. in America and Universal Brotherhood. It will contain some interesting facts. Mr. D. N. Dunlop and Mr. James M. Pryse will take charge of the work.



# INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

FOUNDED APRIL 29TH, 1897.

H. T. PATTERSON, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

## CHORDS OF HARMONY.

[Continued from page 5.]

IV.

DEAR COMRADES:

The time of our meeting has come again, and it is with great hopefulness we send you greeting, and loving wishes for your happiness and prosperity in all consciousness of your life and work. Do you not feel the gladness in the air? I have asked several people within the past few days the same question. There seems to me such a song around me that I have been obliged to join in and sing at the top of my voice, and then have asked myself what is it? We are in the New Cycle and all Nature is rejoicing. The strain has been so great that, now the turn is made, we all rejoice in unison, and are looking forward to the fulfillment of all desires and plans for the work in its different branches.

Since the birth of the I. B. L. the tree has put forth abundantly and the branches are laden with fruit. The Bazaars were a success not only from a monetary point of view, but in bringing the I. B. L. and its work before the people, and I am sure this branch will bear bountifully. It pays to do what your hand finds to do with all your might, and as we journey on how profitable we find it to bear in mind, at every step of the way, the land marks that are placed before us in that Book of books, the Gita.

Before commencing to write we were listening to the reading of several letters just received from some old members; beautiful letters, so full of hope and encouragement, and so all alive with love, unity and earnest endeavor for the good of the whole, that the reading and listening has given us great pleasure; and from other old members we learn that they understand the possibilities of life as never before. Think how significant all this, and how plainly it shows us the *signs of the times*, and the rapidity with which everything goes. We must bear in mind that the Movement is no longer in its youth, but has reached maturity; consequently, the time for the gathering and using of all that has been given out since its inception has come, and now we are to have the fruit. These dear, faithful old friends, who did their duty as best they could, even when they did not understand, are reaping their reward.

I am very glad to tell you, our dear Leader is doing splendidly, and is more energetic and untiring than ever. Now I find the "Friends in Counsel" are leaving one by one, and, although I have not told you half I should have liked to, I must say good-night for this time, and trust you will believe me as very truly and fraternally,

L. E. KRAMER.

V.

DEAR COMRADES:

With our hearts vibrating in perfect accord with the grandeur of the new music that has just been sent out to all creatures of the earth, that every living soul might join in this harmony divine, what may we not dare to hope? what may we not dare to do? to hasten the day when the world shall wake on some glad morn to find itself one great happy family, with peace, unity, and harmony holding sovereign sway in every heart creating the Universal Brotherhood.

Yours in the Cause for all eternity,

FRATERNIA.

VI.

DEAR COMRADES:

Are we not divinely in touch with the budding and bursting into new life that the springtime has brought with it, as our hearts swell to the full tones of the new anthem as it rolls its mighty and sublime music upon the air, carrying the message of love and peace and harmony to all humanity?

I cannot describe the new life that gladdens the heart as it listens to the new word—Universal Brotherhood.

When spring in the fullness of its glory shall be upon us, we shall hear Nature's voices in fitting response to that we cannot here define.

Yours in the Brotherhood of Humanity for all time and eternity,

YOUR COMRADE.

VII.

DEAR COMRADES:

While reading the other night, I came across the following beautiful verse:

God spoke, and through the soundless realms of space

The keynote of created music rolled;  
And time felt *Harmony* within its hold,  
The pulse-beat of eternity's embrace.

Do you feel *Harmony* within your hold? Let us hope so. If not, come to me and I will endeavor to share mine with you, for you know "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means."

Fraternally,

POLLUX.

## NOTES ON NEW TESTAMENT CHRISTIANITY.

BY JAMES M. PRYSE.

### PART II.

MYTHOLOGICAL AND ALLEGORICAL.

BEING identified with the incarnate Logos, the manifested Thought of The God, Iêsous is typified by the Sun, and the whole story of his life is an elaborate solar myth; and for this very reason it is, mystically, the truest kind of history. It is not a mere biography, in which are recorded the events taking place in the material world, but an allegorical narrative of the inner life, psychical and spiritual; and so intimate are the correspondences between man, the mikrokosm, and the universe, the makrokosm, that whatever is true of the one is likewise true of the other. As the vital and spiritual forces are distributed through the planetary system by and through the Sun, so Iêsous, as the *Messias*, was a Sun or radiating centre of these spiritual forces. Thus Iakôbos calls him the "Master of the Radiance"; and the *Evangelists* are replete with solar imagery.

When Iôannês the Lustrator is asked by the priests, "Are you Hêliàs?"—they meaning the "Prophet Elijah"—he evades their question by taking it to mean "Are you the Sun (*helios*)?" and answers, "I am not." Later he identifies himself with the Moon when he says of the Christos, "It is for *him* to go on increasing, and for *me* to be ever getting less." The *Evangelists* abound in word-plays, or puns; and in Iôannês nearly every dialogue is made to turn upon the misconception of a word or phrase.

The twelve pupils (*μαθηται*, "learners")

of Iêsous stand for the twelve zodiacal signs: Matthias is *aquarius*; Markos, *leo*; Loukas, *taurus*; Iôannês, *scorpio*; Ioudas, *cancer*; etc. The whole story may be read astronomically; but astronomy, with the ancients, was based upon a knowledge of the relations subsisting between humanity, whether collectively or individually, and the cosmos. Thus, for instance, the "Cross of the Four Quarters," dividing the time-circle of the zodiac into four seasons, refers also to the four forces dominating each of the various time-circles, every one of which has a direct influence upon the life of man.

In the *Apocalypse* (vii. 1) the four genii (*ἄγγελοι*) of the four winds are represented as stationed at the four angles of the earth. Each quarter of the day, each lunar quarter, each of the four seasons of the year, and each quarter of the sidereal year, and so on indefinitely through the ever-widening cycles, is governed by a particular force which exerts a direct influence upon the material, psychic and spiritual nature of man; and each such time-circle has periods of light and of darkness, or day and night, as well as minor divisions. As the physical body has its periods for waking and sleeping during each day, so has the psychic or lunar body the same during each month, and a still higher principle in man has its time of repose and of activity during winter and summer, and so on through the Four Ages of the Perfect Year or complete cycle of humanity's life as a whole. Thus in each division of the time cycles a different principle is active in man; and during each cycle a spiritual king or *Messias* reigns over humanity, whether recognized and enthroned as was Oannes in the radiant dawn of a spiritual Day, or unrecognized and dishonored as was Iêsous-Iôannês in the deepening dusk of a spiritual Night.

The sign (*σημειον*, "constellation") given by Iêsous was that of Iônas; and the latter name is but another variant of Oannes. The "big fish" that swallowed Iônas was simply the zodiacal sign *piscis*. This sign, originally the Fish (*piscis*), was later converted into the Fishes (*pisces*) because of an occasional intercalary-month. It was the sign of the solar Fish-god Dagon (Oannes), the Akkadian U-duk-ana, "the Lord who rises high." The "golden calf" (or "young bull") fabricated by the children of Israel in honor of the Sun in *taurus* was destroyed by Moses, symbolizing the passage of the Sun into *aries*, whence the ram's horns depicted on the head of Moses and the use of ram's horns in the ceremonial worship instituted by him; in turn, Moses was succeeded by Iêsous, whose sign was that of the Fish, and who chose fishermen for his pupils, besides employing fishes largely in his thaumaturgical feats. And to indicate the next sign Iêsous and his pupils eat their Passover in the guest-chamber of the "man carrying a pitcher of water," or *aquarius*. The "Passover" (*πασχα*, "passing over") or Jewish festival, commemorated the day when the children of Israel were commanded to sacrifice a lamb (a variant of *aries*) and mark their door-posts with its blood (making the astronomical *tau*) to appease the destroying genius or "angel." Paulos (Gal. iv. 3-11) reproaches his countrymen for thus worshipping the elemental spirits (*στοχαια*) "which by nature are not Gods."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# 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.

### THE INVISIBLE ONE.\*

BY BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD.

ON the border of a beautiful lake stood an Indian village, and at the farther end of this village stood a lodge in which dwelt the Invisible One with his sister. Every day this wonderful being went forth from the lodge and returned again in the evening, and every day at sunset his sister went down to the border of the lake to meet him; for to her he was visible, though to others he was not.

Now it was well-known in the village that any maiden who could see the Invisible One would become his wife; so many there were who tried to see him. They would array themselves in their finest garments and go with his sister down to the lake at sunset. Then the sister would ask them if they saw him, and many would say yes.

Then she would ask what he wore for a shoulder strap, and some would answer one thing and some another, but none gave the right answer, so the sister knew they had not seen him, and when they went home with her to the lodge she told them not to sit in a certain seat, for it was his, and though they stayed till morning they did not see the Invisible One; yet they could see his moccasins after he had taken them from his feet.

In this village there lived three motherless girls with their father. The two older girls were very cruel to their young sister, who was weak and small. They burned her with coals of fire till her face and hands were covered with scars, and her hair badly singed; but they always reported to the father when he came home that she had played in the fire against their commands.

The two sisters of the little burnt-faced girl thought they might see the Invisible One. So they dressed themselves in gay attire and went to the wigwam at the end of the village. The sister received them kindly, as was her wont, and went with them to the shore of the lake. When the Invisible One came she asked, "Do you see my brother?"

They at once replied, "O, yes!"

Then she asked, "What is his shoulder strap?"

"A strip of deer skin," they answered.

Then she knew that they had not seen him.

The poor little scarred-faced sister also aspired to see the Invisible One. But as she had only rags for clothing, she went into the woods and peeled the birch bark and made of it garments after the fashion of olden times. In these she clothed herself, and put on her father's old moccasins and set forth.

No sooner had she left her door than she was greeted with shouts of derision and laughter that followed her to the door of the wigwam she sought. But no derision could turn her from her purpose. When she entered the lodge of the Invisible One, his sister received her with great kindness, for she did not judge from outward appearance, but saw within.

They went together to the lake, and when the Invisible One came, they both saw him,

and the little rough-faced girl exclaimed, "How wonderful he is!"

The sister asked, "What is his shoulder strap?"

"It is the rainbow," the little girl answered.

Then the sister asked, "What is his bow-string?"

"It is the Spirit's Road, the Milky Way."

Then said the sister, "Thou hast seen him"; and they returned to the lodge.

There the sister washed the scarred-faced girl, and as she washed, the scars vanished. Then she combed her hair, and as she combed, the hair grew long and beautiful, black and glossy. Then she dressed the little one in new garments, and gave her the seat by the door, which is the wife's seat, and when the Invisible One came, he looked at her and said, "I see we are found out."

### THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG.

(Continued.)

#### SCOTLAND:

Scotland's heart has beat for truth,  
Scotland's blood was spilt without ruth,  
In the Covenanter days of old  
For the right to speak free  
O'er every rock and lea;  
No one is found more staunch than she.

#### IRELAND:

Ireland loves America,  
Where hearts are strong and true,  
And comes to join with gladness  
The green with the red, white and blue.

#### SWEDEN:

I come from far North with a message strong,  
Sweden calls for an outstretched hand,  
Her sons are a sturdy and earnest band,  
But alone they cannot conquer wrong.

#### FRANCE:

Liberty for all who love the fleur-de-lis.  
Equality for all who just laws obey,  
Fraternity of all from the Rhone to the sea  
Will make in the future a happy day.

#### HOLLAND:

A brave little country I've been in—times past,  
Hemmed in by my dykes and strong ocean;  
And a home to the homeless from first to last,  
Have I offered, with freedom my portion.

America's Pilgrims gained strength from my strength,  
From Holland the Speedwell her white wings unfurled,  
And to-day, from across the Atlantic's blue length,  
Comes a call for freedom to all the world.

#### GERMANY:

Men are brothers, though they differ wide in creed, or race, or land;  
Men are brothers, of one essence, came they once from Nature's hand.  
'Tis the same bright sun of glory shines upon us, one and all.

#### ITALY:

The children of Italy hail America—for they seek the new dawn of a brighter day.

#### SWITZERLAND:

Though Switzerland is smallest of nations, yet none has proved greater in the love of liberty.

Echoed by my lofty mountains,  
Hear the name of Winkelried,  
My brave son, who gave his life-blood,  
That his brothers might be freed.

#### GREECE:

White rise the pillars of my temples fair  
Down through the ages have they come.  
Gladly to-day I reach out my hand  
To share their wisdom with every land.

#### EGYPT:

I come from the land of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.  
My knowledge of the hoary past is slowly being revealed.

#### INDIA:

The oldest and the youngest nations of the earth are we;  
Let us link our flags together in harmony.  
(Goes and stands by America.)

#### AMERICA:

Nations all, honor is due to the Father of this country—to him who won us freedom,—of thought, of speech, of liberty. To whom we owe our flag, with its stripes and stars on blue. To his memory, may we, the children of America, ever be true.

*AMERICA and INDIA stack their flags by the statue or picture of Washington.*

SONG, "AMERICA," as procession of nations stack their flags. All take hold of a long strip of flag material as AMERICA recites:

A song for our banner! The watchword recall

Which gave the Republic her station:  
"United we stand—divided we fall!"

It made and preserves us a nation!  
The union of lakes, the union of lands,  
The union of States none can sever,  
The union of hearts, the union of hands,  
And the flag of our Union forever.

MUSIC, "THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

E. W.

#### BELoved COMPANION:

How the Purple and Gold gleams in our landscape these days! Loyal and true are the hearts of the real warriors. The "tried" and found "not wanting." Let us "Preserve Harmony." These closing days give us unlimited power in conquering the hydra-headed monster—Pride, Ambition, Jealousy, Envy, Hatred, Malice, and all uncharitableness. February 18th will go down in history as the most memorable day in the movement. Let us try and help the noble work by the vast ocean of harmony we carry with us. With deepest love, Thine in Harmony,  
PANSY.

\*I am indebted to Charles G. Leland's *Algonquin Legends* for this story, but I wrote it out in my own words and without reference to his version.—B. W.



## ON THE ESTIMATION OF SURVIVAL

ANOTHER LINE IN THE STORY OF M. J. BLUMHART AND WILLIAM G. JUDGE.

## BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

[Continued.]

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache and goatee, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is dark and textured.

1979

6. 6. 2013 10:00 AM

6. 6. 2018, 14:15

Many of our readers will recognize the familiar face of Mr. A. A. Furman, of Fort Myers, Florida.

Mr. Furman has been an active and devoted worker in the Theosophical Movement for many years and was a cherished friend of Mr. W. C. Kellogg, one of the founders of the Theosophical Society.

Brotherhood is with us and it is going to remain. It is not a brotherhood for a few or the select, but rather a "Universal Brotherhood for the people of the earth and all creatures." — *Wesley Lewis*

## PROTOCOL