

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. 25

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1898.

YEAR, \$1.50; COPY, 5c.

IN QUEST.

Have I not voyaged, friend beloved, with thee
On the great waters of the unsounded sea,
Momently listening with suspended oar
For the low note of waves upon a shore
Changeless as heaven, where never fog-cloud
drifts

Over its windless woods, nor mirage lifts
The steadfast hills; where never birds of doubt
Sing to mislead, and every dream dies out,
And the dark riddles which perplex us here
In the sharp solvent of its light are clear?
Thou knowest how vain our quest; how, soon or
late,

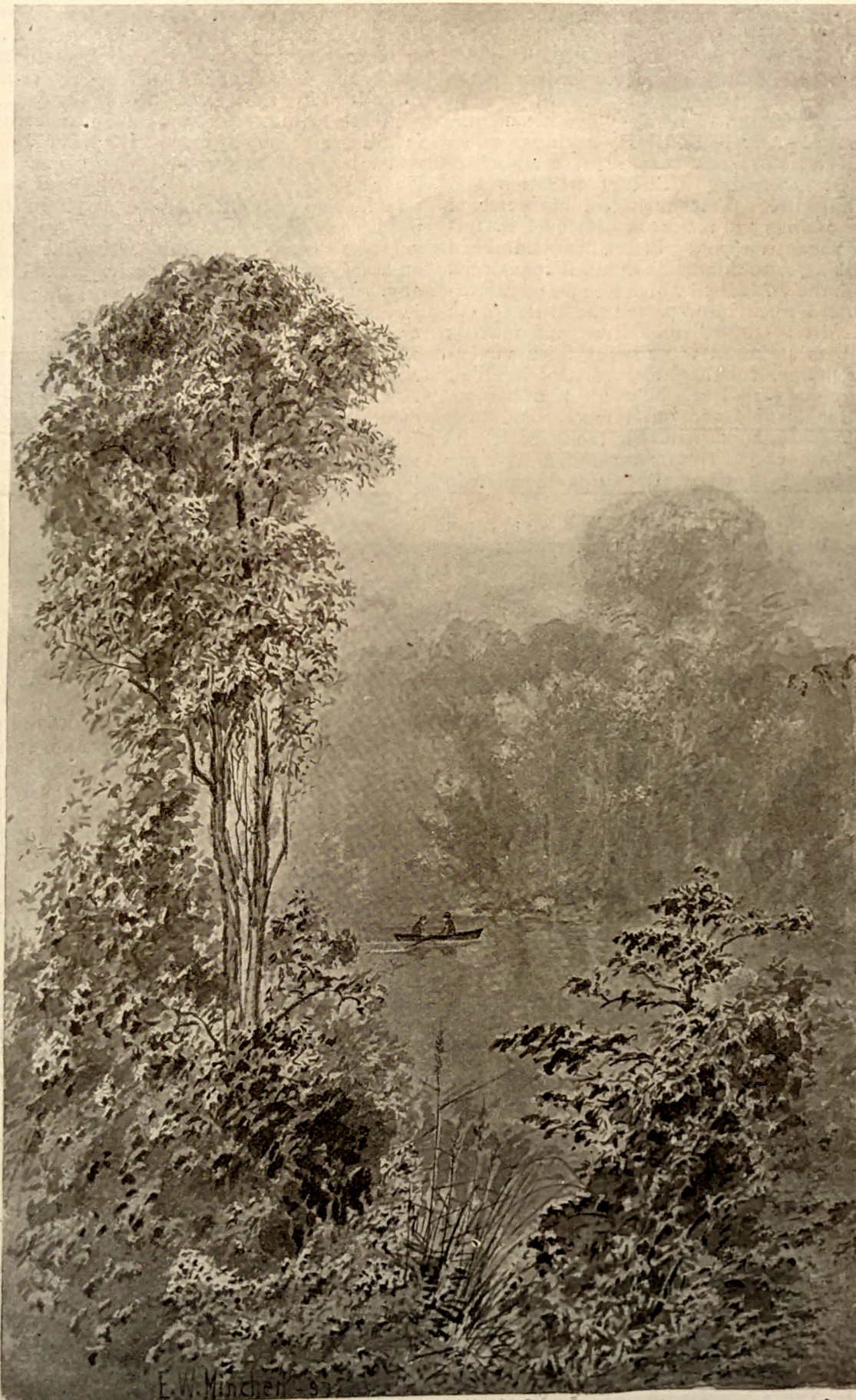
The baffling tides and circles of debate
Swept back our bark unto its starting place,
Where, looking forth upon the blank, gray space,
And round about us seeing, with sad eyes,
The same old difficult hills and cloud-cold
skies,

We said: "This outward search availeth not
To find Him. He is farther than we thought,
Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot
Whereon we wait, this commonplace of home,
As to the well of Jacob, He may come
And tell us of all things." As I listened
there,

Through the expectant silences of prayer,
Somewhat I seemed to hear, which hath to me
Been hope, strength, comfort, and I give it thee.
"The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On th' rounds of his best instincts; draws no
line

Between mere human goodness and divine,
But, judging God by what in him is best,
With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast,
And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still
Of kindly power and dread caprice of will,
Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.
Can Hatred ask for love? Can Selfishness
Invite to self-denial? Is He less
Than man in kindly dealing? Can He break
His own great law of fatherhood, forsake
And curse His children? Not for earth and
heaven

Can separate tables of the law be given,
No rule can bind which He himself denies;
The truths of time are not eternal lies."
So heard I; and the chaos round me spread
To light and order grew; and, "Lord," I said,
"Our sins are our tormentors, worst of all
Felt in distrustful shame that dares not call
Upon Thee as our Father. We have set
A strange god up, but Thou remainest yet,
All that I feel of pity Thou hast known
Before I was; my best is all Thy own.
From Thy great heart of goodness mine but drew
Wishes and prayers; but Thou, O Lord, wilt do,
In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,
All that I feel when I am nearest thee!"



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.

Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post Office.
Copyrighted, 1898, by Katherine A. Tingley.

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, APRIL 2, 1898

VOICES OF THE CENTURY.

NO. V.—J. G. FICHTE.

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS.

THE TEACHERS SHALL SHINE

AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT;

AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS
AS THE STARS FOREVER AND EVER.

THIS is the inscription engraved on a tall obelisk in the Oranienburg cemetery in Berlin, marking the last resting place of one of the greatest souls that have appeared in the present century, viz., Johann Gottlieb Fichte, great as a philosopher even when compared with Kant, Bacon, Socrates and Plato, and their more than compeer in his unselfish and unwavering devotion to Humanity at a time when its future was enshrouded with darkness and gloomy despair. His biography reads like a great poem, a stirring epic of a noble struggle waged with poverty and adverse circumstances, and carried on for years with manly fortitude, unflinching devotion to duty, and unswerving loyalty to the dictates and promptings of his higher nature, and when read, causes the name of Fichte to become enshrined in the heart's Pantheon, remembered and cherished as one of those great and sceptered sovereigns of the mind who are antetypes of our potential Humanity. His life was a philosophy and his philosophy a life; acting as he spoke, from an eminence above the level of the world. He created out of his sinner self a world of great thoughts and lofty aims, in which he had his being and lived apart from his contemporaries, even while he mingled with them in the thickest tumult of life and threw himself with his presence and force of character into the bare conflicts of his time.

A born metaphysician of the first rank, a frequent visitor and investigator in the realms of pure Thought, he differs from all others in the practical tendency of his nature, which gives so decided a moral tone and worth to his philosophy. He could not rest satisfied with a bare contemplation of abstract truth, but obeying a law of his nature, must bring it to bear on the civil and social existence of man, and if it be true, as has been said, that the whole value of history and biography is to increase our self-trust by demonstrating what is possible to man, then the life of Fichte may become an encouragement and indication to those

who would strive to fashion their own in accordance with the realities of things. In sterling rectitude, in endurance that would not shrink, in energy, perseverance, and resolution, in incorruptible integrity and true heroism of character, he is worthy of our honor and imitation as a man approved by actions and suffering. In his life and in his death he ranks with a class of men who were common only in better ages than ours, but who are needed in no age more imperatively than the present.

In the little village of Kanmenau, near Pulsnitz, in Upper Lusatia, a district in Germany, Fichte was ushered into the world. His father, a manufacturer of ribbons, was a man of sterling character, who made the best use of life and took thankfully from fortune whatever benefits she sent him. As a boy Fichte evinced those pleasing traits of character which won for him the respect and good will of his playmates. Long before he was old enough to be sent to school his father, noting the boy's extraordinary capacity for learning, had taught him to read, to commit to memory hymns and numerous proverbs and wise sayings, which tended to form and develop his moral character. Listening with rapt attention and avidity to his father recital of his personal wanderings and incidents of travel in foreign countries, young Fichte became imbued with a desire to become himself acquainted with the world, and which like a great unexplored ocean encompassed the little sphere of existence in which he lived and moved; and indulging in those sweet fairy visions which have delighted and enchanted all of us in our early lives, he would ramble forth in lonely field and quiet places, and hold still communion with his thoughts, securing influences from nature and forming habits which were afterwards to develop great results.

It was, however, the village clergyman who detected the boy's latent genius: asking, one day, how much he remembered of the last Sunday sermon, he was greatly astonished to hear him not only give a correct account of the sermon and the course of argument pursued in the discourse, but also several texts of Scripture quoted in illustration. This incident being mentioned to a neighboring nobleman, Baron von Miltitz, was the cause of his being sent to a high school at Ffорта near Raumberg. His student life was one of struggle and silent endurance, and formed a preparatory and necessary discipline for developing those inner forces and energy of character which fringed his life with a halo of real heroism.

At the age of eighteen he entered the university of Jena, with the intention of qualifying himself for the Church. Subsequently he removed to Leipzig and attended a course of lectures on Divinity and Dogmatics, though with little profit and satisfaction to himself, so that he was ultimately led to abandon Theology for Philosophy, in which he was destined to become the greatest master of the age. At that time philosophy, or in other words the theory of true knowledge, constituted the great subject of thought and discussion throughout Europe. Theology, with its dogmas and creeds, devoid of any scientific basis, had lost its hold over learned and studious minds, who turning from empirical systems of faith, propped up by tradition, sought by the investigation of the inner or subjective life, for that rule of certitude, these fundamental laws of thought and being, on which, as on an immovable foundation, might be upreared the superstructure of a lasting and enduring philosophy.

Kant, the greatest metaphysician since the time of Plato and Aristotle, had elaborated and published his "Critique of Pure Reason," his "Prolegomena and Metaphysical Foundations of Natural Science," which produced quite a revolution in the learned world and for the time being drove all other systems out of the field. Such influence had Kant obtained, that he became the philosophic oracle of his age and his *ipse dixit* was accepted as final and determinant in questions of philosophy. His system, however, was lacking in one essential which prevented it from becoming generally popular and influential as a system of thought. That essential was spirituality. As a science of the intellect it was splendid, luminous and admirable; but it was cold and lifeless. It was electric, not magnetic in its character; a something adapted for class rooms, but unsuitable for home and hearth life. As a body it was fair and beautiful in form and feature but lacked the divine spark, that breath of life which only could make it living power and force in the world.

Fichte, with those remarkable intellectual faculties with which he was gifted, could not resist being drawn under the influence of Kant's philosophy, of which he became now a zealous student. Philosophy and hard lining became the rule of his life, and for four years he earned a precarious livelihood as an occasional tutor in various houses in Saxony. His studies were desultory and subject to continual interruption; he had no means for procuring books, no opportunities of intercourse with persons of a cultivated and matured mind: his life was daily little better than a sacrifice to the mere necessity of living. Far from home, isolated from friends, with no companion save poverty, a grim unwelcome visitor at all times; in a lone garret he bore up bravely and manfully amidst the adverse and trying circumstances in which he was placed. Naturally endowed with a fund of inexhaustible courage, an iron resolution and an elasticity of disposition that could not readily yield to disappointment, he learned to regard the privilege of existence apart from its contingencies, and manfully determined to live obediently to the high and imperative law of his conscience and abide by the result. "It is our business" said he, "to be true to ourselves; the consequence is altogether in the hands of Providence," which strangely resembles sentiments expressed in the Bhagavad gita.

And now Want begins to stare him in the face. His resources are beginning to fail and his only plan is to complete his studies and enter the Church in order to procure bread. With this view, he addressed a letter to the president of the Consistory of Leipzig to be allowed a share of the support often granted to poor students at the Saxon universities. No notice, however, was taken of his request and Fichte, living now from hand to mouth, was compelled to learn the bitter lesson, not to put his trust in princes nor in any president of Consistory, and that poverty was no recommendation to preferment. Things are getting very bad now with him. He finds teaching a very precarious means of subsistence. His landlady insists on having her rent regularly each week, whether starving Fichte gets anything to eat or not. And now it is the eve of his birthday. He has spent his last coin and to-morrow will find him houseless and foodless. Bear up brave heart, though you see it not, do not sense it, a change for the better is coming. Truly thou art being tried in the fire and shall come out like gold, pure without alloy.

At even Fichte is wandering disconsol-

lately in the environs of Lepzic, pondering anxiously over all the projects his mind has devised to procure a living, and finds them all alike futile. Every prospect had closed around him, and every honorable means of advancement seemed to be exhausted. The present was utterly barren, and there was no hope in the future. The world has cast him out—his country refused him bread, and whither shall he turn? Ah! Fichte, keep calm, be strong: the tempter is approaching. To-morrow is his birthday and for aught he can tell may prove to be his last. Why, not? What can he do? He can die! Death what is it? Man's greatest friend, that takes him out of a world in which the doom of life is to endure and suffer, to struggle and toil often in vain for a morsel of bread, to be tempted with Ambition's wild dreams, to be lured on by deceitful hopes, to indulge in illusive visions, and find at last the Preacher's dictum a true commentary, the dread epitome of human life and endeavor, Vanitas Vanitatum, Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.

What need then to fear death? Why hesitate to leave a world in which there was no place for him? In that dark moment Fichte stood before the awful curtain that hides the unseen world, the dread partition that separates the here from the hereafter. To be or not to be, was the great question he must now decide. In the gloom and shadow of despair surrounding him in which hovered and fluttered before him the gaunt specters of Hunger, Want and Poverty, in the deep bitterness of soul which made him feel keenly that life was not worth living, Fichte crushed, but not dismayed, overwhelmed yet unconquered, in that terrible moment of trial raised his hand to grasp and lay hold of the Divinity which encompasses all our lives, that Power which never deserts or forsakes, but delivers and saves the souls of those who dare to trust it. A moment and the climax was reached, the trial ended, and filled with a peace, an inward calm and serenity of mind to which he had long been a stranger, Fichte returned to his room to find a letter lying on the table, containing good news, which proved to be the beginning of better things, the turning point in his hitherto chequered and struggling life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY JAMES M. PRYSE.

[Concluded.]

WHAT is, therefore, in its literal reading, no more than an account of the life, sayings and doings of the *Messias*, is also, from necessity, an allegory in which are figured the things taking place in the spiritual and psychic worlds as well as those happening on earth; and as the Universe has a fourfold nature, each of which has its analogue in man, the arcane writings admit of a fourfold interpretation. The patristic writers maintained that the Scriptures were to be understood in four senses, which are given as the literal, the allegorical, the tropological, and the anagogical. These pertain, the literal, to the physical world; the allegorical, to the psychic world, which prefigures the physical; the tropological, to the spiritual world, the images of which become inverted in the psychic world; and the anagogical, to the purely divine and unmanifested world. These correspond to the four degrees of initiation enumerated by Paulos (1. Cor. xiv. 6) as oral instruction (*διδασχί*),

psychic clairvoyance (*προφητεία*), esoteric teaching (*γνώσις*), and spiritual seership (*ἀποκαλύψις*).

Mythology, far from being the crude attempt of primitive man to explain the phenomena of nature, was the exoteric form of expression of the sacred science of the ancients; and every *mythos*, or religious fable, has its *logos*, or interior meaning.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND MYSTICAL.

The *New Testament* nowhere speaks of the Universe or of man as being "created" or "made"; on the contrary, its teachings are purely Pantheistic. The God is One (*John* v. 8, 44; *James* ii. 19); and through an act of the divine Will all things "come into being" (*γινέσθαι*), or "are founded" or "given form" (*κτίζειν*); the Will of The God manifesting through the Logos or second God.

In the Fullness (*πλήρωμα*) of The God are the purely abstract qualities of Beauty (*χαρίς*) and Truth (*ἀλήθεια*); and this is the formless, timeless, changeless Realm.

The divine Thought (*λογος*) energizing the Eternal Substance or First-principle (*ἀρχή*), calls into being "all things," or the manifested Universe. The Logos is the synthesis of the souls of men; and these constitute collectively a divine Being, as they are "perfect in one." This is the first and highest and purely spiritual world. It is the "House of the Father" and the abiding-place of the soul. It is the world of Light, and its Light is the Life or impelling force of the evolutionary periods (*αἰῶνες*) called "the Men," and symbolized in the twelve signs of the Zodiac, as a divine Man presides over each of the time-circles. This Light shines forth in the Darkness of Chaos, which dragon-like pursues and seeks to devour it, but "does not overtake it." This "Darkness" is the "mud" (*υλη*) of dead worlds, the unspiritualized dregs of preceding evolutionary periods; the blind spirit of concupiscence inherent in these impure elements becomes the "Adversary" (*σατάνης*) of the Formative Logos. This is the second world, the psychic; it is the sphere of transition, where the forces that come from below contend against those that come from above. As Hadès, the Underworld, it is both good and evil; it contains not only the "Burning Valley" (*γέεννα*) but also the "Pleasure Park" (*παράδεισος*).

The material world, the third and lowest, is under the sway of the Adversary. It is mystically spoken of as having become separated from The God. The term Kosmos is usually limited, in the *New Testament*, to this material world. Though it came into being through the Logos, it knows him not: "he came into his own [dwellings], and his own [people] did not take him from [the sender]."

This is the basis of the *New Testament* system; the material universe is the illusion of separateness from Deity; the Logos, or host of souls, incarnates in it, a vicarious sacrifice, to bring it again into at-onement with The God. All that is good, beautiful and true comes from the Logos, while all that is evil, ugly and false comes from matter, the Adversary of the Logos.

The whole makrokosmic process is repeated in man, the mikrokosm. His inner nature is fourfold, manifesting in each of the three worlds in a body corresponding to each of those worlds.

These four Inbeings and three Outbeings are, in *New Testament* terminology, as follows:

THE FOURFOLD INNER SELF.

1. The God (*ὁ θεός*), "the Father,"

2. The Primordial Essence or Origin (*ἡ ἀρχή*) "the Mother."

3. The Formative Thought (*ὁ λόγος*) "the Son."

4. The Breath (*τὸ πνεῦμα*), the Life-principle. THE THREEFOLD OUTER SELF.

5. The Spiritual Body (*σῶμα πνευματικόν*).

6. The Psychic Body (*σῶμα ψυχικόν*).

7. The Physical Body (*σῶμα σαρκικόν*).

"The first man, Adam," says Paulos, "came into being as a living psychic-form; the last Adam as Life-giving Breath (*πνεῦμα*)." Man had, at first, only the ethereal psychic body; having assumed the physical body, he fell into generation, thereby degrading the Life-principle, the mystic "Holy Breath." What in the *New Testament* is termed "sin" (*ἁμαρτία*, "missing the mark") is, primarily sex, something that has to be got rid of, as symbolized by the rite of circumcision. Through this perversion of the Breath the more important brain-centers have become atrophied, so that the higher moral and spiritual nature cannot manifest in the lower world; hence the physical world is called "Death," and its inhabitants are "the dead ones." Through self-purification, moral, mental and psychic, and rigid asceticism by which he becomes as a little child or as the genii—i. e., sexless—man rises above the plane of generation and is re-generated; and this is his "resurrection" (*ἀναστάσις*) from among the dead ones." The spirit of concupiscence is the "Accuser" (*διάβολος*), the much-dreaded "Devil" of superstitious Theology. In the purified man the Breath becomes the "Advocate" (*παράκλητος*) with The Father, and "shows the Path" to "all Truth." The "Life-giving Breath" revivifies the dead form; the old Adam, the fallen, becomes the new Adam, the arisen. It was to accomplish this redemption that "the Logos became flesh and pitched tent among us," that is, the pure spirit became Substance—the "Radiance," or aura—and enveloping the outer form bestowed upon man the spiritual body, the "Breath-body" (*σῶμα πνευματικόν*) or radiant form in which the "perfect man" or initiate (*τέλειος*) lives "throughout the On-going (*αἰών*)," or the full cycle of cosmic manifestation.

The story of Iōannēs-Iēsous, the lunar-solar (psycho-spiritual) man, is an allegory of self purification, the perfecting-labor: Iōannēs, who "lustrates in Water" (the magnetic or psychic vital force), is the awakened psychic nature, "a voice shouting loudly in the desert [material life], 'Make straight the path of the Master [the Spiritual Self]';" while Iēsous, who "lustrates in the Breath of Fire" (the electric vital force of the Paraklētos), is that true Self, which, liberated by the mystic Crucifixion, resurrects in the radiant spiritual body and "ascends to the Father."

The rigid ethical system laid down in the *New Testament*, and which the profane, styling themselves "Christians," have vainly tried to follow, was intended only for the sworn ascetics, who are spoken of in the *New Testament* writings as "the esotericists" (*οἱ ἑσῶ*), as distinguished from "the exotericists" (*οἱ ἑξῶ*), who are also called "the many" (*οἱ πολλοί*), "the ignorant masses" (*οἱ ὄχλοι*). The Society was a secret organization, with signs, grips, passwords, degrees and ceremonies of initiation; its members had their recognized Teachers, and were subject to a rigid discipline. Only trustworthy persons, known as the "believers" (*οἱ πιστικοί*) were admitted, and they had to serve a period of probation.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.]

BLOOD-MONEY.

"GUILTY OF THE BODY AND THE BLOOD
OF CHRIST."

I.

Of olden time, when it came to pass
That the beautiful god, Jesus, should finish his work
on earth,
Then went Judas, and sold the divine youth,
And took pay for his body.

Curs'd was the deed, ever before the sweat of the
clutching hand grew dry;
And darkness frown'd upon the seller of the light
of God
Where, though earth lifted her breast to throw him
from her, and heaven refused him,
He hung in the air, self-slaughtered.

The cycles, with their long shadows, have stalk'd
silently forward,
Since those ancient days—many a pouch enwrapping
meanwhile
Its fee, like that paid for the son of Mary.

And still goes one, saying,
"What will ye give me, and I will deliver this man
unto you?"
And they make the covenant, and pay the pieces of
silver.

II.

Look forth, deliverer,
Look forth, first-born of the dead,
Over the tree-tops of Paradise;
See thyself in yet-continued bonds,
Toilsome and poor, thou bear'st man's form again.
Thou art reviled, scourged, put into prison,
Hunted from the arrogant equality of the rest;

With staves and swords throng the willing servants
of authority,
Again they surround thee, mad with devilish spite;
Toward thee stretch the hands of a multitude, like
vulture's talons,
The meanest spit in thy face, they smite thee with
their palms;
Bruised, bloody, and pinion'd is thy body,
More sorrowful than death is thy soul.

Witness of anguish, brother of slaves,
Not with thy price closed the price of thine image:
And still Iscariot plies his trade.

A SPRING PARABLE.

BY ELEANOR DUNLOP.

WINTER reigned—stern and inflex-
ible his rule.

The earth shuddered as she clasped
the withered grass to her frozen bosom.

The trees, gaunt and black, stood in
angry defiance against the fate which had
stripped them of their beauty—whilst the
weaker amongst them sighed and moaned
—remembering the golden summer which
had past. The birds forgot to sing, the
brook to ripple in sportive glee. All creat-
ures felt alone and desolate. For Hope,
Love's youthful messenger, had departed
for a season.

Vibrations, as of unseen angel wings an-
nounced the Spring's return. Over the hills
and down the valleys she passes, crowned
with living buds of promise, and as she
lightly steps the little flowers rise up to kiss
her footprints. The clouds fly swiftly
across the brightening sky as though they
sped with heavenly messages.

"Be glad," they cry, "awake, awake!
The Lord of life approaches."

In His Chariot of Fire the Sun-God sits
canopied in golden glory. Around him
hover legions of faithful servitors.

"Descend, ye sons of morning, to your dark
planet—carry sunshine into every spot.
Disperse the foes of darkness, gladden the
mourner's heart, play sportively amongst
the children's curls—bring beauty, joy and
liberation to 'The People of the Earth and
all creatures', whisper into every ear,
'Love fulfils the law—be glad rejoice.'"

Away fled the sunbeams, each one intent
on doing its Master's bidding. Touching

the dark clouds they left behind a silver
lining; kissing the baby buds they whis-
pered, "Awake, unfold! The dawn of a new
day has arisen—open wide your eager eyes
to see the King." Dancing on the frozen
lakes they called on the spirit of the waters
who murmured drowsily, "Who comes?"

"'Tis we, the radiant Messengers of Day,"
answered the sunbeams gayly; "'tis time to
arise—to flow and be of service to hu-
manity."

In Twilight's mystic chariot the armies
of light returned at Eventide to report work
done.

Down below under the shadow of a black
rock—a frozen pond lay musing.

"Why should I respond to the commands
of the Sun?" it grumbled; "I am sufficient
for myself; in me lies mirrored the uni-
verse. Why not keep the old order of
things intact? to break from the old moor-
ings and lose myself in the flowing tide.
This would simply mean ruin—a loss of
prestige sad to contemplate."

"I agree with you, my brother," croaked
a frog, who sat in contemplative discontent
at the edge of the pond; "the Sun is all very
well in His own place, but He has no right
to interfere with us denizens of the Earth.
We will give Him credit for anything He
may have done in the past, but, for the
future, we can do without His aid."

"Quite right, quite right, dear friend and
brother," answered a wise looking owl, who
with folded wings and grave countenance,
had listened to the dialogue. "As for my-
self, I have no quarrel with the Sun—none
at all—but I am willing to sacrifice myself
for a principle. Freedom is my Watch-
word. The Sun blinds me with His light;
I thereby lose the quarry on which I de-
pend for existence; therefore I say let us
depose the Sun and reinstate the Moon in
His place. The birds may sing and the
leaves clap their silly hands—they know
no better—as for us, we will call a council—
Independence, our motto. Thus, my friends,
will we retard the advance of light and
truth, which in my opinion is a most impor-
tant step at this cyclic point in the world's
history."

A low murmur of assent and applause
rang through the brushwood; frogs, toads,
a few perch and a young cod all recognized
in the owl an occult leader, in that all he
had said perfectly agreed with their own
preconceived opinions.

The night was dark, no star revealed the
plot—but behind a cloud Its Instigator lay
concealed. The Moon smiled knowingly,
whilst listening to the debate. Her spells
were subtle. For ages she had held su-
premacy over the Waters, now she desired
the downfall of Her old rival the Earth;
long had she secretly nursed Her revenge,
following every motion of Her rival.

"For countless ages have I waited for this
opportunity," she muttered; "let me but
awaken within Her the false idea that she
can act independently, that Humanity is
not One, but many, let Her but turn from
Her Lord—The Sun—and my work is ac-
complished. I will delude and ensnare her,
tie her fair limbs with ropes of dogma and
theory. Men shall forget that they are
brothers, and shall walk blindfold into the
pit which the foes of light shall make ready.
I will see the Earth crushed, and trodden
under foot, whilst I—Queen of Night—shall
reign in her place."

Far away in the East (unperceived by
the Wily Ruler of the Night), The Sun
arose in His primeval splendor, filling the
whole horizon with the magic beauty of
His royal robes.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

BY R. MACHELL.

HERO and traitor, Jesus and Judas, the
world's eternal ways. Pondering
on these thoughts, a memory of an
old fable came to my mind almost as an an-
swer to the eternal "why?" that oppressed
me with its persistence.

A frog was traveling on business of im-
portance when he came to a river and found
on the bank one of the insects whose name
I do not know, but which had a sting in its
tail, and a habit of continually tapping the
ground with this weapon as it traveled
along.

The insect was large enough to be able
to enter into conversation with the frog
on terms of equality, and while tapping
nervously with his tail, as was his habit
when excited, he hailed the frog and asked
him if it was his intention to cross the river
that day. The frog courteously assented,
keeping at the same time well out of reach
of the dangerous tail. Then the insect asked
if the frog would carry him over the river,
for he was not a good swimmer and the
river was wide. As a matter of fact he
could not swim at all.

The frog was an amiable creature and
anxious to help anyone, but he was afraid
of that poisonous tail and explained to the
other that he feared the poison of his sting,
and as he was in a hurry, was about to
proceed alone, but the insect begged to be
taken over, and promised not to sting his
friend.

The frog explained that he had no doubts
of the excellent intentions of the insect, but
feared that he might forget them before
they got well across the river. The insect
again protested, pointing out that he had
kept his sting quiet all this time, and vowed
that he had complete control of this dan-
gerous weapon; finally he bound himself by
a vow of particular solemnity to refrain from
injuring his friend and helper. The good
frog, with some misgivings, at length con-
sented and took the other on his back and
set forth on the river to swim across.

Never was an insect so well behaved, and
indeed the novelty of the experience made
him feel like a new being; afloat on the
broad expanse of the mighty river, how
grand he felt; his excitement at length
mastered him so completely that he quite
forgot who it was that held him up and
carried him forward, and then the nervous
habit of his nature asserted itself and tap-
tap went the stinging tail.

The frog stopped and cried out, but the
insect told him to go on, and explained that
he meant no harm, it was his nature to do
that and it meant no ill feeling. But the
frog, who knew that a little more of such
treatment might make him unable to pro-
ceed with his journey, said:

"Friend, I took you up because you vowed
not to injure me; you have wounded me,
and if you do so again I shall be unable to
get to the end of my journey and my im-
portant business will not be accomplished;
you have decided to act according to your
nature, now I must do according to mine;
see here is a leaf floating down the stream,
you may get on to that and sting it as much
as you please, but I must go about my busi-
ness and try to recover from the poison of
your sting."

Saying this the frog dived under the
water leaving the insect clinging to the
leaf, loudly execrating the poor frog whom
he had betrayed and hurt through his ina-
bility to control that sting in his tail. Poor
frog! Poor insect!

HARMONY.

By V. A. H.

BEING one in our inmost nature and feeling it, we thus have a starting point for harmony; it is useless to begin without this keynote.

To start from some utilitarian consideration, or from desire of success, is to court failure at the beginning. To feel the great Self speaking to us and others through many small selves and through all surrounding nature is to start right. If others have spoken to us, we understand. What does it mean? It means that our inner, unspoken voice contains the same, and recognizes it. We all admit this tacitly. When we are not understood, we ascribe it to our inability to explain or to a lack of terms accessible to the other party or to a defect of some other medium of thought-imaging, including health and power of concentration; we never doubt the inner power of understanding of any individual. Thus we firmly and intuitively postulate that unmanifested (on this plane) knowledge is inherent in every human being, and that this knowledge is, at its core, identical in all.

Axioms, on which all deductive sciences are based, are truths supposed to be apparent to everyone without proof. Space, for instance, cannot be proved by reasoning. Those who have tried, have come to doubt its very existence, to the great amusement of others. Conclusions do not give anything new, not contained in the premises, as Stanley Jevons has proved with his logical machine, and this agrees with a Teacher's statement about dwelling in a place where a dull wheel of argument seems to turn forever on its axis, yet goes nowhere and carries no burden." It is well for us that we trust rather to the fount itself, than to its sprays. The origin of this fount is one and the same in all.

The true knowledge has Unity in it. It has a central point from which to start to explore the undifferentiated field lying round it, and it has a method of construction round the point, or rather it co-ordinates the method and the distant centers, repeating the construction again and again. Besides, we know that divine Knowledge is not a miserable, lifeless reflection, which we call "knowledge" on this plane. No! it does not need any extraneous life to feed it. Every idea there is a living entity, and yet it is not personal, because it always remains part of all and acts as such. Therefore a tremendous power lies beyond it; the universal Heart shines in each of its rays.

The universal Heart helps also that part of man which belongs to it. It is omnipotent in its power to help, and it helps us just in so far as we belong to it and no more. On the higher plane we belong entirely to it, but we are sleeping there as yet. Here on earth we are only a personified light and power of the World's Mind and Heart. It does not mean transformation into personalities, but simply that a Ray cannot see farther than a special vehicle of matter, enlightened by it. Reflections come and go with regularity and the Ray comes to the conclusion that these are its own reflections, that things are reflections of ideas, that reflecting center-personalities are simply mirrors, and that the Rays themselves are undetached sparks of one great Fire Ocean.

Now after this is touched, the harmony comes in; and why? Ideas cannot be detached from central Truth. For instance, if one found a human hand lying on the road

and did not recognize it, what might he think of it as a solitary object? He could investigate its form and classify its properties, according to its specific gravity, electro-conductivity, dia-magnetism, etc., and he could even find a place for it in his catalogue and call it "science," to his great satisfaction. But with all this he will never know what the hand is, as an idea, until he knows a total man, until he sees a connecting arm and traces the nerves of the hand to their centers, the veins and arteries to the heart, and so on.

This is Herbert Spencer's example and it is very good. Man is a center of ideas pertaining to his field of action. So the Logos is the center of ideas in its system. An idea can only be explained by the totality of ideas in the system to which it belongs. The whole explains the parts and the parts explain the whole, and both are one and undivided. Division is an illusion.

Therefore let us put away all hope that we can reach our goal all by ourselves, that, abandoning others, we can start a current of independent progress, not correlated with other human streams. That would be cutting off all chance to proceed. Let us, then abandon such thoughts and even kill out that which suggests it—the sense of separateness. And yet, as a teacher said, "we must be isolated"; but isolated from what? From any extraneous dependence! Nothing external can help us; it is, a best, our reflection awakening and spurring us to effort. But stop a moment: External to what? To our personality, for what can be external to our heart? I do not mean a sentimental heart, but that which lies at the core of intuition, which is known to all whose responsibility and knowledge of good and evil is awakened and who are not concerned with the vicissitudes of personalities but with principles.

Being All-Thought itself, it sees itself in all things, as ideas, and exiles all thoughts as separate appearances. Intuition would be very dark indeed if it were to surrender the star of divine Unity, which is its Life and light and which alone can give it a keynote and harmony and open up infinite vistas heretofore hidden. Did not the Teacher mean to say that all we look upon has an external and an internal aspect; that as an external object it cannot help our soul, but that as an idea it is a part of ourselves, born from ourselves, or rather awakened at the sight of its reflection and tending to find its place in a harmonious action of the whole? Everything has its psychic counterpart and spiritual counterpart (Ferouer, or Fravarshi, as the Persians call it), according as we look on it as existing in the world of memory and anticipation, or in the world of single and eternal truth.

But where is that power by which we may see in the spiritual world as vividly as we see in the physical? That power is harmonious vibration and its root lies in our heart. We now vibrate or respond to a thousand disconnected things of the physical and the psychic world, being cheated by the illusion that we do it for our personality. But our personality is only a mirror which tries to see itself reflected in things which are its tyrants. No matter how it tries to unite them, they disperse, and it is irresistibly drawn to follow and be torn to pieces; at least that part which did not understand and follow its ideal self.

But what did the other part do? It was not so foolish as to be torn by the things at which it grasped or thought it grasped; it knew that it must not seek unity in its limited and seemingly independent self; it was

drawn into the sphere of pure mind, it worked for principle, it was responsible, it vibrated in harmony with that All-Thought which dwells in all things and to which all things are destined to return. It reached the margin of Devachan, where sweet airs blow, bringing the healing balm from the flower-thoughts of a compassionate heart, to all it loves, treasures and will never lose.

When the clod of clay and the raging torrents of its waters subside in the stillness of death, the spiritual light then reaches the seed of the flower of the heart and makes it expand, bud and bloom. But there is another possibility. The earth can cease its trembling, the waters stop their fighting and raging while man yet lives; they can become pure and transparent so that the light may pass through and reach and warm the plant at the center.

"But, O Lanoo, be of clean heart before thou startest on thy journey." What harmony can there be between the living light and the mire? Only in the pure and rounded raindrops can there thrill the tints of seven glories of a rainbow. Let us be those round raindrops. Let us not try to be more round than others are and twist ourselves all out of shape. Leaving ambition, anger, hatred, doubt and desire all behind we reach our roundness quicker than by comparing self to others. Those who mind their own business reach harmony quickly.

More independent, free and clear are those falling drops which keep their proper distance and do not strike from fear of losing their freedom. More wise are those drops which do not try to adjust their roundness to their imagined pattern of the colors, but which let the sun do pattern work, themselves doing the duty of their own sphere, without fear that the wind will distort or shatter the rainbow if their small minds are not invited to avert the danger.

The sun is the light of Truth eternal, the rainbow is the sevenfold, inner, manifested man and the raindrops are his personalities. The parable illustrates that which we may call negative harmony among the drops and the positive harmony given by the place taken in the unchangeable and unshakable Realm of Truth by its parts the ideas. The steadiness of the rainbow illustrates the immortality of a great life-cycle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time."

"To overcome temptation is more praiseworthy than to avoid it."

"How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they? A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

"Literary men are a perpetual priesthood. Clever men are good, but they are not the best. The eye of the intellect 'sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing.'"

"Man's life is truth. If he boldly confesses truth, he confesses himself. If he denies truth, he betrays his nature. We speak not here of lies, but of acting against conviction."

"Carbon and diamonds are the same in substance—and yet how different. May not man and woman bear the same comparison? We are clay and women are the rubies and sapphires, which are equally products of clay."

BROTHERHOOD.

ADDRESS AT CHICAGO BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS.

BY ALICE L. CLEATHER.

BROTHERHOOD is a fact in nature; if it were not so it would be impossible for us to make it a living possibility among men.

This universal Brotherhood is nothing but the old familiar golden rule to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. This is *practical* Brotherhood. Now this fact of Universal Brotherhood is founded upon something that our civilization has almost entirely forgotten; the fact that human beings are souls, using their brains and bodies as mere instruments. The soul is the divine part of our nature; and as we believe that man is a potential god, it is in this part of our nature, the soul, that the fact of Universal Brotherhood exists.

If we were nothing but souls life would be easy—for—to do and to be good would be the law of our natures, but this strange wonderful creature, man, the heir of all the ages, the true sphinx, is a duality. He is a soul inhabiting an animal body, which should be a willing servant of the soul. But it is just here that the difficulty comes in. What we call human nature is a battlefield where good and evil forces contend for the mastery. And yet I should not say evil; for the animal nature rightly understood and used in the service of the god within is almost infinite in its potentialities for good. And it is here that the element of choice comes in, for man has the royal prerogative of free will. He can choose.

Walk through any great city in the world and you cannot avoid seeing and hearing that which will wring your hearts with helpless pity for the suffering around you. Why should you feel this pity? It is the divine voice of the soul urging you to respond to the impulses of sympathy. Deep in the center of our natures dwells this divine spark which throbs in sympathy with everything that lives and breathes. Now if this is the central fact of our nature we cannot stifle this voice without violating one of the greatest laws of the Universe—the law of Harmony, the law of Universal Brotherhood. We believe that the reason for most of the misery in the world is that this great central law of Brotherhood has been violated for ages.

Believe me, there is no help for the world but to recognize and make living in the lives of every one of us this great fact of Universal Brotherhood.

The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps
can stray;
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.
Not so the wise; no coward watch he
keeps,
To spy what danger on his pathway
creeps;
Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth, his hall the azure
dome;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's
his road,
By God's own light illumined and fore-
showed.

—R. W. EMERSON.

"There are two freedoms; the false, where a man is free to do what he likes: the true, where the man is free to do what he ought."

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY H. T. PATTERSON.

It is but a few weeks since a Wall Street journal said that the "stone age" was succeeded by the "iron age" and that now the "iron age" was being succeeded by the "Golden Age." It spoke seriously, enforcing its statements with forceful reasons. What was meant? Are we entering on a new era? What is the nature of this coming time?

Gold, according to ancient lore, is closely identified with the Sun. The Sun is the source of terrestrial life. Its vibrations transmitted in protean forms through our dull orb are its vivifying power. To their master touch the impassive clay responds, giving trees, fruits, flowers. If the coming age be indeed the golden age then may we look for a fuller and richer existence than in the past.

That these things are coming about there is much to indicate. The poets sing the decadence of that which has been. Truly it is so. The decay and rot are the soil in which the seed falls. Tolerance, though the outcome of commercial greed, is spreading through the world. An interchange of thought from land to land is coincident with a give and take in word, phase and idiom.

Enrolled under the banner of "Universal Brotherhood," brave, self-sacrificing souls are working with a will and energy never known before. That, without a moment's hesitation, hundreds of men and women could find their place and decide to work, to their utmost limit, for a cause from which they had sought directly to gain, of itself proves a new time and a new race. Reason is supplemented with intuition; the new man already functions in the new race in a new age.

CHORDS OF HARMONY.

FROM THE "FRIENDS IN COUNSEL."

Headquarters: 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

In the Year of Universal Brotherhood, I.

I.

DEAR COMRADE:

SIGNS of springtime are about us. A hope realized, pulsates through the atmosphere. Ripples of sweetness, great waves of fragrance and bubbling joyousness are coursing through the heart of Humanity, for it is in a fluidic state, like unto Nature in the joyous springtime, when the sap begins to flow.

Crowds of people—do you not feel them—fresh young plants they seem, opening to the radiance of the Sun-God! Ah, how they respond to the golden light!

"The real Master dwells in the heart." The great orphan, Humanity, has found the Heart-light, and with a joyous leap has risen to the plane of the Master long enough to sense the feeling of unity, sweet peace, and Harmony.

THINE, IN THE SONG OF LIFE.

II.

DEAR COMRADE:

"There never was so great a thought laboring in the breasts of men as now." This fact was expressed by Emerson in the above words, some time ago, and we, who see the struggle in men's hearts to-day for a higher freedom, will clearly see the meaning of the writer's thought, more applicable to-day, perhaps, than when it was first expressed. It is true; there is a great thought in humanity's mind now, and that thought had its birth in the soul of wisdom, breaking

to men the news of the possibility of a Universal Brotherhood.

The nucleus of this Brotherhood having been established, the current went out and sought lodging in the hearts of men to the uttermost parts of the earth.

To-day this nucleus is stronger and mightier than it has ever been.

The heart-center of the movement is a living fire. Here at Headquarters the Leader with her staff of workers are one body, an inspiring example for us all of perfect harmony and strong union. Such solidarity in the ranks of our workers, such marvelous working together in the true spirit, means strength for the whole work. And all this flowing out from the heart and center of our Society carries with it deep, great blessings.

If our love and brotherliness are only smouldering, let us light them anew, that they may blaze up with that brightness that shall send a little light into the thousands of dark places. With best wishes and fraternal greeting,

JEAN KEMPIS.

III.

DEAR COMRADE:

The Friends seated round the counsel table this evening, discussing various subjects of interest, speaking of the meeting, and so forth, suddenly lapsed into silence. For some time there was not a sound to be heard in the house or street. It was as if some mystic force had suddenly stilled the very throbbings of Nature. We sat and looked at each other and felt it would be almost sacrilege to speak. At last, one said: "What a silence!" We took up our pens and I feel we shall all write about silence, that deep stillness that is felt in the innermost depths of our being when the soul is hungering to reach the light and so recedes into the inner chamber of the heart and rests in perfect silence. It may be only for a moment, but oh, what a priceless boon to that poor weary one to be able to retire, if for so short a time, from the turmoil of the outer life. Well, this is just such a silence that made itself felt by us in the dear old Aryan Hall to-night. I am sure to many of us there is not another place where we feel the rest and harmony that we get in this dear old place of meeting, where heart goes out to heart and we understand each other without words by the power of silence.

ONE.

IV.

DEAR COMRADE:

How do you treat that tired feeling after a hard day's labor and toil?

I know some people who believe in rushing to the other extreme; for instance, after a day's work they go out of an evening and participate in some form of enjoyment as much the opposite to their daily vocation as possible. They seem to think the one a counterbalance to the other.

I do not find it so. How is it with you?

To me, an evening of sense-enjoyment after a day of work is only a different sort of work, just as tiresome—indeed, more so sometimes—as a day of hard manual labor.

When I really want to rest I do not do as some, but go to my room—or any quiet place—and either sit in a chair, or stretch out on the lounge, and wait for that *Power of Silence* which will come when called upon.

Of all the most restful places I know of, none can compare with the platform in the Aryan Hall. On many a time have I gone there tired, discouraged, almost disheartened; after sitting there for awhile it seemed as though my soul heard, remembered, and to my inner ear spoke that *Voice of the Silence*.

Ah, Friend! Silence is in truth a Power that it behooves one to know. If perchance, you are about to make a leap, whither you know not, on the impetus of the moment, sit thee down and let that *inner voice* speak out of the *Silence*.

Believe me! it is far the wiser plan.
"Silence is golden." Pray listen to
A VOICE IN THE SILENCE.

V.

DEAR FELLOW MEMBER:

Do you remember that discussion at the Boston Convention in 1895 about the Society's motto? It was felt by some, and justly, that "There is no religion higher than truth" no longer represented the broad scope of the Movement. It caused much talk but nothing of value was suggested. Finally Mr. Judge suggested that the Society not have an official motto but that every member who desired be free to use the old one. The old had passed away but the new not yet come. It has come now. "Brotherhood is a fact in nature" is our war-cry, a cry of a new peace and a brotherly co-operation. Those who still wish to may still cling to the old call and it will ever be associated with the name of H. P. Blavatsky and with the Theosophical Society, but round the seal of Universal Brotherhood stands engraved, at once its name, its object and the very soul of its being—Universal Brotherhood. PIONEER.

VI.

QUERIDOS HERMANOS:

Contemplando por algun tiempo el proceso de la evolución de todo se ha creado, y bajo el aspecto de bondad e inteligencia, no puedo menos que con asombro observar la gran armonía que reina en todos los reinos desde lo mas infinitamente pequeño hasta lo mas infinitamente grande, reinos como la sabiduría al colocar su mano oculta despoja aquello que falto de solidez y careciendo de energía se deja arrebatar por su debilidad de la destrucción del tiempo que se encarga siempre de llevar acabo su gran misión, de aquí que tenemos que reino obligado para la conservación de nuestro objeto el cual es la armonía desechar todo aquello que no tienda de manera firme y decidida á la conservación del instrumento que tan necesario se hace para toda manifestación, ya sea objetiva ó subjetiva toda se hace necesario y el hombre en su triple aspecto está mas el alcanzar de comprender y obrar conforme á la cualidad de su propia naturaleza sin olvidar por encima de todo existe otro principio que es el único que no está sujeto alteración alguna, y al cual debemos obedecer con preferencia si pretendamos identificarnos con el lado bondadoso que la naturaleza no dio aquel que vive en armonía con todo lo seres jamas puede dejar de vivir en armonía con el mismo. Nada difícil de alcanzar si observamos por un momento que el velo que entre todas las cosas se presenta tal cual los siete colores del prisma teniendo cada uno un aspecto segun el color con se mira, para tan pronto como se trasposa dicha esfera entonces puede contemplarse todos los aspectos en dejarse arrebatar de uno ú otro y por lo tanto el análisis se puede hacer sin perjuicio, sin violencia tal como la energía creadora es llena acabo. Vuestro hermano,

VELO.

"There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed."

THE GOOD LAW.

BY H. T. EDGE.

[Continued from Number 23.]

WE ARE BORN WITH A CHARACTER.

One of the most important of the many problems which this doctrine of the Good Law solves, is the problem, *Why are we born into this life so unequal in circumstances and opportunities?* This is one of those difficulties which we have made for ourselves by taking such a narrow view of the soul's career. Obviously birth is not a beginning for the soul; it is a beginning for our present body and that is all. But the soul comes laden with the experience of many a strenuous life in by-gone ages. Entering the womb it seizes the vital atoms and builds itself a body in which to live, just as a seed draws food from its parent soil. The process by which the soul takes a new body is strictly similar to that by which an acorn creates an oak. The oak already exists *as a soul*; it remains for this soul to materialize as a physical tree. This it does by exercising the regenerative power upon the atoms of the soil, the water, the air, and the sunlight; thus does the solid oak gradually unfold itself with unerring precision according to pattern. So with the soul; its new young body may be weak and childish, but behind that body is the strong old soul trying to shine through; and as it succeeds in the effort, so does the *character* slowly unfold. This character is what distinguishes one man from another; it is his own, that he has fashioned of yore.

SOLVES THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE.

Those who do not know of rebirth find it impossible to account for the existence of this peculiar character with which each one of us is born. Heredity will account for a few of the facts, but not for all of them. Children do acquire the traits of their parents, but in addition to these there are usually marked features which cannot be traced to the parentage. The same pair of parents may produce several children, all of different characters. The fact is that the incarnating soul selects the kind of parentage needful for its purposes, and draws from that parentage those elements which it requires.

Thus, then, we see that the great Truths of Rebirth and Karma (as the Good Law is called in the East) solve all the great problems of life—problems caused by the narrowness of popular ideas as to man's nature and destiny. These laws prove themselves to be truths by their infinite fitness and justice; they are divine laws; and it matters not whether we call them "God's will" or "Nature's decrees," so long as we recognize them. The important fact for us is that every single deed, word or thought that we commit counts for us or against us. Nothing can possibly be lost; we cannot escape pain for our mistakes, nor can we ever fall short by one jot of the good fruit of our efforts. "And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." (*Galatians*, vi. 9.) "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." (*Matthew*, vii. 2.)

IN DUE TIME WE SHALL REAP.

Thus all man's actions are linked together in a chain of cause and effect, so that his present is the outcome of his past, and his future is determined by what he does now. But man is not a mere slave of fate, with all his deeds and fortunes predetermined and

mapped out. There is a part of his nature which is not bound by this great chain of action, and that is his divine power of *free-will*. We *must* work out the consequences of our past actions, although we possess the power of setting up new forces for good whenever we like. Hence, all we have to do in order to escape from the bondage of our desires is to endure what comes to us and to sow a better harvest for the future.

Some critics, speaking of the Good Law of *Karma*, have called it "fatalism." So it would be, if man were not a divine being having a spark of divine free will in him. As it is, man is able to reach up above his lower nature and so escape from the chain of necessity.

The firm faith in this Good Law has in all ages made men strong to do their duty and to live nobly their allotted life. Socrates drank the fatal hemlock quite as if it were a part of the day's work. He was ready for any event that came, and could not see why one event was better or worse than another. Epictetus the slave, tortured and despised by a cruel master, was able to view the whole matter quite calmly and even cheerfully. He knew that he could not possibly be made to suffer more than he deserved, and that perfect justice presided over all. Marcus Aurelius, what was it made thee, pale student, patiently bow thy shoulders to the yoke of the mightiest empire on earth? Let thy common-place-book, our priceless heirloom, answer. No room for repining, under the Good Law. Anxiety and fear, dark demons, vanish to the regions where ignorance yet prevails—there is no place for you in the realms of truth! All doubts, false hopes, useless remorse, discontent, fear and restlessness are useless to the sage who believes in divine justice. There is room only for one thing—*Action*. Let us leave the past to exact its own dues, and clear the field of our mind for action, that we may prepare the future.

NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

[Continued from page 3.]

Those of the first degree were termed "the unlearned ones" (*οἱ ἰω τε*), and along with the profane they were called "the carnal ones" (*οἱ σαρκικοί*) and "the earthy ones" (*οἱ χοϊκοί*). The second degree was that of "the psychics" (*οἱ ψυχικοί*) who had received the lustration of water; the psychic nature being purified, they attained the third degree, becoming "the spiritualized ones" (*οἱ πνευματικοί*), having received the lustration of Fire, through the "coming of the Paraklēton;" and in the fourth degree, the Unveiling (*ἀποκάλυψις*), they received the lustration of Blood (the Blood of the Logos) and were numbered among the Initiates or "the perfect ones" (*οἱ τέλει*).

It is needless to say that the Christian Church has lost all the "keys of the Gnosis"; that its Theology was fabricated by the ignorant and uninitiated Fathers after the last true Initiate had been expelled from the Society as a heretic; and that it now possesses only the fragments of an empty ritual. While it still asserts that its "baptism" of water is "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," that sign has become meaningless; and though it still makes believe to eat "the Master's supper," it

"Has spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which spent with due respectful thrift
Had made brutes men, and men divine."

A LETTER OF IAKÔBOS.

(COMMONLY CALLED "THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JAMES.")

A NEW TRANSLATION, BY JAMES M. PRYSE.

IAKÔBOS, a slave of God and Master Anointed I sours, sends good will to the twelve tribes that are among those scattered abroad.

My brothers, esteem it nothing but a favor when you fall into various trials, being aware that the proving of your faith¹ works out patient-waiting.² Now, let the patient-waiting have a perfect work, so that you may be perfect and all-round, lacking in nothing. Now, if any one of you is lacking in knowledge,³ let him ask of The God who gives to all openly, and does not chide, and it shall be given him. But let him ask trustingly, not at all irresolute; for he who is irresolute is like the surge of the sea, storm-driven and tossed to and fro. Certainly let not that man think that he will get anything from the Master—a bi-psyhic⁴ man, unsettled in all his ways.

But let the lowly⁵ brother vaunt himself in his loftiness, and the rich in his lowliness; because as a flower of grass he shall pass away. For the sun rose with burning heat, and withered the grass, and its flower fell off, and the beauty of its appearance was ruined. So also will the rich [man] decay in his goings.

Immortal⁶ [is] the man who remains firm under trial; because, having become accepted, he will get the crown of the Life which the Master promised to those who love him. Let no one who is being tried say, "I am tried by God"; for The God is untried in evil [things], and he tries no one; but each one is tried by his own Desire, being lured forth and enticed. Then Desire,⁷ having conceived, brings forth Sin; and Sin⁸, being fully perfected, gives birth to Death. My beloved brothers, do not be led into wandering ways. Every good bequest and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the Lights, with whom there can be no alternation, or shadow of turning.⁹ Having willed, he gave birth to us by a Mind¹⁰ of Truth,¹¹ for us to be a kind of firstlings¹² of his embodied beings. And so, my beloved brothers, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow

to wrath; for man's wrath does not work out God's right-conduct. Therefore, laying aside all filth and residue of vice,¹ with mildness accept graciously the inborn Mind, which is able to save your psychic natures. But become doers of Mind², and not hearers only, not deluding yourselves with false reasonings. For if any one is a hearer of Mind, and not a doer, this one is like a man observing the face of his birth in a mirror. For he observed himself, and went away, and immediately forgot of what sort he was. But he who peers into the perfect Law, that of freedom, and stands fast, becoming, not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of work, this [man] shall be immortal in his doing.

If any one seems to be religious, who does not bridle his tongue, but deceives himself, this [man's] religion is foolish. Clean and undefiled religion, with the God and Father, is this: to look after orphans and widows in their distress, [and] to keep himself unspotted from the world.

My brothers, do you, in paying regard to outward appearances, keep the faith of our Master, Anointed I sours, [Master] of the Radiance?³ For if there enter into your assembly a man with gold rings on his fingers, in splendid clothes, and there enter in also a beggar⁴ in dirty clothes, and you look up to the one wearing the splendid clothes, and say: "Sit thou here in a place of honour"; and to the beggar you say: "Stand thou, or sit near my footstool," do you not make distinctions among yourselves, and become judges with sorry notions? Consider, my beloved brothers; did not The God choose the beggars of the world, rich in faith and heirs of the Realm which he promised to those who love him? But you dishonored the beggar. Do not the rich domineer over you, and do not they drag you into courts of justice? Do they not defame the noble Name which has been nicknamed upon you?⁵ If, however, you carry out perfectly a royal Law, according to the writing "Love your neighbor as yourself," you do nobly. But if you pay regard to outward appearances, you commit sin, being convicted under the Law as offenders. For whosoever shall keep the whole Law, but shall make one false step, has become liable for all. For the one who said, "Do not commit adultery," said also, "Do not commit murder." Now, if you do not commit adultery, but do commit murder, you have become an offender against Law. So speak, and so act, as those about to be judged by a Law of freedom. For judgment [is] pitiless to him who has not shown compassion. Compassion vaunts itself over judgment.

What use [is it], my brothers, in case any one says he has faith, but does not have works—can his faith save him? Now, in case a brother or a sister should be thinly clad, and in want of daily food, and one of you should say to them "Go your way in peace, be warmed and fed," but you do not give them the things necessary for the body, what use [is it]? Thus also faith, unless it has works, is in itself dead. But someone will say, "You have faith, and I have works; show me your faith separate from works, and I will show you my faith by works." You believe that The God is One; you do nobly

—the Genii¹ believe [it] too, and shudder! Now, do you wish to know, O frivolous man, that faith without works is dead? Was not Abraham, our Father, vindicated by works, having brought his son Isaac to the place of sacrifice? Do you see that faith participated in his works, and that faith was made perfect by works? And the writing was fulfilled which says: "Now, Abraham believed The God, and it was passed to his account as right-conduct; and he was nicknamed 'God's friend.'"² Do you see that a man is vindicated by works, and not by faith alone? And in the same way was not also Rahab, the strumpet, vindicated by works, having entertained the Messengers,³ and sent them out by another road? For as the body without breath is dead, so also faith without works is dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PURPLE.

Comrades! do you see the Purple
Shining in the Eastern sky?
Heralding the Golden sun-rise
That is surely nigh.

Let not doubt nor fear oppress you,
Hold that color clear,
Trust in those of Whom it speaketh
Trust—and never fear.

True Love floweth with the Purple
Where true Lovers be,
But the doubtful and the slothful
Where its rays can see.

Earnest Souls that upward striving
Help their fellows on,
In their Heart the Purple carry,
When "The Day" is done.

Tho' the clouds about us threaten,
Tho' the strife is strong,
In the radiance of the splendor
The road will not seem long.

So let each his burden carry,
Working with a will,
Then will be no time for doubting,
Our hearts be calm and still.

Watch the Leader!—and then follow
Where she leads the way!
Trusting in the "Silent Watcher,"
That doth rule the Day.

Thus will men be lifted onward
With a mighty bound,
And all Nature, thrilled with gladness,
Swell the joyous sound

Of rejoicing souls, now chained
To the planes below,
For when man has upward risen
Forward too they go.

For this work our Leaders labor
And if we help her win,
Short will be hours of toil,
Less the load of sin.

So stand firm my soldier Brothers
To the Leader True,
Let each Soldier in this warfare,
Seek his part to do.

—M. HERBERT BRIDLE.

HOW IT WORKS.

A Lotus Bud was being scolded rather vigorously by his papa the other day. Looking up, the six-year-old said, "Papa, let us have a 'silent moment' the way we do at the Lotus Group."

¹ Gr. *daimôn*, god, goddess; tutelary spirit. Properly the *daimones* were the deified souls of the great heroes who are intermediate between ordinary men and the perfected men or Gods; but in later Greek the term is applied to the spirits of the dead generally, and in the New Testament it is used in a bad sense to designate ghosts, spooks, and mischievous sprites.

² Gr. *angelos*, courier, messenger, envoy; guardian genius; elemental spirit. In the *Apocalypse* particular *angeloi* (angels) have charge of separate elements, as fire (xiv. 18), water (xvi. 5), the four winds of the four Quarters (vii. 1); and Jesus is shown in the guise of an angel (xxii. 8-16). The word *angelos* is used by the New Testament writers in the good sense of the word *daimon*, and they apply the latter only to the lower orders of spirits.

¹ Gr. *pistis*, assurance, good-faith; argument, proof; conviction, certain knowledge based upon intuitive perception; trustworthiness. The *pistis* was the quality which distinguished the psychically developed men (*psuchikoi*) from the carnal or "earthly" ones (*isarkikoi*, *choikoi*) who are limited to the range of the physical senses.

² Gr. *hupomonê*, remaining behind; steadfast waiting. Technically, the patient waiting for the Perfecting-period (*telos*) or Initiation, when through the action of the Advocate (*parakletos*) the purified psychic becomes one of the spiritually illumined (*pneumatikoi*).

³ Gr. *sophia*, learning, philosophy; arcane knowledge.

⁴ Gr. *dipsuchos*. The psychic nature of man, being intermediate between the spiritual and physical, partakes of both; until it is purified from the material element the unwavering concentration of mind required for spiritual insight is impossible, for through the conflict of spiritual aspirations and material desires a man is kept at variance with himself.

⁵ Gr. *tapeinos*, of low rank, poor, humble.

⁶ Gr. *makarios* (*makar*), an epithet of the Gods (*makares theoi*), descriptive of their state of deathlessness and everlasting bliss; the highest happiness.

⁷ Gr. *epithumia*, eager longing, lust; the "vital impulse which leads from one sensation to another," the principle of desire which leads the soul to reincarnate—here personified as a wanton woman who allures and entices.

⁸ Gr. *hamartia*, lit. ally, "missing the mark," failure; a bad action, a violation of divine law. In New Testament terminology it refers especially to the fall into generation; and generation, or "sin," brings the soul into the material world, which is mystical termed "Death."

⁹ The figure of speech refers to the alternating seasons and the shadow on the sun dial, thus contrasting the Timeless Father of the Lights with manifested Time as measured by the luminous bodies in space.

¹⁰ Gr. *logos*, the external expression of the interior thought, the formative power of the mind; a word or saying as expressing a thought.

¹¹ Gr. *alêtheia*, the Real, as opposed to the apparent; the changeless spiritual basis of life, which forever is; while manifested life is forever becoming.

¹² Gr. *aparchê*, the preliminary rite in sacrificing; the firstlings offered in a sacrifice. Here, the meaning apparently is that the first Men (the Mind-born Sons, the "Builders") were the archetypes of all beings in the inferior worlds.

¹ The evil impulses that continue, automatically, in the lower nature, even after the mind is fixed upon virtue.

² That is, following the inner promptings of the Soul, or Logos.

³ Gr. *doxa*, opinion, praise, glory; fancy, dream, vision splendor, brilliant shining—the auric radiance.

⁴ Gr. *ptochos*, one who begs from door to door; a mendicant.

⁵ The term "Christians" seems to have been at first a derisive one and a misnomer; for while Jesus was the anointed (*christos*), being the King-Messias of the cycle, his followers could hardly claim the same title.

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.

APRIL FOOL.

HOW warm it was! The little seeds began to unbutton their heavy brown coats and say to Mother Nature: "Oh, dear, I'm smothering; *can't* I go out to-day without my heavy coat?"

"It isn't time yet, my dears," said wise Mother Nature. "But very soon, if you are very good, you may go shopping with me, and choose your new Sunshine Caps and Green Spring Jackets."

But the little seeds fretted and whined and said, "We can't wait. Oh dear, oh dear, *oh dear!*"

So one day Mother Nature said, "My dears, you may open your jackets wide, but *don't take them off*. Thunder-clouds are in the sky, and it will be colder by and by. Now, my dears, *mind well what I say*, for you will be quite sick if you disobey."

It really did seem roasting hot, and those little seeds, when school was over, said to each other: "*Let's leave our jackets here.*"

And they did.

Oh, what fun to run and play in such a free-and-easy way! They felt as though they were made of air, and they played ball, and tops, and hop-scotch and grew so excited over a game of tag with the big West Wind that they forgot all about going home, and then it grew black as my hat and thundered, and lightened, and poured cats and dogs, yes—and hail-stones, until—well, it almost *drowned* those gay little seeds.

My, but they were just sopping wet, and their shoes went slump-smunch-smunch as they scuttled home as fast as they could. They didn't mind, it was *lots of fun*, only—presently—one little seed began to sneeze, another shivered and shook till the rain ran down his back, and they all began to feel a bit queer, and guessed they'd go in the *back* way.

Now, Mother Nature—being very wise—didn't say one word of blame. She looked at them—only she didn't smile as usual—and took off their clothes, and the little seeds hung their heads feeling so ashamed—you can't imagine!

Well, they had their supper and went to bed, but Mother Nature didn't tell them a story as usual. She just tucked them in and waited a minute—for she knew—being very wise—that the little seeds *wanted* to say they were sorry, and they *wanted* her to stay—but—somehow they couldn't seem to speak, and Mother Nature—being very wise—didn't say one word of blame. She just thought to herself, "In the morning—"

Well, before morning came every one was waked up suddenly, thinking dogs and lions and tigers were in the house. Such barking and sneezing and terrible growling sounds you never did hear! For those little seeds *all had croup*. It was lively for Mother Nature, you may be sure; she had to get whole cupsful of molasses and soda, and bundle up their throats, and get hot water bags, until those little seeds felt so stuffy and sick, they were just perfectly miserable and the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Well, at last morning came, but dear me, how those little seeds ached and *ached* all over, clear down *inside*, and how they wished

and wished, but it was no use. It was all white outdoors and the snow patted softly on the window pane, saying:

Little seeds who disobey,
Have sad times and lose all play.

Then the West Wind ran round the house and whistled to a very gay tune:

Our heavy brown coats we leave at school,
Ho-ho! Ha-ha! what an April Fool!

Now this was *the very day*, April First, on which Mother Nature *had meant* to get the new sunshine Caps and Green Spring Jackets!

Oh dear, oh dear, and now instead
Each little seed was sick-a-bed
With a perfectly dismal cold-in-the-head.

You see the whole thing was this way: Those little seeds went to school to learn the lesson of obedience, and Mother Nature being very wise knew that *this* was the only way in which those little seeds would ever remember the lesson.

To this very day,
All you need say
Is "April Fool!"
And those little seeds
So—ashamed—look down
And button up *quick*
Their heavy coats brown.

LOTUS HOME.

It is barely Springtime, yet. The river is still ice bound, and over at Lotus Home the trees are bare and the wind whistles many a strange tune as it flies round and round the house. The squirrels and the robins, which delighted the Lotus children one short summer ago, are now hidden from sight—the squirrels fast asleep; the robins flown to a sunnier country. But soon the squirrels will wake up and soon the robins will fly back to Lotus Home. Even now the sap is stirring through the leafless trees and in a short time the young green leaves will sprout forth. Then the grass will begin to grow and to cover all the little hills and the hollows around the Home, and then it will be time for the little East Side children to go back to the beautiful Lotus nest.

Indeed, it is already Springtime, Lotus Home-Time, in the children's hearts! "Oh," they think, "the Lotus days will soon come again and we will cross the river once more and be happy in the beautiful Home the Mother has made for us."

Every Sunday some small voice asks, "Teacher, will there surely be a Lotus Home this summer?" Amid all the piercing cold of the bleak wintry days and with all the discomfort the little ones have had to experience, they have yet been happy, for hope has glorified their hearts. It is no exaggeration to say that from the day they left the Home, last September, they have been anticipating a return to it.

Would that all those who love to help the children could know of the far-reaching effects of the first summer at the Home. Not a Sunday passes in the East Fourteenth Street Lotus Group that does not furnish some incident to show how keenly the children remember. Perhaps it is only a song

that may be sung, but with a peculiar sweetness, while little eyes grow soft and bright and some little voice says, "Don't you remember how Mrs. Mayer taught us that song at Lotus Home?"

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," some one says. "Oh, yes, we learned that at Lotus Home!" Even the babies, Lily and Peter, remember and when asked to sing the song they love best, sing with one accord:

Happy little sunbeams darting through the blue,
Even little sunbeams have a work to do.

They remember the words perfectly and volunteer the information that they used to sing that song at Lotus Home.

"Lotus Home!" It has become a name to conjure with!

The walls of the Fourteenth Street room are covered with unframed pictures of various kinds, chiefly landscapes. The children have made for themselves a story to fit each picture. One afternoon they were discussing among themselves which picture they liked best. One said, "I don't like this picture of the rocks and water, 'cause it makes me feel afraid, and I don't like this picture with all the woods in it, 'cause it is too lonely. But this last picture we all love, 'cause it has lots of trees and grass and plenty of room for us all to play in, and most of all, we love it 'cause it looks just like Lotus Home. So we are going to make believe that it is a really and truly picture of Lotus Home."

"It can't be long now before it will be time to go back to the Home," say the children.

And across the river the squirrels drowsily turn in their warm nests and murmur, "It can't be long now before the Lotus children will come back to play with us."

There is a magic spell about the Home, and until the children come it is well guarded by the twin Spirits of Love and Peace, the messengers of Those who love the children best.

M. S. L.

CHILDREN'S BROTHERHOOD JUBILEE.

April 13th, the birthday anniversary of William Q. Judge, is now recognized as Children's Day, throughout the Movement.

As the pressure of work this past winter has been unusually great, and the burden carried on by people already overworked, it has been thought best not to have a special play written for this occasion, but instead to have the Superintendents of the Lotus Groups prepare their own programmes, following the lines which have always been given for this work.

The occasion will be a "Children's Brotherhood Jubilee" with music, recitations, tableaux, little plays bringing out ideas of "Brotherhood," "Harmony," etc., showing how they formed the basis of all the great Teachers' lives and deeds.

In the Lotus Song Book may be found two series of songs which may be adapted as little plays; the "Rainbow Play" and the "Lotus Flower." Superintendents desiring to make use of these for plays can procure typewritten explanatory copy by sending five cents to the General Superintendent, 144 Madison Avenue, to cover postage.

Enthusiastic letters are being received from the Superintendents all over the country, saying they intend to make the occasion a memorable one in every respect.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.

(UNSECTARIAN)

FOUNDED APRIL 29TH, 1897.

H. T. PATTERSON, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

OBJECTS.

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate woman 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.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

[Continued.]

CHILDREN'S BROTHERHOOD JUBILEE.

A BRAN-NEW OLD STORY.

ONCE upon a time, in days-of-old, a Golden Radiance covered the sea-and-land. It was like, well, it was like the shining light in your eyes; it shone and sparkled, and shimmered, as though it was made of all the colors of the rainbow; it was full of fragrance, as though it was made of all the flowers, plants, and fruits in the whole-wide-world; it was full of music—as though it was made of all the songs of all the birds, in the whole-wide-world.

The people, in those days-of-old, were the kind that you dream you would like to be—Brave Knights, Beautiful Ladies, Kings and Queens (Heroes, you know).

You remember the Radiance covered the Sea-and-Land; it was meant to be the real garment of the Sea-and-Land, but, to be fit to wear this wonderful garment, Sea-and-Land and all-that-in-them-is, had to be pure and radiant; but it wasn't—and so trouble began.

This under-world of Sea-and-Land seemed to be made of Owls, Bats, Gnomes, Goblins, Stupid Giants and Things that love Darkness (Light dazzles them and they don't understand, so they try to fight it).

Well—the Heroes thought all this a great pity, so they resolved to conquer Darkness. This they did by going to the under-world again, and again, to carry the Radiance, until it should make the under-world as bright as itself.

Now comes a sad part; the Heroes went so deep into the Darkness that they forgot the Radiance, and (I am dreadfully sorry to have to tell you this) they actually began to like Things-of-Darkness. Lucky for us (else we wouldn't be here now) a few of the Heroes remembered the Radiance dimly, and I am glad to say, kept such tight hold of the thread of Light, that they could get back again. This is how it happened, that people who once seemed all the same kind, and the best of friends, became what seemed to be enemies; but they weren't, only those who remembered were trying to help those who had forgotten. So it is that a battle has been going on ever since between Things-of-Darkness, and Heroes-of-Light.

Thanks to the Heroes, the under-world is getting brighter every day, but it will only be when all those who have forgotten, wake

up and remember that their work is to change Darkness into Light that we can have what is called Peace and Happiness.

Now you can guess why you like stories about Heroes, Giants, Ogres, Kind Fairies, Gnomes and Goblins; they are real stories of Darkness and Light. All the boys and girls in the world are these Heroes of Light, only most of them have forgotten. And the reason you never grow tired of Jack and the Beanstalk is because, Jack is your very own self!

Well then, if you are Jack, you want to know about everything. So, first, you plant the beans (desire), in the ground (unselfishness) and lo! a magic ladder springs up; a pathway leading—well, that is what you are to find out! And so—being Jack you determine to go up.

The most important things to start with, as everyone knows, are Determination and Courage.

Next, you want a hatchet. Now the kind of hatchet is very, very, very important. If you look at the word Love upside down, the "L" makes a handle, and the little words the blade. You can get a good swing on that kind of handle, and the blade is of that kind of steel people call well-tempered and lasting. Then come the magic words:

HELPING OTHERS UP I GO.

Now all this is of the greatest-kind-of-importance, BECAUSE if anything is wrong with the hatchet, or words, you will only be able to go a very little way, OR, you may go up once and get the Hen and Golden Eggs (which mean knowledge), AND you may even go up a second time, and find the moneybags (which mean power), BUT, you know perfectly well, that a person with Determination and Courage, will never be satisfied with anything short of all there is, SO, now you see why it is of the greatest-kind-of-importance, what kind of hatchet and magic words you use.

You remember it was the Singing Harp that awoke the old Giant, (selfishness)—seven league boots and all, and what a tight run Jack had to make first innings—I tell you, that is just where the trouble comes in. A lot of boys and girls (Heroes, you know, who have forgotten) are caught by the old Giant Selfishness, and like to keep the Golden Palace and Shining Things all for themselves.

But all of you who have Determination and Courage, and use the magic words at every step, will never rest until you get this greatest possession of all, the Singing Harp, HARMONY, and then you will carry it (as you are Jack), with the other Singing-Things, KNOWLEDGE and POWER to the under world, to change Darkness into Light; that is BROTHERHOOD, you know.

Then old GIANT SELFISHNESS tumbles with a crash!

You see, the real truth is, old Giant, ladder, and all (being magic) simply melt into LIGHT, because the under-world is all changed by the

MAGIC OF LOVE.

into a Shining Place, so that the under-world of Darkness and the Golden Radiance become ONE THING:

A BEAUTIFUL SHINING LIGHT, full of COLOR, FRAGRANCE,

MUSIC—in which the People-of-the-earth-and-all-creatures, live happy, forever after. And this is what is called—

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Now you know the HEROES' work is to make LIGHT SHINE. This is what WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, a HERO you all know of, did for you, so of course all the children of all the Lotus Groups, in the whole-wide-world, keep his birthday, April Thirtieth, as CHILDREN'S DAY.

On that Golden Day

With Sunshine in your Hearts,
Children, WAKE UP AND REMEMBER,
YOU ALL,

Like Jack and the Beanstalk,
Are HEROES of LIGHT

Working for
THE GOLDEN AGE.

LOTUS GROUP REPORT.

DENVER, COLORADO.

From this wideawake place Miss McFarland writes that they love Lotus work so much, and the No. 1 Group is so successful, they have just started a No. 2 Group.

This is for very poor children in West Denver. They used No. 1 Leaflets, and the thirteen children who opened the Group were so interested that they are going to bring all their friends.

They have also a sewing class where the poor little children make aprons and skirts and patchwork; they like it very much.

DEAR COMRADE:

In a recent *Review of Reviews* is an article named "The Advance of the Peace Movement"; and in another article in this same magazine I beheld the words "The Principle of Universal Brotherhood." I looked the second time, to see if I saw correctly. It was indeed so. My heart was filled with joy at this, for all these things that speak of doing away with wars, and advocate a more brotherly way in human affairs, show clearly that the "New Century" is at hand and full upon us, already radiant with the brightness of its dawn. And those who love the things that the names Brotherhood and Peace represent, surely will rejoice with full hearts at these signs, which herald the morning of a better day for all humanity. Let each one of us, dear comrade, help in creating this universal symphony.

With love and friendly greetings,

SYMPHONIA.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR COMRADES:

These are stirring times. Subtle forces are playing a strong game to destroy, working on the really good traits of those whom they can affect, *but they will most certainly fail*. There is a great inspiration and a cementing together of those who are perfecting themselves in faithfulness. To me the whole matter is most encouraging and shows how many of the members have developed intuition. We stand shoulder to shoulder and we know that no power can overthrow the Truth.

Happy are we that our good fortune permits us to help even a little in this greatest of all works—Brotherhood—and enables us to go hand in hand with our Leader in her great efforts for helping humanity.

Yours for victory for the truth,

ROBERT CROSBIE.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

OR THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it."

FOUNDED IN 1895, ORGANIZED JANUARY 13th, 1898, BY KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

ANOTHER LINK IN THE WORK OF H. P. BLAVATSKY AND WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

TIMELY TOPIC.

Judging from the frank, candid and hopeful letters received from all over this country and from Europe, regarding the changes which have been adopted at the last convention of the Theosophical Society in America, it seems as though a new light had been uncovered to gladden the hearts of students of Theosophy.

Another step has been mounted toward the realization of our ideal.

What had been but dimly perceived yesterday has become a living reality to-day.

It is well recognized above all things that strife will be at an end. Petty personality will feel itself compelled to retire before the search-light of true principle and truth; when such shall begin to assert itself in the new organization which recognizes no persons, there will be no feeder for ambition or untiring self-love and greed, for there shall be only one whose mandate ye shall have to heed—and that one is beyond personality who represents but the symbol of principle.

The expressions of the members of the Theosophical Society in America speak in unmistakable terms of the last achievement in the development of the Spiritual movement which once was thought to be vested in the form of a small organization to which they belonged, but which they now see was but the stepping stone to a widening circle of usefulness full of hope and promise, Brotherhood at last!

E. A. NERESHEIMER.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONVENTION.

By E. S. B.

The Convention of 1898: It is over! Into the past it has moved, living now only in our memory and in the influence it may have upon the lives of those who formed a part of it, and upon the future of humanity. I think, perhaps, there were but few outside of the Leader who had more than a glimmering of the true meaning of that gathering of people, their faces alight with earnest purpose, and their hearts glowing with devotion to the cause which they were there to represent.

In more senses than one it was a representative body—this which had formed to forward the interest of Brotherhood. One felt at once how the currents of thought were setting in the single direction of unifying effort for the uplifting of the human race and of all creatures; how determined was the purpose to give "a long pull and a strong pull" in order to render the Society, whose delegates were in Convention assembled, a real nucleus for the furtherance of those eternal principles of right and justice which are at the basis of life. It was evident that the day and the hour had arrived when that for which H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge gave their lives was to become a vitalized reality.

It was this thought which was astir in the hearts of those men and women, this which brought the light into their faces and the thrill into their voices; this which kindled

their enthusiasm and put the warmth of buoyant expectancy into their manners.

There was another thing impressed upon the consciousness of those present and pointing every word that was uttered upon the platform. They knew that it was the beginning of a wonderful new Cycle, in which the great forces of Nature are in intense and fervid action. The old had passed away and with it the old ways, the old methods. Not that aught which is good, aught which is radiant with the light of Truth could be lost; that is impossible now or ever. It was rather that there was an inflow of Spiritual energy which animated the whole Convention.

It seemed to me as I watched the men who were gathered upon the platform round the Leader, that each familiar face had something in it which I had never seen there before. It came, I think, from the knowledge that it was theirs to carry, under guidance, the great work through the open door of a new century, to unite all peoples in a Universal Brotherhood. It was as if they felt that upon their action depended the future of this glorious regenerative movement which may be hindered, but which cannot now be destroyed. There was no doubt, no hesitation upon their part. There could be none when conviction was so absolute.

The Convention is over and its members are scattered in all directions to their homes and to their people. A nucleus of Universal Brotherhood is formed. It is not a thing we hope may be, but it is a thing that IS. All that remains for each and every one is faithfulness to the trust which has been reposed in him and unflagging effort to accomplish the work that will be marked out by the Leader. Faith, Hope, Energy—these are the three qualities to be infused into every undertaking, and then with unity of thought and unity of action the brotherhood of all peoples and of all creatures will be something more than a far off vision—it will become a splendid reality.

NEW LODGES.

The following new Lodges of Universal Brotherhood have been formed and granted charters since February 18th:

SAN ARDO, California.
FORT WAYNE, Indiana.
INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana.
WASHINGTON, District of Columbia.
BROOKLYN, New York.
FRANKLIN, Massachusetts.
DETROIT, Michigan.
JAMESTOWN, New York.
COLUMBUS, Ohio.
NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana.

LODGES OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

The following Branches have accepted the N. B. Constitution and are already doing active work. The list will be continued from time to time. Pressure of work at headquarters prevents our giving details of

the splendid work being done in many parts, but we hope to print some interesting reports in the next issue.—EDITOR.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota.
PITTSBURG, Pennsylvania.
HARTINGTON, Nebraska.
BOSTON, Massachusetts (Trimount.)
WELLINGTON, Ohio.
INDIANAPOLIS, Iowa.
ROCHESTER, New York.
OAKLAND, California (Aurora).
NEWARK, New Jersey.
BOSTON, Massachusetts (Beacon).
SEQUOIA, California.
TOLEDO, Ohio.
SANTA MONICA, California.
KEARNEY, Nebraska.
WASHINGTON, District of Columbia.
BOSTON, Massachusetts (Boston).
LAKE CITY, Minnesota.
BUFFALO, New York.
HOT SPRINGS, Arkansas.
CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts.
BRIDGEPORT, Connecticut.
CHICAGO, Illinois (Wachmeister).
NEW YORK (Harlem).
SIOUX CITY, Iowa.
JERSEY CITY, New Jersey.
TORONTO, Canada.
WALLINGFORD, Connecticut.
BROOKLYN, New York.
OLYMPIA, Washington.
MALDEN, Massachusetts.
SPOKANE, Washington.
LOGANSPOUT, Indiana.
WORCESTER, Massachusetts.
DENVER, Colorado.
TAMPA, Florida.
PASADENA, California.
PLACERVILLE, California.
WARREN, Pennsylvania.
CHELMSFORD, Massachusetts.
PAWTUCKET, Rhode Island.
FLORENCE, Massachusetts.
PORTLAND, Oregon.
WESTERLY, Rhode Island.
ALAMEDA, California.
SAN FRANCISCO, California.
SACRAMENTO, California.
SAN DIEGO, California.
SAN DIEGO (Point Loma).
CHICAGO, Illinois (Loyalty).
DENISON, Texas. *M. J. M. P.*
JACKSON, Minnesota.
SOMERVILLE, Massachusetts.
SAVANNAH, Georgia.
LOUISVILLE, Kentucky.
WILKINSBURG, Pennsylvania.
CALIFORNIA, Pennsylvania.
YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio.
CLINTON, Iowa.
BELLEVILLE, Illinois.
SIOUX FALLS, South Dakota.
MADISON, Wisconsin.
SYRACUSE, New York.
ANN ARBOR, Michigan.
MACON, Georgia.
OMAHA, Nebraska.
MERIDEN, Connecticut.
NEW YORK (Germania).
ROXBURY, Massachusetts.
ST. PAUL, Minnesota.
JAMESTOWN, New Jersey.
EASTHAMPTON, Massachusetts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT HEADQUARTERS.

144 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK.

MARCH 31, 1898.

Theosophical activities increase at Headquarters. Indeed since the change at Convention, a new life seems ingrained in the very building itself, and the atmosphere about the place is of the kind that one loves to work in. Volunteer workers are coming and going. The last two weeks Mr. Stevens, of Buffalo, and Mr. Gates have rendered splendid service.

Tuesday and Sunday evening meetings are largely attended and many new members have been admitted to the old Aryan in the last three weeks.

At Chickering Hall every Sunday morning, at 10.45, a large public meeting is held under the auspices of Universal Brotherhood organization, where Mr. Neresheimer, assisted by Messrs. Patterson, Fussell, Dunlop, Dr. Guild and others, give interesting addresses on philosophical questions interspersed with choice music.

The work all over the country is assuming a wider scope and the reports from many points of activity are of a nature to show, even to the most dense mind, that the change within the last two months has brought about a more healthy condition in all the old Branches throughout the world. The sifting process has weeded out a few, who have made room for others.

On the Pacific Coast one isolated member, who has been waiting for years to start a Branch, has sent in an application for a Charter, with twenty-three members enrolled.

The "H. P. B." Branch, which accepted the new U. B. Constitution, is very active. It holds two meetings weekly at 142 West 125th St., Sunday and Friday evenings. Members of this Lodge are very earnest workers, well tried, not hot-house plants, but used to battling for principle. Brother D. N. Dunlop is President.

The efforts of a few who have sought to substitute a cold mechanism for a living organism, hold forth at a distance from our centre in a small hall with a small attendance.

The great Heart Doctrine is doing grand work all over the world. The sifting process continues and the new path is being made by our tried workers in the great Cause of Sublime Perfection. Comrades, "go forward."

OBSERVER.

GLEANINGS.

"He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into loving peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords and kings of the earth—they and they only."

—Ruskin.

"The plain unvarnished truth, which hurts no one save the man who denies it, is that H. P. Blavatsky was the head, front, top, outskirts, past and future of the Theosophical Society. We are all but pawns on the chessboard. What is the use of permitting vanity to influence us toward denying the facts?"

"No game, no battle, no diplomacy can go forward without agents, subordinates, generals, privates, but there is always a moving head without whom there would be no success. Not only was H. P. B. predominant with us in 1875, but she is yet. But, however the facts may come out, it remains a fact that the T. S. stands or falls by H. P. Blavatsky. Give her up as an idea, withdraw from the path traced by her under orders, belittle her, and the organization will rot; but remember her, and what she represented, and we triumph."—*From an article in the "Path," vol. VII, 1893, by one of the staff.*

"Theosophy is the shoreless ocean of universal truth, love, and wisdom, reflecting its radiance on the earth, while the Theosophical Society is only a visible bubble on that reflection. Theosophy is divine nature, visible and invisible, and its Society human nature trying to ascend to its divine parent."

—H. P. B.

CAUTION.

Self-appointed Adepts are springing up all over the Country who declare themselves "directed." This is the latest example:

A man by the name of Webster, an Englishman, declares himself an Egyptian and uses the name of "Iango." He has, since the Crusaders visited Point Loma, been at San Diego, and is trying to get a following. Some of the members have received a queer message in which the names of two prominent workers in the political scheme against the T. S. A. are named for office.

This "I am directed" business is getting to be a screaming farce. Who next?

EDITOR.

REPORTS OF THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

T. S. IN AUSTRALIA (N. S. W.).

SYDNEY, 13th February, 1898.

CENTRAL LODGE.—For the future this Lodge will hold their public Lectures on Sunday evening only and in place of the old time Wednesday Lectures. Tuesday evening will be for members only and devoted alternately to the H. P. B. training and debating class and a night for students, where the members will ask and answer questions and discuss generally theosophical topics of interest to the meeting. The Secret Doctrine Class, conducted fortnightly by Brother A. A. Smith, will be continued as usual on Friday evenings. The Lectures for the past month were as follows: "Good and Evil," Brother E. J. Redman; "One Soul: Many Bodies," Brother A. A. Smith; "A Chat About the Stars," Mr. Cox. (Mr. Cox is not a member, but a gentleman interested in Theosophy and Astronomy.) Brother A. A. Smith, "Altruistic Love; the Evoker of God." All the lectures were well attended and provoked good discussion and questions, and the average of attendance rises steadily, month by month. Music always forms part of the proceedings and proves an attraction.

HARMONY LODGE continues to hold Sunday evening open meetings and visitors are on the increase. The Tuesday evening "Secret Doctrine" Class conducted by Brother T. W. Williams, will for the future be fortnightly instead of weekly owing to the change of programme in the Central Lodge.

TIBETAN LODGE continues work as usual. Among the miscellaneous activities may be chronicled the weekly Sewing Club at the Central Lodge which is conducted by Mrs. Newton and holds its meetings on Wednesday afternoons. Last month a tea was given to some twenty or thirty women and children. After the meal the members talked to the women present while one member (Mrs. Tuck) played softly on the piano, which was much appreciated as was the absence of devotional exercises and any sectarian dogmas. Members took advantage of the opportunity to express their idea of Brotherhood to those present. The Lotus Group and "Key to Theosophy" Class conducted by Miss Dole, and the Thursday Evening Reading Group conducted by Brother E. J. Williams, all held at Mrs. Pitkethby's home in Leichhardt, are progressing well and report increased interest in the neighborhood for theosophical ideas. Members are taking a hearty interest and part in I. B. L. work.

NEW ZEALAND.

WAITEMATA CENTER has been doing very good work during the last month. Regular Sunday and week-day evening meetings have been held and the attendance of visitors has increased. We have been cheered and helped forward much by a visit from our beloved co-workers, the Rev. S. J. Neill and his dear wife, from the Thames.

On Friday, the 20th, Mr. Neill gave us a splendid lecture on "The Book of the Dead" and on the Sunday following Mrs. Neill gave us a very interesting paper, the text of which was taken from a fragment of Papyrus found recently on a rubbish heap near Cairo. "Except ye keep the Sabbath holy, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom, and except ye keep the Sabbath ye shall not see the Father."

On Wednesday, 17th November, we held an informal meeting, at which Mr. Neill gave us a great deal of instructive and interesting information. He also impressed upon us that from that day until the 18th of February we should hold fast together and work hard, this being a very important time—the closing of the Cycle.

The Thames and Katherine A. Tingley Lodges are working very steadily and harmoniously and

their members are increasing. The work among the children being a special feature. We are all charmed with THE NEW CENTURY, and I am sure New Zealand ought to feel honored at having the picture of their pretty Maori girls in the first issue.

I am overjoyed to tell you that I have received a "call" across the sea, from a brother in Leonka, Fiji, who writes asking if there are any Theosophists in Fiji and if he could become a member of our Lodge, and begging for information on T. S. matters. He tells me that for years his heart has yearned for these grand truths. I have mailed him a packet of literature, and I feel sure that "seed has fallen on good soil."

Yours fraternally,

FANNIE ST. CLAIR,

Corresponding Sec. T. S. in A. (N.Z.).

SWEDEN.

GOTHENBURG, March 6, 1898.

The Theosophical Branch here to-day declared adherence to new organization under Universal Brotherhood thus founded for Sweden. Thankful greetings.

HEDLUND.

MACON, GEORGIA.

I have to report that the Macon T. S. at a regular meeting just after Chicago Convention indorsed fully and unequivocally and without modification the action of Convention, sent in the old charter for cancellation and has formally received and put in force new charter issued by Katherine A. Tingley, Leader and Official Head of Universal Brotherhood and that the local organization is now known and presenting itself to the public as The Universal Brotherhood, Lodge No. 13, America, in evidence of which a large sign, dark blue background with gold letters a foot high bearing name as above, appears on the front of the building and a smaller one, to the same effect, at the other end, at entrance, to be seen and known of all men.

W. T. HANSON.

We received too late for full publication a notice of the death of Dr. Ammi Brown, of Boston, one of the oldest members of the T. S. and staunchest supporters of our cause. His last Theosophical act was to pledge his allegiance to the Universal Brotherhood organization. In the May number of *Universal Brotherhood* will appear a large picture of Brother Brown and a sketch of his useful life.

EDITOR.

EXCOMMUNICATED.

[FROM "SALT LAKE HERALD" MARCH 7 1898.]

Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson many months ago became a devotee at the shrine of theosophy, and in so doing cast aside Mormonism, which had been the foundation of her faith for many years.

But Mormonism requires a strict and undivided fealty and yesterday Dr. Ferguson was formally excommunicated from the church for apostasy. The rite of expulsion was performed by Bishop Whitney yesterday afternoon at the fast meeting in the Eighteenth ward, where Mrs. Ferguson had for many years been a member in good standing.

Mrs. Ferguson had already been officially severed from the church at a private meeting of the bishopric of the ward and yesterday the congregation confirmed the action, after the Mormon custom, by the raising of hands.

Bishop Whitney explained the cause for the expulsion, in a brief address. He said that Mrs. Ferguson had lost her faith, and had openly avowed her disbelief of the divine mission of Joseph Smith. Another expression of Mrs. Ferguson's was that she had found in theosophy a faith which was a consolation in her declining years.

The bishop spoke with deep regret of the darkness into which a former sister of the church had fallen and of the necessity it had placed upon him of excommunicating one who had been an honored and respected member for so many years. Mrs. Ferguson, he had understood, had even gone so far as to wish her name taken from the rolls of the church.

There were no dissenting votes when the bishop asked the audience for a confirmation of the excommunication.

[Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson is active in the work of Universal Brotherhood in her native city and is president of a branch. The courage of her convictions is bound to bring about good results.—ED.]